



No. 1313

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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXV.—DECEMBER, 1864.—VOL. XXX.



## RESIGNED.

NEVER again on the shoulder  
To see our knightly bars;  
Never again on the shoulder  
To see our lordly leaves;  
Never again to follow  
The flag of the Stripes and Stars;  
Never again to dream the dream  
That martial music weaves.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXX.—No. 175.—A



Never again call "Comrade"  
To the men who were comrades for years;  
Never to hear the bugles,  
Thrilling, and sweet, and solemn;  
Never again call "Brother"  
To the men we think of with tears;  
Never again to ride or march  
In the dust of the marching column.

Never again be a sharer  
In the chilly hour of the strife  
When, at dawn, the skirmish-rifles  
In opening chorus rattle;  
Never to feel our manhood  
Kindle up into ruddy life  
'Mid the hell of scenes and noises  
In the hot hours of the battle.

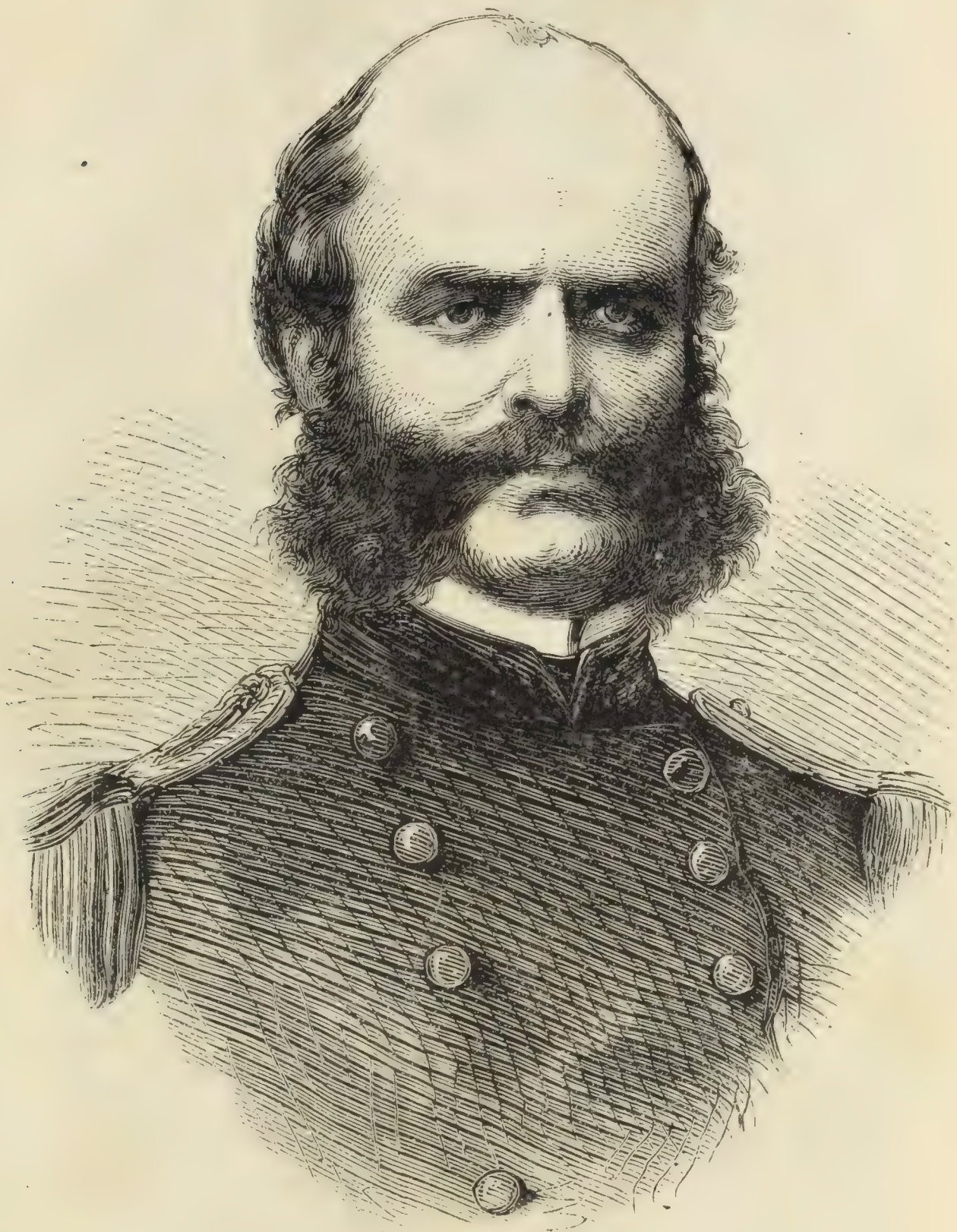
Crippled, forlorn and useless,  
The glory of life grown dim,  
Brooding alone o'er the memory  
Of the bright, glad days gone by;  
Nursing a bitter fancy,  
And nursing a shattered limb:  
Oh, comrades, resigning is harder—  
We know it is easy to die!

Never again on the jacket  
To see our knightly bars;  
Never again on the jacket  
To see our lordly leaves;  
Never again to follow  
The flag of the Stripes and Stars;  
Never again to dream the dream  
That young ambition weaves!



## HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.



AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

## I.—A MILITARY ADVENTURE.

Putting to Sea.—Entering the Inlet.—Conquest of Roanoke Island.—The Slaves.—Destruction of the Rebel Fleet.—Extending the Conquest.—Expedition to the Neuse.—Decisive Battle.—Anecdotes.—Capture of Newbern.—Secret Expedition.—Bivouac.—Battle of Kingston.—Daily Marchings.—Battle at Whitehall.—Heroism of Butler.—Successful Raid.—Battle of Goldsborough.—Success of the Expedition.—The Return.

ON the 11th of January, 1862, a vast fleet of gun-boats and transports was assembled at Hampton Roads, Old Point Comfort, for a secret expedition. Spectators on the shore counted one hundred and twenty-five boats of all sizes and patterns. There were formidable vessels of war, powerfully armed and nobly manned. There were ferry-boats extemporized into gun-boats, and peaceful merchantmen frowning with

artillery. There was one queer stern-wheeled craft, which went puffing about among the fleet, attracting much attention. It had come from the shoal waters of the Kennebec River. The sailors called it "the wheel-barrow." Its draught was so light that they insisted it could run wherever there was a heavy dew. Sixteen thousand men—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—were embarked in this fleet, under the chieftainship of General Burnside. The troops were divided into three brigades, under Generals Foster, Reno, and Parke; all experienced officers of the regular army. Commodore Goldsborough, a veteran of fifty years' service, commanded the fleet.

It was a bright, mild winter's day. Just after the sun had gone down and the stars had come out, those on the shore observed an unusual commotion in the fleet. Lights were flashing and tug-





LOUIS M. GOLDSBOROUGH.

boats moving rapidly in all directions, and it was evident that every ship was getting up its steam. Just at midnight some signal rockets pierced the sky from the flag-ship, and almost instantly every paddle-wheel was in motion, and the majestic squadron swept down the bay. It was a brilliant night, serene, cloudless; with the moon near the full. It was very manifest to all on board that hard work was to be done by both fleet and army; but when, where, how, none but a few of the highest officers could tell, and they were silent. At noon the next day, Sunday, January 12, the fleet was entirely out of sight of land, enveloped in fog, steaming rapidly down the southern coast.

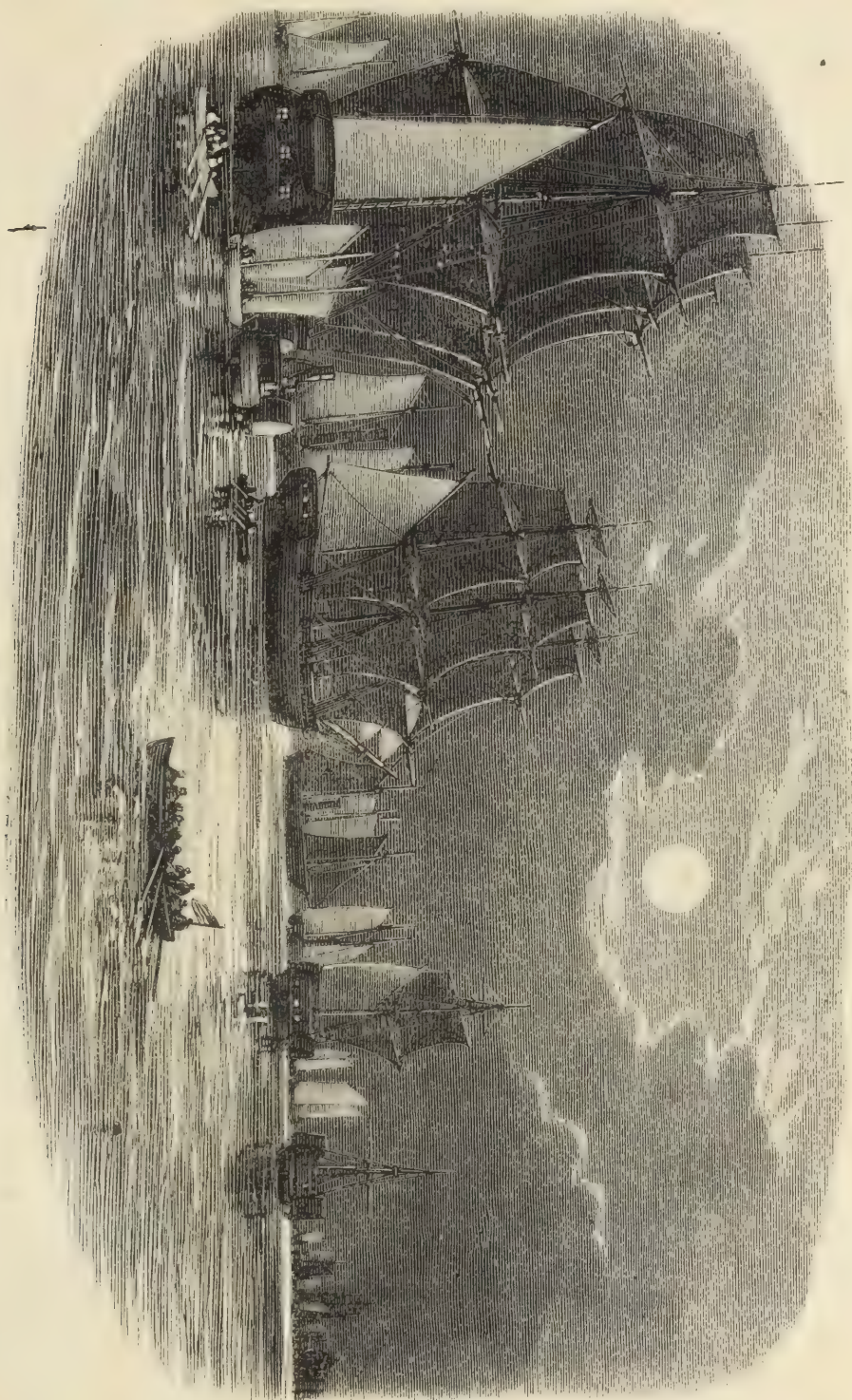
At length the fog lifted, and the leading ships caught sight of the shores of Hatteras, and, followed by the whole squadron, turned toward the Inlet. It was a gorgeous afternoon of autumnal beauty. The scene was magnificent. Thou-

sands of men were clustered on the decks and in the rigging of the ships, gazing with admiration upon the golden sunset, and the forest-crowned shore fringed with its long line of snow-white beach, upon which the billows of the wide Atlantic dashed almost mast-head high, and with thunder roar.

It was too late to enter the Inlet. The next morning was cold and wintry. Clouds were gathering; the ocean looked black; and angry billows with foaming crests pursued each other. It was difficult to cross the bar in a storm, as smooth water was very necessary for the passage. Yet it was not safe for a fleet to attempt to ride out a Hatteras gale on that open sea. About seventy of the ships succeeded in safely getting within the Inlet. One of the transports, laden with horses, struck the bar, plunging her keel into the sand, and remained immovable. The waves dashed over the ship, hurling the horses



PUTTING TO SEA.



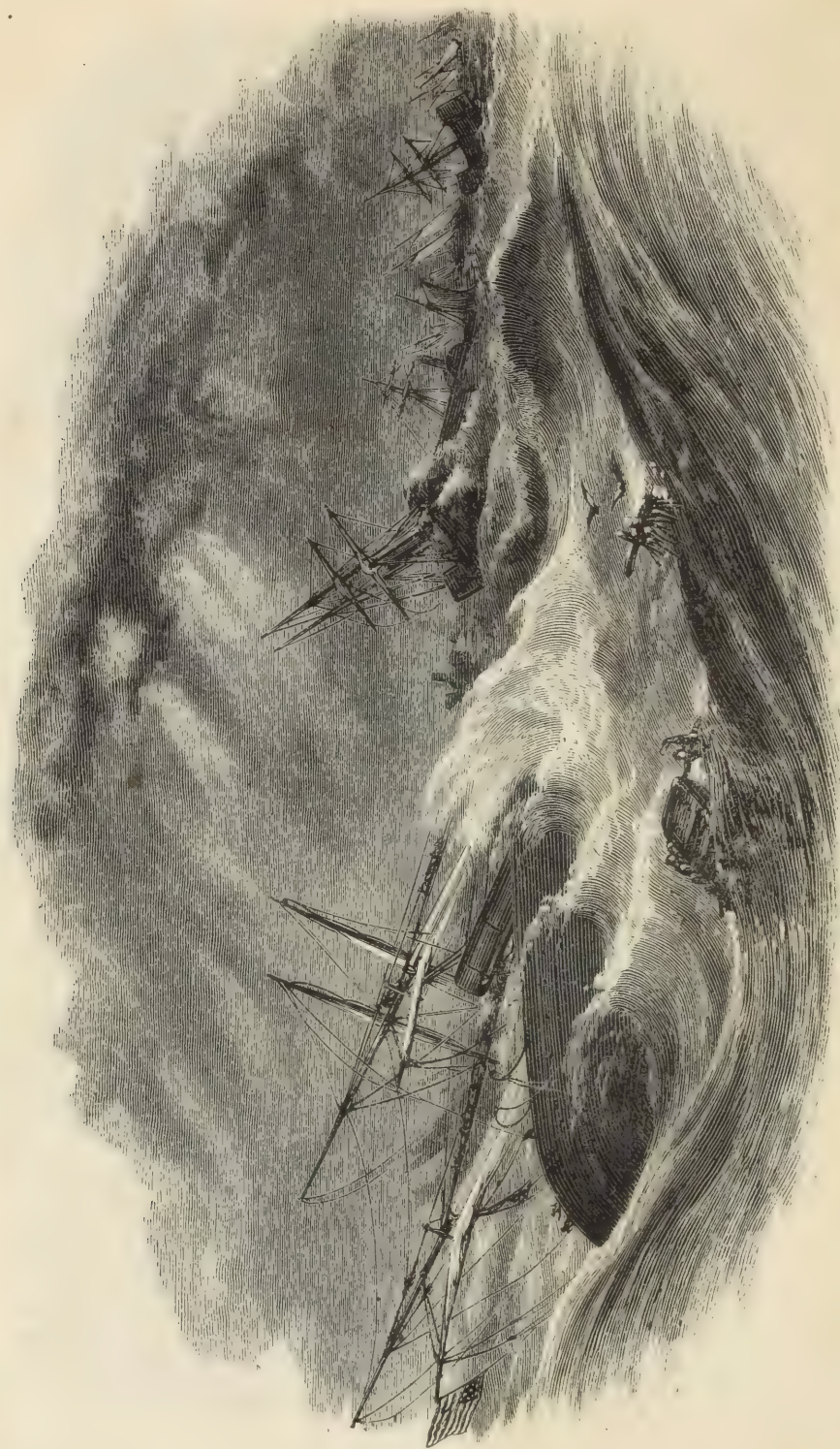
into the sea, where they all perished. The seamen lashed themselves to the rigging, and there, without food or sleep; and drenched to the skin, remained for forty-eight hours until the storm abated. Every endeavor which was made to send them assistance was fruitless. Two heroic men, Colonel Allen and Dr. Wellar, perished in the attempt. During the continuance of the gale nearly every vessel was injured, both those within and those without the Inlet. Many were badly shattered, and four entirely wrecked; the crews generally escaping.

A calm succeeded this fearful storm; yet it was two weeks before the fleet, crippled and dis-

persed, was collected and refitted at a safe anchorage in Pamlico Sound.

A comparatively small strait separates the two majestic Sounds called Pamlico and Albemarle. In the centre of this strait you find Roanoke Island, twelve miles long and three broad. As the channel on either side is narrow and tortuous, the island effectually commands the passage between the two Sounds. Here the rebels were in force with batteries, intrenchments, and gunboats. Wednesday morning, the 6th of February, dawned cold, and wet, and gloomy. Groping through the fog our fleet approached the island, and, anchoring for the night, prepared for





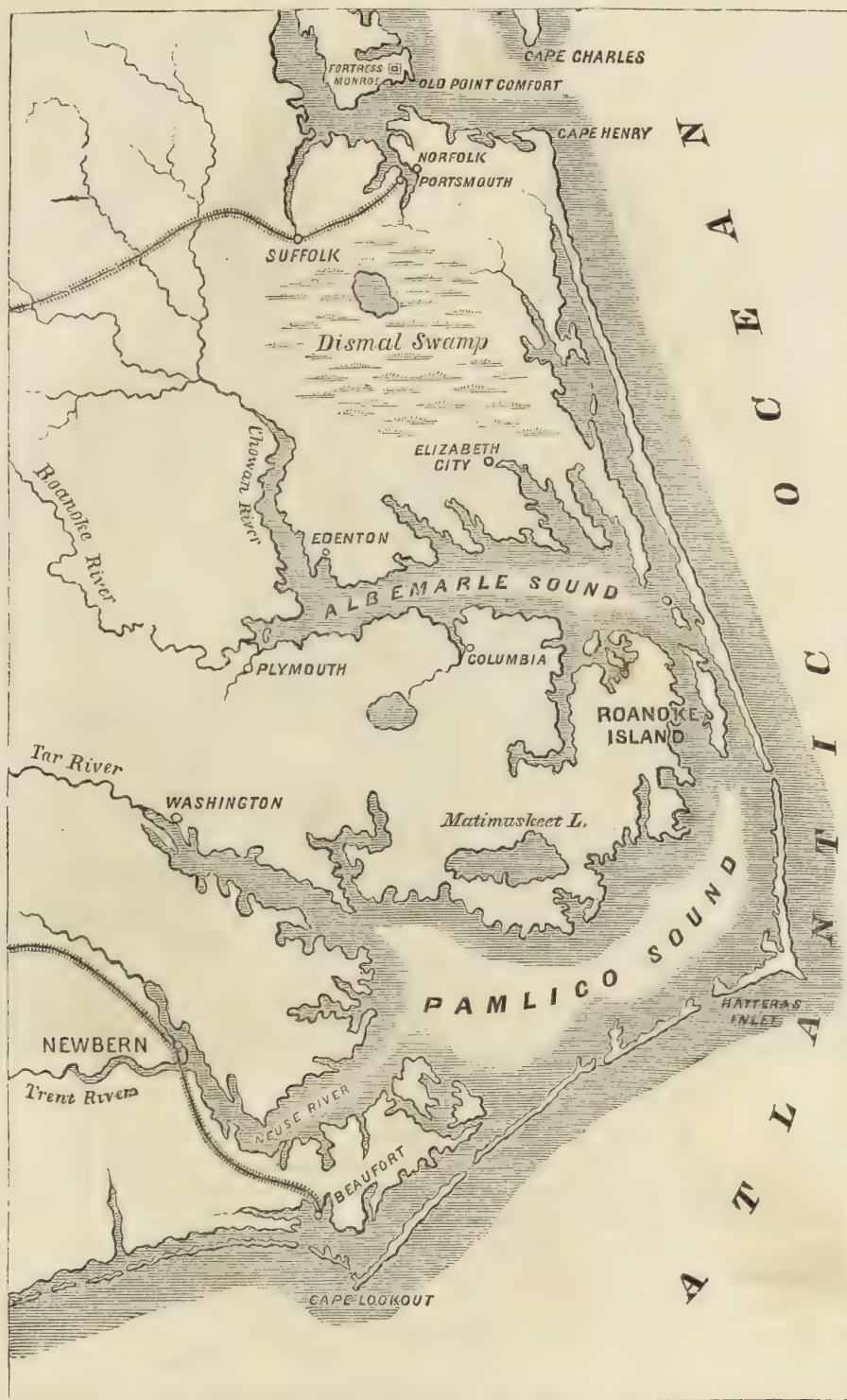
STORM AT HATTERAS INLET.

a conflict in the morning. The morning came. As the clouds broke, and the rays of the sun struggling through the rifts gave promise of a brilliant day, Nelson's famous order was run to the mast-head of the flag-ship, "America expects every man to do his duty!"

The gun-boats immediately commenced throwing 9-inch shot and shell into the woods near the beach. Under protection of this fire a large number of troops were landed. The intrenchments were bombarded, the batteries were stormed, and the patriot troops swept the island from south to north in uninterrupted victory. Before five o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th Roa-

noke Island was rescued from the hands of traitors, and the star-spangled banner floated over all its captured ramparts. General Foster led the men in their impetuous attacks upon the redoubts, and inspired them with his own enthusiasm and intrepidity. The gallant Colonel Russell, of the Connecticut Tenth—a man who knew not the sense of fear—was struck by a bullet which pierced his heart, and he fell dead without a groan. As the men were assailing one of the most formidable redoubts their ammunition failed them. Just then Major Kimball of the Hawkins's Zouaves came up, and offered to charge the redoubt. "You are the very man," said





ROANOKE ISLAND, NEWBERN, AND THE SOUNDS.

General Foster, "and this is the very moment. Zouaves, storm the battery!" There was an instantaneous rush, and with their ringing battle-cry, *Zou, Zou, Zou!* they ran across the intervening space, clambered the ramparts, and burst through the embrasures. The rebels fled in the utmost panic, not even stopping to spike their guns or to carry off their wounded.

General John G. Foster, with his brigade, followed in the track of the Zouaves and pursued the retreating rebels at the double quick. For nearly six miles the exciting chase was continued. General Reno took another path to cut off the rebel retreat, and on the way came across

a body of eight hundred of the foe who were compelled to throw down their arms. The rebels were now thoroughly vanquished. A flag of truce was sent to General Foster, asking what terms of capitulation he would accept. "Unconditional surrender," was the reply. It was impossible to dispute the terms, and before five o'clock in the afternoon the Stars and Stripes were floating over every battery on the island. Six forts, two thousand five hundred prisoners, forty-two heavy guns, with a large quantity of smaller arms and ammunition, fell into the hands of the victors. The patriots lost but forty killed and two hundred wounded. Among the pris-





JOHN G. FOSTER.

oners taken there were about two hundred slaves, all men in the prime of life, whom the rebels had brought upon the island to work upon the intrenchments. As the white prisoners were paroled, these slaves were called together and informed that they might remain upon the island as freemen, or return with their masters to the main land. Nearly every man chose to return with his master. This extraordinary decision led some one to exclaim in bewilderment, "What does this mean? We thought you all wanted to be free." An honest, earnest black man stepped forward, and, taking off his hat, said,

"We'se wives and chillern in slavery. We can't leave them. Bress de Lord, de day ob jubilee is come. We'se all to be free now. We must go back and get our wives and chillern."

No comment can add to the pathos of this incident.

The next day was the Sabbath. The rebel gun-boats had escaped up the Sound to Elizabeth City. The patriot gun-boats pursued them; with full head of steam they rushed by the fort, under whose guns the rebel boats had

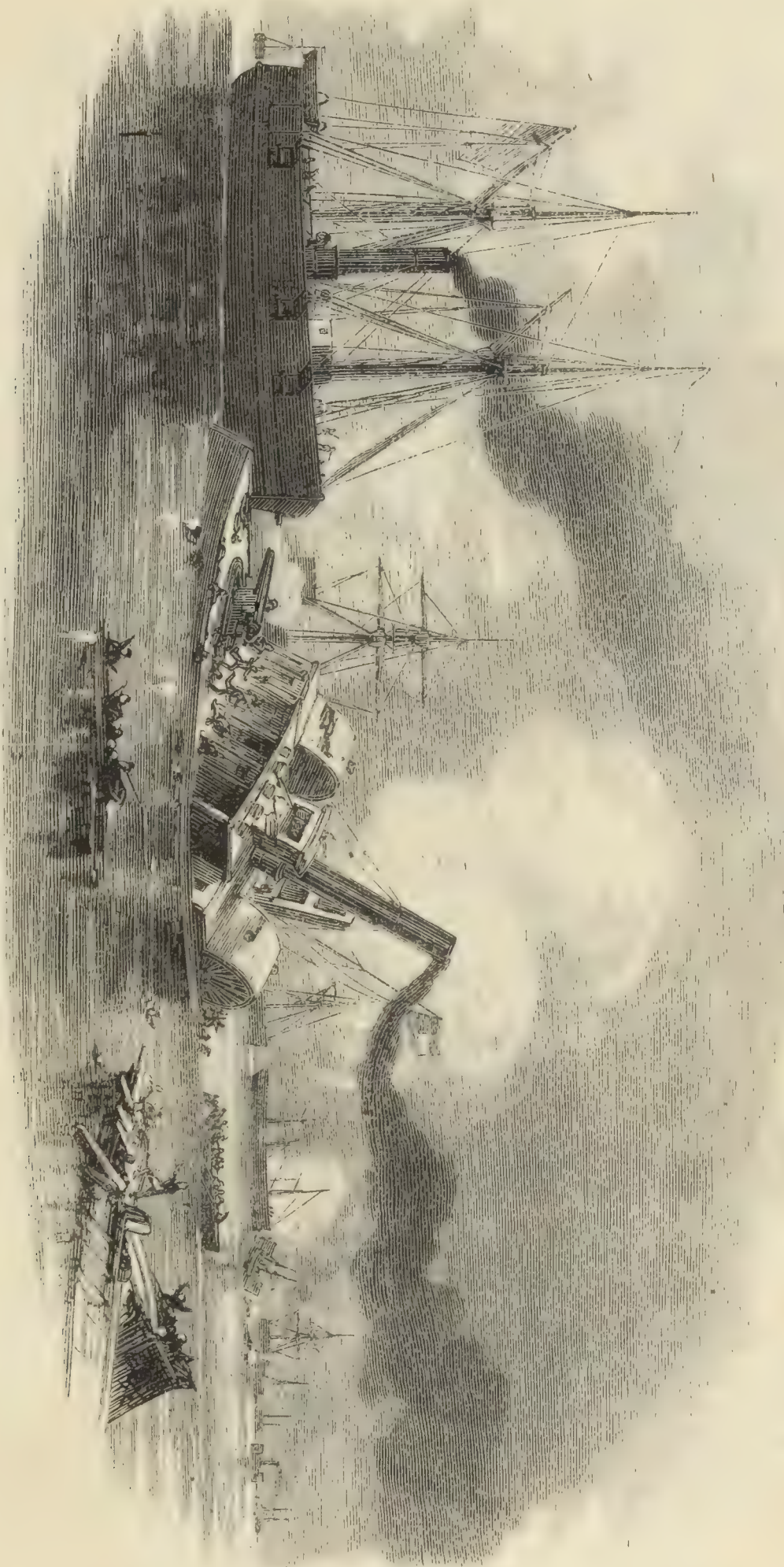
sought protection, and in a conflict of fifteen minutes destroyed the whole rebel fleet, killing or capturing nearly every man of the crew. From all the region around the slaves flocked by hundreds to the national boats, entreating to be taken "to de Norf." This was impossible. Their grief was touching as they saw their hopes blighted, and that the long-prayed-for hour of deliverance had not yet come.

After a few unimportant excursions in this vicinity, every where indignantly striking down the flag of treason, General Burnside reassembled his fleet at Hatteras Inlet for a more important movement than he had yet attempted.

On the night of the 12th of March the fleet was again in motion. They steamed down Pamlico Sound about fifty miles, and entering the spacious River Neuse, anchored upon its western bank within about sixteen miles of the city of Newbern. This city, of about five thousand inhabitants, one of the finest in the State, is situated at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent. It is important as a military post, being connected with Goldsborough and Raleigh on the west, and Beaufort on the south. The rebels had strongly fortified it, employing thou-



UNION GUN-BOATS DESTROYING REBEL FLEET.

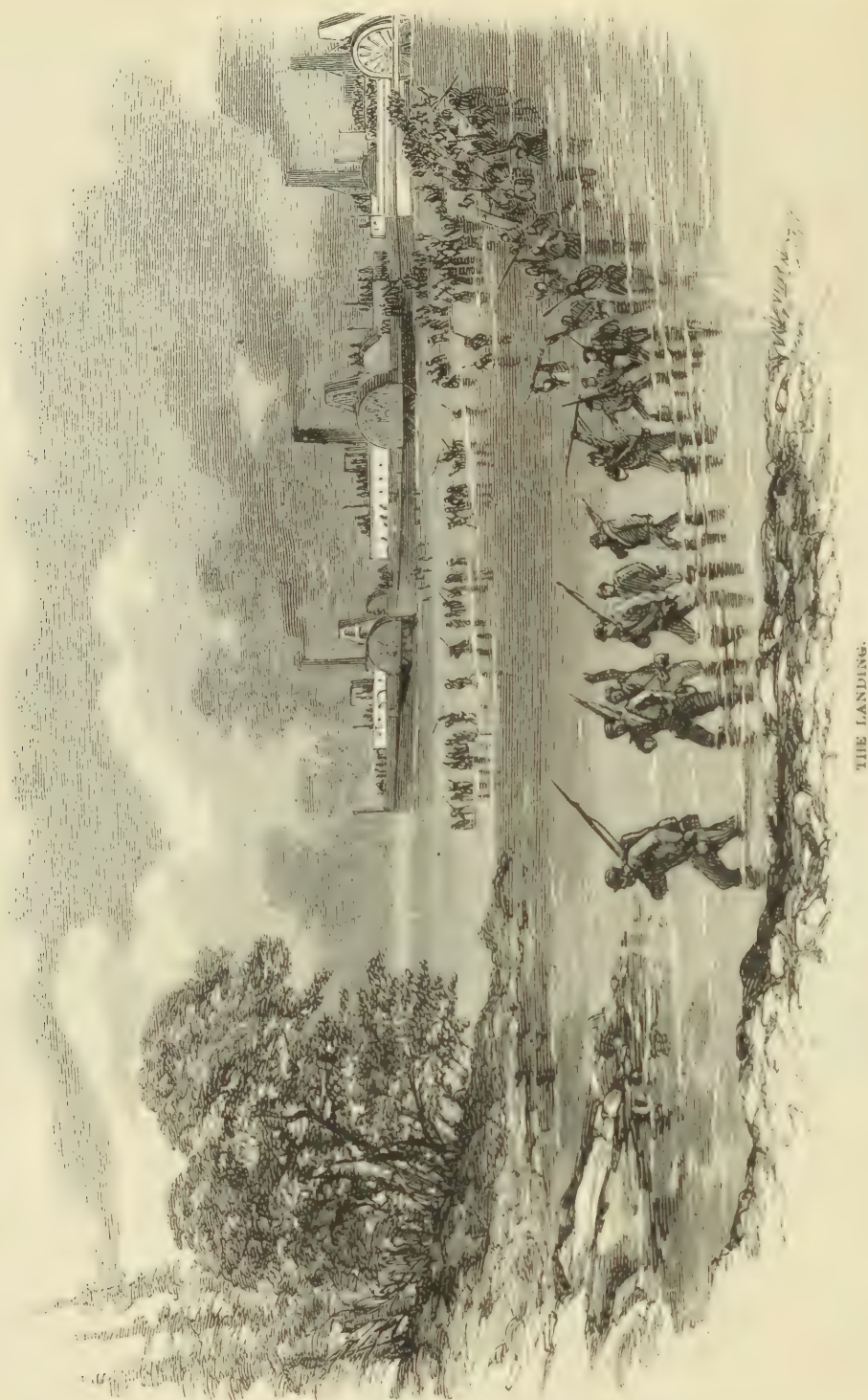


sands of slaves in throwing up intrenchments. A line of water-batteries, with heavy guns, from every commanding point swept the river. Six miles from the city there was a long line of earth-works extending from the river to the swamps and tangled woods, effectually barring approach to any ordinary force or courage. From that point to the city the whole expanse was filled with redoubts, batteries, rifle-pits, treacherous torpedoes, and all the other appliances of honorable and dishonorable war.

Early in the morning of March 13 the patriot troops, five thousand in number, landed at Slocum's Creek, about a dozen miles below New-

bern. The water was shallow. The overladen boats sank deep and could not approach near the shore. The landing seemed much like a frolic. With jokes and shouts and peals of laughter the men leaped overboard, up to the middle in water, and waded to the shore. Their path up toward Newbern led over an extended plain, marshy from recent rains, and covered with a dense growth of gloomy pines, draped with hoary Spanish moss. The heavy gun-carriages sank deep in the mire, and a cold March wind swept over the drenched and shivering ranks, subduing the mirth of the most buoyant.





THE LANDING.

The Massachusetts Twenty-fourth led the march. The Connecticut Eleventh brought up the rear. The line of march in compact mass filled the forest road for two and a half miles. The gun-boats followed cautiously along the channel of the stream, throwing shells into the woods in advance of the head of our column. Night came dismal with clouds, darkness, mud, and rain. The wearied soldiers threw themselves upon the sodden leaves of the flooded plain for their cheerless bivouac. On Friday morning, the 14th of March, the patriot troops were again early in motion, and soon approached the long line of earth-works running from the river to the swamp, strongly protected by rifle-

pits and batteries on either flank. The woods in front of the intrenchments had been felled for a distance of a quarter of a mile, that the assailants might be exposed to an unerring fire. Behind these intrenchments the rebels were comparatively safe. Neither bullet nor ball could easily harm them. It would seem madness to an ordinary observer to send men with bare bosoms to face the line of fire bursting from those breast-works. But our heroic troops accomplished the apparent impossibility. Forming in line of battle in the edge of the woods, a mile in extent, they opened a vigorous fire of musketry and artillery which they must have been conscious could accomplish little, save to



CAPTIVE OF FORT THOMPSON, NEAR NEWBERRY.



distract attention by making a noise. Nearly every ball and bullet went plump and harmless into the breast-work of earth rising six feet high before them.

At length when the field of battle was covered with smoke, and the frenzy of conflict inflamed all minds, Colonel Clark, at the head of the Massachusetts Twenty-first, rushed across the open plain, through the deadly storm of lead, and entering on the full run one of the embrasures seized the gun. The rebels fled, astonished at such audacity. Instantly two rebel regiments came charging upon them, and the heroic little band were compelled to retire.

But the next moment Colonel Rodman, with the Fourth Rhode Island, charged upon a battery of five guns. At the double quick they ran upon these death-dealing muzzles, pouring in a volley of bullets as they ran. The desperate adventure was a success. They seized the guns, and with the precision of veterans in compact mass, with bristling bayonets, bore down along the rebel line within the intrenchments. The Eighth and Eleventh Connecticut, and Fifth Rhode Island rushed instantly to their support. The rebels fled precipitately, and the Stars and Stripes were proudly unfurled over one portion of their ramparts.



Animated by this sight the patriot troops, who were struggling through the tangled morass at the southern extremity of the enemy's line, made a grand charge upon that flank. Aided as they were by their comrades, who were already within the ramparts, they speedily smote down all opposition, and the rebels tumultuously fled. With exultation and rapture, which none can comprehend but those who have passed through such scenes, the patriot troops clambered the ramparts, discharging their muskets at the retiring foe, disappearing in the distance, and greeting the glorious old banner of the Union with enthusiastic huzzas. It was a splendid victory. Every regiment behaved heroically. The Fifty-first New York attracted especial applause. There is not a man of that regiment who will not look back with pride upon the battle of Newbern so long as he shall live. The rebel army was disorganized and panic-stricken. It was important that they should have no time to recover from their consternation.

There are many interesting incidents of this battle worthy of record. Lieutenant Fearing, of General Burnside's staff, was sitting upon his horse when a 32-pound shot passed under the horse's belly between his legs. The Lieutenant, apparently unconscious of his own danger, fondly patted his horse in commendation of the animal's quiet bravery.

When the first battery was captured Colonel Clark, of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, had mounted one of the rebel guns, and was waving his colors, when two rebel regiments advanced upon him and his handful of men. The patriots leaped the parapet and fled. Captain J. D. Frazer, who had been wounded in his right arm, carrying his sword in his left hand, tumbled and fell into the ditch. He was seized and dragged back by the rebels over the parapet. A guard of three men was placed over him. A few moments after, when the Fourth Rhode Island made a charge, he drew a concealed revolver and captured all three of his guards.

One of the noblest young men of our nation—a hero, a patriot, and a Christian, Adjutant Frazer A. Stearns, son of President Stearns, of Amherst (Massachusetts) College—fell in this battle. Young Stearns had already borne himself bravely at Roanoke Island. Here, in the thickest of the fight, a bullet pierced his breast, and he dropped dead.

General Burnside, aware of the value of time, scarcely remained upon the battle-field long enough to bury the dead. The whole army was immediately put in motion for Newbern, which was about six miles distant. The gun-boats continued to follow along the river, capturing the water-batteries with scarcely a shadow of opposition. Early in the afternoon the troops reached the eastern bank of the Trent opposite the city. The magnificent bridge, seven hundred and fifty yards in length, constructed both for railroad and carriages, across which the reb-

els had retreated, was in flames. A number of turpentine factories also were rolling up their billows of fire and smoke, which enfolded the city in a black canopy sublimely gloomy. Several transports had followed the gun-boats up the stream, and in a few hours our whole army of five thousand men were ferried across the Trent, and were in undisputed possession of Newbern. The fires were extinguished, a strong provost-guard established, every liquor cask in the city staved, and by midnight quietude and peace reigned throughout the conquered city.

The fruits of this victory were six forts, thirty-four heavy guns, six steamboats, and public property to the amount of two millions of dollars. The rebel troops at the battle-ground were almost entirely protected by their ramparts, and our bullets did them little harm; and, on the other hand, they did not dare to expose themselves by taking aim, but loading under cover raised their guns over their heads and fired almost at random, thus throwing many of their bullets away.

As the rebels were retreating the slaves along the route, who had been taught to believe their masters omnipotent, could hardly credit their senses, and were quite unable to repress their joy and exultation. As one of the slave-holding rebels, breathless with terror, spurred his horse by his own door, not venturing to stop, an aged slave stood by the side of his cabin gazing in unutterable astonishment upon the flight and fright of his master. Just as he disappeared in the woods a shell from one of the gun-boats, with its unearthly scream, careering high above the tree-tops, followed the path of the fugitive. The gray-headed old man, clapping his hands, rushed into his cabin shouting,

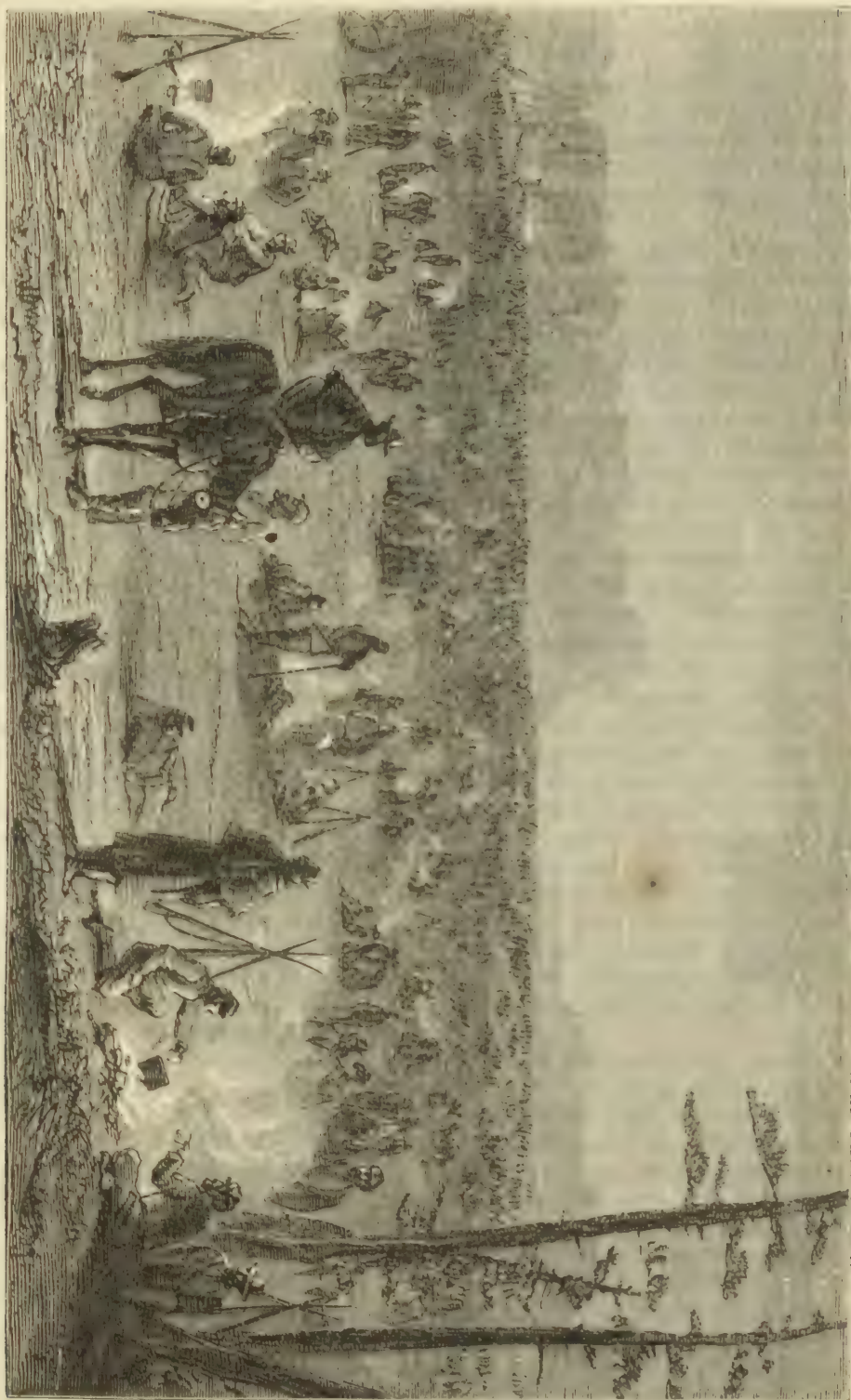
"Wife, wife, massa is running, and the wrath of God is after him!"

The next day was the Sabbath. By order of General Burnside all the churches were thrown open, the army chaplains officiated, and thanks were returned to God for the signal victory he had granted the patriot arms.

Several months passed away, during which the Union troops fortified themselves at Newbern, and extended their conquest to several important places in the vicinity. On Tuesday, the 9th of December, 1862, a division of the little army received orders to put three days' rations in their haversacks, and prepare for an immediate march; but *where* they were not informed; neither was it supposed to be any of their business to inquire. Blind, unquestioning obedience is the law of the army. The rising of the sun on Thursday, the 11th, found these troops vigorously on the move from Newbern directly west, toward Goldsborough, along what is called the Trent Road—a road running a few miles west of the River Trent, and almost parallel with it. The force consisted of four brigades, composed of nineteen regiments. The line of march was formed by two hundred cavalry in advance; then followed the several regiments of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, while



THE ENCAMPMENT.



the rear was composed of one hundred and fifty baggage wagons. The entire line, in easy marching order, extended about five miles, filling the whole road.

It was a splendid wintry morning, mild and serene. As the vast array was beheld from an eminence moving along the winding road, with the fluttering of innumerable banners, and the gleam of burnished arms, the sight inspired the most phlegmatic with enthusiasm. The army numbered in all thirteen hundred infantry, eleven hundred cavalry, with fifty-one pieces of artillery. The troops that day marched eighteen miles over a heavy, sandy road, with occa-

sional sloughs to wade, and, as night approached, they prepared for their encampment in a large plain of about three hundred acres, which they found opened in the forest.

As the twilight faded away hundreds of camp-fires, brilliant with the blaze of the resinous pine, lighted up the scene with wondrous beauty. The soldiers drank their hot coffee from their tin cups, ate their frugal supper of hard bread, and the camp resounded with jokes and laughter as most of them threw themselves down for a shelterless bivouac, with the sand for a mattress, and a knapsack for a pillow. Wearied with the long day's march the reign of



silence soon commenced. Many of the officers were provided with rubber blankets, which they spread upon the ground. Over that a woolen blanket was spread. And then, three cuddling together, with their feet to the fire, and with their united three blankets and three over-coats spread over them, enjoyed more luxurious slumber than is usually found in ceiled chambers and on beds of down.

At five o'clock the next morning, Friday, the 12th, the drum-beat—the reveille—roused all from their slumbers. It was a bitter cold winter's morning—so cold that the water in the canteens of the soldiers was found frozen. The icy ground seemed solid as a rock. The fires, from piles of pitch-pine, were immediately brightly blazing, the ever-welcome coffee was boiling, and after their breakfast of hard bread the soldiers were again upon the move. Marching rapidly along a level country covered with pine forests, and where few dwellings were found, at noon they reached a road turning nearly at right angles to the north. This road led directly to Kingston, one of the most important towns in North Carolina, situated on the northern bank of the Neuse, about forty miles above Newbern. The soldiers by this time had supposed that Kingston was their destination. But much to their surprise, they found that they were not guided upon that road, but leaving it on the right, pressed directly forward in a westerly course. The soldiers subsequently ascertained, that which the officers already knew, that half-way between this crossing and the town of Kingston there was a stream called Southwest Creek, where the rebels, in anticipation of an attack, had erected formidable intrenchments.

General Foster, one of our most bold and efficient officers, sagaciously sent forward a small force of cavalry to deceive the rebels by the feint of an attack upon their elaborate works at the creek. At the same time the main body pressed vigorously forward on the road toward Goldsborough, and with the setting sun sought their second night's bivouac, having effected a march of nearly twenty miles. The wearied soldiers, after a hurried meal, again threw themselves on the frozen ground and slept soundly. Scarcely had the morning dawned ere the beat of the drum aroused the slumbering host. They replenished their waning fires, in haste prepared their breakfast of fragrant coffee with hard bread, and at six o'clock the tramp of armed men and the rumbling of carriage-wheels again resounded through the solitudes of the forest. All day long they continued their march, until about the middle of the afternoon, when, having passed several miles beyond Kingston, they came to another cross-road, which at a very sharp angle led back, in a northeasterly direction, toward that city.

The head of the long column turned sharply round and entered this road. By it they could cross the Southwest Creek at a point farther up the stream by a bridge which was feebly defend-

ed. The rebels, however, fearing this movement, and yet not daring to vacate their intrenchments on the main road, had sent forward a small force and burned the bridge. They had also placed two 12-pounders on an eminence on the north side of the creek, to prevent the reconstruction of the bridge or the floating of pontoons. Here the Union troops were brought to a stand. While the advance of the column waited for the artillery and the wagons to come up, pioneers were sent forward, under strong protection of artillery and musketry, to attempt to rebuild the bridge.

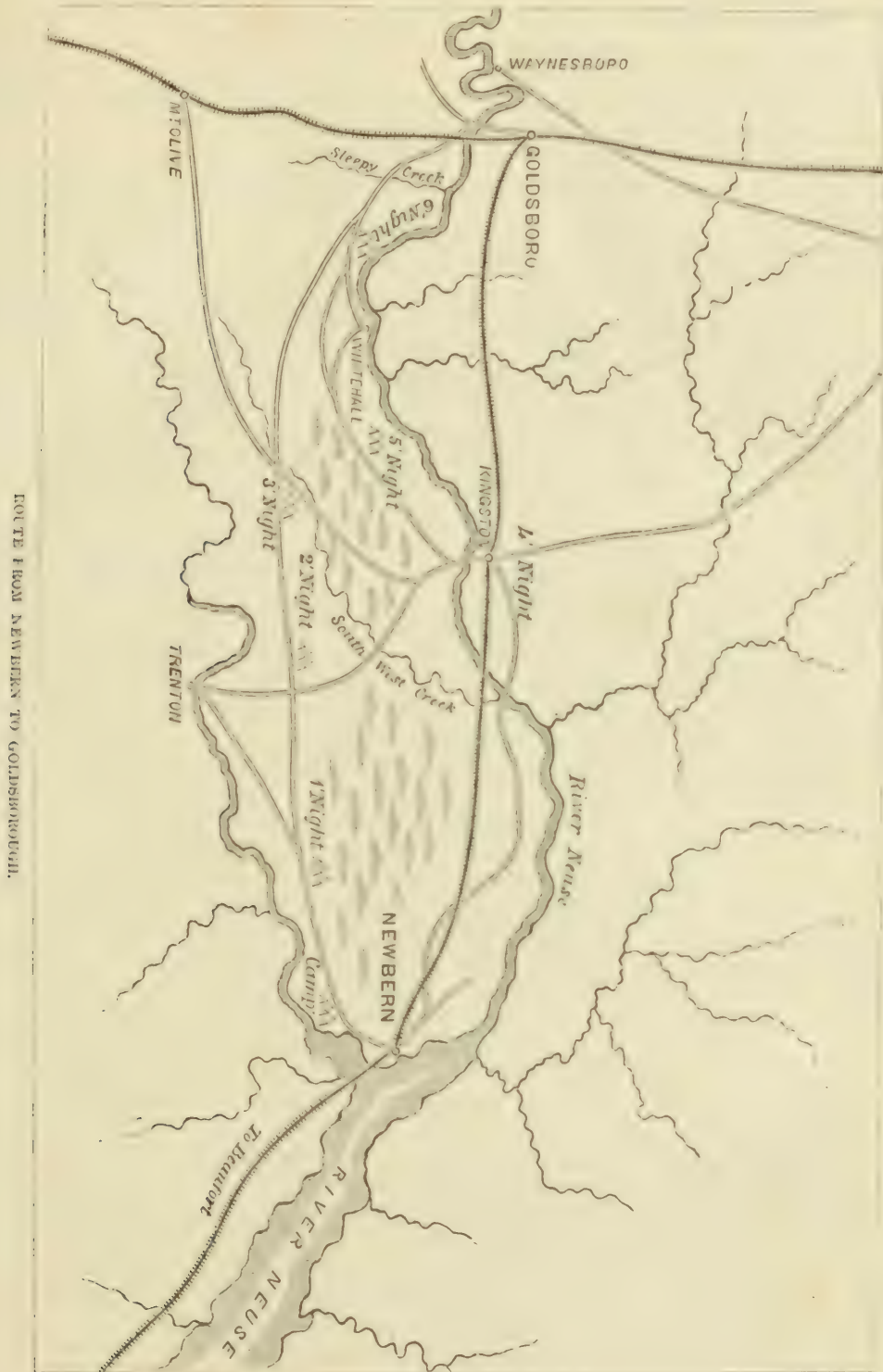
The creek was here but a few rods wide, with somewhat precipitous and densely-wooded shores. The road from that point to Kingston, a distance of about fourteen miles, ran all the way through an almost unbroken forest. A few pieces of Union artillery were sent ahead, to engage the attention of the rebel battery, while the Ninth New Jersey regiment secretly forded the stream above and below, and rushed upon the hostile cannon from either flank so impetuously and unexpectedly that guns, horses, and men were all taken, almost before there was any consciousness of danger.

It was Saturday night—the third day of the expedition. Again the troops bivouacked in the open air, but all night long working parties of engineers and pioneers were busy rebuilding the bridge. Before the dawn of Sunday it was completed, and at five o'clock the troops were again upon the march. As before, a body of cavalry led the advance along the narrow road, with pine forests on either side. They frequently encountered the pickets of the enemy, and in slight skirmishes easily dispersed them. The cavalry was followed by a strong body of artillery, who shelled the woods wherever there was any suspicion that the foe might be lurking.

It will be remembered that the line of the army, filling the whole capacity of the road, occupied an extent of about five miles. At nine o'clock in the morning those in the rear of this long column heard the roar of artillery among the advance, shot answering shot. It announced that the enemy had been found, and it sent an electric thrill through the eager host. Every man pressed forward. The whole army soon found themselves in a clearing of the woods of about twenty acres, on the right-hand side of the road. There was here opportunity for the army to deploy and make ready for action. The enemy were so effectually concealed in the woods that not a man could be seen; and their batteries, commandingly posted under the protection of an apparently impassable swamp, were constantly pitching their shells over the tree-tops into the midst of our advancing troops. Six Parrot guns were brought forward by the patriots and placed in position to return the fire. It was a blind battle of invisible foes; but the two hostile parties had discovered each other's position, and bloody scenes were at hand.

The Ninety-second and Ninety-sixth New York regiments filed into the woods on the left





ROUTE FROM NEWBERN TO GOLDSBORO.

of the road, to charge the rebel batteries on their right flank. The Ninth New York plunged into the woods on the right of the road, to advance upon the batteries under shelter of the thicket between the road and the swamp. The Forty-fifth Massachusetts rushed boldly into the swamp itself, and toiling onward through a tangled network of roots and stumps, and up to their knees in mire, sought to traverse it, that they might attack the batteries on their left flank. The swamp was densely covered with huge old trees, whose gnarled roots were twisted in all possible contortions beneath the ooze and slime of the bog. But a few moments elapsed before the whole forest was alive with the rattle of mus-

ketry, for the heads of each of these divisions had met the foe. Our troops, keeping up a constant fire, steadily advanced, driving the rebels before them—who were fighting, Indian-fashion, behind stumps and trees.

At length the Forty-fifth Massachusetts, who had penetrated the swamp, forced their way through it, and ascended a little knoll beyond covered with shrub oaks. But they had hardly formed in line before a shower of bullets came rattling in among them, a rebel battery having got their precise range. The Tenth Connecticut and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania came up at the same moment, having followed through the swamp. The rebel guns opened



upon their left flank, raking their position. The fire of these guns was so concentrated and powerful that it cut a perfect path, two rods wide, for some distance through the forest. No flesh and blood could stand such a storm. The Union troops threw themselves on their faces and hugged the ground as their only protection. They could not move in any direction without the utmost peril.

While in this terrible situation they heard the well-known cheer of their comrades announcing triumph on the left. The Ninety-sixth and Ninety-second New York had come up, flanked and successfully charged the rebel battery. At that shout the Tenth Connecticut, Forty-fifth Massachusetts, and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania sprang to their feet, and rushed to join their comrades in the charge. The rebels waited not for the impetuous onslaught, but abandoning every thing, fled pell-mell for the bridge which crossed the Neuse, opposite Kingston, which was not far distant. The retreat of five hundred and fifty of the foe was cut off, and they were taken prisoners. The Union artillery came rushing up along the road, shelling the fugitives in their flight. The rebels, in their consternation, had no chance to destroy the bridge, and the patriot troops, following closely upon their heels, crossed the river and took possession of Kingston. The brunt of this battle—and it was truly a heroic fight—was met by the Forty-fifth Massachusetts, Tenth Connecticut, and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, essentially aided by the Ninety-sixth and Ninety-second New York. Five Union regiments drove six thousand rebels from their intrenchments.

The rebel prisoners stated that they considered their position quite impregnable, for they had not supposed it possible for any advance to be made through the swamp. They had consequently massed their forces to block up the passage of the road. The first intimation they had of the position of the regiments who had dashed through the swamp was from the storm of bullets which swept their ranks. There was an old church near the range of the hostile batteries which was thoroughly riddled with shot. As our troops occupied the ground vacated by their foes they found sixteen dead bodies in the church. The prisoners confessed that they carried off as many dead bodies as they could, and had thrown them into the river to conceal their loss.

Most of the prisoners were South Carolinians. They were ferocious in their hate, declaring that they would fight forever. They said they had received orders from General Evans that morning to give no quarter. They had not entertained the idea that they could be beaten. Many of them were as ignorant as savages, having not the slightest conception of the cause of the war. They had been told that the Northern people had invaded the South from the brutal desire to rob them of their property and to cut their throats. "What for you uns," said they, in

their barbaric dialect, "come down here to fight we uns? We uns don't want to fight you uns." One might as well attempt to explain one of the problems of Laplace to a New Zealand savage as to give one of these ignorant, debased, South Carolinian mean whites an idea of the questions involved in this civil war.

The North Carolinians generally appeared much less morally and intellectually degraded. Almost to a man they expressed regret at the existence of the war, and said they had no heart in it. They asserted that their State had been carried out of the Union by the vote of the Legislature against the vote and sentiment of the people. They were mostly conscripts, and were quite willing to be taken prisoners. They complained bitterly of the harsh treatment they had received from their own officers, and said their only food had consisted of Indian corn and bacon. Unshorn, uncombed, and unwashed, they presented an appearance of filth and savagery which scarcely any group of Digger Indians ever equaled. Many of them were very bitter against Jeff Davis, and told terrible tales of the despotism which reigned in secessiondom.

Our troops found that the rigor of rebel conscription had stripped the country of every man capable of bearing arms. Many of the prisoners said that they had been dragged away from their families without any process of law, and without an hour's delay. The general aspect of the region through which the army passed testified to the truth of these statements. Wide fields remained uncultivated, and in not a few cases ripened crops were left to perish unharvested. Vast barns and granaries were left entirely empty. On the most extensive plantations but few signs of life were visible. A few aged negroes, too old to run away and too valueless to be removed, were loitering about, bewildered by the sudden and inexplicable change. Now and then a few women were found who had been left behind. They did not exhibit the ferocity which had been generally displayed by female rebels; they were generally anxious for the war to end on any terms, asserting that they were living under a reign of terror, and that they had more to fear from the rebel than from the Union troops.

The retreating rebels had stripped the houses of most of their movable furniture and of all eatables. In the little dilapidated city of Kingston desolation and starvation reigned. The women and children who alone remained all looked care-worn and hungry. Many of the poorer class came rambling through the Union camp, begging bread of the soldiers, and eagerly picking up the fragments which our surfeited troops had thrown away. The women, accustomed only to the brutal aspect and bearing of the Southern soldiers, expressed much surprise at the gentlemanly appearance and demeanor of the Northern troops. But three white men were found left in Kingston, and they were Union men who had hidden themselves from rebel rule. All the rest had been carried off,



either voluntarily or involuntarily, by the rebels.

The battle of Kingston was fought on Sunday. These were strange scenes for our Puritan boys, who had been trained in the Sabbath-schools and churches of the North. The victorious Union troops passed over the bridge into Kingston, and encamped in a large field on the north side of the village, built their fires, boiled their coffee, and sat down to review the labors of the day. The Massachusetts Forty-fifth lost 18 killed, and had 50 wounded. Large numbers had bullet-holes through their hats and part of their clothing. The Tenth Connecticut met with a still more severe loss, as did also the One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania and the Ninety-sixth New York. The rebels lost, in addition to the prisoners we have mentioned, eleven pieces of artillery, a large quantity of small-arms and ammunition, and an immense dépôt of provisions, which they set on fire to prevent it from falling into the Union hands. The battle in the swamp lasted four hours. A young soldier of the Massachusetts Forty-fifth, who had never before been under fire, thus graphically describes his sensations in a letter to his friends:

"When we first filed into the woods I would have given all I was worth to have been once more safely at home. But after the first shot was fired I could not restrain myself. I had no thought of any personal danger. The balls would whistle and hum all over our heads, and every now and then a shell would explode and cover us with mud, and too often with blood. But it seemed to me as though something told me not to fear. I said one little short prayer for myself, thought of each one of you, imagined I heard the sweet church bells of Framingham, and shut my eyes for an instant and saw you all. It could have been but an instant, and then I thought of nothing but pushing the rebels out of the swamp. As we drove the rebels before us I can not describe the exultation we felt that we had helped win a victory for the Stars and the Stripes. But the sad times were at night, when we missed from the camp-fires the faces of those whom we had learned to love, or when we went back to the woods to bury the dead or to save the wounded."

Among the many who fell at the battle of Kingston meriting especial honor we have space to mention but one—Lieutenant William Perkins. His case illustrates that of many others of our noblest young men who left all the endearments of home to peril life in defense of our country. This young man was the second one from his native town, New London, Connecticut, to volunteer. His older brother was the first. With honor he passed through the disaster at Bull Run. At Roanoke Island he was the second man to jump upon the shore. Captain Leggett, of Company H, Tenth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, to which company young Perkins belonged, was the first.

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In the heroic and brilliant battle at Roanoke the company lost 23 out of 56 men. Young Perkins, for his chivalric bravery, was soon promoted to the First Lieutenantancy in Company A, Tenth Connecticut Volunteers. At the battle of Kingston all the enthusiasm of his soul was called into requisition. While his regiment was in full pursuit of the rebels, retreating by the bridge across the Neuse, Lieutenant Perkins pressing eagerly on, reckless of all danger, had just exclaimed to a comrade, "Isn't this glorious?" when he was struck by a Minié ball and fell dead. The chaplain of the regiment, the Rev. Mr. Stone, of Boston, in a letter to his bereaved father, wrote:

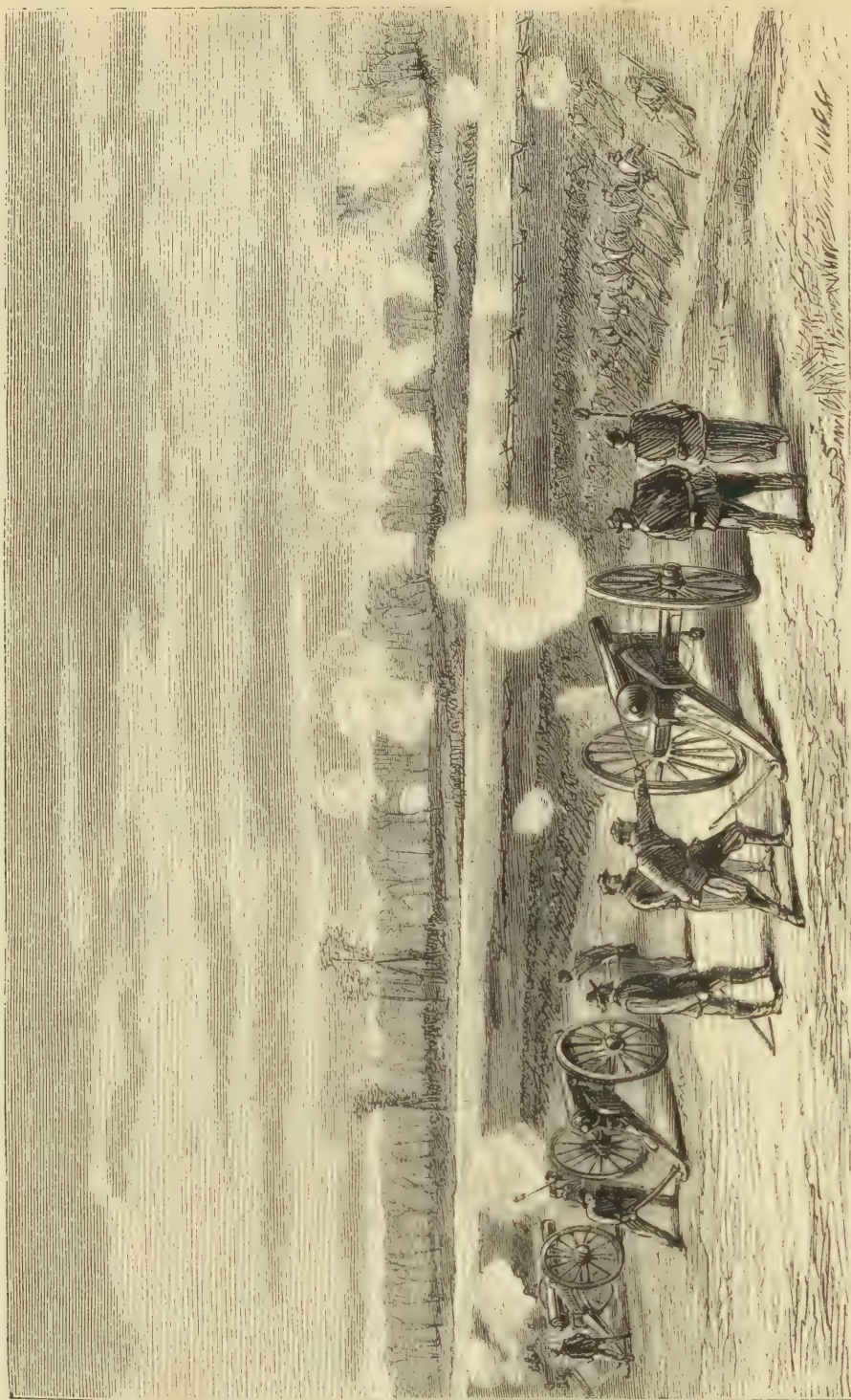
"Your son was a universal favorite in the regiment. We all loved him for his manly qualities, his generous heart, his kindness of manner, and his winning ways. We were proud of his soldierly bearing and of his courageous deportment."

His letters to his friends showed the conscientiousness with which he had entered upon this strife for civil and religious liberty, and his deep sense of dependence upon God. Such were the victims who, by hundreds and by thousands, were immolated by the demon of slavery upon her blood-stained altars. Earth may be searched in vain for a crime more enormous than that which plunged our once peaceful and happy land into all the horrors of civil war to perpetuate and extend the outrage of human bondage.

Early the next morning—Monday the 15th—the army recommenced its march. Filing rapidly again back across the bridge they pressed along a road which skirted the southern banks of the Neuse, toward Whitehall, which was directly west upon the river, at the distance of about 20 miles. It required nearly five hours—from daylight until 11 o'clock—for the whole army to defile across the narrow bridge. They then, to prevent pursuit and the harassment of their rear, smeared the bridge over with tar and set it on fire. The structure, of wood, 20 rods long and 40 feet above the water, was speedily enveloped in rushing billows of flame, and disappeared in smoke and ashes. Such a long line of troops, with its ponderous artillery and heavily-laden wagons, necessarily moves slow. But by vigorously pushing forward they traveled seventeen miles that day, and again bivouacked by the road-side, about three miles from Whitehall. The weary soldiers did not need beds of down to enable them to sleep soundly that night.

Tuesday, 16th, at 5 o'clock in the morning the troops were again upon the march. They had been in motion scarcely an hour when the roar of battle was again heard at the head of the column. The cavalry and one battery were in the advance. As they were approaching the little village of Whitehall, which is on the south bank of the stream, they found that the enemy had stationed themselves on the opposite side of the river, having destroyed the bridge, and were strongly posted, with ten guns in battery on the opposite bank. The guns were protect-





AN AWKWARD POSITION.

ed by long lines of rifle-pits. A brief but spirited conflict here ensued. As soon as our advance-guard appeared in sight the rebels opened upon them from their batteries on the opposite side of the river. When the Forty-fifth Massachusetts, which in that day's march led the main body of the army, came within reach of the rebel fire, six batteries, containing 36 guns, were immediately brought into position, and opened a deadly fire upon the guns of the rebels, 10 in number, upon the opposite side of the river. These guns, on both sides, were loaded and fired with such rapidity that it is said that there were, in all, more than a hundred discharges each minute. It is seldom, in battle, that so

large a number of guns are so closely concentrated.

The field of action was mostly a level plain, with a few slight undulations. It was necessary to place the Union infantry in positions to protect their batteries from sudden charges by the foe. The Massachusetts Forty-fifth found itself stationed exactly in the range between one of our batteries and the guns of the rebels. The balls and shells from both parties went directly over their heads, so near that were the men to stand erect every head would soon be swept away. As they lay flat upon the ground they could feel the motion of every ball, and the windage would often take away their breath.



Occasionally a shell would explode near them, covering them with dirt. It was a very awkward position to occupy, and General Foster soon changed it. To attain a new position there was a Virginia rail fence to be crossed. As one of the men put his hand on a top rail to spring over a shell struck the rail from beneath him, plunged him headlong but unharmed into a ditch, and knocked down and severely wounded with a splinter another man. Almost at the same moment another shell fell and exploded in their ranks, wounding four men. In the midst of such a fire as this, strange to say, many of the Forty-fifth Massachusetts fell soundly asleep. They were so utterly exhausted by the march of two days, the battle in the swamp, and the sleeplessness of the intervening night in standing guard, that even the deafening roar of battle and the greatest peril of wounds and death could not keep them awake.

The conflict at Whitehall lasted about an hour and a half, one brigade only of the Union troops being called into action. It was found on almost all occasions that our artillery practice was far superior to that of the rebels. Not unfrequently the Union batteries would take position in an open field and silence a rebel battery carefully intrenched, of the same number of guns. While this artillery battle was raging the main body of the army moved rapidly along the road, at a little distance from the river, to gain the stream at a point which the rebel guns did not command. While thus moving a shell fell into the ranks of the Forty-fourth Massachusetts, instantly killing four men. The patriot batteries at length silenced the rebel cannon, and our troops, advancing to the river, destroyed two gun-boats which the rebels were building there. The village of Whitehall, which stood between the hostile batteries, was literally knocked to pieces. The dense woods which fringed the opposite bank of the stream were mown down by our deadly fire as the scythe mows the grass. For a quarter of a mile back from the river, and for half a mile up and down the banks, scarcely a tree was left standing.

One principal object in visiting Whitehall was to destroy the two gun-boats of which we have spoken as being there upon the stocks. As the enemy were in force upon the opposite bank our troops could not in a body cross. It was now night. The boats must be destroyed, and the army must be speedily again on its way to accomplish an enterprise still more important. Two thousand barrels of turpentine were seized, piled in an immense heap on the river's bank, and set on fire. Such a bonfire mortal eyes have seldom seen. Vast sheets of billowy flame flashed their forked tongues to the clouds. The whole region for miles around was lighted up. Every movement of the enemy was revealed, and their positions were mercilessly shelled. Still there were no means of reaching the boats but to call for volunteers to swim the stream and apply the torch. A private named Butler came forward, plunged into the wintry wave,

and pushed boldly for the opposite shore. Every gun was brought into action throwing grape and canister to distract the foe.

Butler ran up the bank to the flaming bridge, seized a brand, and was making for the boats, when several rebels rushed from their sheltered hiding-places and endeavored to seize him. Quick as thought he turned, plunged again into the river, and through a shower of bullets returned safely to his comrades. The batteries were then brought to bear upon the boats, and with solid shot and shell they were nearly demolished, though the flames, could the torch have been applied, would more effectually have done the work.

The shell is a terrible and remorseless engine of destruction. Nothing can be imagined more demoniac than the yell with which they swoop through the air. It is heard the moment the shell leaves the gun, and with the larger size, now often used, is so shrill and piercing that even if a quarter of a mile distant it seems directly upon you. Many of these massive bolts are hurled with such velocity that if they pass within ten feet of one's head they produce a vacuum which takes away the breath; and as it whirs by the scream grows fainter and fainter till it expires in a thundering explosion. The noise which these shells make is indescribable. There is nothing with which to compare it. It can only be imagined by those by whom it has been heard.

Having dispersed the rebels at Whitehall, our victorious little army, under their vigorous leader General Foster, without crossing the river, and with scarcely an hour's delay, pressed forward toward the west, still ascending the banks of the Neuse. Night overtook them twelve miles beyond Whitehall. Here they found their sixth encampment. Scarcely had the dawn of Wednesday morning the 17th appeared ere the troops were again in motion. A party of cavalry had been sent in advance by a cross road on Monday to a place called Mount Olive, twenty miles south of Goldsborough, to destroy as much as possible of the railroad there and a long trestle railroad bridge. This enterprise the intrepid cavalry had successfully accomplished. They now returned to the main body, having ridden seventy miles in twenty-four hours.

The great object of this whole military expedition was to destroy the railroad running south from Goldsborough, which was the principal line of northern communication for the rebels. Like most villages in a slave-holding country Goldsborough is an insignificant hamlet, not important enough even to be noticed in a general Gazetteer. It is but little more than a railroad station, where the Wilmington and Weldon road crosses the Atlantic and North Carolina track. There was a costly high-bridge an eighth of a mile long, which here crossed the river, which had been a long time in process of construction. It was an important object of the expedition to destroy this bridge. The rebels, fully appreciating its importance, made a vigorous stand for its defense. But



General Foster on this expedition as much out-generaled the rebel officers in strategy and tactics as his soldiers out-fought the rebel rank and file in the open field. At 11 o'clock, Wednesday morning, our soldiers were within five miles of the bridge. The rebels were found there in force, and the battle was renewed. A few miles below the railroad viaduct there was a small stream called Sleepy Creek, where there was a common road bridge across the Neuse. A portion of the army was sent down to this bridge to make a feint, with as much noise as possible, of crossing at that point.

The rebels, deceived by the supposition that it was our main object to seize the railroad junction at Goldsborough, had assembled a large force at this bridge, superior to our own, to guard the passage. General Foster adroitly compelled them to divide their force between this upper and lower point, and kept the river between him and the foe to prevent being overwhelmed by any sudden assault. To prevent the Union troops from crossing the river the rebels made their first stand at Kingston. Here, as we have mentioned, the rebels drove them back and destroyed the bridge. They next made a stand at Whitehall, destroying the bridge themselves. Here the patriots silenced their batteries and destroyed two of their gun-boats. The rebels then drew back their forces to the vicinity of Goldsborough, and established themselves at the two bridges of which we have spoken, five miles apart. While a part of our troops followed down Sleepy Creek to the bridge the main body moved on to the railroad bridge, the object of the expedition.

General Foster had no wish to cross either of these bridges. He was well aware that there was a sufficient force of rebels on the other side, gathered from Wilmington, Weldon, Raleigh, and even Virginia, to overwhelm the force at his disposal. The assault commenced at both bridges at the same time. From 11 o'clock in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon there was the continuous roar of battle. The rebels had taken position on the south side of the railroad bridge. They were, however, soon driven in confusion from their position and across the bridge, and the bridge was utterly destroyed. The flames consumed its frame, and its buttresses were demolished by shot and shell.

The great object of the expedition having been thus effectually accomplished, the army immediately commenced its return. The rebels now began to comprehend the true posture of affairs. They had assembled in such force as vastly to outnumber the patriots. But there was a wide and rapid river, with all the bridges destroyed, flowing between them. In this emergency the rebels went back, ascending the river about five miles, and crossed in the vicinity of Waynesborough. Then marching down the southern bank of the stream, they vigorously set out in pursuit of our leisurely retiring columns. They overtook the patriot rear-guard in the vicinity of Sleepy Creek. As the rebels came on in solid mass the patriot batteries, in good position, remained quiet until they were within three hundred yards, and then, with double-shotted guns, they poured in so tremendous a volley that no mortal strength or valor could breast it. Three times the rebel ranks were broken by the awful carnage, and three times they rallied anew to the onset. Finally they broke beyond recovery, and fled in wildest confusion back among the forests and the hills. Some prisoners who were taken said that they lost in this terrific storm of war, which lasted but a few moments, eight hundred men. It was a very bold attempt of infantry to storm batteries up to the muzzles of their guns.

The patriots now retired unmolested, and encamped Wednesday night on the same spot where they had encamped the night before. The next morning, at 4 o'clock, they were again upon the march, and thus they tramped along, singing songs of victory, until 6 o'clock Saturday night, when they encamped about six miles from Newbern. The Sabbath morning sun rose cloudless over the North Carolina pines. The day was mild and beautiful, as though nature had no voice or feature in harmony with the discord of war. The patriot troops resumed their march with waving banners and pealing bugles, and thus rejoicingly re-entered the camp from which they had marched but ten days before. They marched into their encampment to the dear old tune of "Home, Sweet Home." The distance these iron men had traveled, over often the worst of roads, and through a series of battles, was about two hundred miles.



BATTLE OF KINGSTON.





## HARVEST MEMORIES.

WHEN the noontide sun of autumn floods the corn-fields' hazy gold,  
 Fond memory paints a picture from the harvest days of old:  
 A maiden crowned with poppies—a whisper in her ear—  
 An answering glance half-startled—the reapers' voices near.

When athwart the tawny stubbles the violet shadows fall  
 Of the witch-elms in the hedge-rows, a vision I recall:  
 Her auburn hair sun-gloried—sweet eyes brimful of tears—  
 Two hands fast locked together, a pledge for coming years.

When the yellow moon is rising over yon dark copse of fir,  
 And the harvest songs are silent, and there's not a sound astir,  
 Half in moonlight, half in shadow, through the hazels as of yore,  
 She seems to come and meet me, who will tryst me nevermore!



## A TOUR THROUGH ARIZONA.

[Third Paper]



THE FINE ARTS IN ARIZONA.

I MUST here interrupt my narrative for a moment to say a word about the sketches which accompany these papers.

Sketching in Arizona is, to a man of mercurial temperament, rather a ticklish pursuit. I shall not readily forget my experience of the cañons and thickets, and the queer feeling produced by the slightest sound that fell upon my ears as I hurriedly committed the outlines to paper. It has been my fortune to furnish the world with sketches of Madagascar, Zanzibar, Palestine, the Continent of Europe, Iceland, and some few other points, many of which were achieved under circumstances of peculiar difficulty; but I never before traveled through a country in which I was compelled to pursue the fine arts with a revolver strapped around my body, a double-barreled shot-gun lying across my knees, and half a dozen soldiers armed with Sharpe's carbines keeping guard in the distance.

Even with all the safeguards of pistols and soldiers I am free to admit that on occasions of this kind I frequently looked behind to see how the country appeared in its rear aspect. An artist with an arrow in his back may be a very picturesque object to contemplate at one's leisure; but I would rather draw him on paper than sit for the portrait myself. All the way up from Fort Yuma I was beset by these difficulties; and if any man of genius and enterprise thinks he could do better under the circumstances he is welcome to try. This much premised, I resume my story.

At Sacatone we had a grand pow-wow with the Pimo chiefs. Antonio Azul and his interpreter, Francisco, had apprised the nation of the munificent presents that we had for distribution. Great was the sensation throughout the Pimeria. Scarcely had the sun risen above the scraggy brush of the desert when the dusky



chiefs, head-men, and people, came pouring in. They came from the river-bottom, from the villages, from the weeds, from the grass, and possibly from the holes in the ground. On horse-back and on foot they came; by twos and by threes, and by sixes and by dozens. Paint and red blankets, beads and brass buttons, shone with resplendent brilliancy around our encampment. By noon it presented a busy scene of savage enjoyment. The Pimo belles were in their glory. Plump and good-natured; their pretty eyes fringed around with black paint; their teeth shining in pearly whiteness; their bosoms bare; their forms of almost Grecian symmetry and delicacy. Poston, with his enthusiastic appreciation of beauty, would have lost his balance completely had I not warned him of the dangers that surrounded him; so that when severely pressed by a bevy of Pimo maidens for beads, calicoes, and the like, he usually closed both his eyes and handed out the presents at random. In this way I observed that he frequently gave a sash, or shawl, or string of beads to some stalwart buck, and a shovel or pickaxe to some tender maid. When the looking-glasses and tin jewelry were distributed, never was there such a sensation in Pimeria; and as for the fancy calicoes, the excitement produced by the sight of them can not but descend to the Pimo posterity, and the name of Mr. Commissioner Dole be blessed unto the last generation of these good people. I have no doubt many of them will name their children Dole. I conscientiously believe that historians in future ages will find the name of Dole common among the Pimos. My friend Poston made a speech to Antonio Azul that, in point of terseness and eloquence has never, I venture to assert, been surpassed in this region of country.

Availing ourselves of the friendly professions made by the chiefs and people, we signified that two pumpkins for our journey across the desert would be a most acceptable return for the laborious services we had rendered the great cause of civilization; whereupon over a dozen pumpkins were immediately dragged forth from the loose and somewhat discolored drapery that hung around the squaws. We gracefully thanked them and proceeded to pick up our vegetables. "*Dos reals*," said the Indians. We gave them two bits. "*Quatro reals*," they observed. We offered them four bits. They gravely wrapped up their pumpkins. We offered a dollar for two. They coolly demanded two dollars. We indignantly showed them the way out of camp. Antonio and Francisco had long since disappeared before the impending storm. Not so their followers, who, in this case, were no followers at all. Firmly as rocks of adamant they sat gossiping upon the ground, regardless of our displeasure. Some of them considered it in the light of a friendly invitation to supper, and hung about the fire snuffing the odorous fumes of the pots and frying-pans. Toward the shades of evening the pumpkin-vendors had sufficiently warmed their backs and were about to depart. Our

cook, Dr. Berry, was in favor of seizing a choice pair of pumpkins as a military necessity, but that proposition was overruled as beneath the dignity of our official position. Have them, however, we must. They were indispensable to our health. I left it all to Poston, whom I knew to possess a high order of genius for trade. He traded for two hours; he was calm and violent by turns; he reasoned and raved alternately. I fell asleep. When I awoke triumph sat perched upon his brow. The Indians were gone. Success had crowned his efforts. Two pumpkins, the spoils of victory, lay at his feet. "What did they cost?" was my natural inquiry. He looked a little confused, but quickly rallied, and replied, "Oh, not much—for this country! Let me see—five, ten, eighteen, twenty-two. Only about TWENTY-TWO dollars in trade."

It was gratifying at all events to know that the Pimos were rapidly becoming a civilized people. Under these circumstances we thought it advisable to pursue our journey without further waste of time.

Traveling all day from Sacatone we reached the Blue-Water Wells early in the evening, where we camped till dark. A few hours of night-travel brought us to the Pecacho, a little beyond which we made a dry camp till morning. The country between the Gila River and Tucson is a hard, gravelly desert, partially covered with a scrubby growth of mesquit and cactus, and at this season destitute of water except at two or three points, where the wells dug by the Overland Mail Company still remain. In former years emigrant parties suffered much in crossing this inhospitable desert. At certain seasons of the year some pools of water near the Pecacho afford relief to the trains, and enable the emigrants to reach the Gila; but these are a very uncertain dependence.

The Pecacho lies forty-five miles from the Gila, and is about the same distance from Tucson. It presents a prominent and picturesque landmark from both points, and is seen at a great distance from the Papagoria. The name is Spanish, and signifies "point," or "peak." Some travelers have discovered in this curious formation of rocks some resemblance to an axe-head. There are many Pecachos throughout Arizona. I have been unable to see in any of them the most remote resemblance to an axe-head. Generally they consist of two sharp-pointed rocks, one of a triangular and the other of a rectangular shape, growing out of the top of some isolated mountain, and serve to indicate the routes across the desert, which would otherwise be difficult to find.

I had no idea before my visit to Arizona that there existed within the territorial limits of the United States a city more remarkable in many respects than Jericho—the walls of which were blown down by horns; for, in this case, the walls were chiefly built up by horns—a city realizing, to some extent, my impressions of what Sodom and Gomorrah must have been before they were destroyed by the vengeance of the Lord. It is



gratifying to find that travel in many lands has not yet fatally impaired my capacity for receiving new sensations. Virginia City came near it; but it was reserved for the city of Tucson to prove that the world is not yet exhausted of its wonders.

A journey across the Ninety-mile desert prepares the jaded and dust-covered traveler to enjoy all the luxuries of civilization which an ardent imagination may lead him to expect in the metropolis of Arizona. Passing the Point of the Mountain, eighteen miles below, he is refreshed during the remainder of the way by scraggy thickets of mesquit, bunches of sage and grease-wood, beds of sand and thorny cactus; from which he emerges to find himself on the verge of the most wonderful scatteration of human habitations his eye ever beheld—a city of mud-boxes, dingy and dilapidated, cracked and baked into a composite of dust and filth; littered about with broken corrals, sheds, bake-ovens, carcasses of dead animals, and broken pottery; barren of verdure, parched, naked, and grimly desolate in the glare of a southern sun. Adobe walls without whitewash inside or out, hard earth-floors, baked and dried Mexicans, sore-backed burros, coyote dogs, and terra-cotta children; soldiers, teamsters, and honest miners lounging about the mescal shops, soaked with the fiery poison; a noisy band of Sonoran buffoons, dressed in theatrical costume, cutting their antics in the public places to the most diabolical din of fiddles and guitars ever heard; a long train of Government wagons preparing to start for Fort Yuma or the Rio Grande—these are what the traveler sees, and a great many things more, but in vain he looks for a hotel or lodging-house. The best accommodations he can possibly expect are the dried mud walls of some unoccupied outhouse, with a mud floor for his bed; his own food to eat, and his own cook to prepare it; and lucky is he to possess such luxuries as these. I heard of a blacksmith, named Burke, who invited a friend to stop a while with him at Tucson. Both parties drank whisky all day for occupation and pleasure. When bedtime came, Burke said, "Let's go home and turn in." He led the way up to the Plaza, and began to hand off his clothes. "What are you doing?" inquired his guest. "Going to bed," said Burke—"this is where I gen'rally sleep." And they both turned in on the Plaza, which if hard was at least well-aired and roomy. The stranger started for the Rio Grande the next day.

For various reasons Tucson has long enjoyed an extensive reputation. Before the acquisition of Arizona by the United States the Mexicans had a military post at this place, with a small command for the protection of the missions and adjoining grain fields against the Apaches. It then numbered some four or five hundred souls. Since 1854 it has been the principal town in the Territory, and has been occupied successively by the Federal and rebel troops.

As the centre of trade with the neighboring

State of Sonora, and lying on the high-road from the Rio Grande to Fort Yuma, it became during the few years preceding the "break-up" quite a place of resort for traders, speculators, gamblers, horse-thieves, murderers, and vagrant politicians. Men who were no longer permitted to live in California found the climate of Tucson congenial to their health. If the world were searched over I suppose there could not be found so degraded a set of villains as then formed the principal society of Tucson. Every man went armed to the teeth, and street-fights and bloody affrays were of daily occurrence. Since the coming of the California Volunteers, two years ago, the state of things in this delightful metropolis has materially changed. The citizens who are permitted to live here at all still live very much in the Greaser style—the tenantable houses having been taken away from them for the use of the officers and soldiers who are protecting their property from the Apaches. But then, they have claims for rent, which they can probably sell for something when any body comes along disposed to deal in that sort of paper. Formerly they were troubled a good deal about the care of their cattle and sheep: now they have no trouble at all; the cattle and sheep have fallen into the hands of Apaches, who have become unusually bold in their depredations; and the pigs which formerly roamed unmolested about the streets during the day, and were deemed secure in the back-yards of nights, have become a military necessity. Eggs are scarce, because the hens that used to lay them cackle no more in the hen form. Drunkenness has been effectually prohibited by a written order limiting the sale of spirituous liquors to three specific establishments, the owners of which pay a license for hospital purposes, the fund whereof goes to the benefit of the sick and disabled, who have fallen a sacrifice to their zeal in the pursuit of hostile Indians. Gambling is also much discountenanced; and nobody gambles when he is out of money, or can't borrow any from other sources. The public regulations are excellent. Volunteer soldiers are stationed all over the town—at the mescal-shops, the monte-tables, and houses of ill-fame—for the preservation of public order, or go there of their own accord for that purpose, which amounts to the same thing. Public property is eminently secure. The Commissary's store-house is secured by a padlock on the door and a guard in front with a musket on his shoulder; so that nobody can go in at any time of the day or night and steal one hundred pounds of coffee and one hundred pounds of sugar, deposited there by private parties for safe-keeping, without killing the guard and breaking open the padlock, or cutting a hole through the adobe wall. If such a thing did occur it would be considered a reflection upon the entire post, and the loss would at once be reimbursed either from public or private sources. Otherwise people would naturally think very strange of such an occurrence.

Although there are two companies of able-



bodied men well-armed and equipped at Tucson, and although the Apaches range within three miles of the place, there is no apprehension felt for the public safety. Citizens in small parties of five or six go out whenever occasion requires, and afford aid and comfort to unfortunate travelers who happen to be waylaid in pursuit of their legitimate business; and the Papago Indians also do good service by following up and killing the hostile savages who infest the country. It is confidently believed, therefore, that as long as the troops are kept within the precincts of the ancient Pueblo of Tucson, they will not be molested by any enemy of a more deadly character than mesquite, against which the regulations provide a remedy, and if they don't the physician of the post is prepared to do so free of compensation for eighteen months. Neither can the pangs of starvation assail this important strong-hold, unless the climate should unfit them for the heavy labor of lifting the food to their mouths; for, unlike the poor wretches of miners and traders who are prowling around the country in search of a living, the troops here stationed receive their regular salary and rations, and the Government liberally provides them with clothing, medicines, and all they require, and vast numbers of wagons and mules to haul the same from distant points. Besides, there are private traders always ready to furnish them with food from Sonora at a reduction upon the present cost to Government; and even if none of these sources could be relied upon, there are abundant tracts of rich arable lands lying within a few miles, upon which it would be mere pastime for the men to raise fifty or sixty bushels of wheat or corn to the acre at an extra compensation of fifty cents per day—convenient places where the Papagoes would be willing to protect them from the Apaches for the trifling consideration of a few strings of beads or yards of manta. I say, therefore, there is no reason to apprehend that the command at Tucson will ever be reduced to the humiliating necessity of depending upon the Pimo Indians who live on the Gila River for wheat upon which to feed their mules, to the exclusion of miners, traders, and other human beings engaged in developing the resources of the country, whose appetites may crave the same sort of sustenance, and who, under the ordinary rules of trade, may come in competition with them, or offer more to the Indians for the products of their labor. Such a degradation could never befall California Volunteers. Far rather would they go to work and raise wheat for their mules, or let the mules die, than squabble over a miserable pittance of wheat raised by the industry of a degenerate race, whom they are expected to elevate by their example to the standard of civilization; nor would they undertake to evade the imputation that would rest upon them for such an act by placing it on the ground of military necessity, when such necessity, if it existed at all, could only have arisen from negligence, incompetency, or dishonesty in their own depart-



CAPTAIN JOSE, PAPAGO CHIEF.

ments, and which, at all events, would be a very dangerous plea to establish in a Territory remote from the seat of rebellion, and under the acknowledged protection of civil law. By proclamation of the Governor, and by orders of the commanding officer of the department, declaring that martial law no longer prevailed, and that the military should afford all the aid in their power in carrying the civil law into effect, such a mortifying state of things is expressly provided against.

News reached us at this place of the massacre by the Apaches of two gentlemen well known to the members of our party—Mr. J. B. Mills, Superintendent of the Patagonia Mines, and Mr. Edwin Stevens, who had just come down by the way of Guyamas to take his place; also of an attack by the same band of Indians upon Mr. S. F. Butterworth, President of the Arizona Mining Company. The statements were conflicting, and there were still some members of Mr. Butterworth's party for whose safety great anxiety was felt. As our route lay in part through the same region of country in which these startling events had taken place, we made immediate application for an escort from the detachment who had accompanied us from Fort Yuma, in the hope of being enabled to render some assistance to our friends.

From which it will at once be seen that Tucson has greatly improved within the past two years, and offers at the present time rare attractions for visitors from all parts of the world, including artists, who can always find in it subjects worthy of their genius. The views of life, the varied





REAR VIEW OF TUCSON.

attitudes of humanity that I, a mere sketcher, found in the purlieus of the town as well as in public places, will be valuable to posterity; but, as Dr. Johnson said when looking from an eminence over the road that led out of Scotland into England, it was the finest view he had seen in the country, so I must be permitted to say the best view of Tucson is the rear view on the road to Fort Yuma.

A sojourn of two or three days quite satisfied us with the metropolis of Arizona. It is a very delightful place for persons of elegant leisure; but as we belonged to the class who are compelled to labor for a living, there was no excuse for our staying beyond the time necessary to complete arrangements for our tour through the silver regions of the south.

On the 19th of January we set forth on our journey with an escort of thirty men belonging to Company G, California Volunteers, under command of Lieutenant Arnold. I may here be allowed to say that a better set of men I never traveled with. They were good-humored, obliging, and sober, and not one of them stole a pig or a chicken during the entire trip.

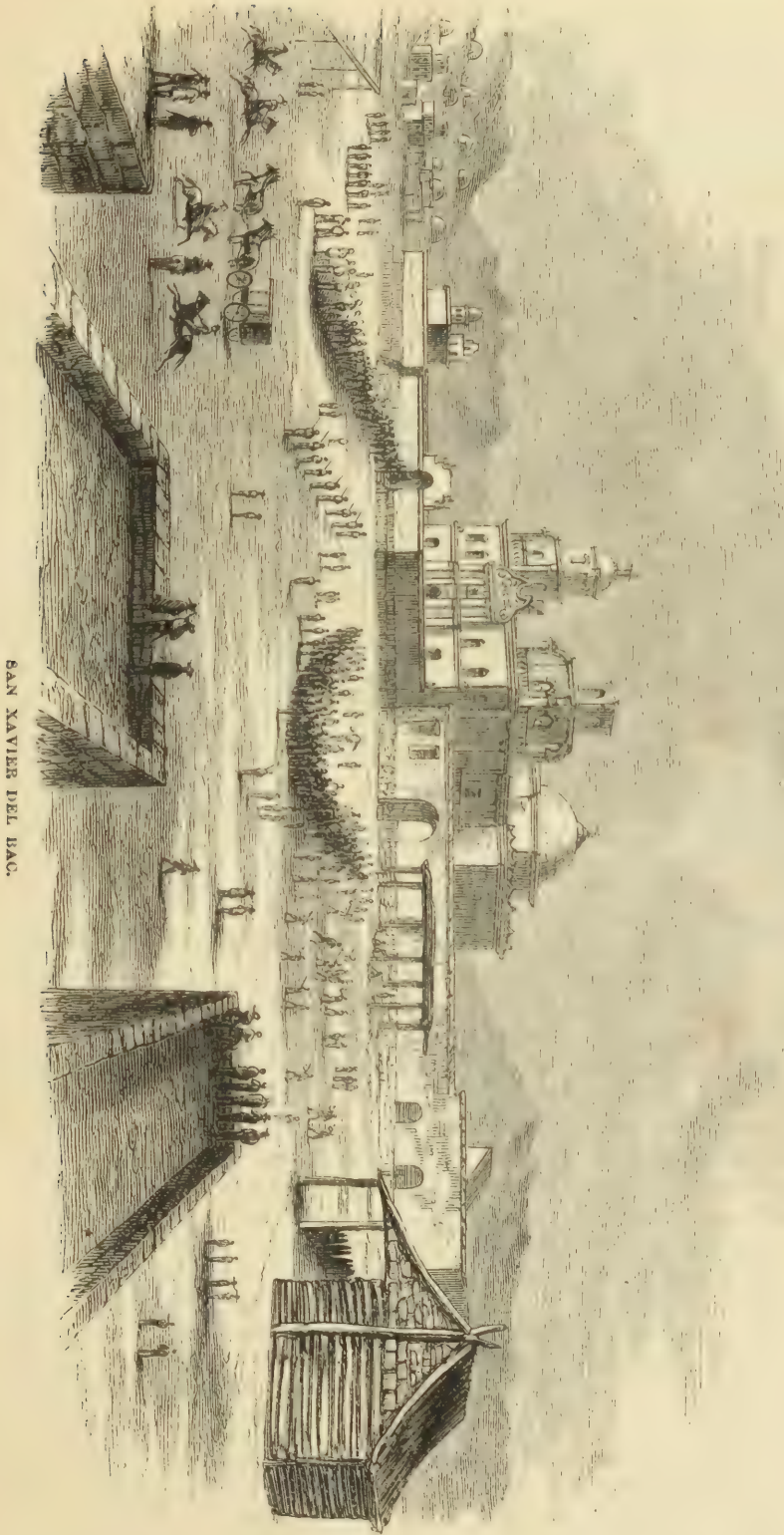
Nine miles from Tucson we came to the fine old mission of San Xavier del Bac, built by the Jesuits in 1668. This is one of the most beautiful and picturesque edifices of the kind to be found on the North American continent. I was surprised to see such a splendid monument of civilization in the wilds of Arizona. The front is richly ornamented with fanciful decorations in masonry; a lofty bell-tower rises at each cor-

ner, one of which is capped by a dome; the other still remains in an unfinished condition. Over the main chapel in the rear is also a large dome; and the walls are surmounted by massive cornices and ornaments appropriately designed. The material is principally brick, made, no doubt, on the spot. The style of architecture is Saracenic. The entire edifice is perfect in the harmony of its proportions. In every point of view the eye is satisfied. Mr. Mowry well observes, in his pamphlet on Arizona, that, "incredible as it may seem, the church of San Xavier, with its elaborate façade, its dome and spires, would to-day be an ornament to the architecture of New York."

A village of Papago Indians, numbering some two or three hundred souls, partially surrounds the mission. There are also a few Mexicans living among the Indians; but they are regarded with distrust, and complaint is made that they have intruded themselves against the wish of the tribe. Mr. Poston, upon investigation of the matter, ordered the Mexicans to leave.

As far back as our knowledge of the Papagoes extends they have been a peaceable, industrious, and friendly race. They live here, as they lived two centuries ago, by cultivating the low grounds in the vicinity, which they make wonderfully productive by a system of irrigation. Wheat, corn, pumpkins, and pomegranates are the principal articles of subsistence raised by these Indians; and they seem to enjoy an abundance of every thing necessary for health and comfort. They profess the Catholic faith, and are appar-





SAN XAVIER DEL BAC.

ently sincere converts. The Jesuit missionaries taught them those simple forms which they retain to this day, though of late years they have been utterly neglected. The women sing in the church with a degree of sweetness and harmony that quite surprised me. At the time of our visit two padres from Santa Clara, California, who had come as far as Tucson with the command, had just taken up their quarters in the mission. From my acquaintance with them on the road, I judge them to be very sincere and estimable as well as intelligent men. We furnished them with a Pimo grammar, published

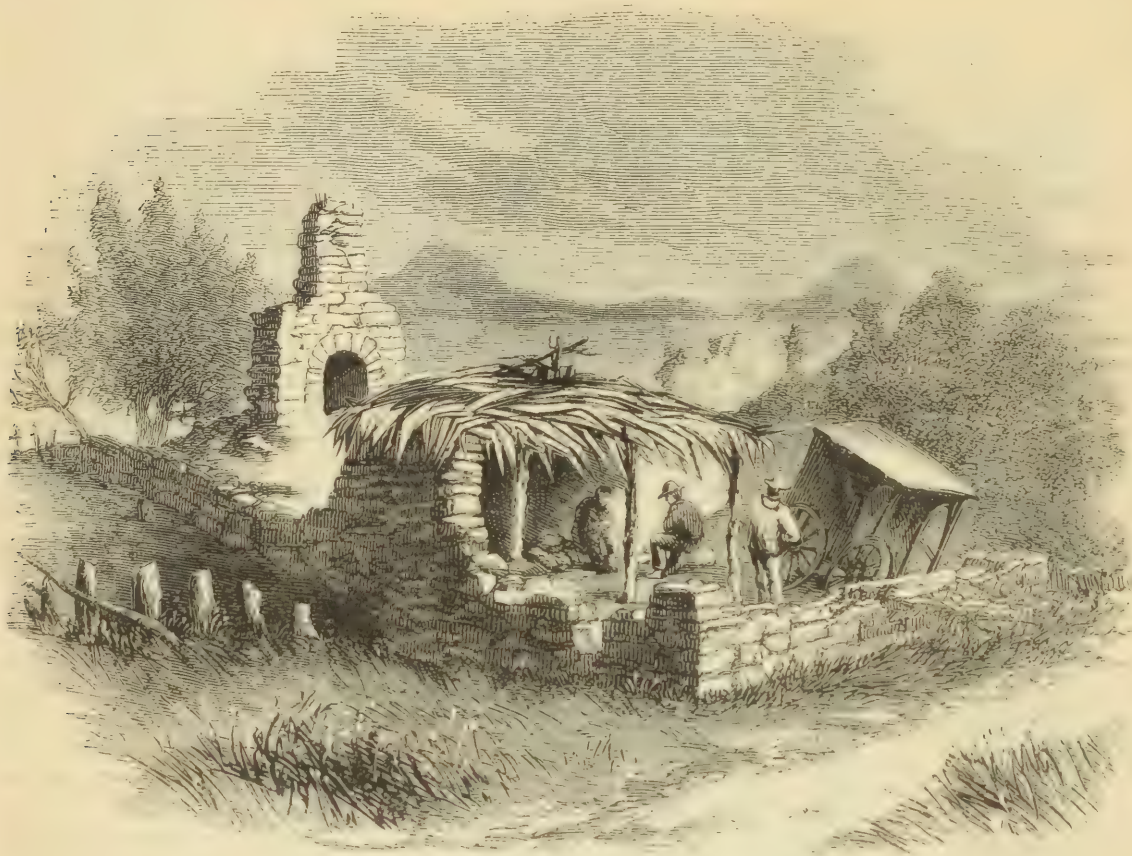
by Mr. Buckingham Smith, late American Secretary of Legation to Spain; and they are now studying that language with a view of holding more advantageous intercourse with the Papagoes, who are originally a branch of the Pimos, and speak the same language. The reverend fathers entertained us during our sojourn with an enthusiastic account of their plans for the restoration of the mission and the instruction and advancement of the Indian tribes, with whom they were destined to be associated for some years to come.

Subject as the Papagoes are to frequent encroachments from the Apaches, they are compelled to keep their cattle closely watched. At present they possess scarcely sufficient stock for the ordinary purposes of agriculture. Not more than five or six months ago a small band of Apaches made a foray within a mile of the village, and carried away with them at a single swoop most of the stock then grazing in the pastures. Though naturally disposed to peaceful

pursuits, the Papagoes are not deficient in courage. On one occasion, when the principal chiefs and braves were away gathering *patayah* in the desert, the old men and boys of the tribe kept at bay, and finally beat off, a band of over two hundred Apaches who made a descent upon the village. Frequently they pursue their hereditary enemies to the mountains, and in almost every engagement inflict upon them a severe chastisement.

Leaving San Xavier, we followed the course of the Santa Cruz Valley for two days, making only one camp at Rhodes's Ranch. I had sup-





BILL RHODES'S RANCH.

posed, previous to our entrance into this region, that Arizona was nearly a continuous desert, as indeed it is from Fort Yuma to Tucson; but nothing can be a greater mistake than to form a general opinion of the country from a journey up the Gila. The valley of the Santa Cruz is one of the richest and most beautiful grazing and agricultural regions I have ever seen. Occasionally the river sinks, but even at these points the grass is abundant and luxuriant. We traveled, league after league, through waving fields of grass, from two to four feet high, and this at a season when cattle were dying of starvation all over the middle and southern parts of California. Mesquit and cotton-wood are abundant, and there is no lack of water most of the way to Santa Cruz.

Three years ago this beautiful valley was well settled by an enterprising set of frontiersmen as far up as the Calabasas Ranch, fifteen miles beyond Tubac. At the breaking out of the rebellion, when the Overland Stage Line was withdrawn, the whole Territory, as stated in a previous paper, went to ruin with a rapidity almost unparalleled. The Apaches supposing they had created a panic among the whites, became more bold and vigorous in their forays than ever. Ranch after ranch was desolated by fire, robbery, and murder. No white man's life was secure beyond Tucson; and even there the few inhabitants lived in a state of terror.

I saw on the road between San Xavier and Tubac, a distance of forty miles, almost as many graves of the white men murdered by the

Apaches within the past few years. Literally the road-side was marked with the burial-places of these unfortunate settlers. There is not now a single living soul to enliven the solitude. All is silent and death-like; yet strangely calm and beautiful in its desolation. Here were fields with torn-down fences; houses burned or racked to pieces by violence, the walls cast about in heaps over the once-pleasant homes; every where ruin, grim and ghastly with associations of sudden death. I have rarely traveled through a country more richly favored, yet more depressing in its associations with the past. Day and night the common subject of conversation was murder; and wherever our attention was attracted by the beauty of the scenery or the richness of the soil a stone-covered grave marked the fore-ground.

The history of Bill Rhodes, at whose ranch we camped, was an example. In the full tide of success this daring frontiersman returned to his house one evening, and found his comrades murdered and himself surrounded by a large band of Apaches. By some means he managed to break through their lines; but his horse being jaded it soon became apparent that escape was impossible. Just as the pursuing Indians were upon him he flung himself into a willow thicket and there made battle. A circle was formed around him by the blood-stained and yelling devils, who numbered at least thirty; but he was too cool a man to be intimidated by their infernal demonstrations. For three hours he kept them at bay with his revolver; although



they poured into the thicket an almost continuous volley of rifle-shots and arrows. A ball struck him in the left arm, near the elbow, and nearly disabled him from loss of blood. He buried the wounded part in the sand and continued the fight till the Indians, exasperated at his stubborn resistance, rushed up in a body, determined to put an end to him at once. He had but two shots left. With one of these he killed the first Indian that approached, when the rest whirled about and stood off. They then addressed him in Spanish, calling him by name, and telling him he was a brave man, and if he would come out they would spare his life. "No," said he, "d—n you! I'll kill the last one of you before you shall take me!" He had given such good evidence of his ability in that way that they held a parley and concluded he was about right; so they retired and left him master of the field. Bill Rhodes's Apache fight is now one of the standard incidents in the history of Arizona.

On reaching the old Pueblo of Tubac we found that we were the only inhabitants. There was not a living soul to be seen as we approached. The old Plaza was knee-deep with weeds and grass. All around were adobe houses, with the roofs fallen in and the walls crumbling to ruin. Door and windows were all gone, having been carried away by the Mexicans three years ago. Old pieces of machinery belonging to the neighboring mines lay scattered about the main building, formerly the head-quarters of the Arizona Mining Company. Many of these are still valuable. At the time of the abandonment of the country in 1861, the Arizona Company had upward of \$60,000 worth of machinery stored in the building attached to the old tower, every pound of which was hauled in wagons at great expense from Lavacca in Texas, a distance of twelve hundred miles. Two boilers, weighing 6000 pounds each, were hauled in the same way, one of which was taken to the Patagonia Mining Company. The other, at the time of our journey, lay on the Sonora road a little beyond the Calabasas. Some Mexicans were hauling it away when they were attacked by a band of Apaches, who killed two of the party, took the teams, burned the wagon, and left the boiler on the road-side, where it lay when we passed.

Tubac was first settled by the Americans in 1856, when my friend Poston, the Arizona pioneer and late superintending agent of the silver mines in this vicinity, established it as his head-quarters. It lies on a pleasant slope in one of the most beautiful parts of the valley of the Santa Cruz, within twelve miles of the Santa Rita silver mines, and about twenty-two from the Heintzelman or Cerro Colorado, two of the richest mining districts within the limits of the Territory. Under the direction of Mr. Poston, Tubac was soon partially rebuilt. Good houses and store-rooms were erected, old buildings were repaired; a farm was fenced in and put under cultivation; a fine garden was started and irrigated by acequias in the Mexican

style; and it may literally be said "the wilderness blossomed as the rose." In 1858, '59, and '60, during which the mines were in progress of development, Tubac might well be regarded as the head-quarters of civilization in the Territory. Men of refinement and education connected with the mines were here occasionally assembled, and even the fair sex was well represented. The gardens afforded a pleasant place of retreat in summer, with their shady groves of acacias and peach-trees; and deep pools in the river, overhung by willows, were cleared out and made into bathing-places, in which all who pleased might refresh themselves with a luxurious bath. Poston used to sit in the water, like the Englishman in Hyperion, and read the newspapers, by which means he kept his temper cool amidst the various disturbing influences that surrounded him.

Tubac is now a city of ruins—ruin and desolation wherever the eye rests. Yet I can not but believe that the spirit of American enterprise will revisit this delightful region, and re-establish, on a more permanent footing, all that has been lost, and as much more as its enterprising American founder conceived in his most sanguine anticipations. The mines are proverbially rich; and rich mines will sooner or later secure the necessary protection for working them. A view of the Plaza, and especially the old tower upon which, amidst the cheers of our escort, we planted the glorious flag of our Union, will convey some idea of the general character of the town.

As a matter of historical interest, characteristic of the vicissitudes suffered by these border towns of Arizona, a few incidents connected with the depopulation of Tubac will not be deemed out of place. In 1840, according to Valesquez, the post was garrisoned by thirty men, and the town contained a population of four hundred. After the boundary-line was established and the Mexican troops were withdrawn, the entire population retired to Santa Cruz, Imuriz, Magdalena, and other points within the Sonora line. Subsequently, when it became the head-quarters of the Arizona Mining Company, it contained a mixed population of four or five hundred, consisting of Americans, Germans, Mexican peons, and Indians. When the Federal troops were withdrawn to the Rio Grande Tubac was again partially abandoned, only twenty-five or thirty souls remaining. At this period (1861) the Apaches came down from the mountains in large force, and surrounded the town with a view of plundering it; but the few Americans left made a bold defense, and kept them at bay for several days, although it is estimated they numbered over two hundred. The beleaguered residents, finding they would ultimately be overwhelmed or starved out, sent an express to Tucson during the night, stating their condition and asking for assistance. A brave and generous American, Mr. Grant Ourey, got up a party of twenty-five men, and by rapid and skillful movements



came suddenly upon the Apaches, whom they attacked with such spirit that the whole band fled in a panic to the Santa Rita mountains. At the time of Mr. Ourey's arrival a party of seventy-five Mexicans, who had heard that the Government of the United States was broken up, came in from Sonora with the same purpose of plunder which the Apaches had just attempted to carry into effect. Seeing the preparations for defense they fell back upon Tuma-cacari, three miles distant, where an old American lived, whom even the Apaches had spared, killed him in cold blood, robbed the place of all it contained worth carrying away, and retired to Sonora. Thus harassed on both sides by Apaches and Mexicans, and without hope of future protection, the inhabitants of Tubac for the last time abandoned the town; and thus it has remained ever since, a melancholy spectacle of ruin and desolation.

We were exceedingly anxious to discover some trace of our American friends who had recently suffered such a disastrous attack from the Indians—especially of Messrs. Kustel, Janin, and Higgins, who had crossed over from the Patagonia mines, and of whose safety we had no intelligence. There was abundant reason to suppose they had fallen into the hands of the same band of Apaches who had killed Mr. Mills and Mr. Stevens and robbed Mr. Butterworth. Our vaquero discovered fresh traces of a wagon on the Santa Rita road, which somewhat reassured us of their safety; but we were not yet satisfied. It was deemed advisable under the circumstances to send the vaquero with a detachment of five men over to the Santa Rita hacienda, with instructions to make a careful examination of the premises, and join us the next day at Calabasas. As an instance of the wonderful sagacity of the Mexicans in determining the number and movements of parties entirely unknown to them, from signs which to us would be quite unintelligible, the vaquero reported next day that he had found traces of our American friends. He stated the number exactly; gave many curious particulars in regard to their movements, and said we had missed them by eight days. Nor was there any mere



TUBAC.



conjecture about this information. It was all demonstrated by the closest reasoning upon isolated and trifling yet incontrovertible signs; and what is most remarkable, his statement was subsequently corroborated by the facts in every particular.

We killed several deer in the vicinity of Tubac, which contributed materially to our scanty stock of provisions. Wild turkeys were also abundant, but our hunters failed to get a shot at them, although their tracks were to be seen within a stone's-throw of the Plaza.

Leaving a written notice upon the wall of the old fort, informing all persons who might pass this way of our arrival and departure, we proceeded without loss of time on our journey.

Three miles beyond Tubac we made a halt to visit the old mission of San Jose de Tumacacari, another of those interesting relics of Jesuit enterprise which abound in this country. The mission lies a little to the right of the road, and is pleasantly situated on a slope, within a few hundred yards of the Santa Cruz River. A luxuriant growth of cotton-wood, mesquit, and shrubbery of various kinds, fringes the bed of the river and forms a delightful shade from the heat of the sun, which even in midwinter has something of a summer glow about it. Like San Xavier and other missions built by the Jesuits, Tumacacari is admirably situated for agricultural purposes. The remains of acequias show that the surrounding valley-lands must have been at one time in a high state of cultivation. Broken fences, ruined outbuildings, bake-houses, corrals, etc., afford ample evidence that the old Jesuits were not deficient in industry. The mission itself is in a tolerable state of preservation, though by no means so perfect as San Xavier del Bac. The dome, bell-towers, and adjacent outhouses, are considerably defaced by the lapse of time, or more probably by the Vandalism of renegade Americans. A strong adobe corral adjoining the back part of the main edifice, with a massive gateway and with loop-holes for purposes of defense, show the insecurity under which the worthy fathers carried on their agricultural pursuits. Valesquez writes in strong terms of the richness and beauty of this part of the valley. I spent some hours making sketches of the ruins, and succeeded, I flatter myself, in getting some tolerably good views, one of which was given in the first of these papers.

Proceeding on our journey, we reached at an early hour in the afternoon the fine old ranch of the Calabasas or "pumpkins." This splendid tract of country belongs, I believe, to Señor Gandara, formerly Governor of Sonora. As an instance of the vicissitudes of life in Sonora, I may mention that we met Señor Gandara just before crossing the Colorado Desert, making his way into California, with a few broken-down retainers, mounted on mules and burros. All he possessed in the world was a rickety ambulance, his animals, and a few pounds of corn. He was a sad spectacle of a used-up Governor; was old and poor, and had no hope in the future

save to die at peace away from the country that gave him birth. The "Calabasas" will never profit him more. An ex-Governor is an outlaw in Sonora. And yet this ranch is one of the finest in the country. It consists of rich bottom lands and rolling hills, extending six leagues up and down the Santa Cruz River by one league in width, embracing excellent pasturage and rich arable lands on both sides. Situated as it is at the junction of the two main roads from Sonora, the Santa Cruz and Magdalena, it might be made a very valuable piece of property in the hands of some enterprising American. A ready market for its productions could always be had at the neighboring silver mines and also at Tucson. At present, however, and until there is military protection in the country, it is utterly worthless, owing to the incursions of the Apaches.

For the past two or three years a stout-hearted frontiersman by the name of Pennington lived at this place, with a family ranging from ten to a dozen daughters, and raised fine crops of corn, besides furnishing the troops at Tucson with a large amount of hay.

"Old Pennington," as he is familiarly called, is one of those strange characters not unfrequently to be met with in the wilds of Arizona. During the whole time of the abandonment of the country by the Americans he occupied with his family a small cabin three miles above the Calabasas, surrounded by roving bands of hostile Indians. He stubbornly refused to leave the country—said he had as much right to it as the infernal Indians, and would live there in spite of all the devils out of the lower regions. His cattle were stolen, his corrals burned down, his fields devastated; yet he bravely stood it out to the last. When hard pressed for food he was compelled to go out in the hills after deer, which he packed in on his back, always at the risk of his life. At times he was several days absent; and I am told his daughters frequently had to stand guard with guns in their hands to keep off the Indians who besieged the premises. One of them, a Mrs. Paige, was on one occasion traveling with her husband, when the Indians attacked the party, killed all the men, beat her on the head with a club, and cast her over a precipice, where they left her for dead. Maimed and bleeding, she crept away during the night, and for sixteen days endured the most dreadful tortures of hunger and thirst, subsisting on roots and berries, and suffering indescribable agony from her wounds. When rescued by a party of whites, she was nothing more than a living skeleton. She now lives with her father, and is an active, hearty woman. Three months ago the family moved down to the neighborhood of Tucson, where I had the pleasure of an introduction to the eccentric "Old Pennington." He is a man of excellent sense, strange as it may seem. Large and tall, with a fine face and athletic frame, he presents as good a specimen of the American frontiersman as I have ever seen. The history of his residence in the midst



of the Apaches, with his family of buxom daughters, would fill a volume.

While camped at the Calabasas, some of us slept in the old building, as the nights were rather cool. The escort remained by the bank of the river, which is the best place for pasturage. Calabasas presents something the appearance of a Mexican military post, which I believe it was in former years. The houses are built of stone and adobe, and are still in a good state of preservation, except some of the roofs and a portion of the tower. Major Stem had his head-quarters here in 1856-'57. It was occupied for nearly a year by the First Regiment of Dragoons under his command. It was also temporarily occupied by Colonel Ewell, now of the rebel service. A characteristic anecdote of Ewell was related to me during the evening. He wished to procure a supply of water from a spring in one of the neighboring hills, and went out one day with four or five of his men to survey the ground. Having no apprehension of an enemy in such close proximity to his command he had omitted to take any arms with him, and his men were only provided with axes and spades. About half a mile from the house they were suddenly surprised by a band of Apaches, who commenced shooting at them with their arrows from every bush. The men started to run for the fort, so that they might obtain their arms and make something of a decent fight. "Halt!" shouted Ewell, in stentorian tones, while the arrows fell around him in a perfect shower. "Halt, boys! *let us retreat in good order!*" And as the story goes, he formed his men in line, and deliberately marched down the hill to an imaginary quick-step, stopping every now and then as the arrows pricked their skins or pierced their clothing to deliver a broadside of imprecations at the cowardly devils who had taken such a dirty advantage of them. It was said of old Ewell that he could swear the scalp off an Apache any time; and one can readily imagine that he did some tall swearing on this occasion.

During the night we were visited by a detachment of the common enemy, evidently on a tour of observation. Next morning their tracks were visible in the road near the river, showing how they had come down and where they halted to inspect the camp, as also their return. Their purpose evidently was to steal our horses; but they must have seen the sentinels and concluded it would not be a safe investment of time or labor. Had the command been less vigilant we would doubtless have made the remainder of our tour on foot, as many a command has already done in this country. Pleasant prospect, is it not? where one stands an even chance of being shot with a rifle-ball or an arrow as he sleeps, and does not know when he wakes up but he may have to cross deserts and mountains on foot before he reaches any point inhabited by white people. But I suppose in these war times, when men are slain every day by thousands, such incidents must appear very tame and commonplace. A few years ago I would have regarded

my tour through Arizona as something of an achievement. Now I write the details with a humiliating consciousness that they are scarcely worthy of record, except as pictures of everyday life in a country but little known.

As the main object of our journey down in this direction was to ascertain the fate of our American friends who had been waylaid, we posted up notices advising them of our movements in case they should pass along the same road; and determined after some consultation to proceed to Magdalena, Sonora, so as to intercept them in case they had started to return by the way of Guyainas. A few miles beyond Calabasas we encountered a party of Mexicans and Yaqui Indians, on their way up to the placers on the Colorado River, from whom we learned that Mr. Butterworth and his party had passed through Magdalena eight days before. The Mexicans said they met them on the road between Magdalena and Hermosillo, and that they were in an ambulance with a white cover to it, and were traveling "muy racio," with their rifles in their hands. The cover to the ambulance, and some other details, showing the manner in which the Apaches had cut away the leather, identified our friends, and we were satisfied it would be impossible for us to overtake them. It was necessary, however, that we should continue our journey to Magdalena in order to procure a fresh supply of provisions, as we were nearly out, and there was but little prospect of procuring any thing at Santa Cruz.

This day's journey through the valley of Nogales, or the "walnut-trees," was one of the most pleasant of our trip. Every mile we traveled the country improved in beauty and fertility. Grass up to our horses' shoulders covered the valley, and the hills were clothed with luxuriant groves of oak. Much of the country reminded me of the coast range in California.

We stopped a while at the boundary-line to examine the monument erected by Colonel Emory in 1855. Very little of it now remains save an unshapely pile of stones. Wandering bands of Sonorians, in their hatred of every thing American, had doubtless mutilated it as an expression of national antipathy. These people say they never consented to the sale of any portion of Sonora, and still regard Arizona as legitimately a part of their territory.

I could not help regretting, as I looked beyond the boundary of our territorial possessions, that we had not secured, by purchase or negotiation, a line sufficiently far south to afford us a port on the Gulf of California. Without such a port Arizona will always be difficult of access. Major Fergusson, in his report of a reconnaissance from Port Lobos to Tucson, *via* Caborca and Arivaca, demonstrates clearly the vast importance of this strip of territory, not only to Arizona but to Mesilla and a large portion of New Mexico. He shows also the urgent desire of the people of the South to secure it, together with Arizona, and the advantages it would give them as a port for their Pacific commerce, in





BOUNDARY MONUMENT.

the event of a permanent division of the Union. General Carleton, in transmitting this report to Washington, urges the importance of securing this strip of territory from Mexico before it becomes a possession of France. I do not believe our Government, in the multiplicity of its present labors, is quite aware of the importance of the proposed purchase. It would give to Arizona and its rich mineral regions an easy and direct communication with the Pacific Ocean. It would encourage the settlement of the country, by affording facilities for the transportation

of mining and agricultural implements and supplies of all kinds, which can now be had only at enormous expense. It would open a route for a railway to the ocean from the valley of the Mesilla. The country is for the most part nearly a level plain, and a very small expenditure of money would make one of the finest wagon-roads in the world from La Libertad to Tucson. The total distance, as measured by Major Fergusson, is 211 miles. It is to be hoped our Government will take this matter into consideration at as early a period as practicable.

## WRECKS.

I WALKED one day alone upon the shore,  
Watching the pale clouds in the sultry sky,  
And out at sea the ships which drifted by,  
Hearing, as in a dream, the waves' dull roar.

The slanting sun shone white along the sand,  
Strewn with green sea-weed and with crimson shells  
Out of the ocean's dim, mysterious cells,  
Jeweling all the broad skirts of the land.

The salt sea-breeze blew inland toward the west;  
The sea-gulls darted past me in their flight;  
The blue waves flashed with phosphorescent light,  
Heaving and swaying in their wild unrest.

Landward they rolled to smite the gray old rocks,  
The bald old rocks, which stood with shoulders bare,  
All scarred and seamed, under the sun's broad glare,  
And feet immersed, waiting the wild waves' shocks.

Along the shore were skeletons of wrecks,  
Fair ships that once had sailed the purple seas,  
Laden with spices and with fragrant teas;  
And smiling passengers had paced their decks.

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I looked across the seething harbor bar,  
And heard in fancy women weep and wail,  
I saw sad faces that with fright were pale,  
And struggling forms which clung to mast and spar.

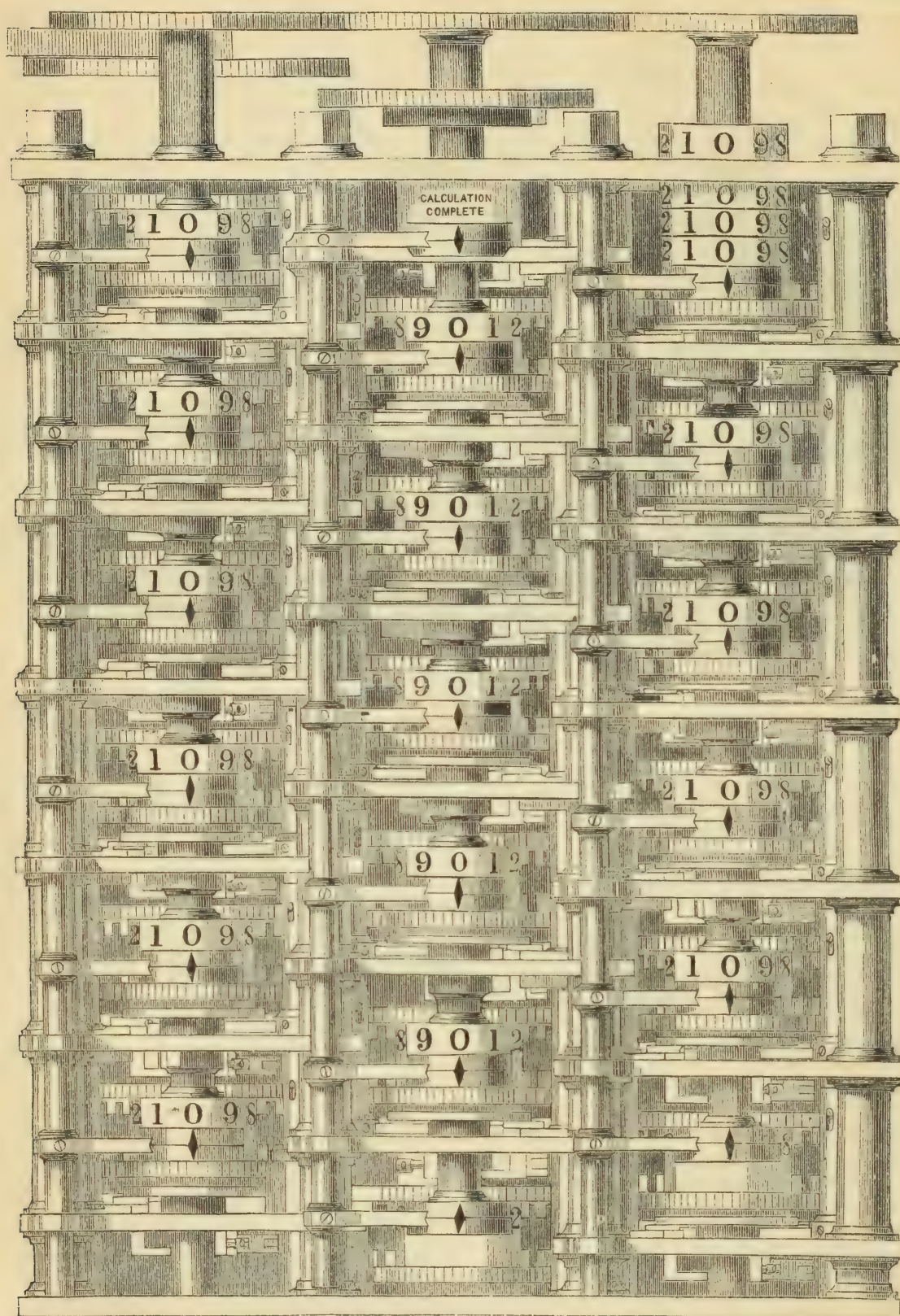
"Alas!" I thought, "poor souls, with land so near,  
After long days upon the pathless deep,  
At last beneath the ocean's waves to sleep,  
Away from home and those whom they held dear."

I walked the city's crowded streets once more,  
And past me rolled the tide of human-kind,  
And there I saw sad wrecks which called to mind  
My lonely wanderings by the wild sea-shore.

How fair they seemed when sailing forth from land;  
What precious freight in golden hopes they bore;  
What fond eyes watched them from the fading shore;  
The winds which filled their sails how soft and bland!

But soon the storm loomed black within the sky,  
And mast and rudder, spar and shining sail  
Were torn and shattered in the furious gale;  
And thus upon Life's sea they pass us by!





PORTION OF BABBAGE'S DIFFERENCE ENGINE.

## RECREATIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

"CHARLES BABBAGE, Esq., M.A.," as he calls himself, is known to scientific men as the author of the Calculating Machine, one of the most complicated and ingenious contrivances of human invention for lightening the burdens of the memory and the intellect. He is better known to readers of English newspapers as the persistent opponent of street music, and

persecutor of organ-grinders and their monkeys. Like some other philosophers Mr. Babbage has a high opinion of his own merits, and a poor opinion of most of his contemporary lovers of wisdom. Nevertheless, he is not above amusing the world as well as instructing it; and in a recently published volume he takes the public into his confidence, and tells it some pleasant stories



concerning the pursuits and mishaps of a philosopher in this nineteenth century.

He begins by telling us that he has had frequent requests from printers for his life, and on various terms; some offering to pay him for the autobiographic volume, others willing to be paid for printing it, and yet others ready to print without pay to either the philosophic author and subject or to themselves. One ingenious publisher made him a distinct offer to print what and as much as he chose for tenpence a line. It does not appear that his offer was accepted.

Mr. Babbage is in doubt about his origin and remote ancestry. He flattered himself, indeed, that he was descended from Tubal-Cain, who was, like himself, an ingenious worker in iron; but the reminder of a friend that Tubal-Cain also invented the organ put to naught this hypothesis—for Mr. Babbage will allow no kinship with the patron of the organ-grinding craft.

He tells us that in his childhood he was noted for a passion to examine the inside of his toys, which commonly resulted in their destruction. Being sent to boarding-school at the age of five, he was troubled with doubts as to the existence of a devil, and, to solve these, made an attempt to raise the devil by the orthodox and well-known way of saying the Lord's Prayer backward. He previously questioned his fellow-scholars closely as to the different shapes in which the Prince of Darkness was known to have presented himself, and learned that he had appeared as a rabbit, an owl, a black cat very frequently, a raven, and a man with cloven foot—the last commonly. His experiment, made in a garret, was unsuccessful, and therefore unsatisfactory; and still in doubt upon this point of faith, he determined to decide it by an appeal to chance. If he found a certain door open he would believe the Bible; if not, he would disbelieve. Unfortunately Mr. Babbage does not remember the result.

Later, at another school, he had a curious trial of pertinacity with Frederic Marryatt, afterward sea-captain and novelist. Young Babbage and some other boys undertook secretly to rise every morning at three, and silently slip to the school-room, there to study till half past five. Marryatt wanted to join this singular company, but was denied. He placed his bed across the edge of the door, in order to be wakened by Babbage when he went out, but this was softly removed; he tied twine to the door and to his foot, but this was cut; he fastened a chain to the door, but his antagonist, after a defeat for a single night, procured a pair of pliers and unbent one of the links; then Marryatt made all fast with a stout chain and padlock, too strong for the other's efforts and instruments, and thereupon Babbage "changed his base," to use a term sadly familiar to us Americans; he tied a string to the chain, and when Marryatt fell asleep gave it a pull; up jumped the latter, but found no one near the door. His opponent repeated this trick several times during the night, and succeeded in annoying Marryatt, but not in getting out. At last a compromise was effect-

ed; the future novelist became a member of the three o'clock club, but turned it into a frolic and banished study.

While at Cambridge the embryo philosopher undertook to write a grammar and dictionary for a universal language, but gave it up. In his studies of mathematics he found the system of notation of Leibnitz far better than the system in use at Cambridge, and held private meetings to encourage the substitution of *d*'s for dots. The society he thus formed undertook to print an essay, for which Mr. Babbage cleverly proposed a title, which at the same time hit off some of the theological disputes then raging. He suggested that the essay should be called, "The Principles of pure *D*-ism, in opposition to the *Dot*-age of the University."

Among the university clubs at that time was a "Ghost Club," which saw no ghosts; and another called the "Extractors," which had the following rules:

1st. Every member shall communicate his address to the Secretary once in six months.

2d. If this communication is delayed beyond twelve months, it shall be taken for granted that his relatives had shut him up as insane.

3d. Every effort, legal and illegal, shall be made to get him out of the mad-house. Hence the name of the club—The Extractors.

4th. Every candidate for admission as a member shall produce six certificates—three that he is sane, and three others that he is insane.

We come now to the great work of Mr. Babbage, that has employed him for over forty years, and which still engages his attention—The Calculating or Difference Engine. The idea of contriving a machine which should perform the drudgery of mathematical and arithmetical calculations first occurred to him in 1812, at Cambridge. In 1822 he completed his first machine. In 1823 he began a large one for the British Government, a representation of the finished portion of which is shown on the previous page. This prints its results, so that all errors, even those of the compositor or type-setter, are avoided.

What, then, is a Calculating or Difference Machine? the reader asks. Perhaps a brief history of Mr. Babbage's invention will convey to the general reader the clearest and most interesting notion of this wonderful conglomeration of wheels, which does the drudgery of a hundred first-rate mathematicians without tiring, and without a possibility of error.

Mr. Babbage relates that he was one day sitting in the rooms of the Analytical Society at Cambridge, with his head leaned forward upon the table, musing; a friend who entered asked, "What are you dreaming about?" to which the philosopher replied, "I am thinking that all these tables of logarithms might be calculated by machinery." Now the calculating machine, the fruit of this thought, does—being moved by the turning of a crank—calculate tables of logarithms, and other tables necessary to the labors of all devoted to the higher branches of mathe-



metics. Feed it with figures, set it properly, and it will turn out the required results with un-failing accuracy and with great speed; and not only that—it prints these results on a prepared surface, from which stereotype casts can be and are taken for the use of the printer. But it does more even than this; for it actually performs the wonderful feat of correcting any error of the attendants whose duty it is to feed this intelligent creature with the crude figures which it is to work up. If he inserts the wrong numbers it rejects them, for it will not calculate an impossible or absurd problem.

Mr. Babbage tells us that he did not think it useful to construct a machine which should execute only the mere isolated operations of arithmetic. Such a machine would be too limited in its powers. But “the method of differences supplied a general principle by which all tables might be computed, through limited intervals, by one uniform process;” and this method required the use of mechanism for addition only. The “method of differences” may be briefly explained to consist in forming tables of results, by means of successive additions of the constant term of difference. Thus, suppose it were required to be known what is the value of any number of pounds of meat, from 1 to 100, at five cents per pound; the shortest way for a school-boy would be to multiply the pounds by five, and set down the result. But the mathematician tells him that by this process, which secures each time an independent result, there is no possibility of checking error in the completed table except by revising separately each of its hundred parts; whereas, if the table had been formed by successive additions of five, the constant difference, an examination of the last term would have at once proved the correctness of the whole table. “But that is so slow!” Therefore, said Mr. Babbage, let us perform these additions by machinery.

Now, to take a more intricate example, let any boy who reads this lay down five marbles separately in a row. Then let him place two marbles under each one but the first; and next three more under each group, beginning with the third; and again four more under each, beginning with the fourth; and so on, commencing always one group later, and adding one marble more each time. He would have such an arrangement as this:



Now he could with a little trouble count the marbles in each group; but suppose he should desire to know how many marbles would be contained, not in the seventh of such an ascending series, which he has, but in the thirtieth, say, how is he to discover this? If he will analyze his groups he will see that they are composed by additions made after a certain steady and regular scale. Thus his table will stand:

Table.		1st Difference.	2d Difference.
Number of the Group.	Number of Marbles in each Group.	Difference between the number of Marbles in each Group and that in the next.	
1	1	1	1
2	3	2	1
3	6	3	1
4	10	4	1
5	15	5	1
6	21	6	
7	28	7	

Now this table can be calculated, like that concerning butcher’s meat, in two ways—by mere addition, or by a method deducible from the elements shown in the table, by which each result would be obtained independently. Thus, if you desire the number of marbles or units in the fifth group,

Take the number of the group.....	5
Add 1 to this.....	6
Multiply these.....	30
Divide by 2.....	15

and you have the number of marbles in the fifth group.

If, now, the boy asks, “What is the use of such tables?” Mr. Babbage replies that they are of great use—the very Table about which we have been reasoning possesses a special name—it is called a Table of Triangular Numbers. Almost every general collection of Tables hitherto published contains portions of it of more or less extent. Above a century ago a volume in small quarto, containing the first 20,000 triangular numbers, was published at the Hague by E. De Joncourt, A.M., and Professor of Philosophy. I can not resist quoting the author’s enthusiastic expression of the happiness he enjoyed in composing his celebrated work:

“The Trigonals here to be found, and nowhere else, are exactly elaborate. Let the candid reader make the best of these numbers, and feel (if possible) in perusing my work the pleasure I had in composing it. That sweet joy may arise from such contemplations can not be denied. Numbers and lines have many charms unseen by vulgar eyes, and only discovered to the unwearied and respectful sons of Art. In features the serpentine line (who starts not at the name) produces beauty and love; and in numbers high powers and humble roots give soft delight. Lo! the raptured arithmetician! Easily satisfied, he asks no Brussels lace, nor a coach and six. To calculate contents his liveliest desires, and obedient numbers are within his reach.”

It may now be stated that mathematicians have discovered that all the tables most important for practical purposes, such as those relating to Astronomy and Navigation, can, although they may not possess any constant differences, still be calculated in detached portions by that method. Hence the importance of having machinery to calculate by differences, which, if well made, can not err; and which, if carelessly set, presents in the last term it calculates the power of verification of every antecedent term.



We find, then, in the first place, that the calculating machine or Difference Engine of Mr. Babbage performs its useful labor so far by the process of addition. Now he remarks that if it requires a certain number of seconds for a man to add numbers, as

$$4+5=9,$$

of course it would take him five times as long to calculate a sum having five places of figures, as

$$\begin{array}{r} 45321 \\ 32456 \\ \hline 77777 \end{array}$$

But by properly-arranged machinery these five separate processes could be carried on simultaneously; and it would make no difference in the time required if there were a dozen places instead of five. So much is gained, then, in point of speed.

But suppose there is "one to carry?" Suppose you wanted to add

$$987+789.$$

How are you going to teach the machine to remember? And not only to remember what and where to "carry," but to make it perform this office. Mr. Babbage says:

"The mechanical means I employed to make these carriages bear some slight analogy to the operation of the faculty of memory. A toothed wheel had the ten digits marked upon its edge; between the nine and the zero a projecting tooth was placed. Whenever any wheel, in receiving addition, passed from nine to zero, the projecting tooth pushed over a certain lever. Thus, as soon as the nine seconds of time required for addition were ended, every carriage which had *become due* was indicated by the altered position of its lever. An arm now went round, which was so contrived that the act of replacing that lever caused the carriage which its position indicated to be made to the next figure above. But this figure might be a nine, in which case, in passing to zero, it would put over its lever, and so on. By placing the arms spirally round an axis these successive carriages were accomplished.

"Multitudes of contrivances were designed, and almost endless drawings made, for the purpose of economizing the time and simplifying the mechanism of carriage. In that portion of the Difference Engine in the Exhibition of 1862 the time of carriage has been reduced to about one-fourth part of what was at first required.

"At last having exhausted, during years of labor, the principle of successive carriages, it occurred to me that it might be possible to teach mechanism to accomplish another mental process, namely—to foresee. This idea occurred to me in October, 1834. It cost me much thought, but the principle was arrived at in a short time. As soon as that was attained, the next step was to teach the mechanism which could foresee to act upon that foresight. This was not so difficult: certain mechanical means were soon devised which, although very far from

simple, were yet sufficient to demonstrate the possibility of constructing such machinery. The process of simplifying this form of carriage occupied me, at intervals, during a long series of years."

If now the reader will turn to the engraving of Mr. Babbage's machine he will notice three columns, each containing six wheels, each wheel having upon its face the ten digits. The lower wheel represents units, the next tens, and so on, the last of course standing in each column for tens of thousands. On the right hand column the table to be calculated by the machine is expressed. It will of course receive or express any number up to 99999. The second column is the first difference column, a title which will be comprehended by reference to the marble problem. The third column is the second difference column; by these two are expressed and calculated the differences.

Now, Mr. Babbage tells us:

"The mechanism is so contrived that whatever may be the numbers placed respectively on the figure-wheels of each of the three columns, the following succession of operations will take place as long as the handle is moved:

"1st. Whatever number is found upon the column of first differences will be added to the number found upon the table column.

"2d. The same first difference remaining upon its own column, the number found upon the column of second differences will be added to that first difference.

"It appears, therefore, that with this small portion of the engine any table may be computed by the method of differences, provided neither the table itself, nor its first and second differences, exceed five places of figures.

"If the whole engine had been completed it would have had six orders of differences, each of twenty places of figures, while the three first columns would each have had half a dozen additional figures."

Our philosopher adds: "On two occasions I have been asked, 'Pray, Mr. Babbage, if you put into the machine wrong figures, will the right answers come out?' I am not able rightly to apprehend the kind of confusion of ideas that could provoke such a question. I did, however, explain the following property, which might in some measure approach toward an answer to it. It is possible to construct the Analytical Engine in such a manner that after the question is once communicated to the engine it may be stopped at any turn of the handle, and set on again as often as may be desired. At each stoppage every figure-wheel throughout the engine which is capable of being moved without breaking may be moved on to any other digit. Yet after each of these apparent falsifications the engine will be found to make the next calculation with perfect truth. The explanation is very simple, and the property itself useless."

Mr. Babbage is now engaged upon the construction of an "Analytical Engine"—a larger calculating machine, of the most various and



general powers. For this he has so perfected the system of carrying tens in addition that he has reduced the actual time required for the addition of two numbers of any number of digits to nine units of time for the addition and one for the carriage. By its help the following astounding results are attained in the simpler operations of arithmetic:

Sixty additions or subtractions may be completed and printed in one minute.

One multiplication of two numbers, each of fifty figures, in one minute.

One division of a number having one hundred places of figures by another of fifty in one minute.

We have already mentioned that the machine calls for a table of numbers when it needs it in the process of a calculation, and refuses to accept the wrong table at the hands of the attendant. There is here an apparent choice of means, a power to distinguish between right and wrong which seems almost human. But not quite, as the following curious incident will demonstrate. Mr. Babbage amused himself by examining into the plan upon which an automaton might be constructed to play a game of skill, such as chess. He satisfied himself that any such game might be played by an automaton. Having got so far, he thought of constructing an automaton who should play at the boys' and girls' game of tit-tat-to. He found it easy to calculate all the possible combinations of this simple game; and he sketched the means by which his machine-man should be properly guided. He readily provided beforehand by calculation for every possible move, because each followed necessarily another—except in the case where, of two possible moves, neither was actually preferable, but each was equally inductive to winning the game. "In this case no reason existed within the machine to direct its choice," and unless some provision were made the machine would attempt to make two contradictory motions!

In connection with the Calculating Machine, Mr. Babbage has an interesting reminiscence of the Duke of Wellington: "One morning the Duke called in Dorset Street with the late Countess of Wilton, to whom he wished me to show the Difference Engine. Its home was at that period in my drawing-room. We sat round it while I explained its mode of action and made it calculate some small table of numbers. When I had concluded my explanation, Lady Wilton, addressing me, said, 'Now, Mr. Babbage, can you tell me what was your greatest difficulty in contriving this machine?' I had never previously asked myself that question; but I knew the nature of it well. It arose not from the difficulty of contriving mechanism to execute each individual movement, for I had contrived very many different modes of executing each; but it really arose from the almost innumerable combinations among all these contrivances—a number so vast that no human mind could examine them all. It instantly occurred to me that a similar

difficulty must present itself to a general commanding a vast army when about to engage in a conflict with another army of equal or of greater amount. I therefore thought it must have been felt by the Duke of Wellington, and I determined to make a kind of psychological experiment upon him. Carefully abstaining from any military term, I commenced my explanation to Lady Wilton. I soon perceived by his countenance that the Duke was already in imagination again in Spain. I then went on boldly with the explanation of my own mechanical difficulty; and when I had concluded the Duke turned to Lady Wilton and said, 'I know that difficulty well.'"

At a dinner party the characters of the French marshals became the subject of conversation. The Duke, being appealed to, pointed out freely their various qualities, and assigned to each his peculiar excellence. One question, the most highly interesting of all, naturally presented itself. One of the party, addressing the Duke, said: "Well, Sir, how was it that, with such various great qualities, you whipped them all, one after another?"

The Duke was evidently taken by surprise. He paused for a moment or two, and then said: "Well, I don't know exactly how it was; but I think that if any unexpected circumstance occurred in the midst of a battle, which deranged its whole plan, I could perhaps organize another plan more quickly than most of them."

The poet Rogers was another friend of our philosopher. Once, at a large dinner party, Mr. Rogers was speaking of an inconvenience arising from the custom, then commencing, of having windows formed of one large sheet of plate-glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of plate-glass: it appeared to him that the window was wide open, and such was the force of imagination that he actually caught cold! Mr. Babbage neatly capped this story by an experience of his own. Being in the country, and without a night-cap, he feared to catch cold, and it occurred to him to tie a string over his head under his chin. This device satisfied his imagination or habit, and he slept as comfortably as though his head had been enveloped in the customary night-cap.

He knew, also, Vidocq, the celebrated French thief-taker, who, it seems, had a remarkable power of altering his height, which must have been the envy of many of his victims. He could make himself, by some curious contortion of his body, appear to be about an inch and a half shorter than he really was. He found this faculty very useful as a disguise. Mr. Babbage records that Vidocq was not at all an adept in picking locks.

The recreations of a philosopher naturally partake of his general cast of mind. Thus we are not surprised to read that Mr. Babbage nearly drowned himself in trying a contrivance of his own for walking on the water; that he suffered himself to be baked in an oven; that he is an adept in picking locks; and that he



delights in the abstruse art of deciphering, which is practiced occasionally in these days by the staff officers of some of our generals when an enemy's dispatch in cipher falls into their hands. While on this last subject he mentions an amusement called squaring words, which we recommend as a pretty winter-evening game for the parlor or the country fireside. It is thus practiced: Let the given word to be squared be Dean. It is to be written horizontally and also vertically, thus:

D e a n.  
e . . .  
a . . .  
n . . .

And it is required to fill up the blanks with such letters that each vertical column shall be the same as its corresponding horizontal column, thus:

D e a n  
e a s e  
a s k s  
n e s t

Nor are we surprised that when this philosopher has a nuisance to contend with he makes a systematic statement of his annoyance. It is well known that Mr. Babbage has been for some years waging war with the itinerant street musicians who abound in London. He gives the following curious list of what he calls the "instruments of torture permitted by the Government to be in daily and nightly use in the streets of London:" Organs, brass bands, fiddles, harps, harpsichords, hurdy-gurdies, flageolets, drums, bagpipes, accordions, half-penny whistles, tom-toms, trumpets, and the human voice in various forms. The performers he classifies too:

Musicians.	Instruments.
Italians . . . . .	Organs.
Germans . . . . .	Brass bands.
Natives of India . . . . .	Tom-toms.
English . . . . .	Brass bands, fiddles, etc.
The lowest class of clubs . . . . .	Bands with double drum.

He asserts that during the last twelve years one-fourth of his working power has been destroyed by these street nuisances. This is our philosopher's pet grievance.

## DEAR MOTHER.

I LOCKED my hand in hers, and said,  
"Let me go with her through this dark;  
For all the good and ill of life  
Has touched us with the self-same mark.  
Some bitter pains I comprehend,  
But not the absence of her love,  
Whose deep, unfailing tenderness  
Would any lighter friend reprove."

I called her—but the mother-look  
Was blotted out in Death's eclipse;  
And, vaguely desolate, I shrank  
Before those altering eyes and lips.

O God! since ever I could speak  
My voice had fallen on faithful ears;  
'Twas "Mother!" in my triumph hour,  
And "Mother!" in my time of tears.

I saw her going from my grasp  
Beyond the boundaries of Time—  
Beyond the life her soul had made  
Through love and suffering sublime.  
I could not shield, nor share, nor save;  
She drifted deathward all alone:  
Her heart insensate to my pain,  
Her ear unheeding of my moan.

Yet mother-love, rare mother-love,  
Responsive in the throes of death,  
The soul triumphant over clay,  
Was victor of her latest breath.  
Sudden into her darkened eyes  
Flashed Love and Memory at the last;  
And then the spirit's radiance set,  
And the dear face was overcast.

Only the shell which held the seed;  
Only the casket of the gem;  
But all the bitterness for us,  
And all the victory for them!  
For us, the deep, slow-closing wound;  
For us, the haunting pain of years;  
The dull, vague, aching sense of loss  
Alternate with our passionate tears.

Not yet the creed of Faith can fill  
This bitter want, these empty arms:  
It will not soothe me *now* to know  
That she is locked from life's alarms;  
For when I see this pale, strange face,  
So like, yet so unlike her own,  
I only feel that she is gone,  
And I must learn to live alone.

I know this is not mother now;  
And yet I cling about this clay,  
And watch to see that look break out  
Which met me but the other day.  
So calm! A furrow on the brow  
Still lingers. 'Twas the work of years;  
A mother's tears—a mother's pangs—  
Mute token of a mother's cares!

Somewhere, I know, she waits for me,  
In some bright nook of ageless lands;  
But oh! I miss the fleshly proofs  
Which craving human love demands.  
To see her dresses laid aside,  
To take the books she used to read,  
And find the flowers she placed within—  
O mother! this is pain indeed.



## THE PIGOT MURDER.

I HAD been eight years on the special detective force in Philadelphia when that trouble about Joe Myers turned up. Joe was an old chum of mine: the only red-headed fellow I ever did trust, by-the-way, but it was a matter of propinquity; my father's tavern and old Pete Myers's shop were close beside each other, on the L—— turnpike; Joe and I were in the same classes in the district school; and after that, worked together on Squire Hall's farm, year in and year out, until I got that chance of an opening up in town. The fact is, whatever success I met with there is due to a succession of lucky chances—hits, as I may say, at discoveries in my line of business, rather than to any astuteness of mine. That troubled me but little; it was enough that I did succeed; at the end of the eight years had a snug marble-slabbed brick house out on Green Hill, which my wife had as prettily fitted up as any of the old blooded nob in town. She had a fanciful way of hanging plant-baskets about, and matching colors in carpets and the other trumpery, that set off a room somehow; she got up prime little game suppers for our friends, in winter, too; we had the boys at good schools; and, altogether, bid fair to settle down early into a comfortable, easy middle age. Next to Pike (the chief) I had the best salary on the staff; and no man on the force was so often called on for fancy jobs; and they always pay well.

Things move slower in the country, you know. Joe, in the mean time, had only come to be a sort of steward for Hall—an agent for selling his trees; for the Squire had gone into the nursery business within the last three years.

I think he and Joe were both bitten by the *morus multicaulis* mania, too, which raged about that time, and tried it in partnership. I know Hall had silk-worm galleries put up back of his forcing-houses.

Whenever Joe came up on business, and I saw his name among the arrivals, I'd go up to the hotel and have him down for an hour's talk. He seemed a dull, plodding fellow enough, with the vague, uncertain lout and shamle of the country clinging to his habit of thought as to his clothes; but doggedly in earnest in his work, or in his few likings and dislikings. He was a prime favorite with my wife, I remember. One night he happened up when her cousins from Boston were dining with us; and I confess I was conscious of his baggy clothes, and freckled face, and horse-laugh, and irritated by them; but I don't believe Jane once thought of them. She never weighs outward appearance enough, I think. It was on that night he told me about Susy Birt, I recollect. After the others were gone he and I sat over the dining-room fire sipping a glass of egg-nog, when I said:

"Myers, it's time you were taking a wife, and getting a snug little home of your own. There's a place in your head as bare as my palm: it will be too late to think of soon if you

don't look sharp. Years tell on the women, Joe, at your age and mine."

Joe had emptied his glass and set it down, and now sat staring in the fire, chafing his red whiskers.

"I know it's late. It is six years now since we've been promised. It was not our fault."

"Eh? Who did you say, Joe?"

"I didn't say. But it's Susy Birt."

"Oho! I know her," I added, more gravely. "She is a true woman. I am glad to hear of it, Myers. Very glad."

Joe nodded once or twice in his earnest fashion.

"Yes; that's what she is—genuine stuff. If we had had our hands free we could have married five years ago. But I have been staving off that mortgage on the farm that father left, you know; it's all there is for Bill and me. And Susan's father and mother go with her when she marries. That's providing for three, you see. We counted it up many a time, but could make nothing of it; so she has gone on teaching at Pilkstown, and I have dogged on with Hall. He's close, the Squire is, Caldwell: I ought to have got on faster than I have," pulling his beard, thoughtfully. "Sharp and close."

"How about the mortgage, Myers?"

"It is a man named Pigot holds it, down in Waynesboro'. He threatens to foreclose this fall. But I have great hopes of doing a good stroke in wool this season. I've a venture of my own in that: if I do, I'll pay Pigot off, and bring matters to a focus with Susy. I'll risk our starting with the old folks. This is a miserable way of dragging along," getting up and stretching himself—"living alone, Caldwell. And the girl is getting thin and wearing out. It's hard we can't live while we do live—as other people."

Seeing how much he felt I turned the subject for him. But I took more interest in Joe after that night, and Jane and I used to look every week to see how wool was quoted. But wool went down at an unprecedented rate, and Myers came no more up to town that season.

"I suppose his man Pigot will foreclose the mortgage," I said.

"Poor Susy!" said my wife, with a sigh.

It is incredible the compassion that little woman has for all of her sex who can not marry. I rather like it in her, though it does make her a bit of a match-maker.

It was two months before we heard any thing of Myers; then intelligence came startling enough. One day I met Boyd Stroud (a hatter down in L——) on Chestnut Street, and asked him up for dinner.

"Any thing new down in the old place, Mr. Stroud?" I asked as the soup went off.

"News enough, I should say!" with the pride all country people have in their own gossip, when a chance morsel turns up. "Is it possible you haven't heard about Pigot? And you in that line of business too!"



"Pigot?" I glanced at Jane. "There's a Pigot in Waynesboro'; you don't mean him?"

"That's the man. But he was up in L—— half his time."

"Well?"

"Well, he was murdered up in our place. It was a foul deed, Sir—a bloody deed," growing hot. "I am surprised you have not heard of it. Why, the papers are filled with it."

"It is a bad business, no doubt. But your fish is growing cold, Mr. Stroud. This Pigot, my dear," to Jane, "is the man who held Myers's mortgage."

"Yes, I remember."

"The mortgage, hey?" said Stroud, sharply. "You knew about that? It's the worst feature against Myers in the case."

I dropped my fork.

"What do you mean? What has Myers to do with the case?"

"Oh, nothing," coolly, pleased at having touched me at last. "Only he's charged with the murder, and it is pretty certain he did it."

I knew how to control my face, so only said, "Tut! tut!" and went on with my dinner before asking any questions; but Jane flamed out, and said she was as likely herself to commit a murder as Mr. Myers, and after a moment or two grew very pale, and asked to be excused from the table.

I picked the story out of Stroud by piecemeal. Myers, as I said, was a sort of agent for Squire Hall, and for several years had boarded with him and his wife. There was no other man in the house at the present time; nor, indeed, any women but an old deaf cook, the other servants having left after harvest. Pigot, it seems, had come up to L—— on his way to Philadelphia, and stopped at Squire Hall's. The one tavern in the town was only a wagon-stand, and the gentlemen of the place were in the habit of asking their friends home even more than is usual in country villages. Pigot had been in the house for a day or two. He and Myers did not meet on the friendliest footing the whole town knew, as part of Pigot's errand in town was to foreclose the mortgage on Joe's farm and put it under the hammer.

"Pigot was hard on him, there's no disputing that," Stroud said. "If it had not been for the fall in wool Joe could have paid him last month. As it was, Hall would likely have come to the rescue in January, when his payments came in—so we all thought, at least."

"I thought Hall was a close man to deal with?"

"Well, yes. Still, him and Joe's pulled in harness together a long time. It's likely he'd have seen him through come New-Year's."

Hall, however, had not offered to see him through now. The mortgage was to be closed on a Monday. On Saturday night hard words passed between the two men at the supper-table, Joe swearing that he knew a way to hold to his own. The next morning Pigot did not appear as usual. No one entered his room until the

bells were ringing for church; then a boy who did odd chores about the kitchen and outhouses was sent in, and found him dead in his bed, his face, chest, and arms already discolored.

"An effect only to be produced," said Stroud, evidently quoting the country paper, "by the infusion of the most virulent poison into the blood. In fact, a vial of the blood," laying down his fork, "and his stomach were sent here to a chemist for examination."

"Then they arrested Myers?"

"Of course."

"The blockheads! As if his murder of Pigot would have any effect on the mortgage business!"

Stroud looked rather damped. "There are other circumstances that tell against him," he said.

But although I bluffed it off with Boyd Stroud, I was secretly disquieted. Joe was not the man to reason, pro or con. He was a pig-headed fool when his prejudices were concerned; the very temperament on which revenge would have a maddening impulse.

In the two months that elapsed before the trial (for it was brought before the next court) I studied the minutiae of the case with a more rigid scrutiny than I had often bestowed on my own heaviest strokes of business; but I had a strange feeling that made it impossible for me to talk of it, even to Jane. Nor did she speak of it to me. When the L—— County *Times* was brought in we passed the yellow sleazy sheet from one to the other without a word. Two weeks before the trial, however, one evening, she laid it down, and sat resting her elbows on the table, and her head in her hands.

"You are very busy just now, Philip?" at last.

"Yes. I'm on the track at last of that Sleaman lay. It is just three years since I undertook that job."

(I've heard men in my line warn each other never to trust a petticoat; but I will say that Jane's clear head and ready wit have stood me in good place many's the time in my tightest puzzles. So I keep her posted generally.)

"You will not be able to leave town, then, this month?"

(Bless your soul! I knew what that little woman was up to from her first word.)

"Yes; I am going out of town next week."

"To L——?" quickly.

"Yes, Jane. I'll see what I can do."

"God bless you, Philip!" her blue eyes filling, and her pink cheek flushed. "Don't scruple to sacrifice any money to go. I feel sure it will all be right if you are there. You don't know how I have prayed for that poor Myers; such a simple-hearted, dogged soul as he is. And there's nobody there with a grain of wit to help him through: I see that," tapping the paper with her finger impatiently. It did not make our evening less warm and cozy that Jane overrated her great lumbering husband so much, as you may suppose.



Well, I went down to L—— the next Monday: a half-day's journey by railway, the rest by the old coaching—tiresome enough. I stopped a bit out of town at the Weirich Inn; for, although I had not visited my old home for nearly a dozen years, and, except by Stroud, Myers himself, and one or two others, stood no chance of recognition, I thought it best to keep quiet. It would do Joe no good with the thick-headed jury that he had a town "special" on his side. "Set a thief to catch a thief" is a motto with the country people.

The town of L—— is one of those dead-alive villages in the low, rolling Pennsylvanian hills which wakens up on Sundays long enough for its inhabitants to pace slowly to Seceder church, and listen to sermons three hours long. It has its wooden market-place, to which a dozen wagons repair leisurely twice a week from the neighboring farms; a squat brick tavern with a pump and trough before the door, where the coach stops once a day; the court-house on the edge of the town, shut up except for two weeks in the year, its pavement overgrown with grass and star-wort; no other central objects of interest, unless, indeed, you count Jim Allen's smithy and young Bob Fawcett's smart drug-shop down at the corner. You may guess, therefore, the buzz and hurry of the town as the time drew near for the county court, when the dusty house would be open and a trial for murder going on in it—a case, too, belonging entirely to themselves. They were a good, amiable herd of people down in L——; but they did gloat over that murder, both men and women. It was market-day when I arrived—a cool October day. I put on a farmer's coat and felt-hat, and walked from the Weirich house into town. How the smell of the hemlock woods and stubble brought back the old turnip-digging days to me, when Myers and I worked in Hall's truck-patch! I meant to call on Hall as I went in, but seeing some carriages in the lane as I passed put it off until my return, and made straight for Garfield's office. Garfield was prosecuting attorney: I had met him once or twice in the city, and found him to be a sharp, wide-awake fellow, with sufficient good-feeling at bottom to keep him honest. He was conducting the matter against Myers alone, and I knew could give me clearer insight into it than Joe's own counsel, a muddy-headed old chap, who belonged to L—— since he was born. I think his name was Woodsel. Garfield was a New Yorker.

He had a dingy little office, up two pair of stairs, hung round with maps, and full of tobacco-smoke, for he had a pipe in his mouth and was smoking while he worked out a problem in chess. That's the way these fellows in country towns idle out their lives, and live meanwhile on the fat of the land.

"What the deuce! Caldwell!" he said, eying me from head to foot. "I took you for Sander-son off the Ridge Farm. Sit down, sit down! What have you been about in the last year? Ferreting out state secrets, eh?"

"No, this is a private stroke of business."

He stopped a minute. "I see," gravely, "you've come down to look after Myers. I heard you were old chums. Well, I'm glad of it; but it's of little use, Caldwell, I'm afraid."

"Is it so squally for Joe, then?"

"Yes." He went on to outline the evidence as it stood then. Purely circumstantial, but just such as would tell on a jury like the one that would be apt to try Myers. After the men parted at supper (Joe sullen and cursing under his breath), Pigot had gone straight to his room to write letters, and had not left it that night. Myers sat moodily by the dining-room stove, his face buried in his hands, and on Bob Fawcett's coming in to chat an hour with the Squire, got up and went out without speaking; did not return until after ten that night, when Fawcett and Hall heard him go up to his own room, and laughed to themselves at Joe's ill-temper. Mrs. Hall and the cook had seen him meanwhile walking up and down the path to the stables.

"Now nobody in L—— could comprehend a man's working off excited feeling by pacing about in the dark and cold," said Garfield. "Only a murder could warrant such conduct to them. Fawcett left the house at half past ten. Hall reports that all was quiet in Pigot's and Myers's rooms when he went to bed, and farther evidence there is none, except that of Dr. Hopper, who passed the house about one o'clock on his way to visit a patient. He says there was a bright light in two of the upper windows, caused apparently by some one carrying a candle from place to place. The windows are those of Pigot's room."

"The chemist who analyzed the blood—?"

"Alleges the presence of poison, but curiously enough can not define its nature. How malignant it was we can judge by the effects."

"But there was no wound, Mr. Garfield?"

"Yes, there was," drawing his chair closer.

"Now to my mind that's the oddest part of the affair. The discoloration of the head and neck all appeared to proceed, radiate, I might say, from two minute punctures in the throat just below the ear, not larger than if made by a needle. The poison used must, therefore, have been of the subtlest nature."

"Now, Garfield," I exclaimed, "I leave it to your common sense to say if Joe Myers was apt to have any knowledge of such Borgia-like treachery? Bah! I always take a man's groundwork of character into account. Myers would have given the fellow a wallop with the axe or kitchen shovel, perhaps, but as for puncturing with needles— I'm glad I know this. It satisfies me. Let who will have done the deed Myers is clear."

"Well, well!" Garfield tapped thoughtfully on the table with his pencil, and said nothing. But I saw that he agreed with me. "Myers's conduct after the arrest was against him," he added, after a pause. "He was dogged and sullen. Just what you would have expected, eh? Perhaps, perhaps! But if Joe is cleared



it will be by no plotting of his. He is running his mastiff-neck straight into the halter."

"He has no friends to plot for him?"

Garfield looked at me sharply. "He has one. You know, I perceive? She's a good girl, that daughter of Birt's. It takes a thing like this to bring a woman out."

"Clear-headed, eh?"

"Caldwell, I wish you'd call on her," he said, earnestly. "If there's any link dropped, or hint to be given, she is the one to help you. She has been with me once or twice to talk the matter over. Go this morning. It's a thing of life and death to her, and so far she has been fighting alone."

"Where is Hall? Has he made no exertion in the matter?"

"Well, yes. But you see Hall is a slow-brained fellow, not used to look out sharply for any thing but his own interest. Susan's quick. All that Hall can urge is the point that Myers had no object to serve in the murder, as it would not actually alter his own position, and that Pigot had no money with him if he had wished to rob. Now nobody would suspect Joe of any motive but revenge."

I was silent. An odd idea struck me. No money with him?

"Pigot had brothers in Waynesboro'? One is a wool-dealer, I believe—"

"And the other is suspected of carrying on an underhand lottery on a tolerably extensive scale."

"Humph, yes! Well, I think I will take your advice and call on the girl."

Before I called, however, I stopped in the book-store and scribbled a letter to John Pigot, of Waynesboro'. It went by that night's mail.

The Birts lived in a little quiet lane, running down from the village street to the creek. They lived there when I was a boy, when Susy and I and a dozen others speared for frogs in the pond at the back of the garden. She was only a fat, giddy, freckled school-girl then, but had left a pleasant impression on me somehow. The house was unaltered. I stepped up on the shaky old wooden porch, covered with the same coral honey-suckle, and caught a glimpse of Mrs. Birt's milk-pans airing by the pump just as they did twelve years ago. But it would have been hard to recognize the thin pale woman who opened the door for me. The freckles were there on the homely, grave face as on the chubby, dimpled one of long ago, and the same mass of nut-brown hair pushed behind the ears, but that was all of the likeness. There was nothing pretty in this woman's face. Something better than beauty, maybe; it grew on me as I talked to her; a rare intelligence in the mobility of the lips and inflation of the delicate nostril; and in the quiet eyes a sort of thoroughness, truth—a melancholy fidelity, such as you see in the eyes of some horses that have been kindly used. A man in my business soon learns whom to trust. In five minutes I was talking of every phase of this matter with this

girl, almost as much in earnest as she, and thoroughly *en rapport* with her. We were alone in the little "keeping-room:" and even to me there was something oddly strange in the contrast of the quiet of the hazy noon without, the garden blooms of purple and crimson hollyhocks and dahlias, the sleepy hum of the bees in the sun, and within the pale, intent face of this woman, and the smothered feeling in her soul of which it but feebly hinted. Her little school had vacation now: "it happened well, for I could not have thought of any thing else, and—*this*," she said, her hands clasped on the table before her, working together as if she were in a spasm. Otherwise she was perfectly still. She did not seem to doubt me from the first. "I know you will do what you can. But I have thought and thought, and nothing comes of it. And it matters to me," her voice growing low. "He is all I have." When I spoke cheerfully—"You don't know the people here," she said, in the same low, hopeless tone. "They are hounding him on to his death, because they always join in the same outcry. They don't know enough of life to judge fairly." But she was not bitter even then. "They all like Joe; they don't mean to be unjust. But it is a new thing—a murder; so they talk and argue day by day to keep up the excitement. They don't see the harm it does," with a sudden motion of the hand to her forehead, checked before made. I saw how thick and swollen the veins in her neck and head were. "A case of brain-fever in less than a week," I thought. "She must have something new to think of." I drew my chair sharply up to the pine table.

"Please attend to me, Miss Birt," I said. "If Myers is saved, you and I must do it. For Woodsel, he is a mere log; I remember him of old. The trial comes off in two weeks; of this time I can spare four days from other business to devote to it."

"Four days!" She smiled, bitterly; her very lips were white and dry.

"You think that is a narrow plank to interpose between a man and death? It will be enough, God helping us. My belief is this: that Pigot, most probably, had money with him—that he was murdered by some one cognizant of the fact; there is a sharp gang, I know, in the outskirts of L—— county. I am the more convinced of the truth of this guess by my knowledge of Hall's house; for, if you will remember, there is a slanting roof from the second story back by which an expert climber could easily have reached the chambers unheard. Let us but catch the slightest clew to such an attempt and we are safe. I leave you to watch; I can give but two days now, two at the time of the trial. Meanwhile I mean to prove that Pigot had money with him; the establishment of any other motive than revenge will be a strong premise in Joe's behalf."

I stopped short there, with half of my real thought untold; for the fact was, I wanted to occupy her mind by this harangue as much as



any thing else. She had followed me, a curious change working out on her face, a sort of childish, breathless eagerness, her big dark eyes growing wet, her thin cheeks red. When I had finished she drew a gasping breath. "I see! He's safe, Joe is! Joe—" put her hand on my arm, and then turned to the window with a nervous half-cry and half-laugh. She was so much more credulous and silly and lovable a woman than I had expected to find when Garfield talked of her clear head. If ever this bout was over wouldn't Jane delight in coddling and making much of the girl up in the little parlor on Green Hill!

"It is growing late," I said, rising; "I will only see you once again, Miss Birt, most probably. I may have to run down to Waynesboro' to-night, and to-day I must sift the evidence. You will communicate with Myers?"

"I go there every evening," turning with the flush and trembling smile yet on her face.

The old Susy Birt was not dead yet; but I shook hands with her gravely, and turned down into the grassy lane leading to the village. It was past noon: the bees were droning lazily into the great purple iron-weeds along the fences: there was a heavy smell of harvest fields in the air: far off a faint, blue mist on the horizon hills shimmered like steam in the yellow August sunshine; little brown chippeys hopped right in my path as if we were the oldest sort of friends. Now I'm not a man that cares for these things, but I could not help walking slower, taking off my hat, and feeling what a pleasant, warm-hearted world it was, after all, and how it did a man's very bones good to be alive. Then came the thought of Joe yonder in that brick jail, of the girl I had just left—of the black death waiting for him in one of these early pleasant days; the two lives God had made going out suddenly in darkness and loss; homely, common lives enough, maybe, but full of a wholesome health—of an infinite tenderness—good for much in the world. Nobody to save them but me—! The thought came on me terribly there in that quiet lane and warm sunshine, I do not know why. I remember stopping suddenly, looking at my big muscles, feeling how weak they were, how dull my clogged brain—humbly; and if Phil Caldwell asked help to bring the truth to light that day you need not laugh at him. Some one was as near and quick to hear the detective in the sunny lane as if he had been the preacher yonder in the stone hill-chapel.

However, one does not often understand the fashion in which their prayers are heard. When I started back to Philadelphia, two days after, I got into the yellow stage-coach thoroughly disheartened—in fact, with a sense of utter defeat. If I thought at all of that little passage in the lane it was but to smile bitterly at it. I am not going into detail about those wasted days. I had discovered nothing in Waynesboro' to prove that Pigot had money about him; his brother, the lottery-dealer (of whose underhand remit-

tances I supposed the murdered man to be the bearer), had gone West two days before Pigot's death. I was tired of dogging the meagre evidence up and down the village streets, trying to foist some new bearing into it. Meagre as it was, the facts were sharp and direct enough with these L—— people, I saw, to carry poor Joe to the gallows, and I was powerless. The atmosphere of the town infected me, I believe; it was dull, ignorant, lethargic, from the first. Myers's doom had appeared a thing as certain to them as the rising of the sun on the sultry day that was to see it. Insensibly I found myself swerving into that habit of thinking. I wanted to get out—to thrust the whole matter away from me. The very glare of the sun on the steep, narrow brick pavements choked and taunted me with the useless efforts I had made. The afternoon before I left Garfield called me up as I was passing his office window. A broad-shouldered, stumpy, boorish-looking man was sitting on the edge of a chair balancing a shiny low hat, such as sailors wear, between his knees. I knew the dead black eyes swaddled in fat, and the low forehead well, though the face had sharpened, and the hair and whiskers turned gray since I saw them.

"Squire Hall"—holding out my hand—"I have called twice, but could not find you."

"No, Philip, I've been up to town. I—"

The old man looked troubled; his voice was unsteady.

"The Squire," said Garfield, heartily, "can not rest about Joe. He has been up to engage other counsel. Glendenning is on the defense now with Woodsel."

"What do you think of my choice, Caldwell?" said the old man, anxiously, pulling at his cravat, his hand nervous, as I remembered it long ago—a man always unsure of himself. "He was the highest-priced of those city chaps, so I thought must be the sharpest—eh?"

"Not a safe general rule, but it will serve in this case. Did you want me, Garfield?"

"Only to warn you of a new point against Myers," gravely pulling something from his pocket.

"How? No! Eh?" The old man stooped eagerly over the table, so as to hide the object from me, his face turning pale as he looked up. "It is no point against Joe; it means nothing. Don't let them turn you against the boy, Philip!"

"Squire!" said Garfield. He turned to me a little heated. "His feeling for Myers makes him unjust to me. I have barely done my duty in this case, and God knows how unwillingly that was done!"

"But this point against Myers?"

"Nott, the jailer, found this secreted in the coat Joe had on when arrested," handing me a coarsely-cut key, apparently that of a valise or large port-folio. "It opens the case in which Pigot kept his papers—a spring-lock, you see. The inference is, Myers had obtained the key, but was probably deterred by some noise from securing the mortgage."



"What did Joe want with the mortgage?" said the Squire, starting up fiercely. "The boy is no fool! Would he have clenched the proof of the murder on himself?"

"He has done it, I'm afraid," said Garfield.

Hall stood looking down into his hat, fumbling with the rim, the dark blood coming and going to his face. I was touched by his emotion: it was unexpected, I confess.

"I'm glad you take this case up as you do, Squire."

He looked me full in the face.

"I did not at first. It stunned me. And I didn't know what Joe was to me; come eleven years in February he's worked on the place. It's a hard blow, Philip!" running his hand uncertainly through his white hair, his face turning actually livid. "I'm not used to changes. I'd give my right arm out from the socket," facing me suddenly, "to see Joe Myers a free man to-day!"

Garfield was standing thoughtfully by the table: the key touched it. Hall started at the noise, curiously.

"For that key it proves nothing!" he said, in a shrill voice. "You don't think it weighs in the evidence, Caldwell?" coming up to me, patting my coat in an inane, pleading way.

"With the jury you will have—every thing."

He turned away slowly; stood silent a moment. "I'll go, gentlemen," he said, in a low voice. "I'm not well." As he went I noticed that he staggered.

"I did not think the old buffer had so much feeling," muttered Garfield, shutting the door after him.

"It is genuine," I said; "no sham." Yet it impressed me strangely.

I did not see Hall again, leaving by daylight the next morning. I had not the heart to go to the Birts' cottage; why should I? However, as I left Garfield's office that evening I saw Susy coming out of the lane on the street, on her way to the jail. I noticed her step was quick and eager; a hopeful glow yet in her face. She had a bit of a pink bow in her brown dress (Jane would have liked that), and carried a bunch of clove pinks and tansy under her shawl. Well! well! People looked after her with sad, grave faces; their voices had something tender in them as they gave her good-morning, too, I noticed. Steve Derrick's little daughter ran out from the shop with something wrapped up in a napkin—a hard cheese-cake, I think. "Take it to Uncle Joe; I made it for him—me, Miss Susy, mind!" Susan took it and hurried on, then turning back kissed the child passionately. "God bless you, Phoebe Derrick!" she said. I remembered that Myers was "Uncle Joe" for all the youngsters in L—.

When I came back to L— it was but two days before the trial. The case had excited much interest through the State, Glendenning having thrown the effect of his name on Joe's side. Such things tell. I arrived after night. I had met, it was easy to know by the state

of the town: every shop and corner seethed with an excitement people in cities can not imagine; the very boy that blacked your boots was grave with importance. As I finished my steak and potatoes the landlord touched me.

"Mr. Glendenning is in his room," in a mysterious whisper; "wishes to see you, Sir."

Glendenning was a little blue-eyed man, thorough, acute, direct; giving himself utterly up, body and soul, to the business of each hour; consequently one of the most successful lawyers at the Philadelphia bar (I use fictitious names, of course).

"It's a bad business, Caldwell," when I was seated at the other side of the oil-lamp. "If I gain an acquittal the verdict would be, in verity, only 'not proven,' and the man lives under a stigma worse than death, to my mind. Make the best of three days. I must go back to-night. Here is something you can turn to account, perhaps," watching me sharply as I glanced at a bit of paper he handed me. "I tore it from Pigot's memorandum-book. You see? 'To dep't. Sept. 3. Phil. M. and F. Bank. \$40,000.' That means," his uneasy fingers playing on his lip, "just what I believed from the first: that Pigot had a sum of money to deposit, and for that money he was murdered."

"Exactly. Now prove it, my fine fellow," jumping up nimbly and going about the room like a sparrow. "One dollar of that money found would weigh more in Myers's favor than all evidence for his character. Where is it? If Pigot had it in trust, where is the owner? His own books show no such sum in hand."

"Well, do your best, Caldwell. For the girl's sake, at least," growing suddenly quiet. "You have seen her?"

"In the jail. Yes."

"What an exquisite face she has!" half to himself. "It put me in mind of the Francesca di Rimini."

I knew nothing of the Di Rimini woman, and I was a little surprised to hear of Susy's beauty; so I thought best to keep quiet.

Glendenning set off that night. But in the two days I did nothing. I was like a man holding an endless skein of thread; one broken end, and the whole would have been unwound cleanly; but the end did not come into my fingers.

The day of the trial was gray and dull, a fine drizzling rain falling without cessation. The sky seemed to settle down heavily on the low hills, shutting in the dingy little village and the deed that was to be done in it to-day. Despite the lowering weather, however, a steady tide of people had set in from the neighboring counties, beginning the night before: a gala day with such a relish of horror L— had never known. I remember listening to the rumble of wheels all the night, and when morning broke standing smoking at the tavern window, watching the muddy jostle of buggies, horsemen, Jersey wagons in the narrow street, and wondering how



the sounds came to Myers, shut up in the brick jail down the street. His old companions these men were. The court-house bell began its cracked jangle at nine. Long before that, however, the crowd had been packed on the pavement without, waiting for the doors to open. I did not go down. I remember how I stood for an hour chewing the end of an unlighted cigar, sick in blood, like a nervous woman, with but the one thought: he might have been saved, and I had done nothing; now it was too late. I do not know that I should have gone down that day if Glendenning had not sent me a note requiring my attendance on some trifling point of business.

It was a little, square, plastered room, with green shutters, the court-room, the window sashes and doors picked off with red. The rain dashed against the panes. Even the sills were packed with the mass of people, their stolid, anxious faces all turned toward the one point where I dared not look. Judge Gillmore was on the bench, fat, red, waggish even there (we had begun to elect our judges in this State then). I heard Glendenning's shrill, abrupt tones as I entered. All these points I took in before I gathered courage to glance at the dock. When I did Myers's back was toward me. I saw his broad shoulders in the old bulging coat, and the red head held stiffly erect; and somehow the old turnip-digging days flashed vividly before me, and Joe in the field beside me—how truthful and dogged he was!—free with his money, surly with his word.

"I never pleaded for a manlier client," whispered little Glendenning after he had told me what he wanted.

"What chance?" I said.

"None. Look at that row of wooden faces in the jury-box, and—"

He stopped, chewing tobacco vehemently. As usual, he had thrown all his strength into the case. I drew back into the crowd. Jolliffe, my landlord, touched my elbow.

"D'ye see? There she is," pointing to a dark corner near Myers, where I could catch sight of a small figure wrapped in a brown shawl. The face was hid. I knew she would be there; it would do Joe good to feel her beside him, strengthen him as religion would a less commonplace man. It belonged to her simple real nature to do this thing.

Well, the evidence summed itself up slowly. Garfield's slovenly looseness in summing could not keep back facts. The existence of the mortgage was proved; Joe's offers to pay in January; Pigot's refusal; after that threats from Myers in various places and at frequent times, so open and frequent as to show their slight weight. Squire Hall, the next witness called on the stand, saw this, and began to mutter about "a man's not being likely to take the whole village by the button when he was set on murder," until he was called to order by the court. The old man was haggard and worn, holding himself erect by the pine railings of

the witness-box, the stumpy fingers trembling. There was something so foreign to Hall's hard, sharp character in this real feeling that I drew involuntarily closer to inspect it. His testimony was dragged out of him piecemeal; additional facts about the mortgage; the history of Pigot's visit; the squabbling between the two men from day to day; finally the scene at the supper-table, when Joe declared his purpose to hold to his own by a sure way. Hall balked here; his voice grew thick and husky; he was silent when the next question was asked, the color going out of his face, leaving it mottled.

"It will be necessary for you to answer, Squire," said Gillmore.

There was a moment's pause. The old man raised both hands to his neck as if he were choking.

"Judge, d'ye see, I'm swearing Joe's life away? I never meant that."

His voice was sharp and piping. Gillmore said something about painful duty. Hall did not hear him.

"The rest don't matter," he said. "But Joe an' me's pulled together eleven years. I'll not have his blood on my soul."

To give him time they put his wife on the stand, a sharp, gray-eyed woman, older than her husband. It cost her nothing to tell the story. It came out clear and pointed enough, from Myers's threat to the finding of the blackening corpse. Something—the foul air or the woman's acrid tones—nauseated me. I turned off into the jury-room, where the witnesses were waiting to be called. As I went I caught Joe's eye. He shook his head, with a half-smile, the most hopeless and quiet I ever saw on human face. It meant good-by, I knew. He saw the truth—that his doom was sealed. I hurried out.

A few moments after I was standing by the window of the little jury room when a vague something startled me out of the stupid quiet into which I had fallen as needing attention. I believe in presentiments; I knew then, God knows how or why, that the broken end of the skein was in my hand. It was nothing but a faint perfume I perceived, peculiar and sickening. I glanced about me: Sam Tarr, the stable-boy, who had discovered Pigot dead, and whose evidence came next in order, was standing nearest me; a loutish, good-natured-faced lad, with a good deal of trouble just now in his look. He was tossing a bit of glass up and down, unconsciously as it seemed. The odor hung about this thing.

"What is that?" holding out my hand. "Eh? Show?"

"A bottle-stopper. That's all. Queer cut, isn't it? I kep' it for the smell. D'ye know where I found it, now?"

"No."

"On the floor of old Pigot's room, that morning. I'm keepin' it for a remembrancer, I'm h—  
Lend it to you? Of course, Sir," his  
ing. "It's nothing after all." sit,  
Com



It *was* nothing, and yet I turned out of the room quickly, with a strange certainty of having work to do. As I passed through the courtroom some words stopped me. Dr. Hopper was on the stand; had testified to passing Hall's house between one or two o'clock the night of the murder. "My attention was arrested," he said, "by an unusual light in two of the front windows, the room occupied by the deceased. It was such a direct, sharp light as would be produced by a candle, not the steady glow of a night-lamp, and caused me to wonder if any of the Squire's family were ill. The light was held near one of the windows, and for a moment, as I passed, was dimmed, and then grew bright again."

"Ask him if it was entirely extinguished?" I said to Glendenning.

"No, only dimmed as though some large, solid object were momentarily interposed between me and it. I drove on, and can not therefore say how long the light continued in the room."

"Nothing material there," said Glendenning, aside. Was there not?

A detective abhors an inexplicable trifle as much as nature does a vacuum. *Why* was the light dimmed? I knew the construction of the room thoroughly. It had been open for examination; there was no means of dimming a light near that window; no apparent means at least.

"A means not apparent? Eh?"

I put on my felt-hat.

"Keep the drag on the evidence for two hours," I said to Glendenning, and beckoning to Jolliffe and another shrewd-looking fellow, left the courtroom and struck across the fields to Hall's house. The rain beat in our faces as we went; the smoke from a kiln swept in sullen folds along the wet stubble-fields; the house itself stood deserted and vacant, a howl from a chained dog being our only greeting.

"It looks as if the murder-curse had fallen on the place," said Jolliffe, coming closer to me. But I had no time to study effects. "Come with me, gentlemen," I said, thrusting aside the stupid servant-girl that stopped the entrance, and assuming an air of assurance I was far from feeling, I led the way to Pigot's room. It was a square, plainly-furnished chamber, such as you find in any farm-house, with the usual red and green striped carpet, three wooden chairs, cherry bedstead, and wash-stand. With one exception a feature, however, common in many Pennsylvania houses, built fifty years ago. A paneling of pine wood, slightly beaded, ran half-way up to the ceiling, met there by the tawdry paper. I had a vague hope of some discovery to be made in this wood-work which would account for the dimming of the light close by the window. There was no time to spend in search of secret springs; lifting a heavy brass andiron from the open grate, I struck vigorously on the wall. The echo came; thank God! came hollow and dull! "Break it open," I said, handing the bar to Jolliffe. In another moment the

thin, wooden door was crushed in and the cupboard left bare. Within was a small case of glass vials; one without a stopper, and empty "I make this vial complete, you perceive?" I said. "It would be better not to smell to it too strongly, friend Jolliffe," trying to laugh. What a fool I was that I could not steady my hands nor my tongue!

"Your mistress's room," I said to the woman who met us at the door. She was new in the house, and led us to the chamber without hesitation. I must make my story brief. Enough to say that, secreted in Hall's sleeping-room, we found the money of which the murdered man had been robbed; that, by a strange chance, as we returned through the main street to the courtroom the long-looked-for letter from Pigot's brother was placed in my hand, claiming this money, and furnishing means to identify it.

The dull afternoon was darkening into evening when we re-entered the courtroom. Glendenning was speaking—speaking weakly and vaguely, against time I saw at a glance, watching the door for our return. There was something damped and cheerless in every inflection of his voice. He had brought up Myers's scanty defense, and knew it was of no avail. "I saw the verdict written on every one of those twelve stolid faces," he said afterward. A chill like that of the coming shadow of death had fallen on the house; the murky, damp air was full of it. Two or three faces out of the mass stamped themselves sharply on my memory as I entered. Hall's wife, pale, the light eyes, glowing like those of a tigress waiting to spring, fixed on the prisoner; her husband's, purple, bloated, frightened; Joe's, turned to the stretch of dull sky without, a solemn depth of meaning in it never seen there before, like that of a man who looked death in the face and asked what it had for him. There was something almost grand in the quiet bravery of the common face, with its shock of red hair, now that it drew close to eternity. But even in that instant of time I saw another look which I never forgot. Susy Birt had crept close to the dock, and drawn one of Joe's hands through the railings; a dull flicker of light fell on her head and half-closed eyes. I remember having an odd fancy that if the man were in hell the pain and love in that look could have purified and brought him back. But I had work to do. A few whispered words to the sheriff, and with a startled look he sauntered up to a group of constables, who speedily took their hands from their pockets and their melancholy regards from Joe, and quietly posted themselves behind Hall and his wife. Then I placed a scrap of paper before Glendenning; he glanced at it, suddenly wakened into energy, and abruptly asked that the rules be suspended to allow important witnesses to be placed upon the stand. How eagerly I mounted it I need not say. The *dénouement* did not arrive as I had planned it, however. At my first mention of the secret closet Hall started back with a muttered oath, dragging his wife with him. She shook him off and



stood her ground, her lips only shutting a little tighter and turning blue. "Fool!" she hissed. I saw my time; drew out the roll of Pigot's money and laid it on the table. As I had hoped, the man's terror at this reached its climax, and clutching hold of the sheriff's coat, in a scene of the wildest confusion, he made a full confession, and begged and whined for mercy. In all the excitement that followed—the crashing of benches, shouts, exclamations, Joe's one gasping "Hurrah!" Susy's quiet dead fall on the floor—one little trait struck and touched me strangely. It was in Hall's wife. She faced Judge Gillmore, as they were dragging her off, pushing her rusty gray hair out of her eyes.

"I've this to say"—in a shrill voice that rose over all the clamor—"now that this old fool has leaked it all out, that you'd best let him go. One of us is enough, and it was me did it. I put him up to it, and found out the way, and it was me put the key in Myers's pocket. The Squire was agin' blamin' Joe from the first." The last words I heard from her were: "One of us is enough, God knows!"

Well, this all happened years ago. It's growing to be like a horrible ghost-story to us all, even to Joe and Susy. Yet it laid the foundation of a healthy, cheerful friendship between us—the most enduring we know, perhaps. As Jane said last fall when we were coming back from our annual visit to Myers's farm, "It made one's life fresher and nearer to God somehow, to be with people so natural and true." Jane and Susan came together just as I fancied they would: they have a real respect for each other, and that's rare among women, you know. I'll never forget how, when our Ben died of varioloid, and my wife was ill, Mrs. Myers came up, and in her still, gentle way turned into the sick-room and kitchen like any hireling. We go down there every summer, as I said. They have a cheerful little farm on the Juniata hills; and a jolly, noisy farm-house it is growing to be, now that their boys are stretching up into men and making Joe a boy again. In winter Joe and Susy come up, especially in Opera season; for Susan has an odd love and comprehension for music, different from ours. They are at our house on Green Hill now, by-the-way. Mr. Glendenning did us the honor to come out to supper the other evening, to "see that rare womanly face again," he said. "A real Francesca; he never had forgotten it." I think he was a little disappointed, however. I saw him watching her after supper, where she sat apart playing with her baby. "A pity!" he said. "Such a clear-cut tragedy face it was! I see! It is Joe, and the cheery farm, and the baby that have softened it down into that common beauty."

Glendenning is a critic in high art, I know; but I could not agree with him, somehow. I had seen Ary Scheffer's picture; but there was a beauty deeper and holier to me in the pink flush on Susy's cheek when Joe came near her, and in the look in her soft brown eyes resting on her baby.

## MUSIC IN A CROWD.

WHEN I hear music, whether waltz or psalm,  
Among a crowd, I find myself alone;  
It does not touch me with a soothing balm,  
But brings an echo like a moan

From some far country where a palace rose,  
In which I reigned with Cleopatra's pride:  
"Come, Charmian! bring the asp for my repose;"  
And, "Queenly," men shall say, "she died."

There lived and ruled a happy, noble race,  
Primeval souls who held imperial power—  
My kindred, gone forever from their place,  
And I am here without a dower!

They were a Vision though. And are these real,  
These men and women, moving as in sleep,  
Who, smiling, gesture to the same Ideal,  
For which the music makes me weep?

Have they my longings for that other world  
New to them yet? I grant that Music's swell  
Is like the sea; they may be thither hurled  
By storms that thunder and compel;

Or, like those voyagers in the land of streams,  
Glide through its languid air, its languid wave,  
To learn that *Here* and *There* are but two dreams  
That end in Nothing and the Grave!

## FRENCH FLOWER FARMING.

FLOWERS are the incarnation of Poetry. Nothing seems more exquisitely useless than a flower to those who fail to see the use of beauty, and to whom Voltaire's subtle saying, *Le superflu, chose si nécessaire!* is a paradox. But in this seemingly useless display of color, form, and perfume the sensitive eye of the poet sees a divine meaning, and the astute eye of Commerce sees a marketable value. The restless activity of Commerce stretches its hand out every where, and, like Midas, touches every thing to gold. Ages ago it discerned the marketable value of Religion. It has in our day discovered a value in Poetry. How, then, can it have failed to turn Flowers into invoices?

Take a pair of compasses and strike an arc on the map of the French shores of the Mediterranean; making the Fort of Antibes the centre, open the compasses to Nice, and strike round—the highest point will be Grasse; then descending again to the shore in an opposite direction the compass leg will mark the fringe of the Estrelle hills, and the well-known town of Cannes, with Lord Brougham's villa. From Nice to Cannes it is twenty miles, and from Grasse to the shore ten miles. The three towns form a geographical triangle, having the tideless blue sea for its base. Within this triangle is the valley of the Flower Farms.

Elsewhere flowers are ornaments—charming accidents. Here they are staples. They grow like grass and corn, like potatoes and mangelwurzels. Here bloom the jasmine, the orange, the violet, the tuberose, the jonquil, the rose, the cassia, not as in our beds, not as in horti-



cultural gardens, not as gardens, but as fields. Broad acres of color flash under the hot sun. The atmosphere is heavy with perfumes when the snows are melting on the mountains, and the gurgling Var is rapidly growing into a roaring torrent. Here we enter homesteads not of golden grain, but of lavender sheaves; not of cheese, but of olive-oil; not of beer and elder wine, but of orange-flower and rose-water in vats; not of clotted cream, but of jasmine and violet butter. It is like a country of the "Arabian Nights." You expect the dark-eyed peasants to answer you in lyrics, and the very dogs to bark in tropes. You are oppressed with the prodigality of splendor. The soil is so fertile that, to borrow Douglas Jerrold's witty conceit, if you tickle it with a hoe it smiles with a flower; or, as the natives say, if you plant a walking-stick the ferrule will blossom. M. Septimus Piesse, the well-known perfumer, who is an expert chemist, has analyzed this soil, and finds, in 1000 parts, its contents to be:

Silica and Sand .....	860.00
Silicate of Magnesia .....	008.50
Carbonate of Magnesia .....	007.00
Alumina .....	030.70
Silicate of Alumina .....	013.00
Sulphate of Lime .....	005.80
Carbonate of Lime .....	006.80
Potash Salt .....	004.80
Soda Salts .....	006.70
Phosphate of Lime and Magnesia .....	005.60
Carbonate of Iron .....	010.50
Carbonate of Copper .....	001.70
Organic Matter .....	022.30
Manganese and Iodine traces .....	—
Loss during Analysis .....	016.60

This soil, so marvelously adapted to flowers, has the reputation of being singularly adapted to man, and *mud-baths* are in great request here. The bather is taken to the shore, and, at a distance of some ten yards from the tideless brine, a grave is scooped, into which the bather descends; he is then covered up to the chin, and allowed to remain thus in the embrace of mother earth for fifteen minutes, after which the modern Antæus takes a plunge in the sea.

The flower harvest is considerable. On an average the district yields annually:

Orange blossoms .....	1,475,000 pounds.
Rose blossoms .....	530,000 "
Jasmine blossoms .....	100,000 "
Violet blossoms .....	75,000 "
Cassia blossoms .....	45,000 "
Geranium leaves .....	30,000 "
Tuberose blossoms .....	24,000 "
Jonquil blossoms .....	5,000 "

Not to mention lavender, which yields a produce worth about \$150 an acre.

Commerce must have a dull eye not to see the value of flower-farming at this rate. As a general rule, the landed proprietors do not let the farms at a fixed rental, but make an arrangement with the owners of a laboratory to work the farm and its produce, receiving a share of the profits—frequently a third. Small landholders sell their flowers to the laboratory that will give the best price. Lord Brougham generally sells his to M. Hermann, of the great laboratory of Nôtre Dame.

By whom is the work done? Surely not by men like English chaw-bacons? Peasants, one would think, must be refined into a sort of ideal condition by constantly working on such flower farms. Perhaps they are; at any rate they are very jovial, honest, and peaceable. The gendarme has a sinecure. The summer wages are about 56 cents a day for the men, who do the heavy work of the fields, and 25 cents a day for the women, who attend to the culture of the flowers. In winter the wages are 50 cents a day for men, and 20 cents for women.

Nothing can be simpler or more primitive than the farming operations. Roses, for example: The field is first scantily manured—especially with the refuse matter left after the distillation of various plants; it is then plowed with oxen at the yoke; no weeds are allowed; new shoots with a few roots of old roses are then planted, and Nature does the rest. In the second year a considerable quantity of flowers appears, but it is not until the fourth year that they are fully developed. A plantation of roses well tended will last from six to eight years; but for this the land must be well drained. It requires ten thousand rose-plants to cover an acre, and this acre will produce, in an average season, five thousand pounds' weight of roses.

For cassias the land is prepared in a similar way. The young plants are raised from seed which is sown in beds. The best plants are left, the doubtful ones removed. In the third year they have generally a height of two or three feet, and are then planted out in fields, each tree requiring about twelve feet square. The blossoms of the cassia are successive, some being ready for plucking, while the others are scarcely formed. This is immensely useful to the farmer, one lot of blossoms being gathered and passed through the laboratory before it is time to gather the others. After the third year the tree produces flowers, growing at the same time till they attain maturity, when they reach a height of ten or twelve feet, with branches six feet long, and a stem as thick as a man's wrist. Each full-grown tree will produce about three pounds' weight of flowers, having an intense odor, somewhat resembling that of green tea.

The jasmine is cultivated by slips of the wild jasmine, grafted at the end of two years with the Spanish jasmine (*Jasmina grandiflora*). This produces a blossom the size of a shilling, of intense fragrance. It requires about eighty thousand plants to stock an acre; and they are not in full bearing till the second year after grafting; but when mature, every thousand plants yield about sixty pounds' weight of flowers annually. They are planted in rows, horizontal poles being thrust between them for support, the branches being woven in and out. Every August—the jasmine season—the fields are alive with women, old and young, and children, each having a little basket at her side suspended by a strap across her shoulders, both hands actively engaged in picking the flowers



and filling the baskets. From morn till dewy eve these busy fingers ply. As each basket is filled it is conveyed to the shaded laboratory and there weighed. An acre of land will yield about five thousand pounds' weight of jasmine blossoms; and the more flowers are picked the more blossoms are produced.

The tuberose needs more care than any other flower of the farm. It is the most difficult to rear, but the best worth rearing, for a good plantation on a good soil will last for seven or eight years. It is a bulbous plant which propagates by throwing out a stem like the hyacinth, covered with fleshy flowers, and one or two sprays of blossom. And oh! what a fragrance breathes from it! what a bouquet, snatching perfumes from every flower with a superb eclecticism!

The tuberose, with her silvery light,  
That in the garden of Malay  
Is called the mistress of the night,  
So like a bride, scented and bright,  
She comes out when the sun's away.

Orange-trees are cultivated from seeds. A tree requires fifteen years to reach maturity, but will produce both flowers and fruit in four or five years. When in full vigor each tree yields an average of twenty-five pounds' weight of blossoms annually.

With us the violet grows any where, and almost any how; but the terrible sun of Nice, during July and August, is ill borne by violets. Consequently, on the farms they are planted under the green shade of the orange and lemon trees, or close to walls and houses. The method of propagation is division of the roots. They are planted so as to grow in tufts or clusters about a foot apart all round; and this space enables the growers to gather the flowers without treading on them. A surface of land, equaling an acre of planting, yields seventy or eighty pounds' weight of flowers.

Rose-leaf geraniums are grown for the sake of the rose-like odor extracted by distillation from the leaves. Rosemary and lavender are also grown, one can hardly say "cultivated," to a vast extent.

The eye has not long been wandering over these broad acres of splendor without the inquisitive mind asking what are they for? Obviously these masses of color are not for ornament. An air of business prevails. The handwriting on these fields requires no interpreter: the imposing word "Profit" stands legible to all. Whence? An agreeable flattery of our most prominent feature suggests the answer. Man is nasal; and the imperiousness of the Schneiderian membrane demanding scents for its gratification, and partly, also, for the suppression or mitigation of stinks, has, in all ages and among all tribes, forced the genius of man to extract perfumes from flowers. When the tribe has been defective in genius of an inventive order it has called in the aid of Barter. At present Europe largely supplies the untutored but not less nasal savage. The subjects of King Dahomey are great importers of lavender-water.

They give us ivory and palm-oil in exchange—"poor, ignorant creatures." In the far West the tribes of the vast prairies, and the ermine-hunters, gladly exchange their best furs for packets of snuff scented with essence of Bergamot, and, by way of combining their pleasures, they eat the snuff. People who have not the stinks of Cologne are eager for the water of the "only genuine" Farina.

The nose having its needs and luxuries, Commerce is but too happy to pander to it. There are many odorous bodies, but none yield their perfumes so easily as flowers. Hence the people of the valley of Cannes have devoted themselves to the production of these perfumes; that is, to their extraction from the flowers. Nature helps them, as she helps the people of Havanna to the propitiation of the "sooty Bacchus."

And how is the process performed? It is partly chemical, partly agricultural: the laboratory stands in the midst of the flower farms. Just as the farmer and the gleaner carry their corn to the miller to have it ground the landholders carry their flowers to the laboratory. Suppose we visit one of these laboratories? That of M. Mero, within a mile of Grasse, may be taken as a type; and M. Mero, with the ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur in his button-hole, stands beside his *char-à-banc* at the door, smiling *gracieux et charmant*. He is only too happy to show us over, and we step into the little carriage, almost feeling that we are conferring the obligation we are receiving. We are driven first to a four-acre field of roses. O cockneys! O my brothers! imagine what a sight. Not half-a-dozen bushes straggling round a mangy grass-plot; not a row of bushes hedging in a gravel path; but millions of buds and blossoms burning over four acres!

We tear ourselves away to enter a jungle of jasmine. You know what a perfume one good jasmine-tree will breathe into the air; imagine a forest of such trees. Then turn into the orange grove, with its voluptuous perfume mingling with that of the violets growing thickly in the shade. We pass from it into the region of the prickly cassia, and the imperial tuberose. Sight and scent stimulate, intoxicate. We are in an unreal world. The very prodigality overpowers us.

M. Mero drives us to his laboratory, and with the perspicuity of a Frenchman—*ce qui n'est pas Français*—explains to us the art and mystery of extracting odors from flowers. Thus illuminated, we can smile with bland superiority on the popular notion (which we entirely forget that we ever entertained) respecting the process. We now know that distillation is not the only, not even the usual process; but in the great majority of cases the odors are isolated by two methods, that of *maceration* and *enfleurage* (*enfleurage*). It is thus that orange, tuberose, acacia, violet, jasmine, rose, jonquil, and others, are treated; and these processes depend on a fact unknown in this country, at least unpublished, until M. Septimus Piesse brought out his work, "The Art of Perfumery." We allude to the



property which pure oil, butter, grease, and fat, have of absorbing the fragrant principle from flowers in contact with them. Fats absorb odors, as a sponge absorbs water. If the fat, thus impregnated, be placed in pure alcohol, or any other spirit, the fragrant principle quits the fat, and we have then the scented spirit which perfumers sell.

Such being the principle, let us now learn the process. The grease—beef suet or lard—is bought, and purified from all animal fibre and sanguineous matters by long boiling in water and nitre. When cold, it is again boiled in rose-water, to which a minute quantity of benzoin gum has been added. It is now allowed to cool and solidify, and is then fit for use. Large quantities of grease are thus prepared during the periods when the flowers are out of season. The grease is enflowered on a frame, very similar to a window-sash, the wood-work being two inches thick, with the glass in the centre; so that when two or more frames are laid together there is space sufficient for the flowers between the glasses. The glass has a layer of pure fat spread over it, each glass requiring about a pound of fat. On this the freshly-gathered flowers are sprinkled, and as there are several hundred frames at work for each kind, the quantity of perfumed grease prepared at once is enormous. When the flowers are spread on the grease, each frame is piled on another, till they amount to forty or fifty. There they remain from twenty-four to thirty-six hours; then the old or spent blossoms are removed and fresh flowers placed upon the grease; and this is repeated until the fat is sufficiently impregnated, when it is scraped off the glass, melted at a low heat, and strained to remove stray petals. It is finally poured into the canisters for preservation and exportation.

Fat may also be perfumed by maceration, *i.e.*, the infusion of the flowers in melted fat, or in cold oil. Some flowers answer best on the enflowering process, others by maceration. Cassia oil is made by simply infusing the fresh-gathered buds in fine olive-oil, changing the flowers by straining till the desired strength be attained. Sometimes, as with the manufacture of violet-scented grease, the enflowering process is first employed, and then the grease is liquefied and fresh blossoms are macerated therein. Whenever flowers are macerated in grease, the color-

ing matter of the pollen and the petals is dissolved; hence, violet grease is green, cassia is yellow, jasmine and tuberose white.

Scented grease is now called pomade, though, strictly speaking, that term designates only *apple* grease. It is a comparatively modern name, and has replaced the old-fashioned "butter." A century ago we spoke of jasmine butter, rose butter, etc., and we find this entry in the Duchess of Grafton's account-book for the year 1765: "Orange butter, 6s." Who does not remember hearing of Lillie, whose "foreign butters" were patronized by fashion and the wits, and whose shop in the Strand was brightened by the presence of Pope and Steele, of Swift and Addison, of Arbuthnot and many others wise and gentle. Lillie is to be heard of in the *Spectator* (No. 358), in the *Tatler* (Nos. 92, 94, 96, 101, 103), and in the *Guardian* (No. 64). He may be still more circumstantially known by his recipe-book, published half a century ago, in which three pages are devoted to the information that "the best orange-flower butter and jasmine butter come from Florence."

But how about distilled essences? we ask M. Mero, at the conclusion of his exposition. He leads us into the distillery, and there we learn that distilled perfumes are not obtained from flowers, but from leaves, seeds, roots, and barks of odor-bearing plants. These contain their odors stored up in minute sacs, whereas the flowers may truly be said to breathe their odors. The perfume is an exhalation, lasting only with the life of the flower. Orange, jasmine, rose, violet, tuberose: indeed nearly all flowers are incapable of yielding by distillation the odors natural to them in life. Orange-flower otto may indeed be distilled from orange blossoms, but who will say that this otto smells like orange flowers? It is the same with otto of roses. The odors procured by enflowering are the very breath of the living flowers condensed. The odors procured by boiling or distillation are the perfumes of the dead. There is a seeming exception in the case of lavender, which, however, chemistry shows to be no exception at all. Distilled lavender yields a perfume which, when sufficiently old, does resemble that of the flower; but it is only by absorbing the oxygen of the air that the distilled lavender acquires this fragrance.

## IN THE MEADOW.

**H**ERE is the rake where I left it, and yonder, down the road,  
I see the oxen plodding along to empty that last great load.

Near half an hour 'twill take them: meantime I'll rest me a bit,  
And try if the sun on my forehead will quicken my tardy wit.

I wish I knew. You rascal Wind! do you reckon it all fair play  
To take a man when he's down, you coward, and blow his hat away?

Here, Rover! fetch it, old fellow! Why, how unwilling to go!  
What do you see in my face, old dog, to make you study it so?



Ah, Rover! when two have lived together, fast friends, so many years,  
A pity if words are needed to tell of either's troubles and fears.

You know as well as I do, now, that something is going wrong:—  
Please God, a glimmer of light may come to set me right ere long!

The meadow yonder is dotted with cows, and just across the lane,  
The fields, as far as eye can reach, are yellow with ripened grain:

While under the hill, on the other side, through the fiery maple leaves  
I see the house and barn, and father unloading the heavy sheaves.

My life, since I can remember, has passed between the three—  
Cattle, and corn, and farm-house chores—what else has there been for me?

Just Rover's existence; eating and sleeping over and over again!  
A little labor added to these, and how is it better then?

Well, well; that troubled me little enough in all the years that are past!  
But boys, from childish words and ways, must waken to men at last.

For now, when the air is all alive with battle's iron hum,  
Each drop of my blood stirs quick to meet and answer the booming drum.

Last June, I know, when Charley Allen came back to us one night,  
Out of the Wilderness, where he fell in the very front of the fight;

Though he had the name of an idle scamp, remembering what we did,  
Not one of us all but thrilled to lay his hand on the coffin-lid!

Three months since; and now there has been, as I thought there was likely to be,  
Another call for soldiers—and why not a call for me?

Why not take my part with the rest, and fight till the thing is done?  
Better that than to stay on the farm and fret out my heart alone.

What right have I to stand aside when the 'listed companies pass?  
Suppose that a snake should twist himself about me here in the grass;

Mighty queer it would seem, I think, when I raised a terrible shout,  
To see the men go on with their reaping and let me fight it out!

No, I could rather, if need there be, die even as Charley died;  
And sleep at last like him in the sun, under the green hill-side:

The bees would be thick in the honey of the blossomed plum in spring;  
And down in the meadows the summer long the mowers' scythes would ring.

It's nothing so hard to lie among the sights and sounds I know,  
Covered with clover, having had my chance at the snaky foe!

The President calls for soldiers to finish up the fight:—  
A few would settle it now he thinks—it's likely he is right.

What! are they through already? Smart work with that heavy load!  
And father has turned the oxen again to drive them down the road.

It's leaving him that troubles me so; indeed it's easily guessed  
What storm will whistle about me, if I make up my mind to enlist!

Well, if he cares for cattle more than country, I must try  
To forget it, and only remember he's not as young as I.

I'm out of my time, and, after all, no son of his, you know:  
It doesn't make him my father because I call him so.

If *he* were alive—my own, I mean—I needn't go alone;  
Long since we'd have marched to battle together, father and son.

But well I know what he'd tell me, this minute, if he could speak:  
No use in beating about the bush—I'll enlist this very week!

Hi, Rover! I feel like another man since setting my mind on that—  
And now perhaps you will help me, Sir, to chase my runaway hat?

There is the team—I must hurry, I see. Come on, you lazy Wind!  
I think I can run as fast as you, with this burden off my mind.



## AFTER PETROLEUM.

"IRVINE!" shouted the conductor on the western end of the yet unfinished Sunbury and Erie Railroad on the evening of Friday the 9th of September. Very un-September-like had been the weather—rainy and dingy and cold—and the traveler to whom Irvine was a destination rose from the dim light, gathered up his shawl and haversack and umbrella, and stepped out on a dark platform and looked about for the town. Not being able to distinguish the town, a form in the darkness was inquired of for the hotel, who, pointing to a distant light, said, "Follow down the track, cross over to that light, and there you'll find it." Going as directed, sinking in mire and stumbling over stones and ruts, the hotel was reached, and found as good as the country affords. It is not worth while to describe these "houses of entertainment." Some are better than others, and if my recollection serves me, some are considerably worse than others. The best are not such as railroad travelers who halt in the large cities are accustomed to. Nobody seems to be aware of their condition, or at least nobody complains. The New York dandy, out prospecting for oil, reaches almost as far for the butter as the backwoodsman who has a "nice thing for sale."

Irvine is the first point on the above railroad, where, coming in from the West, one strikes the Alleghany River. If you wish to see the oil regions thoroughly, and especially if you would form any theory respecting their geological features, involving their probable origin and duration, the best way is to take the Alleghany River down to Oil City, and thence branch off up the creek and its tributaries, until you have gone over the territory up and down from various points. A geologist will find the rock only in few places laid bare. What are locally called "boulders"—which indeed are not boulders of the drift formation, but only large rock fragments fallen from the high hill strata, and washed by the waters which have cut the deep valleys—are found on the borders of all the streams often beneath the soil. These fragments are not interesting except for their beautiful water-marks, and the confirmatory evidence they give of the otherwise perfectly obvious fact, that all the numerous valleys and gorges of the oil region are the result not of volcanic upheaval, but of watery erosion. Wherever the strata are exposed they lie almost horizontally, showing only the slow  $15^{\circ}$  dip S.W., which is hardly apparent to the eye. In some places, especially on the upper shores of the Alleghany and on the banks of the creeks that empty into it, there is possibly a slight anticlinal pitch, which, if real, would show that some little upheaval existed along the water-lines. A cause for this will be suggested further on, and a reason why the streams should follow these upheavals, and why oil is generally found near their banks.

The civil hotel-keeper at Irvine having removed my impedimenta, the first inquiry was

for the means of transportation over the 50 or 60 miles of river that extended down to Oil City. My intention being to see the rocks and wells on both sides of the river, a skiff was the only resource. Nobody knew where a skiff could be bought. One mouth, however, that was emitting clouds of strong tobacco smoke, which rolled from underneath a broad slouched hat, that sat upon the top of a figure curled up and tilted back against the wall, uttered the information that a skiff could be had near the foundry.

Taking the directions, I went out again into the darkness toward a distant object a little blacker than the night, which they told me was a bridge. There was a roar and rush of the current underneath, which could be seen gleaming, or rather glaring, between the loose floor planks, suggesting the idea that the waters of the Big Broken Straw, as they were preparing for their leap into the Alleghany, would have no objection to take a drowned passenger along. The passenger, however, had his own objections, and being wet enough already, managed to get safely over, and safely down between the unfathomed mud of the road and the steep bank which lined the right shore of the creek. Jackson was found, and Jackson had a skiff, the only skiff in town, which he was willing to sell for 8 dollars. I had been informed that the usual price was from 3 to 5 dollars; but gold had risen in this far-away wilderness as well as in the wilds of Wall Street. Moreover, Jackson knew I must have a skiff the next morning, and could get none but his; therefore reasons accumulated why he should ask 8 dollars, and he got it.

In the morning the geological value of railroads was manifest from the front porch of the hotel. In order to shorten a curve, the Sunbury and Erie had cut the bank perpendicularly at the bluff point which divides the Alleghany from its tributary at the promising town of Irvine. The strata of the *Vergent* series, the *Chemung* of the New York geologists, were finely opened for the depth of at least 100 feet. They consisted of gray, blue, and red shales, some soft and some hard, containing a few fossils having the gentle southwest dip, with the almost imperceptible anticlinal lift northwest toward the Big Broken Straw.

Returning from the rocks a sturdy "son of the soil" applied for passage down the river. I engaged him at once, thinking that in the sixty miles of rowing he might prove a valuable companion. He was well acquainted with all the region, and gave me what information he possessed, none of which was of more than momentary advantage. He and all his class were totally unobservant of those points which are necessary to supply a geologist with facts out of which to form a scientific opinion. He knew where to find the swiftest water in going down stream. He had been a raftsman. He knew where the taverns and stopping-places were. He pointed out the locality of noted wells; but he knew nothing about the positions of the best, whether under bluffs or on the flats, what rocks they had



bored to find them, and how much oil they severally produced. I was surprised and vexed at getting so little information on the points I was chiefly inquiring into. My vexation proved me a novice; for now I have seen the whole oil region of Northwest Pennsylvania, I should not be willing to stand a critical examination upon those points myself.

As my fellow-passenger said nothing of bearing his share of the cost of the skiff I handed him the oars, and politely kept him at them through the twenty miles that accomplished his journey. He was a little puzzled by my courteous way of taking for granted that he was exclusive oarsman; but he was good-humored and keen in his way. After mentioning the cost of stage fare to his destination, inquiring how much I gave for the skiff, and otherwise attempting in vain to discover my financial intentions respecting himself, he finally settled to his work with good will, and rowed steadily under the comforting self-assurance that muscle, not greenbacks, would this time pay his way.

Immediately upon leaving Irvine the banks of the river began to show the decaying monuments of many small fortunes ruined. Four years ago, when the first oil excitement arose, labor attempted to emancipate itself from capital. The world-wide struggle burst forth in this then untracked wilderness. Poor men with a few dollars in hand, and a few more borrowed, banded in small parties, resolved to sink oil-wells on their own account, and reap for themselves the splendid gains that generally fall to the rich man's share. These laborers took leases on small fragments of river front, agreeing to pay an eighth, a sixth, a quarter, or even a half of all the oil found, to the land proprietors, as "royalty;" and proceeded without order, system, or forethought to sink their wells. With appliances of the rudest kind they set to work. Cutting down four slim poles of 40 feet in length, they fastened them 10 feet apart at bottom, and 3 at top, raising them in the course of erection to an upright position, and staying them in all directions. This finished was called a derrick, and served for a guide and holder to the heavy drills with which the wells were bored, and as a convenient structure for a "fall and tackle." A strong post 10 feet outside the derrick, heavy and deeply driven into ground, supported the middle of a large timber weighted at the shorter and farthest end, so as to overbalance the drill which was attached to the end projecting to the central point under the derrick. This drill, with a steel-cutting face of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches, was made of heavy iron, connecting above with a stiff rod, on two sides of which were small projections, called, I think, "stirrups," just large enough to take a man's foot. Two drillers stood each with a foot on the "stirrup," and together "kicked down" the drill, turning it by hand as they did so, and then lifting their feet while the weighted end threw up the tool preparatory to another "kick" downward. Sometimes instead of weighting they selected an elastic tim-

ber, fastened the farther end firmly, and let the spring of the wood raise the drill.

Had the oil been found in great abundance near the surface, shallow wells would have been sufficient—such wells as were practicable under the system of the "kicking drill." But good wells lie from 100 to 600 feet deep—both too great for the rude appliances described. Consequently these banded laborers soon expended all their means, and were compelled to give up their works. The general law was again vindicated. To capital belong the enterprises involving risks. Therefore capital must obtain the great gains, as it bears also the great losses.

The low price of oil four years ago—when, indeed, it was worth less than the barrels that contained it—helped the other causes of failure. Now, through the whole oil region abandoned derricks stand rotting slowly down, warning many and attracting more. They warn labor to keep to its own sphere. They attract capital, with the erroneous suggestion that some indications of oil must have existed where so much work was done—indications that can doubtless be followed out successfully by perseverance and sufficient means. In some places this view may be proved correct. But, without other signs, they alone are not enough, because the drillers of those early wells were even more distinguished than present "prospectors" in "going it blind."

Tidionte is the first point in the upper Alleghany where oil is profitably pumped. Neither a geologist nor a "practical" man would express an opinion against the oil-productiveness of other neighboring regions. They may yet develop finely; but hitherto success has not followed enterprise; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that enterprise has not pursued success. Nearly opposite Tidionte are the so-called Economite Wells. Driving the skiff on land and making my way along greasy tracks, through rows of barrels marked "E. O. C.," I saw on the upper bank an untanned, benevolent face, under a broad-brimmed hat, over a figure clothed in blue. Accosting the gentleman, I soon found both intelligence and politeness in operation. In a few moments' conversation he gave me valuable knowledge. The sect in which he held the dignity of Presiding Brother, Patriarch, or some ruling office of another name, were "Economites" only because they had settled a town called Economy. In Germany they were known as Brethren of Harmony. They had separated themselves from the body of Protestants, with "harmony" as the one chief doctrine of their creed. The name indicates most commendable intentions in their founders. Having all things in common, they have doubtless found some little difficulty, within their close and secret precincts, in keeping down the unharmonious elements which the world, the flesh, and the devil are apt to intrude among man-and-womankind. A strong hand undoubtedly rules within, and when strong wills show themselves in the younger members they are proba-



bly crushed, expelled, or placed in power. Thus the Harmonites continue a sect, helped in their isolation by German temperament and their foreign tongue; marrying, though preferring celibacy; and all working industriously for the common enrichment.

A very valuable oil-property is owned by this sect opposite Tidionte. A large oil-spring, *i. e.*, a spring of water in which thick oil rose to the surface, was found near, and doubtless determined the purchase. One well, 120 feet deep, yields 30 barrels a day. The oil is heavier than that of Oil Creek, and brings several dollars more per barrel. Four other wells produce about the same quantity, making 60 barrels a day. This, at even \$10 the barrel, which, for heavy oil, is lower than it is now or may perhaps ever again be, would make them a daily income of \$600. Their property has scarcely yet begun to be developed, and they are now sinking new wells. It is remarkable that the wells of this company are situated at the foot, or rather in the very side, of a steep bluff near the water's edge, a place not generally successful; while the flats opposite, usually most prolific, have not as yet remunerated the proprietors. The Economite wells are none over 120 feet deep, while a well on the flat opposite is now down 600 feet.

A very curious and simple contrivance is resorted to at these wells, one which alone would stamp the owners as true economists. The oil of many wells rises in a yellow or riley condition, and does not then separate readily from the water. Even the best oils have some affinity for the salt-water, with which they have been sleeping for ages far down in the depths of the earth. To facilitate their separation the discharge-pipe from the pump of the largest well is carried into the middle of an upright wooden cylinder, heavily hooped and very stout. The cylinder is about 6 feet high by 2 feet in diameter. Into the top a pipe that carries the exhaust steam from the engine is inserted, which connects with a copper drum in the interior. This of course heats the contents, and facilitates the separation of the oil and salt-water. The oil flows into a tank from an orifice 18 inches below the top of the cylinder; and the water flows off below, through a tube that adjusts the level. The space above the oil-vent gathers the gas, which is more or less pumped out of every well; and this gas is led by another tube to the fire-room, where it is burned for raising steam. Every thing is thus utilized. And as they draw their oil from the top of the tank next the cylinder into the one out of which they barrel, it is obvious that the oil they sell must be in the very best condition.

Half a mile below the Economite property is a well 975 feet deep, drilling under the intelligent superintendence of Mr. David Ralston, for the Tidionte and Alleghany Oil Company. This company, with commendable zeal, is prosecuting its labors with the intention of testing the question of the existence of large oil deposits far

down in the rock. On Oil Creek the strata said to have been found are shale of different colors and different degrees of hardness, with three distinct layers of sand-rock. The sand-rocks there are about 20 feet thick, and lie at the several depths of about 200, 350, and 500 feet. Though oil and gas are found in or under every sand-rock, all the Oil Creek wells are driven down to, or partly, and sometimes wholly, through the third, where alone the great flows have been found. At Tidionte, however, in the deep well referred to, only one sand-rock has been passed through. This lay 150 feet deep, and showed some oil. It was not tested; but the drill, at 440 feet, though still in shale, struck more oil, which was also passed without pumping out; and now enough gas rises whenever the sand-pump is drawn to burn in flame when touched by a lighted match. The drill here, and now generally used in the oil region, has a cutting face of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

Opposite on the right bank of the river, in Lower Tidionte, where Gordon Creek comes in round the upper point of the bluff, are several small wells of lubricating oil producing five or six barrels a day, all of the shallow depth of about 120 feet.

In this and all the oil region what is called the "surface water" is shut off at the first sand-rock at a depth varying from less than 100 to about 200 feet. The surface water is the fresh water that forms the springs of the country. Its volume is sometimes very large; and were it left to run into the wells it would press the oil away so that the pumps would not be able to draw it. Therefore every well is tubed generally with 2-inch gas-pipe. The drill-hole being about four inches, enough room remains between the walls and the tubing for the insertion and pressure down to any depth of the "seed-bag," by which the surface water is excluded. The seed-bag is a simple leather bag containing dry flax-seed, which, fastened to the tube at the point desired, slides easily down in its dry state, and when in position rapidly swells so as to shut the whole orifice and leave the well of oil undisturbed by superincumbent water.

In all good wells the oil is found with, *i. e.*, probably floating on, salt-water. This water evidently has no current, but lies shut up within fixed boundaries. Hence both it and the oil are local products. Whatever their cause and origin they are now where they were originally deposited, or, if they have flowed at all, they have now ceased to flow, having arrived at the point where no outlet leads them further on. Were this not so, much greater irregularity and different peculiarities would mark the yield of the wells.

This may be a fitting place to introduce, and submit for consideration, a theory respecting the formation and deposit of Petroleum, or Rock Oil; or rather of that deposit most fully developed in Northwest Pennsylvania. I submit this theory without claiming any authority for it. The geological facts upon which it is based



are so well known, and stated by so many authors, that no one can be fairly credited with them. They are these. In the Chemung period of the Devonian age an internal sea, with a shore where Southwest New York and Northwest Pennsylvania now are, covered at least the whole middle of the continent of North America. This was the period in which were laid down the rocks that the oil-seekers are now so industriously boring. Limestone is not found; therefore the sea was shallow. Shale alternates with sandstone; therefore mud-flats must have existed with sandy barriers. A similar condition of shore now exists along the Atlantic side of New Jersey. It is altogether probable, as Nature's works always bear resemblance to each other, that the Chemung shores of the early internal sea bore close resemblance to the present New Jersey sand-banks and included marshes. These marshes are thickly covered with a heavy and rank salt grass, which grows sturdily and in great thickness, with its roots well matted with sea-weed. Channels are cut through them in various directions. Remembering now that the earth's crust was then in the Chemung period, we know that the soil of the marshes must have enjoyed at least a tropical heat. The atmosphere, as is well known, was surcharged with carbonic acid gas. Thus we have the three elements necessary for vigorous vegetation, viz., mud-flats, great heat, and plenty of nutriment for vegetable life. It becomes only less than positively certain that large salt-water marshes existed in the Chemung period, and that these marshes were filled with rank salt vegetation. It is further well known that the surface of the ground then, much more than now, underwent the processes of slow or rapid subsidence and uprising. These salt-marshes, throwing up gigantic and fragile weeds, may have been subject to subsidence—not enough actually to destroy vegetation, but only sufficient to draw mature plants under water and keep them there undecayed as water will, and furnish just enough decay at top to feed the new vegetation that would struggle upward. Let this process go on, as a similar one did in the fresh marshes of the coal-formations, and we have the one thing needed for the making of petroleum; viz., a deposit of undecayed vegetable substance, or perhaps many of them separated by water-courses or even sand-banks, the whole extending over large areas, and the separate ones perhaps many miles or possibly hundred of miles in extent. When all this was laid down, and a sufficient depth had been preserved, a sudden subsidence would cause the ocean to burst in the sand-barriers, and, sweeping over the marshes, carry every where a deep burial-covering of sand. This may have been repeated more than once, and layers of salt-marsh vegetation may have underlain every sand deposit. Thus, within walls that effectually excluded the atmosphere, the sea-plants, soft and easily decomposed into their chemical elements, lay waiting for Nature's next act. What was this? What, according to all

analogy, could it have been but the application of the internal heat? This acting powerfully and steadily could not consume these plants, and drive off in vapor the salt-water shut up with them. The sand, now hardening into sand-rock, prevented that. The heat therefore distilled the watery weeds, taking away their form as it extracted the simple carbon and hydrogen which composed them. This carbon and hydrogen sought a new combination, and joining in proportions which chemical laws well know, and which were compatible with the heat of distillation, formed the hydro-carbonic compound now known as Petroleum or Rock Oil. The salt-water took its place beneath the oil, and the gas, which high heat also at the same time evolved, rose over both oil and water. The same heat that distilled the oil operated with some force upon the sand; and while helping its formation into rock at the same time cracked it in every direction. These cracks probably have some yet undiscovered general trend or bearing. That point is worth careful study. Now, however, it is only necessary to note the fact of the cracks or crevices. The attraction of gravitation, or the weight of the sand-rock would, after the distillation of the oil, press down into the liquid mass. Hence the gas and oil and water would rise into every crevice and run through all the sand-rock wherever a crack, vertical, inclined, or horizontal, small or large, could be found.

It is quite possible, at the time of the distillation of the oil, that gas in large quantities may, in some places, have been evolved. This, by its expansive force, would act powerfully against the overlying rock crust. If at any place that crust should yield, it would be lifted so as to make folds in the surface. In some places it might even crack without breaking through the surface of upward folds. These cracks extending far over the previous level would be seized by the waters then again submerging the land, and made into channels for their currents. When again the uprising land emerged from the ocean these channels would be the beds of streams. For ages running along these beds, carrying off the vast volumes of drainage waters incident to those wet eras, these streams would cut deep beneath the surface, while the debris from the upper strata, cut off by frosts and subordinate erosions, would fall down the banks.

The river valleys of the whole oil region are valleys of erosion; and whenever anticlinal in character, *i. e.*, when the rocks on either side pitch away from the line of the stream, it is at least probable that their original course may have been determined by the causes above named. If so, the same force must have made cracks in the rocks below, and especially in those of hard and solid texture, which would not bear compression. These lower cracks are penetrated by drilling for oil in or near the banks of streams.

In boring now these underground cracks of the hard or the sand rocks are penetrated, some-



times at their tops, where the compressed gas being confined it alone escapes, sometimes just below at the oil level. In this case it often happens that the confined gas reacting against the oil drives it out of the well in volumes or jets, making what is called a flowing well, *i. e.*, a well that yields oil without pumping. Again, the drill may strike at the lower part of the crevice, where the salt-water lies, which must all be pumped out before oil. A paper in the *American Journal of Science*, September, 1864, treats of these crevices in a very clear and scientific manner. A reader desirous of fuller explanations may with profit read that article.

There may be one objection to the above view respecting the origin of petroleum. It may be said that fossils, the one proof of geological facts and the one basis of sound scientific theorizing, are wanting—we do not find remains of the grass of salt-marshes. The answer is, that analogy can no more be discarded from geological science than from any other branch of knowledge. We know that the coal was deposited in a similar way. Of that there is ample proof from fossils. A theory, therefore, which accounts for existing phenomena, and accords with the facts of another well-known and similar natural production, can hardly be overthrown for want of fossils, especially as none of the oil deposits are found so near the surface that we can get at the fossils; while the distillation probably so effectually destroyed the form of the soft, watery plants that no remains of them could reasonably be expected now to exist.

The banks of the Alleghany preserve a varied uniformity all the way down. High bluffs, always wooded and very seldom showing the rock, run now on one side close to the stream and very steep, with opposing flats beneath an opposite remoter bluff, or a gently rising broken slope. The river winds continually, sometimes as at Tidionte, taking a duly westward course. At intervals the bluffs break suddenly, opening for creeks and small water-courses, and not unfrequently deep depressions run away perpendicular to the course of the stream over the crests of the hills. Some persons say that these gorges and breaks indicate the course of the subterranean crevices in the rocks, and are good guides in locating wells. Facts, however, are too few as yet to warrant any fixed rules for the guidance of practical enterprises.

Tionesta was the point chosen for a Saturday night stopping and a Sunday rest. Thirty miles in a skiff, although down stream and with an oarsman more than half the way, produced in a novice some weariness and a little heat of hands. It was dark before the destination was reached, and when found was not attractive. Grounding on shore in the darkness, and pulling out of the current the four rough boards slightly nailed together, and not very symmetrically formed, which in that country they call a skiff, I followed a light and asked for the hotel. Bailey from Maine, the smiling landlord, took me in, assured me that nobody would steal

my skiff before Monday morning, gave me a warm supper and a good bed, and in every way cheerfully ministered as best he knew to my comfort.

Now I had reached the outskirts of speculation. Plenty of 1860 wells lifted their black derricks all around, and there were excellent traditions of their productiveness. At the hotel three cliques of New Yorkers were found, every one distinct in enterprise and all full of high expectation. As examples of the stories to travelers here are two. An island of not thirty acres lately sold for \$40,000. Seven and a half acres on it later sold for \$45,000. Nine acres of main land, near the bridge on left bank Tionesta Creek, at \$7000 per acre. I say nothing of these prices. Men have their own heads to keep their own purses.

One thing surprised me here and through the whole oil region. Though on Pennsylvania soil New Yorkers control the speculations, and own largely in the land. You meet almost literally New Yorkers alone wherever you travel; and, most remarkable circumstance of all, and quite amusing, was a large full map—topographical, geological, and isothermal—of New York in the hotel at Oil City; while maps of Pennsylvania, and especially of the oil regions, could neither be bought, borrowed, nor begged. Some small New Yorkers are going to be badly *swallowed up*—"taken in" doesn't express it—by the big fish, with their grand schemes. But if little fish will swim in deep water they must take the consequences.

From Tionesta down unmistakable proved oil territory begins to appear. Much more may lie above, but it wants full proving yet. The bluffs and flats, the gorges and forests, the windings and the ripples, the wild shores, and the deer hunters waiting for deer, driven by their hunting dogs out in the woods, to take the water. These were the pictures that mingled with abandoned derricks as the skiff floated solitarily down stream.

"Hemlock" once, now the more ambitious town of *President*, was the natural place to dine. Rounding inshore with a handsome sweep, which my boyish sports had taught me how to make, the admiration of a smiling, intelligent-looking, plainly-dressed man in gray was elicited. "You have been on the water before," he said. Returning him a grateful look for the compliment, I replied politely as he boated and I took the shore.

I little thought when I exchanged a few words with and parted from the young man in gray, that he was one of the sudden millionaires of the land. Three brothers, with educations obtained at a Western Commercial College as their only capital, came into this oil region four years ago. Now they hardly know what they are worth. In lands undeveloped and already productive they count up many hundreds of thousands. The celebrated Heydrick Wells of the Alleghany River bear their name. It is their boast that any bargain either makes, however it may seem



to their common disadvantage, all will ratify, bond or no bond.

Below President the wells thicken, and 300 feet is their usual depth. Their yield increases steadily. Some have flowed, one as much as 250 barrels per day. Many are pumping now from 6 to 60 barrels daily. The proved oil property extends from a few miles below President, growing better as you round Heydrick, Pit-hole, and Walnut Bends, until you begin to approach Oil City. The improved above and below may be equally good, but their capacity is as yet unknown and doubtful.

Oil City! Any city after such a wilderness! My fancy painted me a resting-place. Not home, indeed, but cleanliness and comfort entered into my expectations. But, alas! I had parted with those little travelers' trifles. The last of them faded with the Langstaff greeting, and the Langstaff farewell. At the end of fifty miles there had been found one abundant table, with even the luxury of snowy napkins, and the cheer of a domestic circle, forced by surrounding pressure "to take in boarders." Fresh from this oasis, I looked forward hopefully, after another weary row, for the green things, and the sweetness of a city's comforts. I didn't find many green things, unless some of the buyers were verdant; and as to sweetness, let us wait until we land.

It was not an easy thing to land at Oil City. In the first place, it was difficult to tell where the city lay. After a survey, the dirty shanties on the muddy right bank, along which were moored black and slippery oil scows, were thought to indicate the outskirts of the town. Asking for the Petroleum House, I was pointed to a low, dingy, but comparatively extensive, once white structure, hugging the bluff at the mouth of the creek. The rains had made the current strong; but putting my oars in position and myself in place, I prepared to show my power over the rushing waters. But in fact the waters showed their power over me, and catching me under a sloping scow bow, entered my skiff at will. This difficulty conquered, I pulled on further; but taking my bearings the Petroleum House still kept far away, and I pulled for a scow and landed. Driving a quick trade with a jolly boatman, who lent me a hand, he became full owner of my eight-dollar skiff, and I the owner of three dollars in greenbacks.

So my skiff journey was over, and city and hotel comforts were to intervene before the horseback part of the journey would begin.

I landed. Oh! is this Oil City? Whew, what smells so? Nothing but the gaseous wealth of the oily region. But pigs, mud, no sidewalks! Ah, but you are on the bank yet. Business can not afford to wash the ways down which oil barrels run, nor to scrub their leaky sides. Wait until you reach the main thoroughfare, the grand promenade, the fashionable street of the place. I waited. That is, I walked between wells and oil yards, barns and pens, along the slippery way, keeping my bearings as I could, and aiming for the Petroleum House front. I found

the main street, the promenade, the leading thoroughfare. It was bare of trotting buggies. It was bare of handsome carriages. It was not at all dusty. Up one side rose a ledge of shale rocks, crowned on top with the "primeval forest." At its immediate foot ran the street. No, it didn't run. It couldn't run. Neither could it stand still. It was just too thick for water, and wholly too thin for land. Horses dragging heavy teams with a few barrels of oil sank below their knees, and tugged on. Horsemen, booted to the middle, floundered this way and that. The narrowest plank walk filled with hurrying men, muddy and eager, pushed by. A slip of a team horse, and his effort at recovery, sent the liquid, oily, earthy mixture of the street in showers among the walkers. Every body was used to it. I tried not to look like a novice. I looked upward at the green just under the clouds. My breath drew in the sweetness of the manifold combinations around. One silent oil well stood, unpumped and locked, just at the point of the bluff where the up-creek mud ran into and made one muddle with the mud of the town. That well flows, and has flowed for years, 15 barrels daily. One man owns it. \$150 per day it gives him of income. All he has to do is daily to go in and take it. The region near, however, shows many abandoned derricks. Immediately around Oil City well digging had not proved on the whole profitable.

At the Petroleum House the landlords give their guests their best attention. Cleanliness in such a mud-hole is a simple impossibility. The food was good, the rooms quiet, and the beds clean. Any man that wants more had better not try this region.

Next day it rained. Oh! one might look out, and one might look in. Mud was outside, and not outside alone. Damp was outside, and it wouldn't stay outside. Having taken cold already from unusual exposure, a chill was in the atmosphere, and a chill was in my bones. My doctor had sent me into the fields among the rocks in hope of restoring a constitution shattered by a too sedentary life, and brain somewhat overworked. This was a little more than the doctor had prescribed. Nursing was out of the question. I couldn't conveniently get sick; therefore I resolved I wouldn't, and I didn't.

Next morning the sun shone. Early on horseback, with an umbrella and a shawl, inclosing a box of paper collars, strapped to the saddle, I was prepared for a three days' excursion up Oil Creek. Taverns, I was told, were scattered all along. Derricks, I was also told, were thick as ships' masts in New York docks. The great oil elephant would soon exhibit to me his huge body. His legs and trunk only reached round to and up the Alleghany.

The sun was warm, and though the clearing had been at night instead of the morning, which weather-wise acres say is a bad sign, I made up my mind for a warm ride, and for such wholesome perspiration as would drive out the cold got in the skiff on the Alleghany. It required



good horsemanship to get safely out of town. A wagoner, driving his team up the hillocks and down the holes which underlie the apparent dead level of the soft road under the bluff, assured me for my comfort that up the creek the roads were worse yet. The assurance produced more curiosity than dismay. I became at once hopefully interested in the sight of roads worse than the streets of Oil City.

A wide flat extended at my right. The creek coming rapidly down made a sweep at the right bank, and washed the very foot of the bluff, along which the road held its slippery way. Beyond the creek lay the first flat of the valley, and as the scenery of the whole region was like its opening, a person who has noticed the external features for half a mile from its mouth has seen whatever is striking and peculiar in it all. The bluffs, generally high and steep, lie close to the river bank, now on one side and now on the other. Their line is generally curved, and they frequently break down suddenly into sharp gorges, which are succeeded just beyond by a new bluff line. Occasionally they sink gradually to low points; in which case corresponding low points, sometimes slightly overlapping, begin a new rise and new order of semi-precipices. At the curves of the bluffs, sometimes at their feet, but more frequently on the opposite sides of the creek, wide flats extend. These flats for miles are covered with black derricks, some silent, and some bearing the unceasing pump, which, with a steady "clip, clip," raises the odorous oily wealth from the secret caverns below. The whole aspect is as unattractive as any one with a prejudice for cleanliness, a nose for sweet smells, and a taste for the green of country landscapes can well imagine. Every thing you see is black. The soil is black, being saturated with waste petroleum. The engine-houses, pumps, and tanks are black, with the smoke and soot of the coal-fires which raise the steam to drive the wells. The shanties—for there is scarcely a house in the whole seven miles of oil territory along the creek—are black. The men that work among the barrels, machinery, tanks, and teams are white men blackened. Some, I afterward learned, were millionaires looking out for their own properties, and enjoying in imagination, for they could not in fact, the "clean money" they were heaping together. Through all this dismal scenery horsemen were riding hither and thither, generally alone, though occasionally in small groups. By the questions put to you in return, when inquiries were made at wells about their depth, the rocks bored through, the water-courses struck, and the "shows of oil and gas," it was apparent what all these horsemen were after. Nearly every man above the grade of laborer, after answering geological inquiries, asked, or looked like asking on his own account, if you didn't want to buy a "nice thing." Even the trees, which timidly clung to the sides of the bluffs, wore the universal sooty covering. Their very leaves were black. Only up toward the sky under the clouds, away along the tops of

rocks, could the verdure of nature be seen. All below was in sombre clothing, except the sparkling creek, which rattled along its shallow bed. This in the sunlight glittered not like a silver thread in a setting of jet, as a poet would imaginatively assert, but in fact like one vast moving string of opal. The wasted oil from numberless wells floated over its whole surface, and spreading thinly out from bank to bank, reflected in changing beauty, from every ripple and wave, an exquisitely subdued brilliancy of rainbow hues. Up against this gorgeous stream, wholly oblivious of their vile contrast, struggled square, black, oily scows, filled with greasy, "loud smelling" barrels, drawn by horses harnessed as to a team on land, which walked knee-deep in the every where fordable water, and were driven by muddy oily men.

The production of the oil region, I found upon inquiry, was very variable. Abandoned wells were far more numerous than working ones. The reason given is that old leases stand in the way of improvement. The lessees having exhausted their means four years ago, can not work their wells, and others will not until the old leases shall have been extinguished. Some who claim to know say that the whole oil product on the creek does not increase; because new wells striking into old crevices reduce the amount of old wells as much as they themselves produce. It is certain that great oil strikes are no longer looked for. The flowing wells, some of which once yielded thousands of barrels daily, have now all fallen down either to a few hundreds, a few tens, or have even sunk to the order of the pumping class. The pumps draw from half a barrel daily up to about eighty, varying, however, continually. In general there is a diminution of production; though sometimes a sudden falling-off is succeeded by a partial recovery. On the whole, however, the business is steadily getting out of the hands of those who with small means are making haste to get rich, into those of persons who have capital with which to "hold on;" and energy, skill, and perseverance, with which to make the most and the best of knowledge and opportunity.

Turning to the left, about four miles up, my horse's head pointed up Cherry-tree Run, a branch of Oil Creek, which comes in from the northwest. Here I found only experimental wells. Cherry Run, on the other side of the creek, coming in from the northeast, is now the centre of speculation and enterprise. It is thought more promising than the creek itself. But this northwest branch has as yet been taken only by speculators. No wells of importance had early in September been sunk in it. Why it should not prove as productive as any other portion of the vicinity no geologist can say, for its features above ground are certainly like the rest. But well-boring is a venture. If you have a well, you have it; if you haven't a well, you haven't it: and that is all one positively knows. More careful observation may afford data hereafter out of which science may form



safe rules for locating oil wells; but facts are too few as yet. Therefore, readers, don't buy into merely "promising" companies for investment. Speculate any where; only be ready to bear pecuniary loss, and risk the moral consequences. There are some prizes, though they are getting few and small, with many and large blanks.

Two miles from the mouth of Cherry-tree Run one old well was down, not yielding, and two new ones were sinking. Riding up to inspect the débris and to question the driller, I was surprised at the sight of a nice-looking, tidy, and intelligent woman, with a key at her girdle. If I had met her in some wealthy mansion I should have had no difficulty in recognizing the easy, affable, and self-confident housekeeper. Her very aspect was suggestive of plenty and contentment. I looked all round the woods, but saw no signs of mansion, with its assurance of a well-stocked larder and comfortable promise of forks of silver, napkins and cloth of linen, with covers containing whatever a hungry traveler might desire. There was a shanty away in the woods, toward which the hospitable matron was soon picking, not *wending*, her way, through brush and stumps, after promising respecting dinner "to do the best she could." Nor was this a little; for perfect cleanliness pervaded table, bureau, chairs, and stove, the furniture of the one room of the shanty; and out of the store-house corner of the rough plank vestibule came forth meat and vegetables, which were soon smoking in savory stew. The father of the hostess had been an "Edinburgh gentleman," and her mother an "English lady of Scotch descent." She and her man were Scotch. He had been some years in this country, and four years in the oil region. Although he had found and located for other people some of the best wells on Oil Creek, he had not been fortunate in the selections he had made for himself. At least his own leases had not been profitable to himself, though others who had bought him out were now in a fair way to make money.

He was a burly, open-hearted Scot, full of conversation, and a wizard as well. He did not seem to know or care much for geological science; but if any man wanted to put down a well he could tell him where to locate. I was all attention at once. This was the practical problem I would like to solve. Once solved, the uncertainty of the pursuit of oil would be removed. It would at once take rank and position among the law-governed affairs of business. He informed me that it was a peculiar gift, this power of his. Some others had it, but not many. He knew at that moment where four wells could be sunk, two of which would produce 50 barrels every day, and two others 25. I was all eagerness to learn the secret; but it proved to be the mystery of the witch-hazel.

Some are wizards; and this is the way with their divining rod: they cut a crotch of the hazel, plum, or peach, with its two legs long and slender. Their extreme points are held in either hand, in the palms beneath the ends of

the closed fingers. The insides of the wrists are then turned upward, and the thumbs outward. The point of the crotch is held near the breast, inclined very slightly from you. Thus armed and equipped the wizard walks over the land. Water-courses sometimes trouble him; for the "witch-hazel" is also a revealer of springs. But he professes to have learned the different effects upon his rod of oil or water-attraction. None but a very novice would now mistake the one for the other. Whenever an oil crevice is passed over down goes the point of the crotch, and the force and manner of the down-turning indicate the size and depth of the deposit. A wonderful story is told about the distinguished oil man, Mr. Phillips. He was about to locate a well when a wizard drove a stake for him. He laughed at the man; but having no better place to choose actually drilled down at the wizard's stake. Finding there one of his largest flowing wells he became a convert, and ever after has called in the aid of one of the gifted ones. Not having met Mr. Phillips I can not confirm the story. It is given as part of fully believed traditions of the oil region.

Dinner for man, but no oats for horse! Up the valley we went a little further to see more land, and, if practicable, feed the horse. A new well was found that had spouted vigorously when first struck, and was now receiving pump-rods. By the side of the new well was met a prospective millionaire. A young farmer, with land near by for sale, was eloquent upon the "show" the new well had made. He was just my man. A little study of human nature would afford agreeable relief after that of rocks and oil-veins. He was in age somewhere near the third ten. His homestead was a tumble-down log-house; but some of his farm having already been sold he had a cash balance on hand, and a "mighty pile" looming in his fancy. He took me to see some of the promising places he had for sale. On Fox Run, a brook coming into Cherry-tree from the west, he had thirty acres of "excellent oil lands." An old well at the mouth of the brook had made a "fine show." Success was sure. Any borer could make his fortune. All he asked for the whole thirty acres was \$75,000. He thought I was in fun when I proposed he should make it round numbers, and ask \$100,000. But there was an evident struggle in his mind when he found I was not a purchaser, between a doubt of my joking intention and a benevolent design of intimating to him that he could have got more for the asking. After chatting with him and two stragglers in for half an hour in the shelter of an unfinished shop, building in preparation for the expected influx of speculators and new well-borers, I had obtained all the information and amusement I desired. Going out with directions how to reach Oil Creek over the intervening hills, I went to where I had tied my horse. The heavy, prone trunk of the tree was there, but the horse was not.

Having sat near the open door which com-



manded the homeward road, it was certain that the horse had not gone that way. Looking up the hill that led into the woods I saw him, as I supposed, some fifty yards away. Bidding my merry speculating farmer a cheerful good-by, I walked on to secure my horse, so as to lose no more time in seeing the rest of the wonders. On arriving where my horse seemed to be, but was not, I noticed a very singular rotten stump, that, damp with the many showers of the day, then glistened in the treacherous sunlight. It was a reddish-brown stump, large, and inclined, but not a bright bay horse. The animal had gone this way, for his fresh tracks were visible in the wet, untraveled cart-track. Having had only the experience of thickly-inhabited regions, I pushed on cheerfully, rather pleased with the walking exercise after so many hours on horseback, and expecting every moment to come to some farmhouse and barn, where I made no doubt my horse would be found asking for oats. He had given me several evidences during the day of having a will of his own, and I had fallen into the natural error of mistaking that quality for intelligence. I should not have fallen into this error with a man, but when a horse turned readily backward and looked sharply at the only shanty barn we had passed, I was, I think, excusable in giving him credit for intelligence, and supposing that he knew my dinner-hour ought to have coincided with his own. As I seemed to have forgotten him, he had started off dinner-hunting on his own account. I walked, and walked, and walked, until the novelty of the exercise had quite worn off. On went my horse's fresh tracks, and on I went after them. The warm sun became overclouded. One of those floating masses of vapor which with silver edges shut out the rays of heat, surcharge the atmosphere suddenly with cold, and pour down not drops, but heavy streams of water, came on overhead. The day had witnessed many of those showers, but thus far I had managed to take them under shelter. This time the slight protection of the forest was all I could obtain; but this did not save my weariness from the added discomfort of damp and cold. To my delight, as the rain was ceasing a boy came toward me riding my horse. It was the same horse and the same saddle, but my shawl and umbrella had been evidently lost off. With it had gone my three days' baggage. I went toward the boy very gratefully, determined to be very generous in remuneration. The nearer I got the more I was sure of my horse. The boy, however, did not seem to understand my thanks. He had just taken the horse from his father's stable, near Cherry-tree. His father had raised the horse. It was just three years old. The evidence began to go against me. Recovery was removed into the distance. Hope fled! The boy hadn't even seen my horse.

But Cherry-tree was not far off, and on I went. Cherry-tree mill—nobody had seen a stray horse. Cherry-tree tavern—the horse was not standing at the barn asking for oats, like

the sensible horse I had given him credit for being. Nobody had seen him at the tavern. Cherry-tree blacksmith-shop—two teams, a broken wagon mending, a horse or two waiting, village loafers hanging round. Nobody had seen a stray horse! I thought myself by this time thoroughly worn out. To walk further seemed less desirable than to part with a considerable proportion of the greenbacks in my pocket. I gave up the horse in despair, and offered any price to be taken where I could find any public conveyance to Oil City. The horse and fixtures—saddle, bridle, shawl, umbrella, and paper collars—might find themselves. I wouldn't look for them any longer. A general laugh greeted my expressions of dismay and weariness. It was a sympathetic, not a derisive laugh, and I joined in it. The laugh was refreshing. It encouraged me, and I walked a quarter of a mile further on. Going that quarter of a mile, I saw distinct signs of oil in a capital place for a well, and at the end of it came to the end of Cherry-tree. There stood the grocery store—it also was full of loungers. Nobody had seen my horse; and there was no horse in all the neighborhood that could be obtained for love or money—both which commodities I offered to dispense freely. The green-horns grinned at one another, and laughed sympathetically at me, as I threw myself on the counter in as comfortable a position as I could improvise, and declared I couldn't and wouldn't go any farther.

Hope having entirely fled at the grocery store I trudged back to the tavern and lay down on a bench. Soon a team drove up from the blacksmith-shop. The driver had there met me and heard me relate my misfortune. He couldn't possibly drive his team back to Oil Creek, but for three dollars would ride one of his horses bare-back and give me the other blanketed, and thus we might reach a point where a stage or something else could take me to Oil City. Mounted on a raw-boned iron-gray, with the gait of an ox and the head of a locomotive, we set out. In went the sun, and down came the cold water. I thought I never saw or heard of a cloud so small that could rain so much. There was no help. It began to draw toward evening as we drew nigh to Ryndville. Some boys had seen just my horse, bundle and all; and doubtless the Ryndville tavern-keeper had him. The last mile was comforted. Descending from the gray-skinned skeleton on the cold door-step of the Dutch tavern, I gave the Dutch teamster his three dollars, and turned to the Dutcher landlord, asking confidently for my horse. He had not seen a stray horse. Nobody had seen a stray horse.

"Had the stage gone down to Oil City?"

"Long ago. No other until morning."

I looked in at the dirty bar-room and the fireless stove. I looked further into the filthy eating-room. I looked up at the open windows of the damp and cheerless chambers. I was sure the sheets were oily, and I had been told



that petroleum was not an exterminator of red-jacketed night-walkers. It was impossible to stay there. One nice, comfortable house was in the village. I *put* for it. The door from the yard opened into the eating-room. A warm fire was burning in the stove. Cleanliness pervaded the apartment. A long table was set out, loaded with clean food, with meat, and hot, smoking griddle-cakes up and down. I was overjoyed at the prospect of refreshment. I wished to be as delicate as possible in my hints, and yet let my plight be known. I therefore mentioned my unfortunate loss of my horse, and my inability to get on further, as neither public nor private conveyance could be obtained. When I had done speaking the side of a sharp face on the lank figure of a man in broadcloth turned up, and partly toward me, from before one of those smoking piles of hot cakes.

"Boarding houses there," he said, pointing with his finger.

Out I went into the deepening twilight, where the rain was beginning again to fall. Out to grocery stores, shanties, any thing, any where, in search of a horse or lodgings. Neither could be found, and I wandered to the bank of the creek, where the belated horsemen were passing toward Oil City. I hailed a young man who looked as if he knew the neighborhood.

"Excuse me, Sir." He reined up his horse.

"Can you tell me if any Christians can be found near here?"

He called to his companion, with a suppressed smile on his face:

"John, do *you* know of any Christians about here?"

John thought there was one on the Tarr farm about a mile up across the creek, who kept a tavern, and bore the name of Burroughs. Off I started, but found I could not possibly get on further. Some premonitory symptoms in the head warned me not to attempt more walking and fasting. The case was desperate. I dragged myself back to the comfortable house. Going in I saw the table, but the cakes had all disappeared.

"Sir, I have come to ask charity. I can not find my horse, I can not get another. I am faint, hungry, and wet. I can get no decent accommodations in the village, and I can walk no farther."

"I can't turn any body out. Come in."

I went in, I sat by his fire, I ate his supper. My confidence in Providence was vindicated. A boy who had found my horse just beyond the bend in the road where it forked away from the village of Cherry-tree had followed me up, and found me. He demanded five dollars for his trouble, got it, hitched the foolish beast who had lost his dinner, and I went back to my host. A gentleman from Ohio in the house had been very talkative, gave me some valuable practical information, for which in return I gave my theory about the formation of petroleum, and my opinion of its probable continuance. But my host said

hardly a word. Of course I offered pay for my supper. "He didn't charge any thing."

Thanking him, and getting directions to guide me in the darkness, I mounted my horse again and pushed on up the creek among the black skeletons, under the dismal bluffs, and through the soft winding roads of the dark flat. Coming down from a high turn in the road, I found myself with high banks on the right and left, and before me the wide rushing stream on which the clouded moon was spreading a few spare beams. My horse was a small horse. The surface of the water was smooth. I feared it was deep. Just then far away in the dimness, halfway to the opposite shore, a large black object, evidently an oil scow, went floating by. An upright outline in the stern, and another in the bow, might be men or might be boys. I ventured a hail. "Can I ford the creek here?" "Yes!" came clearly over the water, and in I went. Not literally, for my horse went in, and only my boots in the stirrups went in also. We got safely over. We were landed at the Tarr farm. It was thick with shanties, engine-houses, pumps, and derricks. But the horse picked his way. Lights began to appear in the distance. The large whiteness of Burrough's tavern loomed lightly in the cloudy, rainy moonshine. I was approaching the public house of the Christian man. My day's adventures were about closing. Rest for man and beast drew near and nearer. At last I dismounted at the tavern door. Burroughs answered my summons, and replied to my request for entertainment,

"Not a bed or bench in the house unoccupied! Not a seat at table! Not one stall for a horse!"

"Is there any other public house here?"

"None."

"Can I be accommodated any where?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"What shall I do?"

"Indeed I can not say."

A young man out in the darkness heard the conversation. "Perhaps Potter will take him;" and off he shot. I followed the light of his cigar, and soon heard a shout, "Potter!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"Can you take a horse for the night?"

"Yes, send him over to the cow stable."

I rode toward the sound and found the cow stable. Potter took in my horse.

"Now for the man, what can you do with him?"

Several lanterns threw light on both Potter and myself. He gave me a searching look, saw I was not a peddler, and said he would do the best he could for me.

Potter was a teamster who drove loaded scows up-stream to the lower end of the unfinished Oil Creek Railroad. He lived in a shanty on the Tarr farm, and was making money. His nice little wife and hospitable mother-in-law made me much more comfortable than I could have been at the tavern. I was warmed and dried at the cooking-stove. My boots were stowed away in a warm place for the night. An obliging



man gave up his bed to me. The women, all kindness and attention, made it up with clean sheets, and I was soon repairing damages in sound slumber.

The next morning the sun shone in earnest. I rode my horse all day, stopped at the remarkable wells, ending with the Noble, that silently and alone pours out between four and five hundred barrels every day and Sunday too.

Over the hills to Plumerville! Why do the borers for oil cling along the banks of the rivers and creeks? A geologist would give a reason connected with the fracturing of the crust, and the original direction given to the first water-courses, why wells should be sunk near rivers. But he would also say that crevices might be caused by the shrinkage cracks made when the sand and mud were hardening into rock by the same heat which distilled the oil from the vegetation of the salt-marshes; and these crevices are doubtless under the hills which separate the rivers. In riding across from the head-waters of one creek to those of others I saw what seemed fair oil signs, and heard some rumors of intended prospecting, far up and far inland.

Plumerville is above the head of the developed oil region of Cherry Run. On this stream some valuable flowing wells have been struck—one, the Reed, said to be now (September) flowing two hundred and fifty barrels daily. Others are flowing steadily, and many pumping profitably. Derricks and drillers are getting thick; and here, as on Oil Creek, they will doubtless soon begin to tap each other's deposits, and finally bring all down to a low average of productiveness. Those who know will make money here, but those who follow with little knowledge will run some risk of being "cleaned out."

The celebrated Humboldt refinery lies below Plumerville—the best appointed and largest refinery in the region. Some of its crude oil is carted, and much spilled on the way, as the oil-covered puddles in the road evince. But much also is pumped over the hill from the Tarr farm in tubes. The Ludovici Brothers evidently have both capital and skill. They too are boring for oil, but not yet successfully.

Rouseville lies at the junction of Oil Creek and Cherry Run. It is a village of shanties. But a pair, at least, of young ladies live there, who know how to sport jaunty hats, and to take young gentlemen in tow. They took the mud and the occasional planks as if they were used to them; and accepted the escort of the youth, who was speedily tired of my questions, with all the ease of Broadway promenaders. Many old wells were in Rouseville; some daubed with a petroleum paint, and the engine-house of one containing, in rough letters, this legend, half fun and half disappointment, "Oil or China!"

Wells had here been tried on the hill, and oil found at the same level with the wells along the creek. Many new derricks were going up, and much confidence is felt there that, adding on the rise of the hill, oil will be found at corresponding depths with the wells in the valley.

Refineries are scattered all along the creek. They are not particularly new or interesting. Near one Mr. St. John, of Oil City—from whom much valuable information was obtained, and whose courtesy I would thankfully acknowledge—showed me an experiment in progress by which a failing well was in course of resuscitation. It is the theory that old wells become impaired by paraffine, a kind of thickened oil, which, adhering to the rocks and tubes, prevents the free flow of the oil. It is important to soften this. A three-quarter-inch pipe was in this case sent down nearly to the bottom of the well, the upper end being attached to the boiler. By its side an inch discharge-pipe was also put down, the top of the well being stuffed by a seed-bag. The steam drove oil and water out of the discharge-pipe; but the seed-bag not making a tight-joint, the whole contents of the well boiled up against it, and penetrated even to the top of the ground.

The patent Crocker Blower is another contrivance for reviving old wells, and particularly for renewing the flow in those that have stopped. This is a simple air-pump, which forces air at great pressure, and of course heightened temperature, down the orifice of a well. This air passes through the oily deposit in a tube fitted for the purpose, and driving up a discharge-pipe, creates a vacuum, which helps the weakly expanding gases below in driving out the oil. Perhaps some of this air may find its way to the tight compartment in the crevice where the gas is confined, and help it, by its own expansion, in ejecting the oil. The blower has been successful at the Empire-well, but both are as yet experiments.

How do the *gentlemen* live in those oily regions?

If the ladies could look in upon them they would see what unkempt savages the men become when they go beyond the limits of home and the boundaries of society. Without much attention to style they congregate, eat, and sleep; speculate, talk oil, and sometimes talk other things more flippantly than wisely. It is bad at any time and any where for men to leave their wives and children, and gather together hasting to get rich. Among the thousands around Oil Creek there is room for improvement, socially and morally. Swearing is as common as in the army. Yet they are a cordial and jovial set, full of frolic and mischief as school-boys, intending harm to no one, and very attentive to strangers. Information upon any subject is given courteously; and when satisfied of your own gentlemanly instincts and intentions they will do any thing in reason to serve you. You sit with them at table. You visit them in their offices. You walk about their works. They make no stranger of you. You take them as you find them. They attempt neither concealment nor apology. The good and the bad in them are equally prominent. They wish for the comforts and refinements of home circles, but they can not think of subjecting their wives to their own discomforts. Ev-



ery one hopes to make a speedy fortune, and take it away. Meanwhile they are running heavy risks. Men are fearful mutual tempters. Perhaps the evils can not be remedied. But every wife and sister had better call home as often as practicable their beloved.

Oil City once more! The same oily city!

Southerly lie the oil regions improved, but rapidly undergoing trial: the Lower Alleghany, Dark Hollow, East Sandy, French Creek, the Clarion River, and even a creek far down in the bituminous coal regions, above the coal deposit. This last, if a true oil-field, must be anew accounted for. Its deposit may result from other causes than those found in the Chemung Rocks. There are peculiarities about the Virginia oil-fields well worth notice; and if oil should be found in Eastern Kentucky or Tennessee a geologist would not be surprised.

There in the future science will hunt, labor will develop, and adventure may be met.

### ALMOST DIVORCED.

ONE would not guess they had ever a difference in their lives, just to see Mr. and Mrs. Puffer jogging along comfortably together in the same straight-backed green wagon, drawn by the same pumpkin-and-milk horse which took them home on the first day of their honey-moon; or, if not the very same horse, one precisely like it. Neither would one think it to see them of a Sunday—he in his sky-blue swallow-tailed coat, and she in her invisible green pongee silk and very-visible green satin bonnet, sailing off like a tug-boat towing a full-rigged schooner, he being exceeding spare, and she being exceeding portly.

And yet they once came as near dissolving into twain again as one flesh ever did. No one knows of it, however, excepting Counselor Sabin and I; and now, if I tell it to you, you are by no means to repeat the story.

Long and long before Mrs. Puffer was a fluffy old woman in caps and spectacles, when she was instead a plump, apple-faced girl, with eyes the color of whortleberries and skin the color of milk, she had a way very taking to the youths of her acquaintance—a way of which, I discover, she and her coevals by no means secured the monopoly; for truly as I write I see, under the elm-tree by my window, a maiden, in a line of descent full two generations later, standing idly enough swinging her parasol lightly to and fro, and smiling up from under the green ribbons of her jockey as innocent and artless as a damask rose; and I know, as sure as sure can be, that every careless wave and motion is to that boy beside her—a being with hair parted behind, shining with oil, and with no beard worth naming—as the twisting of a spider's web around a tender-hearted fly.

But I do not pity his weakness in letting a bit of blue-eyed calico sway him back and forth as lightly as she does her spotted-handled parasol, because I know they are only playing at a game of see-saw, and years hence Master will

be up and Miss will be down. Then it will be my lady's turn to fetch and carry, while she believes a tender word and a smile make amends for every thing.

"Punctured by pins and tortured by fears," yet I rejoice in his pangs and doubts, for the time is brief enough. I'll warrant me that he plays the mouse and she the cat in their story. So also I am glad in my heart for every prick and torment the whortleberries and milk wrought upon young Puffer's callow heart while he was away back in spencers and soap-locks; because I am positive it was along of his man's despotism and love of self that I have this story to tell.

There came a time of course when, having carded and spun and wove and made her twelve dozen of every thing after the manner of the olden time princesses, this plump, white-faced girl, dressed in muslin, heavily embroidered by her own crafty fingers, and farther decorated by a wreath of apple-buds and wild myrtle upon her hair—which was of itself like a whole bush of whortleberries—in the presence of admiring witnesses, was made Mistress Puffer by a dignified, venerable clergyman, who lived in the times when ministers were not mere men. Thus her marriage had the grace and good omen of being a ceremony in which solemnity and sanctity impressively mingled. And Mrs. Grundy, who by no means confines herself to camp and court, affirmed there had never been a wedding in Northumberland which promised better; though the wretch took care to add, with a hypocritical sigh, that good beginnings make sometimes sorriest endings. The wretch was right too, as she most frequently is in measure, for of a truth the heaviest tempests sometimes come convoyed by remarkably bright mornings.

The mother of mischief is no bigger than a midge's wing; and let me, who am an old bird, tell you, young aspirants after the holy sacrament of matrimony! a little secret worth a dozen dozen of love powders and magic potions. Never for any consideration, as you value your domestic bliss, intimate by word, look, or gesture, that the lord of you—modest man—is, may, can, must, or will be in the wrong upon any possible occasion. Believe heartily in the perfection of his attributes if you are able to; such an annihilation of your judgment and common sense will make you more comfortable, doubtless, although it is not totally essential. The appearance, however, if not the reality, most certainly is; therefore, in either event, die and give no sign. Unfortunately for Mistress Puffer, but fortunately for the story, she lived too long ago to have the benefit of my large experience and ready benevolence, and so of her own knowledge she must find,

"Alas, how easily things go wrong!"

Springs and summers and autumns and winters had followed one another in monotonous level, each bearing its burden of cares and labors: house-cleaning and planting, butter and hay making, harvesting and fruit-drying, sledding and sewing; then the same round of toil-



some duties over again and again, until Mistress Puffer was a wife of so many years that she had long answered to her matronly name with no more blushings and sweet shyness, but as though she had been born to it; until she went on making her soap and cider apple-sauce with sedateness and unction, as if she had always regarded these commonplaces the destined sphere and elected end of woman (as mayhap she had); and as if she had never, no, never, in her wildest days, gone from her chamber to a merry-making by way of window and shed-roof instead of the stairs; being, you see, too generous to disappoint her fellows, and too thoughtful to run any risk of disturbing the repose of her parents, who, themselves no longer young, had a strait-laced notion that every body ought to be sleepy by nine o'clock.

But all this time while she was growing matter-of-fact and portly, in the midst of the bakings and brewings, the washings and stitchings, a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand had arisen in her horizon, and was slowly overspreading the zenith. At least not *much* bigger: to be explicit, it was just the size and took the form of a milk-pail.

"I wish, husband, you would not milk in the strainer-pail. I don't think it is a neat practice, because dirt is liable to get into the strainer that way. Besides, it isn't necessary; you can milk in the other pail and pour into that just as well for aught I see," said Mistress Puffer.

Possibly Mistress P. had a fault; if so, it was the fault of saying too much. On the other hand, possibly Mr. P. had a fault; if so, it was the fault of saying too little. One might think that, as in the case of the distinguished eaters, Jack Sprat and his wife, these opposite imperfections would prove mightily harmonious in their meeting; but not so. Talking too little is, of the twain, though less oppressively tiresome, I think fraught more heavily with evil; for if a person will not speak how is one to know wherein and wherefor an offense arises, and haste to make due apology and reparation? So while the talking partner is rattling on in all innocence, the silent partner is brooding over some unmeaning slip of the unconscious tongue.

Thus his wife had no means of knowing whether or not Mr. Puffer had any reason for preferring to milk in the strainer-pail. /Possibly he had; one which would have amply contented the mistress, who was by no means an unreasonable dame. But being, like his fellow-beards, mightily autocratic, he considered that his doing it should be sufficient proof of the desirableness of a thing; although, being, like them, also fallible, this was not always a true test; and the dame, who was a woman of common feminine sagacity—I claim no more—knew it.

Therefore the pail came, in next evening bearing the usual unmistakable indications of having been within the forbidden palings of the stable; but not accompanied by the grace of a

simple apology, which so easily—especially womanward—covereth, like charity, a multitude of sins. Now you and I know that if Mistress Puffer had not attained to a sufficient degree of sanctification so that she took the offending pail with a heart serene as a summer morning, as doubtless was her bounden duty, yet she ought most surely to have taken it with a saintly smile, and quietly do the best she could toward making bad better with a cloth strainer. But you remember her besetting fault was an overflow of words, so, not content with having entered a remonstrance, she must needs enter another. Still no apology or reply, but a look of stolid indifference upon the countenance of her legal head, which presented as much expression as a pair of tongs or an ironing-table. So, detecting no sign of attention, the dame added line upon line and precept upon precept, until at last, the legal head getting exasperated out of his defensive and offensive silence—as you have seen mosquitoes drive a dog from his corner—opened his mouth, and, in a voice no smoother than oil, spoke to the effect that a milk-pail was a small matter to waste so much breath and feeling upon. The ~~ton~~ more than the words, came like a dividing-knife upon Mistress Puffer's last sentence, leaving one half forever unsaid, and the other half, which would bear dwelling upon and repetition no better than other wasp-stings, constantly ringing in her ears. She felt somewhat blameworthy and self-disgusted; for it is rare indeed that any act shows out quite without flaw to the actor, when in stern and conscientious review; but neither did she love her husband very much for half a day.

Ah! what, indeed, is a milk-pail to waste feeling upon! What, in itself considered, was the bit of fruit plucked and eaten in the Garden centuries ago? For my own part I must say I never saw any inconsistency in the quarrel of children over a grasshopper as sufficient first cause for the Shawnese and Delaware tribes meeting in deadly combat; that is, if any object is worth fighting for. It is the principle of the thing, don't you see? And, if a person is disagreeably inclined, a clover blossom or a cambric needle may serve to show up his ugliness as well as any thing.

Not being then sociably impelled by quite the usual warmth of affectionate feeling toward her husband, and conscious, also, that she had already said too much, Mistress Puffer entered hereupon a long-projected and often-attempted reform. She did not talk much for two days; and the partner of her sorrows, inferring that she was sulking—upon one of the rare occasions when he waxed confidential—told her so. This misconception did not tend to a healthy healing of the wound, and, long after it was apparently closed and forgotten, there remained yet a pain and sensitiveness where it had been.

Having shown you whence the cloud arose, and in what manner the first rain fell, you can imagine how it pattered down, drop by drop, into the pelting, comfortless shower.



"I've been thinking, perhaps, you would be full as happy by yourself: you with your things, and I with mine. I can't seem to please you nohow," said Mr. Puffer at last, in a passionless tone.

Just as though he had ever tried to please her!—as though he had ever any thought excepting to mould her, and every body else with whom he came in contact, into a fac-simile of himself, angle for angle, hump for hump, and wrinkle for wrinkle. Though, as for that, this is only what we are all continually trying to do, more or less, to our fellows; and joy to us that we do not spoil the world by succeeding!

These cold-blooded words, from which every drop of manifest feeling had been carefully wrung before leaving the heart, fell with a sickening, paralyzing weight upon Mistress Puffer's brain; but in the midst of dumb despair and self-reproachful misgivings she was almost frightened to feel a certain relief. Now they were likely to be loosened she perceived how heavy and galling they had been; those chains which are of roses and lilies while they are welcome, and of unwrought iron as soon as we weary of them.

"I think you are right. I think we shall be happier apart," replied Mrs. Puffer, after ten minutes' silence.

This was the first time in a year the husband and wife had been fully agreed, and it was the beginning of better days. Courage! The sunshine is coming; but before we see the bow of promise there must be, to bring out its vivid brightness, a cloud of exceeding blackness.

The day wore on; the husband husked corn, and the wife darned his stockings, and put new sleeves into his old shirts, because, poor man! there would be no one to do these things for him by-and-by. At evening, when the fire was crackling up the broad black chimney, and a blazing pine-knot was flooding the low wainscoted kitchen with homely cheerfulness, throwing off sparkles of light from piled-up pans upon the dresser-shelves, and making the dust-pan, hanging on its nail behind the pantry door, shine like a first-class Koh-i-noor; when the dog lay curled upon the hearth, a brindled mass of embodied comfort, Mr. Puffer sat mending a harness at one side of the pine-knot, and dog and Mrs. Puffer sat at the other knitting a new heel upon a defective sock. There was an appropriateness in the accident of sitting separated by the brindled Bose; for the dog-family had been, indeed, one of the chief promoters of domestic schism.

Mistress Puffer, as it happened, doted on cats and detested dogs, while master approved of dogs and despised cats. So it always fell out the playful, purring kittens which mistress possessed herself of, and loved with all her heart, invariably disappeared, sudden and untimely, like Bluebeard's wives; while a great, lazy glutton of a dog perpetually fattened and grew insolent without let or hindrance, being always eating, always underfoot, and always barking distractingly at passing travelers.

The group sat thus upon the evening of that

fateful day, making a pleasant picture of domestic happiness; but one, alas! which was not founded upon fact.

"I've been thinking whether or no Lawyer Sabin wouldn't be as good a hand as we can get to help about dividing up the stuff," said Mr. Puffer, presently, trying to put a waxed-end through an awl hole.

"Yes, I should call him as good a choice as any. He is a man of excellent judgment and prudence, and he isn't of the telling kind, who would be likely to blab all the particulars to every body," replied Mistress Puffer.

This was the second point of agreement.

Then followed a long silence, filled only by the crackling of the fire, the heavy ticking of the gaunt eight-day clock, and the snoring of Bose. It was not until the clock had ticked half an hour from time into eternity that the Good-man spoke again.

"I calculate it will be your best way to take your part and go up to your brother's. William will be glad enough of you for a housekeeper, for he has had to get along most any way since his wife died."

"Yes, I expect I can be a help to William," replied Mrs. P., for the third time harmonizing. "But what do you lay out to do for a housekeeper?"

"Well, I am counting on making a shift somehow with mother's help," returned Mr. P., drawing up his waxed thread.

Now the mother was an infirm old body not over-neat or energetic at the best, and Mrs. P.'s heart began to swell with pity; but of course it was not for her to object or dictate, so she only knit the faster, knowing well there would be sore need.

"I want to finish out my corn to-morrow. What supposing we ride up to Sabin's the day after and settle up the matter?" suggested Mr. Puffer, when the clock struck nine.

"Two, four, six, eight, ten," responded the dame, counting her stitches. "I don't know but that time will suit me as well as any. I have been laying out to make up the quinces to-morrow, and then you need a new frock, you know; but I guess I can fetch them both to-morrow."

There was a shade of sadness in her tone, for she was morally sure Mother Puffer would let the preserves mould or ferment or come to ruin in some unhousewifely way, and she was thinking, too, of the rags to be in the blue woolen frock. But then it was not worth while to show any such feeling; so, just to testify to her light-hearted indifference, she began to sing softly to herself while she bound off the heel; meantime the husband, from his side of the dog, could but confess the sound of her voice was much more musical than his mother's asthmatic breathing.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Puffer were astir long before light, for they had a busy day before them. Mr. Puffer husked out his corn and ate his meals, which happened to be of his favorite kinds of food, in his usual heavy silence;



and Mrs. P.—well I am afraid Mrs. P., though she bustled about with a great show of cheerful activity, mingled a few pitying tears with the beef-brine she was scalding, and even went so far as to pat Bose once or twice, and feel a thrill of affection for him in her capacious heart when he looked up with a wag of delight.

But the busy hours of the October day hastened to spend themselves, and quite too soon the old skeleton clock pounded out nine of the evening again.

"Do you lay out to be ready for to go to the Squire's to-morrow?" asked Mr. Puffer at last, finding Mrs. Puffer would not speak according to her wont and save him the trouble of opening his mouth.

"Ye-es, I suppose so," returned that lady, reluctantly; "I rather thought whether or no I shouldn't manage to spin up that little handful of rolls into stocking yarn; then the pickle-vinegar needs scalding over; and I do suppose your winter flannels ought by good rights to have an overhauling; but somehow the time has slipped away, and I haven't seemed to accomplish half I meant to. The fact is, there is always something to be done in a house, and I don't know but I am as ready as I shall be. Your mother will keep up things the best she can, I've no doubt; but the poor old woman is rather wheezy and shaky, and she can't do as she could once."

As a reply was not strictly necessary, of course Mr. Puffer made none, but there was an answering "Amen" deep down in his heart, which was the fourth time they two had found a point of agreement.

That night Mistress Puffer could not sleep for thinking how every thing about her well-ordered house would go speedily and surely to rack and ruin under the thriftlessness of madam the mother. Neither could master sleep for thinking, selfish soul! of the same. But I will do him the credit of admitting that mingled with personal bewailings was a degree of pity for the life of slavish toil which awaited his late helpmeet at her brother's house, where there was, besides, a possible chance that she might be at any time supplanted by a new sister-in-law.

So upon the next morning the husband and wife drove over to Counselor Sabin's in the high-backed green wagon with the pumpkin-and-milk horse—heartily agreeing, fifthly, in pity for each other.

"Ye-es, ye-es! As I understand it, you two wish to divide your joint possessions and go each your way, without any formal public divorcement. Wa-al, wa-al; let us see, let us see!" said Squire Sabin, referring to a paper which he had already filled with minutes. "Five cows; what will you do about them?—make beef of one and divide the meat, hey?"

"No, I would not consent to that. It is my choice; *he* has three cows; he will find more use for them than I shall, being that two cows make nothing of a dairy by themselves; while my share, be it less or more, will work right in with my brother's," put in the good dame.

"I sha'n't agree to any such division. If I find I need more cows I can buy them; and I am not willing *she* should go away empty-handed. She won't find she has got any too much to make herself comfortable with the most she can have," returned he.

Thus they now began to disagree again.

"I am willing for any thing which is fair, but I sha'n't consent to such a one-sided dividing off as *he* speaks of. I mean to take a reasonable view, and I want he should do the same; and he knows, if he looks at the matter candidly, that he will find more use for three cows than I shall. So there is no good in multiplying words about it, for I sha'n't come back of what I have said!" protested Mistress Puffer, resolutely.

"Hu-mph! If you can not agree to live together, you must agree to separate, you know," interposed the lawyer, who testifies that contention of mutual concession may be as difficult to settle satisfactorily as strife of mutual greed.

Silenced, but not convinced, Good-man Puffer held his peace hereupon, while he inwardly reflected that all the Good-wife said could not prevent his driving this bone of contention—the third cow—over to her brother's barn in due season. So he allowed her face to glow with satisfied triumph without any further protest.

But passing down along Squire Sabin's list, the swine proved quite as unmanageable in their turn as the kine.

"I have no notion of taking the fat hog and one of the little pigs. What can I do, I should like to know, in the first place, with such a pile of meat? And when you have fed that porker up to this time, and thought so much of him, I sha'n't hear a word to taking him, any way. Now that is so!" affirmed the Good-wife.

On the other hand, the Good-man was equally decided. "Mother couldn't try up the fat into lard and take care of the meat, if we kept it; and the pork is worth as much for *her* to sell as it is to me," he said.

"Ye-es! Wa-al, I would suggest that, as you two can't seem to agree even to disagree, you make a compromise. Mrs. Puffer had the matter of the cows her own way; suppose, then, Mr. Puffer suits himself in the pig question?" interposed the counselor, mending his pen for a fresh start.

"Come, now, that is no more than fair!" assented Mr. Puffer; although, of course, the arrant hypocrite was all the time conscious in his inmost heart—and outmost, too, for that matter—that he had never for a moment intended to abide by the decision of good Mrs. P. in the last dispute. Therein you see a silent partner has an advantage in an argument; for good Mrs. P. herself, having no power of knowing this mental reservation, was obliged reluctantly to concede.

Thus, inch by inch, and animal by animal, they fought their way through the live-stock; and coming after a tedious while to the personal property, found that to be even more refractory.



"He must have two bed-quilts and two pairs of sheets to my one. I sha'n't give my consent to any thing else; for his mother is getting too old and feeble for quilting, and weaving, and the like of that work," affirmed the Good-wife, with cheerful benevolence.

"Of course I sha'n't take her setting-out, and she needn't propose it!" protested Good-man.

Mrs. P. opened her mouth with a face which evidenced a burst of words as clearly as ever a black cloud betokened a burst of rain.

"You needn't say a word for nor against. I tell you I won't hear to it, even if you run out a case as long and as strong as the Moral Law!" added her lord, with unusual fervor.

"H-m-m! ye-es! Wa-al, wa-al, my advice to you two good people is, seeing you can not agree to separate, to get into your wagon and ride home together," said wise Counselor Sabin, at last, cleaning his pen upon his hair and twisting the paper of minutes into a cigar-lighter.

The good people were finally persuaded to follow this advice, which proved the soundest he ever gave; and paying the price of the fattened swine for it they clambered into the high-backed wagon and rode off, with a joint feeling of conscious relief, yet too shame-faced to speak during the whole distance home.

When they arrived there Bose came running to the end of the lane which led to the house to give them a gruff bark of welcome, and Mrs. P.'s heart warmed with pleasure. She even stopped to pat him and call him a nice fellow upon her way into the porch in full view of Mr. Puffer, who felt grateful to the very tips of his callous fingers for this unwonted token of friendliness, while Bose jumped and frisked awkwardly around, whining with delight. Then she disappeared through the doorway into the kitchen; and when she saw the homely room and its furniture looking so familiar and kindly, as they, in their way, gave a mute welcome home again to their mistress, she sat down in her old splint rocking-chair and had a hearty cry. Then she brushed away her tears, which were by no means bitter ones, and raked open the very coals upon the stone hearth which she had covered so carefully before leaving the room forever, as she believed, hung the tea-kettle upon the crane, and drew out the table for supper.

So when the husband came in from unharnessing the horse and feeding the cows and pigs, instead of the dreary stillness he had been bargaining for he found the room alive with warmth and cheeriness. The fragrance of new-made tea mingled with that of stewed peaches and broiling beef, which sputtered a pleasant sort of accompaniment to the humming tea-kettle; while the Good-wife, with a satisfied face, was putting a plate of smoking-hot flap-jacks, buttered, and sugared, and quartered, upon the table, and singing as blithe and light of heart as a May bird. To tell the truth, the weak-minded woman had been actually kissing, with tears in her eyes, the clumsy old rolling-pin, which,

from its rough finish, had been to her like a thistle in the shoe for years.

"Well, wife, this seems like getting home again after a long journey," said Mr. Puffer, warming his hands and his heart also at the blaze, and looking about with a smile upon his face which quite transfigured it.

And so it was. Madam the mother came indeed with her asthma and her palsy, but it was only to sit in the easiest chair in the warmest corner. A hungry gray cat appeared also very mysteriously, which Mrs. Puffer tried at first to drive away, but which Mr. Puffer treated like Vice, which, seen too oft, is first endured, then pitied, then embraced.

So having found betimes, as many a married pair has found too late, alas! that however difficult union may be, disunion is still more difficult and hazardous, they have jogged up and down so comfortably together that, to see them now, one would never suspect, as I said at first, they had ever been of diverse minds upon any subject.

## A VISIT TO THE ENGLISH COURTS OF JUSTICE.

ONE never tires of wandering through Westminster Abbey. Though you go among the sombre and stately chapels ever so often, each last visit discovers something which you have not remarked before. There is food for contemplation on every hand. Each stone and aisle speaks to us as from out of the past. An American there stands among those who were kings over his ancestors—among the poets and statesmen who immortalized the common language—among the generals who fought for the perpetuity of the Anglo-Saxon, the common fountain of our descent. An American lawyer is especially attracted by the community of possession between the two countries in the fame and works of the great who slumber there. For all about him lie the remains of those master-spirits who laid the foundation and added the elaborate fabric of that Common Law to which American as well as English jurisprudence yields homage and precedence. There stands the noble statue of Mansfield, sitting in judicial robes, and seeming from mute marble to dispense living law. There repose Somers and Hardwicke and Eldon and Romilly, the chieftains of the old forum, whose words are the daily law in every court through both countries. I found myself one day meditating by the side of these venerable graves, when the thought struck me that a visit to the scenes of these great men's labors, and a comparison between them and those who in the present fill their places, would be full of interest.

I directed my steps to the New Palace Yard, opposite the Abbey, and thence was directed through the confusion and hurrying to and fro, which betokened the presence of Parliament, to the halls of the Courts of Justice. My attention was called to a lofty portal in one corner



of the Square, where there was a perpetual ingress and egress of people, and there I entered among the rest. I was standing in a vast hall, which seemed to be a sort of vestibule, leading to the chambers of the courts and to the two Houses of Parliament. A ponderous oaken roof, elaborately carved in ancient style, first attracted my notice. All around the comparatively bare wall I observed the figure of the white hart, which told me that it was built in the time of the Plantagenets. A glance at the upper or south end of the hall revealed a window glorious for its bright illumination, its richness and variety of tint, and the harmony and beauty of its effect. There were emblazoned the heraldic bearings of all the kings, with their lions *rampant*, their presumptuous fleurs-de-lis, their heroic symbols of the Garter, and their jeweled coronets with varicolored plumes. A broad marble staircase mounted beneath the window to a platform, whence two smaller ones, this to the right, that to the left, led the way to the Peers and Commons and the royal apartments.

Notwithstanding the dignity of the general effect, I supposed this hall to be merely the vestibule which introduced me to the chambers of the palace. I was startled when I heard a guide glibly relating to a pair of wide-eyed and open-mouthed strangers what great events had taken place on this spot. I was in famous Westminster Hall. Here, then, that wise and warlike monarch, Edward the First, had feasted and caroused with his hardy old barons at the time of his coronation—a merry example readily followed by each of his successors. Here quaint Archbishop Chicheley, astounding his hearers by the novel text, “*Vox populi, vox Dei*,” had declared the expulsion of the weak and persecuted Edward the Second from the throne. Here the third Edward, exultant in the conquest of two kingdoms, had entertained in princely profusion his kingly prisoners, David of Scotland and John of France. Here Richard the Second celebrated his accession, and heard the sentence of his downfall. Here Charles the First had heard his accusation and received his sentence. Here Cromwell, sitting on a high throne of state, his frame enveloped in a splendid robe of purple velvet, and holding in either hand a sceptre of gold and a Bible, was hailed Lord Protector; and here, too, within three years after, his ghastly head was lifted on a pole and placed in a conspicuous niche, amidst the execrations of the multitude.

But courts of justice having no sympathy with the sentiment of strangers, obviously would conclude their sitting if I did not pursue my immediate object of visiting them; so I proceeded up the hall with accelerated step. My attention was drawn to a large placard, posted obtrusively on the wall, and on reading it I found it to be of direct service to me. These were its contents: “House of Lords. The House will sit to consider the appeal in the case of *Waters vs. M’Kenrick* this afternoon at two o’clock.” It

is known that the House of Lords sits in cases of final appeal from the courts of common law; but it is not to be imagined that the judicial House is in reality identical with the political House. Only those peers attend in a judicial capacity who have either been judges or chancellors, or who have been distinguished for being learned and interested in legal subjects.

I formed a hasty plan of first visiting the highest court, and thence descending in the scale of dignity, as I might not have opportunity to visit all. As I entered the corridor which leads to the new chamber of the Peers I was forcibly struck by the contrast which it afforded to the ancient hall I had just left. Every thing was new, fresh, and brilliant. On either side were stately statues of the greatest English celebrities, and it was interesting to gaze upon the athletic form and open countenance of Fox, the majestic attitude of Chatham, the proud and disdainful air of Pitt, the ardent eagerness of Grattan, and the judicial gravity of Mansfield. The inner corridor revealed lively frescoes of historical events, among which I was especially struck with King Charles’s funeral, the embarkation of a Puritan family, and the parting of Lord and Lady Russell before his execution.

Out of this opened an octagon ante-chamber of elaborate finish, whence one immediately entered the House of Peers near the throne. Certainly nothing in London strikes one as so highly illustrative of the material glory of English royalty as does this noble chamber, dazzling the eye with its almost excessive blaze of gilding and splendid drapery; leading the imagination to the days of chivalry and kingly pomp with its emblazonry of symbols and heraldic illustrations, with its portraits of sovereigns upon the tinted windows, its mosaics of Italian handicraft, its lofty canopy of state, beneath which stands the throne, so glittering as to be painful to behold; recalling the renowned scenes of English history and tradition by frescoes many in number and vivid in execution; and lifting the mind to the higher regions of allegory by representations of the guardians of the national safety and honor—Religion, Law, and Mercy.

On a square red cushion, which is far-famed by the name of “the woolsack,” but which is in fact a very ordinary-looking article of furniture, sat the august personage who ranks in dignity third after the royal family, who has the somewhat impossible office of keeping the King’s conscience, and who is supposed to be the guardian of helplessness and the protector of innocence throughout the realm. The Chancellor usually sits with his back to the throne, and facing the Peers and the desk; but on this occasion he sat looking toward the throne. A small box, like one of our witness-boxes, was temporarily placed between him and the canopy, and there a flourishing young British barrister, with national whiskers of light red, and the British fault of perpetual stammering, was holding forth on the merits of the case at issue.

The Lord Chancellor struck me as an excel-



lent specimen of the genus John Bull. He was habited in a long, elaborate wig of horse hair, which reached far down over his shoulders, and completely enveloped his head and neck. A large gown, worked profusely with gold lace, covered his body. Beside him, on the wooll-sack, lay the crimson silk bag, richly worked in silk and gold, wherein is kept the Great Seal of England. Out of the enormous wig peeped a great, round, rubicund countenance, full-moon shaped—the very semblance of a sherry-drinking, beef-eating, irascible Englishman. A large, calm, keen blue eye indicated a mind toned to searching judgment and deliberation of thought. A complacent and attentive dignity was in his countenance and posture. The nose was prominent, and the lips close set; and the rotundity of the face was completed by a large double chin. I was amused to hear issue from this bulky form and majestic countenance a high, soft, old-womanish voice, which seemed to fawn upon the ear, and lisped, in insignificant tones, the wisdom of a life of toil. Lord Westbury has long had the reputation of being the best Chancery lawyer at the English bar, and as Sir Richard Bethell he was noted not only for his legal attainments, but also as a successful debater in Parliament. He has always been a thorough Whig, and has been the favorite advocate of several of the great families who are attached to Whig interests. He is not only conspicuous for the extensive and varied learning which he evinces, and which has been obtained by faithful study, but also for the aptness and accuracy with which he brings that learning to bear upon the particular cases which arise before him. As the presiding officer of the House of Lords Lord Westbury is not very popular, for he is quite often overbearing, and takes it into his head to lecture their lordships occasionally, in a manner such as irritates them not a little. He takes rank above every subject of the Crown except the Archbishop of Canterbury; and thus, though only a baron, he outranks dukes, marquises, and earls. He very often takes part in the debates of the House, and is especially active when some statute modification is to be made. As a speaker he is elegant, terse, dealing but little in the graces of speech, but seeking the gist of the subject without diversion. His position socially is very high, and he is universally respected. He may be favorably compared with his immediate predecessors on the wooll-sack, and is regarded as a better judge of Chancery than Campbell, Cranworth, Cottenham, or Brougham were, and as little inferior to Eldon. His personal appearance is certainly much more commanding than that of any of the ex-Chancellors whom I have had opportunity of seeing, and he looks with equal fitness a great officer of state and a model English judge. He is not descended from noble blood, but, like most of the great English lawyers, derives his descent from that best element of English society—the upper middle-class. He is about sixty-four, and evidently in the prime and full strength of intellectual

power, and is said to maintain with unflagging assiduity the habit of patient labor which was formed in his youth, and which has built up in his mind a rare knowledge of equity law. When sitting in Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, he wears a wig similar to those worn by the Queen's Bench, and seems much less formal and ceremonious than when presiding over the House of Peers.

Although the High Court of Appeals theoretically consists of all the House of Lords, there were only four peers present. These were sitting around without the least formality, on the bright red cushions, on either side of the House. The proceedings of the Court were less ceremonious than is customary in tribunals of that nature. The counsel was frequently interrupted by questions and suggestions from the Chancellor, or one of the law lords; and often a little discussion between two of the judges would give the barrister opportunity to rest his voice and freshen his memory. It was hard for an American, accustomed to see a full bench sitting on Appeal cases, and much formality observed in the intercourse between the bench and the bar, to comprehend that in this quiet, colloquial scene the highest legal interests of British subjects were being determined. It looked more like a cozy little meeting of a legislative committee hearing an argument on an election case. And indeed the House of Lords, sitting in its political capacity, disappoints one's expectation of seeing, in an assembly of great aristocrats, an imposing and venerable body. For, on entering the narrow gallery reserved for strangers, you see usually only about thirty out of the four hundred and fifty peers; and most of the talking is done in a monotonous conversational tone across the table by the leader of the Government and the leader of Opposition. It is only when a topic of striking interest arises, such as the Polish or Danish war, that any thing like spirited speaking occurs. Lord Derby asks Lord Russell a question as though he had met him in the street and was saying good-morning, and the reply about keeps pace with the inquiry. Meanwhile my Lord Chancellor is chatting with the Bishop of Oxford, spectators are pointing out the celebrities, and commoners are hobnobbing with lordly cronies behind the railing of the throne.

By far the most striking person in the Court of Appeals was the venerable Brougham, whose long life of activity and brilliant effort has made his name a household word through all the nations. He is still a most constant and assiduous attendant both upon the legislative and the judicial proceeding of the House of Lords; and when I saw him, the most noticeable lord there, I was reminded of that caricature in *Punch*, which represents the House sitting on Appeals, my Lord Brougham in checked pantaloons and high stock, the sole representative of the nobility, and a barrister standing over him with arms swinging and hair disheveled, the noble judge the while listening with intense dignity



and importance. There, indeed, were the checked breeches and the high black stock: the nose reared as high as when he thundered against George the Fourth at the trial of Caroline: the small gray eye glittering as brightly and fiercely as when he used to throw a lightning glance along the benches of the Tories, and with withering words dare Peel and Canning to forensic combat: the voice as shrill and clear as when, fifty years ago, he poured out his youthful wrath upon the intolerance of the State Church: the enunciation rapid, nervous, yet distinct, without the tremor of age or its want of memory: the delivery demonstrative, energetic, prompt: the hair white and thick, straight up from the forehead, and carelessly brushed: the body erect and entirely steady: the whole manner that of one yet capable of powerful effort, indifference to fatigue, and obstinate endurance in contest. Lord Brougham does not look like a lovable man; he looks crabbed, impatient, with a don't-speak-to-me air about him. What feelings one has toward him are prompted by a contemplation of his great vigor, his industry, his long life of well-sustained conflict, his great variety of ability—for he has been great no less as a classical scholar, a philosopher, and an essayist, than as a Parliamentary orator and lawyer—and the wonderful vivacity with which now, in his extreme old age, he continues to put himself to the work he has learned to love. There are no indications of dotage either in his movements or speeches, and yet he is close upon ninety.

A few days before seeing him in the judicial capacity I heard him make a very telling speech in the House of Lords on the Polish question, then much agitated in England. His defense of the insurgents, and his appeals to the House in their behalf, gave indications of his ancient fire and power, and had the old effect upon the minds of his auditors. While he was in the midst of his best point his false teeth fell from his mouth and dropped on the floor. As he stooped to pick them up he trod upon them, so that when he sought to restore them to his mouth they would not fit. He attempted to go on with his speech, but the poor old hero could but mumble on indistinctly, and was soon obliged to sit down, while on every hand the faces of his peers were sadly sympathetic—so melancholy and startling, was this first demonstration of infirmity in the glorious old war-horse. He yielded to the patent misfortune with all the cheerful grace imaginable, and expressed in his face, "You see that even the great Brougham must yield to Time the conqueror." In the Court of Appeals he listened critically to the argument, and occasionally interrupted the counsel with a curt, sharp question, which set him to stammering and blushing more than ever. His mind seemed centred on the case at issue, and he was evidently unwilling to let any sophistry or misquotation pass without reprimand and correction to the unfortunate barrister.

The other Lords present were the ex-High

Chancellors Cranworth and Chelmsford, and Lord Kingsdown, formerly Chancellor of the palatine Duchy of Lancaster. Lord Cranworth was a short, round-shouldered, busy-looking man, with a prompt and business-like manner, and an intelligent but by no means intellectual countenance. What he had to say during the progress of the case was said politely and with deference to contrary opinion, yet earnestly and plainly. No one would ever take him for more than a practical and good-natured gentleman; and indeed his career on the woolsack was rather marked by the care and labor evinced than for originality or diversity of legal talent. Lord Chelmsford, on the contrary, long the legal champion of the Tory party as Sir Frederick Thesiger, was evidently a man of unusual ability, rapid and clear in his course of thought, seeking without irrelevancy the gist of the subject in hand, and arriving apparently without labor at a conclusion well sustained by the logical process by which he reached it. He was quite tall and not ungraceful, with a very small but well-proportioned head, a pleasing and spirited countenance, and jet-black eyes and hair—looking much younger than he really is. His voice was melodious and conciliating, and in every word and movement he displayed the thoroughly high-toned gentleman, and yet the complete aristocrat. He paid more close attention to the proceedings than the other judges, interrupted the counsel oftener, and was more exact and critical as to every point broached. Nothing could be more in contrast than Lord Chelmsford's suavity and respectful attention, and the curt and abrupt manner of Lord Brougham. Lord Kingsdown was of least consideration, evidently, of those who were sitting on the Appeal, having but little experience in the judicial capacity, and more of an amateur than a practical lawyer. A short, thick-set man, with red face, bright blue eyes, and white bushy hair, a good-natured expression, and sensible in what he had to say; he was another type of a thorough English gentleman.

The spectators consisted of but few persons, who apparently had rather wandered in accidentally than attended for the purpose of hearing the cause, and occupied a niche near the throne behind the barrister who addressed the court. No seats being provided they were huddled together in a position of little comfort, and ill adapted to see what was proceeding. Near the Chancellor, on the woolsack, was a great square bag, elaborately worked with the royal arms in gold and vari-colored silk, and with long tassels pendent, which contained that mighty instrument of executive power, the Great Seal. This is kept constantly near the Chancellor wherever he goes, and is even placed on the bed where he sleeps; for its use on a document, even if affixed fraudulently, is valid, and hence the greatest caution is necessary to prevent its being stolen. When the gruff old Lord Thurlow was Chancellor it was stolen from his bedchamber, and created a great alarm through-



out the kingdom; and it was not till it was recovered, and the keeper had it safely again in his possession, that his equanimity was restored. After interesting myself in the personal appearance and manners of the distinguished judges, and observing with much amusement the various tribulations of the evidently new-fledged barrister, the monotony and dullness of the scene drew me away to the more enlivening spectacle of the lower tribunals.

Returning once more to Westminster Hall, I saw over a narrow door near the entrance "Court of Queen's Bench." A long, narrow vestibule preceded the chamber itself, where vendors of modest edibles were stationed, and barristers in imposing habit were regaling themselves after their labors with a simple luncheon. A medley of people was hurrying to and fro: clients waiting impatiently, and seizing their counsel frantically as they emerged; attorneys with long parchments beating a little idea of their cases into stubborn, wig-crested heads; and little groups of noisy barristers elated over a professional joke. A few idlers like myself were gazing with open mouths at the great luminaries who passed in and out. Two long red curtains, pulled aside, admitted one into the immediate presence of the court.

The chamber was smaller than the court-rooms in America, and the windows, being high and narrow, admitted but a partial light, so that a befitting sombreness dignified the room. Nearest the door were raised benches, which descended as they receded, and were level with the floor below the judges' desks. Several of these were devoted to spectators: in front of the spectators were the barristers; and those occupying the lower benches were the sergeants-at-law. Between the sergeants and the clerk's desk (which was just beneath the judges) seats were provided for the attorneys. A broad canopy protruded over the judges' heads, and beneath it, against the wall, were emblazoned in elaborate oaken carving the royal arms of Great Britain; the lion and the unicorn appearing more pugnacious than ever in this exaggerated form.

A long desk extended in front of the judges, and they occupied separate chairs behind. The costume worn by the barristers is, as has often been remarked, quite striking, and even imposing, to a stranger. The highest rank, called Queen's Counsel, are robed in long silk gowns, the lower ranks having to content themselves with stuff gowns. Their wigs are of elaborate make, gray or white, with regular rows of twisted curls at the back terminating in two gracefully-looped queues. The Sergeants-at-Law, next in rank to the Queen's Counsel, have on the crown of their wigs the *coif*—a small black patch of silk—which is also worn by the judges. These sit on the front bench of the barristers, and are honored by the flattery of being addressed as "brothers" by the court, while the ordinary barrister hears the homely "Mister" applied to his name. The judges wear square wigs, a purple cape to their gowns, and a clerical cravat, snowy

and starched. There were some twenty or thirty barristers present—specimens in every stage of legal vicissitude, from eager-looking young fellows, who cast many an envious glance at their prosperous elders, to the self-satisfied and well-fed Queen's Counsel, who, as he began his argument, was easy as to its result. Men who had worked their way amidst a sea of trouble to the attainment of a gown; noblemen's younger sons, who had seen only the prandian side of an Inn of Court; geniuses, who, like Erskine, had had fifty briefs the day after their first; and stupidities, at whose success every body was astonished, grouped side by side, and in daily rivalry to reach higher in forensic consequence. Some loitered over the morning *Times*; some took careful notes of the case on trial; some discussed politics or legal questions; some gossiped over the last ball or the last scandal from court; some were tugging away at their luckily-got briefs; some were restless as their cases came further up on the docket. A thoroughly English scene—just such a one, barring the wigs and gowns, as you would meet with at an English inn, an English club-room, in an English car, on an English beach, at an English dinner-party.

Four of the five judges were present. The Chief-Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Kt., sat in the second seat from the right, having on his right Justice Wightman, whose death has recently left a vacancy for that ablest of living common law advocates, Sergeant Shee. One is apt to picture the Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench of England to his fancy as a large, red, fierce, obstinate-looking John Bull, full of importance and impatience and awful dignity. You could not go wider from the reality of the present occupant of that high station. A little, weazen face tops a diminutive and agile body; the countenance rather betokens a lawyer accustomed to sharp practice than a profound legal erudition, and there is but little dignity in the general manner. Yet the John Bullishness of his lordship sticks out the minute he speaks; for he is smilingly ironical, and pleasantly bitter, and never says more damaging things than when his pinched face beams with benignant complacency. He rides over the hesitation and terror of the younger lawyers as gracefully and easily as he worries with coolly put questions the older stagers. He never becomes crabbed or scolding, is always cool and measured in every word and motion, hardly ever attempts to clear a dilemma, but seems rather to delight in piling obstructions in the way of the poor advocate who is growing hotter and redder each minute over some knotty question. He is quick to detect a flaw, and prompt and merciless in exposing it. Apparently perfectly heartless, he clings to the strict and dry process of the law, and neither permits irrelevancy nor harangues intended to arouse sentiment at the expense of judgment. He reminded me much in his personal appearance of Governor Letcher, of Virginia, who, when in the national House of Representatives, was conspicuous for



the frequency and pertinacity with which he put in his "I object." Cockburn has the same sharp nose and chin, the same hard, blue eye, the same complexion of a red impartially enveloping every part of the face, the same retreating forehead, the same thin and tightly pressed lips. He is the youngest of the judges, about fifty, which is older than he appears. His career as a judge has been an entirely successful one, and his promotion has been rapid. He succeeded Lord Campbell as Chief-Justice, when that great man was designated as the Lord High Chancellor, on Lord Palmerston's accession to power in 1859.

It has been usual for over a century to elevate the newly-appointed Chief-Justice to the peerage at the same time he ascends the bench; but Sir A. Cockburn is an exception to the rule. He continues in the rank of Knight, while his predecessors have long been peers of the realm. A number of reasons are given why he should not likewise be thus honored; that which seems generally favored is, that his private morals are of so doubtful a nature that the Queen is unwilling to create him Baron. George III., pious as he was, did not object to the notorious licentiousness of Lords Thurlow and Kenyon; and it may savor a little of inconsistency that her Majesty should appoint Sir A. Cockburn Chief-Justice at all, if he were so obnoxious—especially as an unprincipled Chief-Justice is capable of doing more serious injury to the public weal than an unprincipled lord. It would seem that since he is Chief-Justice, it would be only yielding him his proper dignity and influence to place him among the hereditary legislators of the kingdom. His knowledge of the law and its application was evidently profound and ready; and yet he seemed to excel rather in the practical technicalities. The Chief-Justice is a Whig in politics, does not move much in society, and is understood to be rather jovial in his tastes and associations. On the whole, I could not help ranking him below his predecessors in general; it seemed to me that the mantle of Hale, and Mansfield, and Kenyon, and Ellenborough, and Denman had fallen on shoulders not quite worthy to sustain it. Indeed the succession on the King's Bench has been remarkable for the splendor of the abilities which have almost invariably ornamented it; and the reputation of the greatest Chief-Justices vies with, if it does not surpass that of the greatest Chancellors; though the latter dignity is much the most coveted by the leaders of the profession. Still I would not convey the idea that Chief-Justice Cockburn is an incompetent judge; for he has performed the duties of the office to the general satisfaction, and with no little credit to himself. But he does not evidently possess that conspicuous superiority of legal calibre by which most of his predecessors have gained a lasting name among the archives of the common law of England. In point of private character his reputation is by no means so spotless as that of the later legal celebrities, Campbell, Denman, Bexley, Ellenborough; and, on the other hand, forms a favorable contrast to

those of the last century, Kenyon, Thurlow, Cowper, even the great Hardwicke and the greater Somers—the tales of whose dissoluteness are rendered permanently accessible to posterity by their production in Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*. The venerable Campbell was evidently far from being a Puritan.

The most prepossessing person on the Queen's Bench is Mr. Justice Blackburn. The writer observed him when he first entered the room, and, upon inquiring of a barrister, was told his name, and that he was much the most popular of the judges. Apparently not over forty-five (although, the wigs having a tendency to conceal the age, it is a mere guess), a Scotchman by birth, and having a calm and kindly expression, he was listened to with much more attention than was paid to either of his colleagues. His face is rather long, widening toward the forehead; he has dark, thoughtful eyes, overhung with thick brows; and a fine, broad, protuberant forehead, indicating his intellectual stamina. There is a simple and natural dignity about him which, combined with blandness, is very attractive. In every word and tone he exhibits the true feeling of a gentleman, while he never forgets that he is a judge. He appeared to me to have an evident desire of arriving at the justice of a case with the least discomfiture to the counsel on either side. A courtesy thoroughly refined, and yet not so systematic as to be mere ceremony, never left him while I saw him on the bench. While Chief-Justice Cockburn was impatient and sharp in his intercourse with the barristers, and thus frequently roused them to rebellion, Blackburn, by a few earnest and reasonable words, would soothe the feelings of all who were irritated. Essentially aristocratic in his bearing, almost proud, he was yet at once the best-bred and best-natured of the court. From the little opportunity I had to judge, he seemed to be the most thorough and ready jurist, and my impression was confirmed by the testimony of several barristers with whom I conversed. He spoke slowly and distinctly, without the hesitation incident to nearly all British public men, expounding in simple language the question at issue, and carrying every one with him by the clear light in which he made it appear. His voice was full, round, and sonorous, perhaps a little pompous, and strongly tinged with that inflection which one hears among the higher class of Scotch gentlemen. He is one of the select few Scotchmen who have been honored with the English ermine, and does not detract from the sterling ability with which Mansfield, Loughborough, Erskine, Brougham, and Campbell have exhibited the capacity of the clear northern brain. Like Cockburn, he is descended from the educated middle class, and is as well a correct scholar as an admirable judge. Perhaps it is not necessary to the proper fulfillment of the judicial function that there should be graciousness of manner, and a well-bred tone; but certainly these qualities add a grace to the bench which makes



the path of the lawyer as well as that of the judge more pleasant. Justice Blackburn never forgets that he is a gentleman, and that he is dealing with gentlemen; and that is certainly rare among English judges, if not among all judges. Never giving way to the petty annoyances which are constantly arising, yet never descending to seek popularity; steady in his attention to argument; explaining each point with terseness and model clearness; ready to be corrected in a wrong impression; doing justice to the claims of either side—he has won the respect and attachment of the whole bar.

It so happened that a trial of unusual and general interest was progressing. One of the British generals of brigade in the Crimean War had published an account of his experiences during that memorable struggle. He had been so situated as to observe that famous onset which is known every where by Tennyson's poem of "The Charge of the Light Brigade." In the course of his narrative, therefore, he devoted a large space to a description of so romantic an incident. Probably the General was not without those petty jealousies which are so common between rival military men; for he took this occasion to impugn the bravery of the Earl of Cardigan, the commander of the Light Brigade. He asserted that the gallant peer, after leading his men to the onset, was, when they got before the guns, nowhere to be seen; that he was afterward seen galloping off and leaving them to their fate; in fact, that while he has all along been reaping the glory of having made the boldest dash of the campaign, he really showed the white feather, and was no more nor less than an arrant coward. These charges the General endeavored to substantiate by the testimony of other officers present.

Now if there is any Englishman in whom the sentiment of chivalric pride remains, it is this haughty Earl of Cardigan. He is almost Quixotic in his attachment to the ancient principle of martial honor. It is the one tender spot where you can wound him most acutely. When, therefore, the great halo of his life was dimmed by a libel, when one sought to "filch his good name" when his good name had been made illustrious, he was sensible enough to bring the libeler before the highest tribunal of justice. The trial was of great interest, involving the particular evidence of the valorous incident, in which, on one hand, the defendant essayed to prove the truth of his charges, and the indignant Earl produced counter accounts. My Lord was in court in a suit of elegant black, relieved by a faultless white cravat, and fitting his person with exquisite perfection. He was tall and very stately, with white hair and a chivalrous mustache, which could only have received its graceful curve at the hand of a barber. He was the perfect picture of a military aristocrat: he did honor to his noble descent from Robert the Bruce and the old house of Brudenell. By his side sat Sergeant Shee his counsel, and the leading advocate at the bar, who has since taken the

seat on the Queen's Bench, made vacant by the death of Justice Wightman. He is the first Irishman who has been made a Judge in England. The result of the trial was the triumphant vindication of Lord Cardigan's courage, and the presumptuous General was found guilty of libel, and fined accordingly. This trial naturally excited much comment from the London press, and the result was generally regarded as doing justice to veracious history. After that Lord Cardigan could appear in his opera-box with undiminished hauteur, and was lionized over again for the gallant exploits that had been called in question, while the General sunk into popular contempt.

When the excitement attendant on this case subsided by its conclusion the court resumed its usual monotony. On the whole, the Queen's Bench rather disappoints one who has been accustomed to associate the idea of its appearance with its importance. The same may be said of Parliament and other public bodies of England. It is rather its associations which makes the court an object of interest.

## A NEW ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

IT is well known that Colonel Seth Warner, of Revolutionary memory, who, with his noted regiment of Green Mountain Boys, as rear-guard of St. Clair's retreating army, after the evacuation of Ticonderoga, beat back a whole brigade of the hotly-pursuing British in the battle of Hubbardton, and thus saved, probably, that luckless general's entire forces, hurrying on just in front, from rout or capture—who came down like a thunder-bolt on the flushed foe in mid-battle at Bennington, and secured the victory for the wavering and half-beaten Stark, and who finally was every where known as one of the best-looking, most heroic, and accomplished military officers of the Continental army—that Colonel Warner was an especial favorite of General Washington.

This preliminary, however, is here introduced less on account of any particular pertinency most of it may have to the subject than for the purposes of explanation, and securing a readier appreciation and credence of the interesting personal anecdote which is about to be related, and which, it is confidently believed, has never before appeared in print.

One son of Colonel Warner still survives, or was surviving a few years ago, an unpretending resident of Lower Canada, from which—though then seventy-five years old, but very active, and in full possession of all his strong native faculties—he came to the capital of Vermont with the object of petitioning the Legislature for compensation for some lands formerly granted to the heirs of Colonel Warner, but unwittingly trenched upon by subsequent grants; and it was there and then that the writer of this reminiscence was introduced to him, and held several very interesting conversations.



In one of these conversations, while speaking of the private affairs of his father, Colonel Warner, he frankly said that the Colonel was very thoughtless about pecuniary matters; that he not only expended in the cause of the country, or aiding the needy families of his soldiers, all his available property, but contracted many debts, which finally compelled him a short time before his death to place a mortgage on his homestead, amounting at last to over nine hundred dollars, and causing the family a great deal of depression and uneasiness. But of this depressing load they were at length suddenly relieved in the occurrence of a most unexpected incident, and one which formed, as well it might, quite an era in their family history. But we will let Mr. Warner, whose Christian name, we believe, was that of his father, Seth, relate the memorable incident in question in his own language; which, by the aid of the minutes before us, we *know* we can repeat substantially, and we *think* very near literally, as he made use of it.

"It was," he said, "in the month of September, 1789, the fall that General Washington made his tour through the Eastern States. We had kept ourselves tolerably well posted about the progress of this tour, and heard that he was to be in New Haven or Hartford, Connecticut, somewhere near the time at which the event I am going to relate to you took place. But as either of those places was quite a number of miles from Woodbury, where we lived, we had no more idea of seeing him than the man in the moon. My elder brother, Israel Putnam Warner, then a man grown, and myself, a lad of twelve or thirteen, were both living with our mother at that time. And at the particular time of the day I refer to, Israel was in the yard grooming father's old war-horse, which he had been compelled to go with father through all his campaigns to take charge of; for the fiery and proud old fellow would never let any body but his master, the Colonel, and his son Israel, mount or come near him, though he had now got so much tamed down by old age that he would behave quite decently with me or any body. I was in the house with mother, who happened to be unusually downcast that day, and was brooding over our family embarrassments, and had just been saying:

"No, no, Seth, I can never pay, nor, with our means, hardly begin to pay this dreadful mortgage. And as I hear it is about to be foreclosed, we must now soon be driven from our pleasant home, where we have lived so long, and, until your father's death, so happily. My husband, the Colonel, fought as well as the bravest of them, and did all he could, and more than his part, for the good cause, they all are willing to allow; and I know very well that he wore himself out in the service, and was thus brought to a premature grave. And yet here is his family almost on the verge of beggary."

"Tears here started in mother's eyes, which so touched me that I rose and went and looked

out of the window; when, to my surprise, I saw entering the yard two well-mounted stranger gentlemen, whom, from something about their general appearance, I took to be old military officers of pretty high rank—or at least, one of them, who was large and had a very commanding look. Having significantly beckoned mother to my side, she eagerly gazed out at the newcomers a moment in silence, when she suddenly gave a start, and, with an excited air, exclaimed,

"Seth! just take notice of that noble-looking one! Why, he looks ever so much like the picture I once saw of— But no; that surely can't be!"

"Well, at any rate, mother, he must be a man of some consequence; for, see! brother Israel, who acts as if he knew him, is swinging his hat from his head clear away at arm's-length, and bowing lower than he would to a king! Israel is quite too stiff-necked to do that for any *common* man. But they are beginning to talk. I will just open the door here a little mite, and perhaps we can hear what they are saying."

"I did so, and the first words I distinguished were those of the personage who had so attracted our attention, and who, addressing my brother, and pointing to the horse, by the side of which he was standing, asked,

"Is not that the horse Colonel Warner used to ride in the war?"

"It is, your Excellency," replied Israel, again bowing low and very respectfully.

"Ah yes, I thought so," resumed the former, turning to his companion, or *attache*, and pointing to the old war-steed with that interest with which he was known ever to regard fine horses. "I thought it could be no other. Just glance at his leading points—shapely head, arched neck, deep chest, haunches, and limbs. I have seen Colonel Warner riding him on parade, when I noted him as a rare animal, and thought that the horse and rider, taken together—for Warner was a model of a figure, and several inches taller than I am—made a military appearance second to none in the Continental army. But my business is with your mother, my young friend, and I will now, if you will take charge of my horse a few minutes, go in at once to see her."

"Hearing this announcement mother and I hastily retreated to our former seats, and, with the curiosity and excitement which what we had witnessed naturally raised in us, silently awaited the entry of the expected visitor. We had been thus seated but two or three minutes before he came in, and, bowing graciously to my mother, said:

"I take this to be Mistress Warner, the widow of my much esteemed friend, the late Colonel Warner, of the Continental army?"

"It is, Sir," she replied, tremulously.

"Will you permit me to introduce myself to you, madam?" he resumed, with that winning sort of dignity I had noticed in him from the first; "I am General Washington. And after



I arrived in this section of the country, a few days ago, I made—and I hope you will pardon me the liberty I took with your private affairs—I made some inquiries about you and the situation of your family; when learning, to my deep regret, that your late husband, in consequence of his long-continued absence from his home and business, while in the service of his country, and his subsequent shattered health, resulting from the hardships of war, left you laboring under pecuniary embarrassments, I was prompted to come and see you.'

"'I had little dreamed of such an honor and such a kindness, General,' she responded, nearly overpowered by her emotions and the imposing presence of her august visitor.

"'There is a mortgage,' he rejoined, without responding in any way to her last remarks, 'a rather heavy mortgage on your homestead.'

"'I am sorry,' she replied, sadly, 'very sorry to be compelled to say there is, General—a much heavier one than I can ever pay.'

"'So I had ascertained,' he proceeded; 'and I have also, before coming here, been at the pains of ascertaining the exact amount now due, and required to cancel this, to you, doubtless, ruinous incumbrance, and I propose now to leave with you the sum of money you will need for effecting that desirable object.'

"'Does the money come from Government, Sir?' she asked, doubtfully, and with a look that seemed to say, 'If it does, then all right.'

"Washington looked at her, and hesitated a little at first, but soon, while taking up the valise he had brought in with him, slowly responded:

"'In one sense it does, I may say, madam, if you have delicacies on the subject. I am in receipt of a liberal yearly salary from Government, from which it is discretionary with me to impart aid sometimes to deserving objects; and I certainly know of none so than one which will relieve the family of so meritorious an officer as your late self-sacrificing husband.'

"Without waiting for any rejoinder to these

remarks he opened his valise, and took from it a bag of silver money, and deliberately proceeded to draw out and count from it, till he had reached the sum of nine hundred and some odd dollars, which afterward proved to be precisely the sum demanded, in principal, interest, and fees, for the discharge of the mortgage on our place. He then, after returning the money to the bag and setting it aside for the purpose he had designated, and taking the hand of my mother, who seemed inclined to remonstrate, but could not force the words for it from her quivering lips, tenderly but with an air that seemed to forbid any attempt at refusal, said to her:

"'Accept it, don't hesitate to accept it—take it and get the mortgage discharged at once; and then all your immediately pressing anxieties will be relieved, and soon you will find those brighter days the God of the widow has kept in store for you. And now, as my time is quite limited, it only remains for me to say, as I do most sincerely and kindly, Heaven bless you, dear madam, Heaven bless you. Farewell!'

"I was present during the whole of this interview between General Washington and my mother, heard every word they both said, and saw all the money counted down on the table, and feel very confident that I have neither taken from nor added to any thing that there took place.

"On leaving the house, Washington immediately mounted his horse and rode away, leaving us quite unable for a while to realize this unexpected visit, and the still more unexpected benefaction of the illustrious visitor."

\* As Mr. Warner was ascertained to have been a man of integrity, and of an unbroken memory, there need be but little doubt respecting the truth and authenticity of the above related incident, which, while it involves testimony highly honorable to the heroic leader of the Green Mountain Boys, furnishes a new and beautiful illustration of the elevated and benevolent character of Washington.

## DECEMBER.

DARKEST of all Decembers

Ever my life has known,  
Sitting here by the embers,  
Stunned and helpless, alone—

Dreaming of Two Graves lying  
Out in the damp and chill;  
One where the buzzard, flying,  
Pauses at Malvern Hill:

The other—alas! the pillows  
Of that uneasy bed  
Rise and fall with the billows  
Over Clarence's head.

Theirs the heroic story—

Died by frigate and town!  
Theirs the Peace and the Glory,  
Theirs the Cross and the Crown.

Mine to linger and languish  
Here by the wintry sea—  
Ah, weak heart! in thy anguish,  
What is there left to thee?

Only the sea intoning,  
Only the wainscot-mouse,  
Only the wild wind moaning  
Over the lonely house.



## THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

EVERY one who has traveled in England, or who has had occasion to mingle with English emigrants to America, has noticed the multiplicity of dialects spoken among the common people. To say nothing of the misplacement of the aspirate, universal among the cockneys of London, it may be safely affirmed that within a space of fifty miles in almost any part of England may be found more marked dialectic variations, from good usage not only in pronunciation but in words, than can be found among native Americans from Maine to Arkansas. Indeed the negroes on a Southern plantation speak better English than the majority of the Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Lancashire peasants. Dr. Latham, in his elaborate work on "The English Language," translates into a score or two of these dialects the first and a part of the fourteenth verse of the second chapter of the Song of Solomon, which in our common version read thus:

*I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.  
O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, and in the secret places of the stairs.*

From these versions we select the following, which the reader may compare with Tennyson's poem, "The Northern Farmer," in this Magazine for October:

## NORTH NORTHUMBERLAND.

Aw 's the rose o' Sharon, an' the lily o' the valleys.  
O maw duve, that 's i' the holes o' the rock, i' the hidin'-pleaces i' the steps.

## NORTHUMBERLAND.—NEWCASTLE.

Aw 's the rose o' Sharon, an' the lily o' the valleys.  
O maw duv, that is i' the clefts o' the rock, i' the secret pl'yeces o' the stairs.

## DURHAM.

A' as t' rose uv Sharon an' t' lilley ud valleys.  
O me dove, 'ats id cleft ud rock, id secret plaases ud stairs.

## DURHAM.—SHIELDS.

Aw 's the rose o' Sharon, an' the hly o' the valleys.  
O maw duv, that is i' the clefts o' the rock, i' the secret pl'yeces o' the stairs.

## NORTH CUMBERLAND.

I am the rwose o' Sharon, an' the lillie o' the vallies.  
O my duve, that art in the cliffs o' the rock, in the secret pleaces o' the stairs.

## CENTRAL CUMBERLAND.

Ise t' rwose o' Sharon, an' t' lily o' t' valleys.  
O my pigeon, 'at 's in t' nicks o' t' rock, in t' bye pleaces o' t' crags.

## WESTMORLAND.

I 's t' rooaz o' Sharon, an' t' lily o' t' valleys.  
O my cūshat, 'at 's i' t' grikes o' t' crags, i' t' darkin' whols o' t' stairs.

## SOUTHEAST LANCASHIRE.

Awim th' rose o' Shayron, un th' lily oth' valleys.  
O ma dove, theaw' rt ith' cliffs oth' rocks, ith' huddin' places oth' stairs.

## YORKSHIRE.—CLEVELAND.

Hah am the rose o' Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.  
O mah duv, that is i' the clefts o' the rock in the bye spots o' the stairs.

## YORKSHIRE.—CRAVEN.

I is 't rooaz o' Sharon, an' 't lilly o' t' gills.  
O mah duv, 'at is i' t' hoiles o' t' scarr, i' t' saycrit deaces o' t' staairs.

## YORKSHIRE.—WEST RIDING.

Ah 'm t' roaz a' Sharon an' t' lily a' t' valleys.  
O my duve, 'at art i' t' clefts a' t' rock, i' t' seäcrit places a' t' stairs.

## YORKSHIRE.—SHEFFIELD.

O 'm t' rooaz a' Sharon, an' t' lillia a' t' valliz.  
O mo duv, thah 'rt i' t' clefts a' t' rock, i' t' secret places a' t' stairs.

## NORFOLK.

The rose o' Sharon I em, and the lily o' the walleyes.  
O my dow, that's in the cricks o' the rocks, in the sacret places o' the stars.

## LINCOLNSHIRE.—PARTS ABOUT FOLKINGHAM.

I'm the rööse of Sharon and the lily of the vallies.  
O my doov that's in the cricks of the rocks, in the secret places of the steggers.

## SOMERSETSHIRE.

I be th' rawze o' Zharon, an' th' lilly o' th' vallies.  
O moi doove, that beeäst in th' clefs o' th' rocks, in th' zecret pleäzes o' th' steärs.

## EAST DEVON.

Ai 'm th' rawse o' Sharon, an' th' lily o' th' volleys.  
Yeuë, mai dove, that abaïd'th in th' gaps o' th' rocks, th' baipaärs o' th' stairs.

## WEST DEVON.

I am tha rose uv Sharin, an tha lilly uv th' vallys.  
Aw, ma duv, thit art in tha cliffs uv tha rocks, in the zaycrit pleaces uv tha staairs.

## CORNWALL.

I 'm th' rooase of Shaaron, and th' lily of th' valleys.  
Aw my dove, who art in th' vugs of th' rock, in th' sai-cret plaaces of the steärs.

## DORSETSHIRE.

I be the rwose o' Sharon, an' the lily o' the valleys.  
O my love 's in the clefts o' the rocks, in the lewth o' the cliffs.

## WILTSHIRE.

I be th' rwoäs o' Sharon, an' th' lilly o' th' valleys.  
Aw my dove, as uz in th' crivices o' th' rock, in th' zecret pleäcen o' th' staairs.

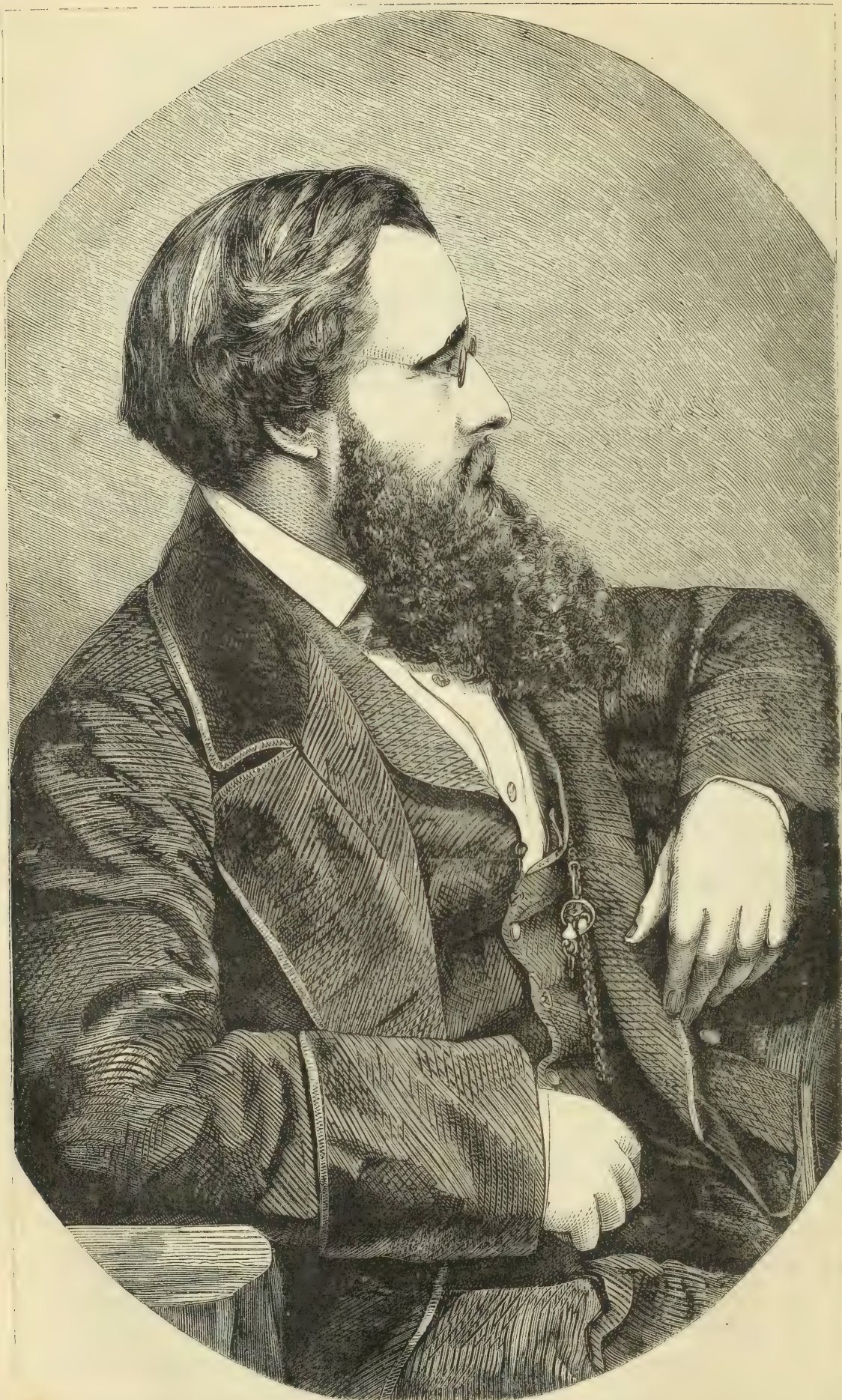
## SUSSEX.

I be de roäz of Sharon, and de lily of de valleys.  
O my dove, dat 's in de clifts of de rock, in de sacret plaüces of de staairs.

Mr Peacock, in a recent volume of the "Transactions of the Philological Society," thus renders the whole chapter into the dialect of Northern Lancashire:

1. I 's 't rooäz a Sharon' èn 't lily a 't valleys.
2. Amang 't lasses, my luvv 's like a lily amang 't wickwoods.
3. Amang 't lads, my beluvvd's like an apple amang 't common trees. I sat mah down under his shadda wi girt plezzer, èn his friut was sweet ta mî teyast.
4. He browt ma ta 't feeästin'-house, èn his culler ouer ma was luvv.
5. Gimma a sooäp a summat ta sup, ta cumfert mah, èn I sud like sum apples ta itt: for I 's deäid seek a luvv.
6. His left hand 's under mî heed, èn his reight hand cuddles mah.
7. En mind ye this, ye Jerewzlem lasses, bî 't vallî a o' 't ky èn sheep i' 't fields, èz ya don't stir up, ner wakken mî luvv, t'l a likes.
8. 'T voice a mî beluvvd! Lukk ya he cums loupin' ouer 't fells, skelpin' a toppa t' hōws.
9. My beluvvd 's like a roe èr a yung buck: Lukk ya, he 's standin' behint our woh, he 's gloorin' out a 't winda, èn shewin' his-sel through 't lat-wark.
10. My beluvvd spak, èn said tumma: Now, hunny, git up, that 's a bonny lass, èn cu' thî ways.
11. Fèr, duzta see, 't winter 's past, 't rain 's ouer èn gejan.
12. 'T flowers is beginnin' ta blää: 't parrin' time a 't birds is cum, èn yan ma hear 't stockduvv cooin' i' 't woods.
13. 'T berry trees is i blossom, èn 't sweet-breeär 's beginnin' ta send out a reight nice smell, Du git up wi thî, joy, cu' thî ways I say, èn let mah lukk at thî conny feyace.
14. O mî joy, èz is i 't nicks a 't crag, i 't lorkin'-hooäls a 't stairs, cum out wi that sweet feyace a thî ään, let mah hear thî lile clapper gang; fèr thî voice is music itsel, èn thou 's reet gud lukkin.
15. Tek uz 't foxes, 't lile foxes èz spoils 't vines: fèr wer vines hez vast tender greypas.
16. My beluvvd 's mine, èn I 's his: he feeds amang 't lilies.
17. 'Tl 't day brèk, èn 't shaddas flees away, torn tha. mî hunny, èn be like a roe èr a yung hart a Bether fells.





Walter Collins



## ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE TRAVELERS.

IT was the opening of the season of eighteen hundred and thirty-two, at the Baths of Wildbad.

The evening shadows were beginning to gather over the quiet little German town, and the diligence was expected every minute. Before the door of the principal inn, waiting the arrival of the first visitors of the year, were assembled the three notable personages of Wildbad, accompanied by their wives—the mayor, representing the inhabitants; the doctor, representing the waters; the landlord, representing his own establishment. Beyond this select circle, grouped snugly about the trim little square in front of the inn, appeared the towns-people in general, mixed here and there with the country-people in their quaint German costume, placidly expectant of the diligence—the men in short black jackets, tight black breeches, and three-cornered beaver hats; the women with their long light hair hanging in one thickly-plaited tail behind them, and the waists of their short woolen gowns inserted modestly in the region of their shoulder-blades. Round the outer edge of the assemblage thus formed, flying detachments of plump white-headed children careered in perpetual motion; while, mysteriously apart from the rest of the inhabitants, the musicians of the Baths stood collected in one lost corner, waiting the appearance of the first visitors to play the first tune of the season in the form of a serenade. The light of a May evening was still bright on the tops of the great wooded hills, watching high over the town on the right hand and the left; and the cool breeze that comes before sunset came keenly fragrant here with the balsamic odor of the firs of the Black Forest.

"Mr. Landlord," said the mayor's wife (giving the landlord his title), "have you any foreign guests coming on this first day of the season?"

"Madam Mayoress," replied the landlord (returning the compliment), "I have two. They have written—the one by the hand of his servant, the other by his own hand apparently—to order their rooms; and they are from England both, as I think by their names. If you ask me to pronounce those names my tongue hesitates; if you ask me to spell them, here they are letter by letter, first and second in their order as they come. First, a high-born stranger (by title Mister), who introduces himself in eight letters—A, r, m, a, d, a, l, e—and comes ill in his own carriage. Second, a high-born stranger (by title Mister also), who introduces himself in four letters—N, e, a, l—and comes ill in the diligence.

His excellency of the eight letters writes to me (by his servant) in French; his excellency of the four letters writes to me in German. The rooms of both are ready. I know no more."

"Perhaps," suggested the mayor's wife, "Mr. Doctor has heard from one or both of these illustrious strangers?"

"From one only, Madam Mayoress; but not, strictly speaking, from the person himself. I have received a medical report of his excellency of the eight letters, and his case seems a bad one. God help him!"

"The diligence!" cried a child from the outskirts of the crowd.

The musicians seized their instruments, and silence fell on the whole community. From far away in the windings of the forest gorge the ring of horses' bells came faintly clear through the evening stillness. Which carriage was approaching—the private carriage with Mr. Armadale, or the public carriage with Mr. Neal?

"Play, my friends!" cried the mayor to the musicians. "Public or private, here are the first sick people of the season. Let them find us cheerful."

The band played a lively dance tune, and the children in the square footed it merrily to the music. At the same moment their elders near the inn door drew aside, and disclosed the first shadow of gloom that fell over the gayety and beauty of the scene. Through the opening made on either hand a little procession of stout country girls advanced, each drawing after her an empty chair on wheels; each in waiting (and knitting while she waited) for the paralyzed wretches who came helpless by hundreds then—who come helpless by thousands now—to the waters of Wildbad for relief.

While the band played, while the children danced, while the buzz of many talkers deepened, while the strong young nurses of the coming cripples knitted imperturbably, a woman's insatiable curiosity about other women asserted itself in the mayor's wife. She drew the landlady aside, and whispered a question to her on the spot.

"A word more, ma'am," said the mayor's wife, "about the two strangers from England. Are their letters explicit? Have they got any ladies with them?"

"The one by the diligence—no," replied the landlady. "But the one by the private carriage—yes. He comes with a child; he comes with a nurse; and," concluded the landlady, skillfully keeping the main point of interest till the last, "he comes with a Wife."

The mayoress brightened; the doctress (assisting at the conference) brightened; the landlady nodded significantly. In the minds of all three the same thought started into life at the same moment—"We shall see the Fashions!"



In a minute more there was a sudden movement in the crowd; and a chorus of voices proclaimed that the travelers were at hand.

By this time the coming vehicle was in sight, and all further doubt was at an end. It was the diligence that now approached by the long street leading into the square—the diligence (in a dazzling new coat of yellow paint) that delivered the first visitors of the season at the inn door. Of the ten travelers released from the middle compartment and the back compartment of the carriage—all from various parts of Germany—three were lifted out helpless, and were placed in the chairs on wheels to be drawn to their lodgings in the town. The front compartment contained two passengers only—Mr. Neal and his traveling servant. With an arm on either side to assist him, the stranger (whose malady appeared to be locally confined to a lameness in one of his feet) succeeded in descending the steps of the carriage easily enough. While he steadied himself on the pavement by the help of his stick—looking not over-patiently toward the musicians who were serenading him with the waltz in *Der Freischütz*—his personal appearance rather damped the enthusiasm of the friendly little circle assembled to welcome him. He was a lean, tall, serious, middle-aged man, with a cold gray eye and a long upper lip; with overhanging eyebrows and high cheekbones; a man who looked what he was—every inch a Scotchman.

"Where is the proprietor of this hotel?" he asked, speaking in the German language, with a fluent readiness of expression, and an icy coldness of manner. "Fetch the doctor," he continued, when the landlord had presented himself, "I want to see him immediately."

"I am here already, Sir," said the doctor, advancing from the circle of friends, "and my services are entirely at your disposal."

"Thank you," said Mr. Neal, looking at the doctor as the rest of us look at a dog when we have whistled and the dog has come. "I shall be glad to consult you to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, about my own case. I only want to trouble you now with a message which I have undertaken to deliver. We overtook a traveling carriage on the road here, with a gentleman in it—an Englishman, I believe—who appeared to be seriously ill. A lady who was with him begged me to see you immediately on my arrival, and to secure your professional assistance in removing the patient from the carriage. Their courier has met with an accident, and has been left behind on the road—and they are obliged to travel very slowly. If you are here in an hour you will be here in time to receive them. That is the message. Who is this gentleman who appears to be anxious to speak to me? The mayor? If you wish to see my passport, Sir, my servant will show it to you. No. You wish to welcome me to the place, and to offer your services? I am infinitely flattered. If you have any authority to shorten the performances of your town band, you would be doing

me a kindness to exert it. My nerves are irritable, and I dislike music. Where is the landlord? No; I want to see my rooms. I don't want your arm; I can get up stairs with the help of my stick. Mr. Mayor and Mr. Doctor, we need not detain one another any longer. I wish you good-night."

Both mayor and doctor looked after the Scotchman as he limped up stairs, and shook their heads together in mute disapproval of him. The ladies, as usual, went a step farther, and expressed their opinions openly in the plainest words. The case under consideration (so far as *they* were concerned) was the scandalous case of a man who had passed them over entirely without notice. Mrs. Mayor could only attribute such an outrage to the native ferocity of a Savage. Mrs. Doctor took a stronger view still, and considered it as proceeding from the inbred brutality of a Hog.

The hour of waiting for the traveling carriage wore on, and the creeping night stole up the hill-sides softly. One by one the stars appeared, and the first lights twinkled in the windows of the inn. As the darkness came the last idlers deserted the square; as the darkness came the mighty silence of the Forest above flowed in on the valley, and strangely and suddenly hushed the lonely little town.

The hour of waiting wore out, and the figure of the doctor, walking backward and forward anxiously, was still the only living figure left in the square. Five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes, were counted out by the doctor's watch before the first sound came through the night silence to warn him of the approaching carriage. Slowly it emerged into the square, at the walking pace of the horses, and drew up, as a hearse might have drawn up, at the door of the inn.

"Is the doctor here?" asked a woman's voice, speaking out of the darkness of the carriage in the French language.

"I am here, madam," replied the doctor, taking a light from the landlord's hand and opening the carriage door.

The first face that the light fell on was the face of the lady who had just spoken—a young, darkly-beautiful woman, with the tears standing thick and bright in her eager black eyes. The second face revealed was the face of a shriveled old negress, sitting opposite the lady on the back seat. The third was the face of a little sleeping child, in the negress's lap. With a quick gesture of impatience the lady signed to the nurse to leave the carriage first with the child. "Pray take them out of the way," she said to the landlady; "pray take them to their room." She got out herself when her request had been complied with. Then the light fell clear for the first time on the farther side of the carriage, and the fourth traveler was disclosed to view.

He lay helpless on a mattress supported by a stretcher; his hair long and disordered under a black skull-cap; his eyes wide open, rolling to and fro ceaselessly anxious; the rest of his face



as void of all expression of the character within him, and the thought within him, as if he had been dead. There was no looking at him now, and guessing what he might once have been. The leaden blank of his face met every question as to his age, his rank, his temper, and his looks which that face might once have answered, in impenetrable silence. Nothing spoke for him now but the shock that had struck him with the death-in-life of Paralysis. The doctor's eye questioned his lower limbs, and Death-in-Life answered, *I am here*. The doctor's eye, rising attentively by way of his hands and arms, questioned upward and upward to the muscles round his mouth, and Death-in-Life answered, *I am coming*.

In the face of a calamity so unsparing and so dreadful there was nothing to be said. The silent sympathy of help was all that could be offered to the woman who stood weeping at the carriage door.

As they bore him on his bed across the hall of the hotel his wandering eyes encountered the face of his wife. They rested on her for a moment; and, in that moment, he spoke.

"The child?" he said in English, with a slow, thick, laboring articulation.

"The child is safe up stairs," she answered, faintly.

"My desk?"

"It is in my hands. Look! I won't trust it to any body; I am taking care of it for you myself."

He closed his eyes for the first time after that answer, and said no more. Tenderly and skillfully he was carried up the stairs, with his wife on one side of him, and the doctor (ominously silent) on the other. The landlord and the servants following, saw the door of his room open and close on him; heard the lady burst out crying hysterically as soon as she was alone with the doctor and the sick man; saw the doctor come out, half an hour later, with his ruddy face a shade paler than usual; pressed him eagerly for information, and received but one answer to all their inquiries, "Wait till I have seen him to-morrow. Ask me nothing to-night." They all knew the doctor's ways, and they augured ill when he left them hurriedly with that reply.

So the two first English visitors of the year came to the Baths of Wildbad, in the season of eighteen hundred and thirty-two.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SOLID SIDE OF THE SCOTCH CHARACTER.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Mr. Neal—waiting for the medical visit which he had himself appointed for that hour—looked at his watch, and discovered to his amazement that he was waiting in vain. It was close on eleven when the door opened at last, and the doctor entered the room.

"I appointed ten o'clock for your visit," said Mr. Neal. "In my country a medical man is a punctual man."

"In my country," returned the doctor, without the least ill-humor, "a medical man is exactly like other men—he is at the mercy of accidents. Pray grant me your pardon, Sir, for being so long after my time; I have been detained by a very distressing case—the case of Mr. Armadale, whose traveling carriage you passed on the road yesterday."

Mr. Neal looked at his medical attendant with a sour surprise. There was a latent anxiety in the doctor's eye, a latent pre-occupation in the doctor's manner, which he was at a loss to account for. For a moment the two faces confronted each other silently, in marked national contrast—the Scotchman's, long and lean, hard and regular; the German's, plump and florid, soft and shapeless. One face looked as if it had never been young; the other, as if it would never grow old.

"Might I venture to remind you," said Mr. Neal, "that the case now under consideration is my case, and not Mr. Armadale's?"

"Certainly," replied the doctor, still vacillating between the case he had come to see and the case he had just left. "You appear to be suffering from lameness—let me look at your foot."

Mr. Neal's malady, however serious it might be in his own estimation, was of no extraordinary importance in a medical point of view. He was suffering from a rheumatic affection of the ankle-joint. The necessary questions were asked and answered, and the necessary baths were prescribed. In ten minutes the consultation was at an end, and the patient was waiting, in significant silence, for the medical adviser to take his leave.

"I can not conceal from myself," said the doctor, rising, and hesitating a little, "that I am intruding on you. But I am compelled to beg your indulgence, if I return to the subject of Mr. Armadale."

"May I ask what compels you?"

"The duty which I owe as a Christian," answered the doctor, "to a dying man."

Mr. Neal started. Those who touched his sense of religious duty touched the quickest sense in his nature. "You have established your claim on my attention," he said, gravely. "My time is yours."

"I will not abuse your kindness," replied the doctor, resuming his chair. "I will be as short as I can. Mr. Armadale's case is briefly this: He has passed the greater part of his life in the West Indies—a wild life and a vicious life, by his own confession. Shortly after his marriage—now some three years since—the first symptoms of an approaching paralytic affection began to show themselves, and his medical advisers ordered him away to try the climate of Europe. Since leaving the West Indies he has lived principally in Italy, with no benefit to his health. From Italy, before the last seizure at—



tacked him, he removed to Switzerland, and from Switzerland he has been sent to this place. So much I know from his doctor's report; the rest I can tell you from my own personal experience. Mr. Armadale has been sent to Wildbad too late; he is virtually a dead man. The paralysis is fast spreading upward, and disease of the lower part of the spine has already taken place. He can still move his hands a little, but he can hold nothing in his fingers. He can still articulate, but he may wake speechless to-morrow or next day. If I give him a week more to live, I give him what I honestly believe to be the utmost length of his span. At his own request I told him—as carefully and as tenderly as I could—what I have just told you. The result was very distressing; the violence of the patient's agitation was a violence which I despair of describing to you. I took the liberty of asking him whether his affairs were unsettled. Nothing of the sort. His will is in the hands of his executor in London, and he leaves his wife and child well provided for. My next question succeeded better; it hit the mark: 'Have you something on your mind to do before you die, which is not done yet?' He gave a great gasp of relief, which said, as no words could have said it, Yes. 'Can I help you?' 'Yes. I have something to write that I *must* write. Can you make me hold a pen?' He might as well have asked me if I could perform a miracle. I could only say, No. 'If I dictate the words,' he went on, 'can you write what I tell you to write?' Once more I could only say, No. I understand a little English, but I can neither speak it nor write it. Mr. Armadale understands French when it is spoken (as I speak it to him) slowly, but he can not express himself in that language; and of German he is totally ignorant. In this difficulty I said, what any one else in my situation would have said, 'Why ask *me*? there is Mrs. Armadale at your service in the next room.' Before I could get up from my chair to fetch her he stopped me—not by words, but by a look of horror, which fixed me by main force of astonishment in my place. 'Surely,' I said, 'your wife is the fittest person to write for you as you desire?' 'The last person under heaven!' he answered. 'What!' I said, 'you ask me, a foreigner and a stranger, to write words at your dictation which you keep a secret from your wife!' Conceive my astonishment when he answered me, without a moment's hesitation, 'Yes!' I sat lost; I sat silent. 'If *you* can't write English,' he said, 'find somebody who can.' I tried to remonstrate. He burst into a dreadful moaning cry—a dumb entreaty, like the entreaty of a dog. 'Hush! hush!' I said; 'I will find somebody.' 'To-day!' he broke out, 'before my speech fails me, like my hand.' 'To-day, in an hour's time.' He shut his eyes; he quieted himself instantly. 'While I am waiting for you,' he said, 'let me see my little boy.' He had shown no tenderness when he spoke of his wife, but I saw the tears on his cheeks when

he asked for his child. My profession, Sir, has not made me so hard a man as you might think; and my doctor's heart was as heavy when I went out to fetch the child as if I had not been a doctor at all. I am afraid you think this rather weak on my part?"

The doctor looked appealingly at Mr. Neal. He might as well have looked at a rock in the Black Forest. Mr. Neal entirely declined to be drawn by any doctor in Christendom out of the regions of plain fact.

"Go on," he said. "I presume you have not told me all that you have to tell me yet?"

"Surely you understand my object in coming here now?" returned the other.

"Your object is plain enough—at last. You invite me to connect myself blindfold with a matter which is in the last degree suspicious, so far. I decline giving you any answer until I know more than I know now. Did you think it necessary to inform this man's wife of what had passed between you, and to ask her for an explanation?"

"Of course I thought it necessary," said the doctor, indignant at the reflection on his humanity which the question seemed to imply. "If ever I saw a woman fond of her husband, and sorry for her husband, it is this unhappy Mrs. Armadale. As soon as we were left alone together I sat down by her side and I took her hand in mine. Why not? I am an ugly old man, and I may allow myself such liberties as these."

"Excuse me," said the impenetrable Scotchman. "I beg to suggest that you are losing the thread of the narrative."

"Nothing more likely," returned the doctor, recovering his good-humor. "It is in the habit of my nation to be perpetually losing the thread, and it is evidently in the habit of yours, Sir, to be perpetually finding it. What an example here of the order of the universe, and the everlasting fitness of things!"

"Will you oblige me, once for all, by confining yourself to the facts?" persisted Mr. Neal, frowning impatiently. "May I inquire, for my own information, whether Mrs. Armadale could tell you what it is her husband wishes me to write, and why it is that he refuses to let her write for him?"

"There is my thread found—and thank you for finding it," said the doctor. "You shall hear what Mrs. Armadale had to tell me in Mrs. Armadale's own words. 'The cause that now shuts me out of his confidence,' she said, 'is, I firmly believe, the same cause that has always shut me out of his heart. I am the wife he has wedded, but I am not the woman he loves. I knew when he married me that another man had won from him the woman he loved. I thought I could make him forget her. I hoped when I married him; I hoped again when I bore him a son. Need I tell you the end of my hopes? you have seen it for yourself.' (Wait, Sir, I entreat you! I have not lost the thread again; I am following it inch by inch.)



'Is this all you know?' I asked. 'All I knew,' she said, 'till a short time since. It was when we were in Switzerland, and when his illness was nearly at its worst, that news came to him by accident of that other woman who has been the shadow and the poison of my life—news that she (like me) had borne her husband a son. On the instant of his making that discovery—a trifling discovery, if ever there was one yet—a mortal fear seized on him: not for me, not for himself; a fear for his own child. The same day (without a word to me) he sent for the doctor. I was mean, wicked, what you please—I listened at the door. I heard him say: *I have something to tell my son, when my son grows old enough to understand me. Shall I live to tell it?* The doctor would say nothing certain. The same night (still without a word to me) he locked himself into his room. What would any woman, treated as I was, have done in my place? She would have done as I did—she would have listened again. I heard him say to himself: *I shall not live to tell it: I must write it before I die.* I heard his pen scrape, scrape, scrape over the paper—I heard him groaning and sobbing as he wrote—I implored him for God's sake to let me in. The cruel pen went scrape, scrape, scrape; the cruel pen was all the answer he gave me. I waited at the door—hours—I don't know how long. On a sudden the pen stopped, and I heard no more. I whispered through the keyhole softly; I said I was cold and weary with waiting; I said, Oh, my love, let me in! Not even the cruel pen answered me now: silence answered me. With all the strength of my miserable hands I beat at the door. The servants came up and broke it in. We were too late; the harm was done. Over that fatal letter the stroke had struck him—over that fatal letter we found him, paralyzed as you see him now. Those words which he wants you to write are the words he would have written himself if the stroke had spared him till the morning. From that time to this there has been a blank place left in the letter, and it is that blank place which he has just asked you to fill up.' In those words Mrs. Armadale spoke to me; in those words you have the sum and substance of all the information I can give. Say, if you please, Sir, have I kept the thread at last? Have I shown you the necessity which brings me here from your countryman's death-bed?"

"Thus far," said Mr. Neal, "you merely show me that you are exciting yourself. This is too serious a matter to be treated as you are treating it now. You have involved me in the business, and I insist on seeing my way plainly. Don't raise your hands; your hands are not a part of the question. If I am to be concerned in the completion of this mysterious letter, it is only an act of justifiable prudence on my part to inquire what the letter is about. Mrs. Armadale appears to have favored you with an infinite number of domestic particulars—in return, I presume, for your polite attention in taking her by the hand. May I ask what she

could tell you about her husband's letter, so far as her husband has written it?"

"Mrs. Armadale could tell me nothing," replied the doctor, with a sudden formality in his manner which showed that his forbearance was at last failing him. "Before she was composed enough to think of the letter her husband had asked for it, and had caused it to be locked up in his desk. She knows that he has since, time after time, tried to finish it, and that, time after time, the pen has dropped from his fingers. She knows, when all other hope of his restoration was at an end, that his medical advisers encouraged him to hope in the famous waters of this place. And last, she knows how that hope has ended, for she knows what I told her husband this morning."

The frown which had been gathering latterly on Mr. Neal's face deepened and darkened. He looked at the doctor as if the doctor had personally offended him.

"The more I think of the position you are asking me to take," he said, "the less I like it. Can you undertake to say positively that Mr. Armadale is in his right mind?"

"Yes; as positively as words can say it."

"Does his wife sanction your coming here to request my interference?"

"His wife sends me to you, the only Englishman in Wildbad, to write for your dying countryman what he can not write for himself, and what no one in this place but you can write for him."

That answer drove Mr. Neal back to the last inch of ground left him to stand on. Even on that inch the Scotchman resisted still.

"Wait a little," he said. "You put it strongly; let us be quite sure you put it correctly as well. Let us be quite sure there is nobody to take this responsibility but myself. There is a mayor in Wildbad, to begin with; a man who possesses an official character to justify his interference."

"A man of a thousand," said the doctor. "With one fault—he knows no language but his own."

"There is an English legation at Stuttgart," persisted Mr. Neal.

"And there are miles on miles of the Forest between this and Stuttgart," rejoined the doctor. "If we sent this moment we could get no help from the legation before to-morrow; and it is as likely as not, in the state of this dying man's articulation, that to-morrow may find him speechless. I don't know whether his last wishes are wishes harmless to his child and to others, or wishes hurtful to his child and to others; but I do know that they must be fulfilled at once or never, and that you are the only man who can help him."

That open declaration brought the discussion to a close. It fixed Mr. Neal fast between the two alternatives of saying Yes, and committing an act of imprudence—or of saying No, and committing an act of inhumanity. There was a silence of some minutes. The Scotchman



steadily reflected; and the German steadily watched him.

The responsibility of saying the next words rested on Mr. Neal, and, in course of time, Mr. Neal took it. He rose from his chair, with a sullen sense of injury lowering on his heavy eyebrows, and working sourly in the lines at the corners of his mouth.

"My position is forced on me," he said. "I have no choice but to accept it."

The doctor's impulsive nature rose in revolt against the merciless brevity and gracelessness of that reply. "I wish to God," he broke out, fervently. "I knew English enough to take your place at Mr. Armadale's bedside!"

"Bating your taking the name of the Almighty in vain," answered the Scotchman, "I entirely agree with you. I wish you did."

Without another word on either side they left the room together—the doctor leading the way.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE WRECK OF THE TIMBER SHIP.

No one answered the doctor's knock when he and his companion reached the ante-chamber door of Mr. Armadale's apartments. They entered unannounced; and when they looked into the sitting-room the sitting-room was empty.

"I must see Mrs. Armadale," said Mr. Neal. "I decline acting in the matter unless Mrs. Armadale authorizes my interference with her own lips."

"Mrs. Armadale is probably with her husband," replied the doctor. He approached a door at the inner end of the sitting-room while he spoke—hesitated—and, turning round again, looked at his sour companion anxiously. "I am afraid I spoke a little harshly, Sir, when we were leaving your room," he said. "I beg your pardon for it, with all my heart. Before this poor afflicted lady comes in, will you—will you excuse my asking your utmost gentleness and consideration for her?"

"No, Sir," retorted the other, harshly, "I won't excuse you. What right have I given you to think me wanting in gentleness and consideration toward any body?"

The doctor saw it was useless. "I beg your pardon again," he said, resignedly, and left the unapproachable stranger to himself.

Mr. Neal walked to the window, and stood there, with his eyes mechanically fixed on the prospect, composing his mind for the coming interview.

It was mid-day; the sun shone bright and warm; and all the little world of Wildbad was alive and merry in the genial spring-time. Now and again heavy wagons, with black-faced carters in charge, rolled by the window, bearing their precious lading of charcoal from the Forest. Now and again, hurled over the headlong current of the stream that runs through the town, great lengths of timber loosely strung to-

gether in interminable series—with the booted raftsmen, pole in hand, poised watchful at either end—shot swift and serpent-like past the houses on their course to the distant Rhine. High and steep above the gabled wooden buildings on the river bank, the great hill-sides, crested black with firs, shone to the shining heavens in a glory of lustrous green. In and out, where the forest foot-paths wound from the grass through the trees, from the trees over the grass, the bright spring dresses of women and children on the search for wild-flowers, traveled to and fro in the lofty distance like spots of moving light. Below, on the walk by the stream side, the booths of the little bazar that had opened punctually with the opening season, showed all their glittering trinkets, and fluttered in the balmy air their splendor of many-colored flags. Longingly, here, the children looked at the show; patiently the sun-burnt lasses plied their knitting as they paced the walk; courteously the passing towns-people, by fours and fives, and the passing visitors, by ones and twos, greeted each other, hat in hand; and slowly, slowly, the crippled and helpless in their chairs on wheels, came out in the cheerful noontide with the rest, and took their share of the blessed light that cheers, of the blessed sun that shines for all.

On this scene the Scotchman looked, with eyes that never noted its beauty, with a mind far away from every lesson that it taught. One by one he meditated the words he should say when the wife came in. One by one he pondered over the conditions he might impose, before he took the pen in hand at the husband's bedside.

"Mrs. Armadale is here," said the doctor's voice, interposing suddenly between his reflections and himself.

He turned on the instant, and saw before him, with the pure mid-day light shining full on her, a woman of the mixed blood of the European and the African race, with the northern delicacy in the shape of her face, and the southern richness in its color—a woman in the prime of her beauty, who moved with an inbred grace, who looked with an inbred fascination, whose large, languid, black eyes rested on him gratefully, whose little dusky hand offered itself to him, in mute expression of her thanks, with the welcome that is given to the coming of a friend. For the first time in his life the Scotchman was taken by surprise. Every self-preservative word that he had been meditating but an instant since dropped out of his memory. His thrice-impenetrable armor of habitual suspicion, habitual self-discipline, and habitual reserve, which had never fallen from him in a woman's presence before, fell from him in this woman's presence, and brought him to his knees a conquered man. He took the hand she offered him, and bowed over it his first honest homage to the sex, in silence.

She hesitated on her side. The quick feminine perception which, in happier circumstances, would have pounced on the secret of his embar-



rassment in an instant, failed her now. She attributed his strange reception of her to pride, to reluctance—to any cause but the unexpected revelation of her own beauty. "I have no words to thank you," she said, faintly, trying to propitiate him. "I should only distress you if I tried to speak." Her lip began to tremble, she drew back a little, and turned away her head in silence.

The doctor, who had been standing apart, quietly observant in a corner, advanced before Mr. Neal could interfere, and led Mrs. Armadale to a chair. "Don't be afraid of him," whispered the good man, patting her gently on the shoulder. "He was hard as iron in my hands, but I think, by the look of him, he will be soft as wax in yours. Say the words I told you to say, and let us take him to your husband's room before those sharp wits of his have time to recover themselves."

She roused her sinking resolution, and advanced half-way to the window to meet Mr. Neal. "My kind friend, the doctor, has told me, Sir, that your only hesitation in coming here is a hesitation on my account," she said, her head drooping a little, and her rich color fading away while she spoke. "I am deeply grateful, but I entreat you not to think of *me*. What my husband wishes—" Her voice faltered; she waited resolutely, and recovered herself. "What my husband wishes in his last moments, I wish too."

This time Mr. Neal was composed enough to answer her. In low, earnest tones he entreated her to say no more. "I was only anxious to show you every consideration," he said. "I am only anxious now to spare you every distress." As he spoke something like a glow of color rose slowly on his sallow face. Her eyes were looking at him, softly attentive—and he thought guiltily of his meditations at the window before she came in.

The doctor saw his opportunity. He opened the door that led into Mr. Armadale's room, and stood by it, waiting silently. Mrs. Armadale entered first. In a minute more the door was closed again, and Mr. Neal stood committed to the responsibility that had been forced on him—committed beyond recall.

The room was decorated in the gaudy continental fashion; and the warm sunlight was shining in joyously. Cupids and flowers were painted on the ceiling; bright ribbons looped up the white window curtains; a smart gilt clock ticked on a velvet-covered mantle-piece; mirrors gleamed on the walls, and flowers in all the colors of the rainbow speckled the carpet. In the midst of the finery, and the glitter, and the light, lay the paralyzed man, with his wandering eyes, and his lifeless lower face—his head propped high with many pillows; his helpless hands laid out over the bed-clothes like the hands of a corpse. By the bed-head stood, grim and old and silent, the shriveled black nurse; and on the counterpane, between his father's outspread hands, lay the child, in his little white frock,

absorbed in the enjoyment of a new toy. When the door opened, and Mrs. Armadale led the way in, the boy was tossing his plaything—a soldier on horseback—backward and forward over the helpless hands on either side of him, and the father's wandering eyes were following the toy to and fro with a stealthy and ceaseless vigilance—a vigilance as of a wild animal, terrible to see.

The moment Mr. Neal appeared in the doorway those restless eyes stopped, looked up, and fastened on the stranger with a fierce eagerness of inquiry. Slowly the motionless lips struggled into movement. With thick, hesitating articulation, they put the question which the eyes asked mutely, into words.

"Are you the man?"

Mr. Neal advanced to the bedside; Mrs. Armadale drawing back from it as he approached, and waiting with the doctor at the farther end of the room. The child looked up, toy in hand, as the stranger came near—opened his bright brown eyes wide in momentary astonishment—and then went on with his game.

"I have been made acquainted with your sad situation, Sir," said Mr. Neal. "And I have come here to place my services at your disposal; services which no one but myself—as your medical attendant informs me—is in a position to render you in this strange place. My name is Neal. I am a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh; and I may presume to say for myself that any confidence you wish to place in me will be confidence not improperly bestowed."

The eyes of the beautiful wife were not confusing him now. He spoke to the helpless husband quietly and seriously, without his customary harshness, and with a grave compassion in his manner which presented him at his best. The sight of the death-bed had steadied him.

"You wish me to write something for you?" he resumed, after waiting for a reply, and waiting in vain.

"Yes!" said the dying man, with the all-mastering impatience which his tongue was powerless to express glittering angrily in his eyes. "My hand is gone, and my speech is going. Write!"

Before there was time to speak again, Mr. Neal heard the rustling of a woman's dress, and the quick creaking of castors on the carpet behind him. Mrs. Armadale was moving the writing-table across the room to the foot of the bed. If he was to set up those safeguards of his own devising that were to bear him harmless through all results to come, now was the time, or never. He kept his back turned on Mrs. Armadale, and put his precautionary question at once in the plainest terms.

"May I ask, Sir, before I take the pen in hand, what it is you wish me to write?"

The angry eyes of the paralyzed man glittered brighter and brighter. His lips opened and closed again. He made no reply.

Mr. Neal tried another precautionary question, in a new direction.



"When I have written what you wish me to write," he asked, "what is to be done with it?"

This time the answer came:

"Seal it up in my presence, and post it to my Ex—"

His laboring articulation suddenly stopped, and he looked piteously in the questioner's face for the next word.

"Do you mean your Executor?"

"Yes."

"It is a letter, I suppose, that I am to post?" There was no answer. "May I ask if it is a letter altering your will?"

"Nothing of the sort."

Mr. Neal considered a little. The mystery was thickening. The one way out of it, so far, was the way traced faintly through that strange story of the unfinished letter which the doctor had repeated to him in Mrs. Armadale's words. The nearer he approached his unknown responsibility, the more ominous it seemed of something serious to come. Should he risk another question before he pledged himself irrevocably? As the doubt crossed his mind he felt Mrs. Armadale's silk dress touch him on the side farthest from her husband. Her delicate dark hand was laid gently on his arm; her full deep African eyes looked at him in submissive entreaty. "My husband is very anxious," she whispered. "Will you quiet his anxiety, Sir, by taking your place at the writing-table?"

It was from *her* lips that the request came—from the lips of the person who had the best right to hesitate; the wife who was excluded from the secret! Most men in Mr. Neal's position would have given up all their safeguards on the spot. The Scotchman gave them all up but one.

"I will write what you wish me to write," he said, addressing Mr. Armadale. "I will seal it in your presence; and I will post it to your Executor myself. But, in engaging to do this, I must beg you to remember that I am acting entirely in the dark; and I must ask you to excuse me if I reserve my own entire freedom of action, when your wishes in relation to the writing and the posting of the letter have been fulfilled."

"Do you give me your promise?"

"If you want my promise, Sir, I will give it—subject to the condition I have just named."

"Take your condition, and keep your promise. My desk," he added, looking at his wife for the first time.

She crossed the room eagerly to fetch the desk from a chair in a corner. Returning with it, she made a passing sign to the negress, who still stood, grim and silent, in the place that she had occupied from the first. The woman advanced, obedient to the sign, to take the child from the bed. At the instant when she touched him the father's eyes—fixed previously on the desk—turned on her with the stealthy quickness of a cat. "No!" he said. "No!" echoed the fresh voice of the boy, still charmed with his plaything, and still liking his place on the bed. The

negress left the room, and the child, in high triumph, trotted his toy-soldier up and down on the bed-clothes that lay rumpled over his father's breast. His mother's lovely face contracted with a pang of jealousy as she looked at him.

"Shall I open your desk?" she asked, pushing back the child's plaything sharply while she spoke. An answering look from her husband guided her hand to the place under his pillow where the key was hidden. She opened the desk, and disclosed inside some small sheets of manuscript pinned together. "These?" she inquired, producing them.

"Yes," he said. "You can go now."

The Scotchman sitting at the writing-table, the doctor stirring a stimulant mixture in a corner, looked at each other with an anxiety in both their faces which they could neither of them control. The words that banished the wife from the room were spoken. The moment had come.

"You can go now," said Mr. Armadale, for the second time.

She looked at the child, established comfortably on the bed, and an ashy paleness spread slowly over her face. She looked at the fatal letter which was a sealed secret to her; and a torture of jealous suspicion—suspicion of that other woman who had been the shadow and the poison of her life—wring her to the heart. After moving a few steps from the bedside she stopped and came back again. Armed with the double courage of her love and her despair she pressed her lips on her dying husband's cheek, and pleaded with him for the last time. Her burning tears dropped on his face as she whispered to him, "Oh, Allan, think how I have loved you! think how hard I have tried to make you happy! think how soon I shall lose you! Oh, my own love! don't, don't send me away!"

The words pleaded for her; the kiss pleaded for her; the recollection of the love that had been given to him, and never returned, touched the heart of the fast-sinking man as nothing had touched it since the day of his marriage. A heavy sigh broke from him. He looked at her, and hesitated.

"Let me stay," she whispered, pressing her face closer to his.

"It will only distress you," he whispered back.

"Nothing distresses me but being sent away from *you*!"

He waited. She saw that he was thinking, and waited too.

"If I let you stay a little—?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Will you go when I tell you?"

"I will."

"On your oath?"

The fetters that bound his tongue seemed to be loosened for a moment in the great outburst of anxiety which forced that question to his lips. He spoke those startling words as he had spoken no words yet.



"On my oath!" she repeated, and, dropping on her knees at the bedside, passionately kissed his hand. The two strangers in the room turned their heads away by common consent. In the silence that followed, the one sound stirring was the small sound of the child's toy as he moved it hither and thither on the bed.

The doctor was the first who broke the spell of stillness which had fallen on all the persons present. He approached the patient and examined him anxiously. Mrs. Armadale rose from her knees, and, first waiting for her husband's permission, carried the sheets of manuscript which she had taken out of the desk to the table at which Mr. Neal was waiting. Flushed and eager, more beautiful than ever in the vehement agitation which still possessed her, she stooped over him as she put the letter into his hands, and, seizing on the means to her end with a woman's headlong self-abandonment to her own impulses, whispered to him: "Read it out from the beginning. I must and will hear it!" Her eyes flashed their burning light into his; her breath beat on his cheek. Before he could answer, before he could think, she was back with her husband. In an instant she had spoken, and in that instant her beauty had bent the Scotchman to her will. Frowning in reluctant acknowledgment of his own inability to resist her, he turned over the leaves of the letter, looked at the blank place where the pen had dropped from the writer's hand and had left a blot on the paper, turned back again to the beginning, and said the words, in the wife's interest, which the wife herself had put into his lips.

"Perhaps, Sir, you may wish to make some corrections," he began, with all his attention apparently fixed on the letter, and with every outward appearance of letting his sour temper again get the better of him. "Shall I read over to you what you have already written?"

Mrs. Armadale sitting at the bed-head on one side, and the doctor with his fingers on the patient's pulse sitting on the other, waited with widely different anxieties for the answer to Mr. Neal's question. Mr. Armadale's eyes turned searchingly from his child to his wife.

"You *will* hear it?" he said. Her breath came and went quickly; her hand stole up and took his; she bowed her head in silence. Her husband paused, taking secret counsel with his thoughts, and keeping his eyes fixed on his wife. At last he decided, and gave the answer. "Read it," he said. "And stop when I tell you."

It was close on one o'clock, and the bell was ringing which summoned the visitors to their early dinner at the inn. The quick beat of footsteps and the gathering hum of voices outside penetrated gayly into the room as Mr. Neal spread the manuscript before him on the table and read the opening sentences in these words:

"I address this letter to my son, when my son is of an age to understand it. Having lost

all hope of living to see my boy grow up to manhood, I have no choice but to write here what I would fain have said to him at a future time with my own lips.

"I have three objects in writing. First, to reveal the circumstances which attended the marriage of an English lady of my acquaintance in the island of Madeira. Secondly, to throw the true light on the death of her husband a short time afterward on board the French timber-ship, *La Grace de Dieu*. Thirdly, to warn my son of a danger that lies in wait for him—a danger that will rise from his father's grave, when the earth has closed over his father's ashes.

"The story of the English lady's marriage begins with my inheriting the great Armadale property and my taking the fatal Armadale name.

"I am the only surviving son of the late Mathew Wrentmore, of Barbadoes. I was born on our family estate in that island, and I lost my father when I was still a child. My mother was blindly fond of me: she denied me nothing; she let me live as I pleased. My boyhood and youth were passed in idleness and self-indulgence, among people—slaves and half-castes mostly—to whom my will was law. I doubt if there is a gentleman of my birth and station in all England as ignorant as I am at this moment. I doubt if there was ever a young man in this world whose passions were left so entirely without control of any kind as mine were in those early days.

"My mother had a woman's romantic objection to my father's homely Christian name. I was christened Allan, after the name of a wealthy cousin of my father's, the late Allan Armadale, who possessed estates in our neighborhood, the largest and the most productive in the island, and who consented to be my godfather by proxy. Mr. Armadale had never seen his West Indian property. He lived in England; and, after sending me the customary godfather's present, he held no further communication with my parents for years afterward. I was just twenty-one before we heard again from Mr. Armadale. On that occasion my mother received a letter from him asking if I was still alive, and offering no less (if I was) than to make me the heir to his West Indian property.

"This piece of good fortune fell to me entirely through the misconduct of Mr. Armadale's son and only child. The young man had disgraced himself beyond all redemption; had left his home an outlaw; and had been thereupon renounced by his father at once and forever. Having no other near male relative to succeed him, Mr. Armadale thought of his cousin's son, and his own godson; and he offered the West Indian estate to me and my heirs after me on one condition—that I and my heirs should take his name. The proposal was gratefully accepted, and the proper legal measures were adopted for changing my name in the colony and in the mother-country. By the next mail information



reached Mr. Armadale that his condition had been complied with. The return mail brought news from the lawyers. The will had been altered in my favor, and in a week afterward the death of my benefactor had made me the largest proprietor and the richest man in Barbadoes.

"This was the first event in the chain. The second event followed it six weeks afterward.

"At that time there happened to be a vacancy in the clerk's office on the estate, and there came to fill it a young man about my own age, who had recently arrived in the island. He announced himself by the name of Fergus Ingleby. My impulses governed me in every thing; I knew no law but the law of my own caprice; and I took a fancy to the stranger the moment I set eyes on him. He had the manners of a gentleman, and he possessed the most attractive social qualities which, in my small experience, I had ever met with. When I heard that the written references to character which he had brought with him were pronounced to be unsatisfactory I interfered, and insisted that he should have the place. My will was law, and he had it.

"My mother disliked and distrusted Ingleby from the first. When she found the intimacy between us rapidly ripening; when she found me admitting this inferior to the closest companionship and confidence—(I had lived with my inferiors all my life, and I liked it)—she made effort after effort to part us, and failed in one and all. Driven to her last resources she resolved to try the one chance left—the chance of persuading me to take a voyage which I had often thought of, a voyage to England.

"Before she spoke to me on the subject she resolved to interest me in the idea of seeing England, as I had never been interested yet. She wrote to an old friend and an old admirer of hers, the late Stephen Blanchard, of Thorpe-Ambrose, in Norfolk—a gentleman of landed estate, and a widower with a grown-up family. After-discoveries informed me that she must have alluded to their former attachment (which was checked, I believe, by the parents on either side); and that, in asking Mr. Blanchard's welcome for her son when he came to England, she made inquiries about his daughter, which hinted at the chance of a marriage uniting the two families, if the young lady and I met and liked one another. We were equally matched in every respect, and my mother's recollection of her girlish attachment to Mr. Blanchard made the prospect of my marrying her old admirer's daughter the brightest and happiest prospect that her eyes could see. Of all this I knew nothing until Mr. Blanchard's answer arrived at Barbadoes. Then my mother showed me the letter, and put the temptation which was 'to separate me from Fergus Ingleby openly in my way.

"Mr. Blanchard's letter was dated from the island of Madeira. He was out of health, and he had been ordered there by the doctors to try the climate. His daughter was with him. After

heartily reciprocating all my mother's hopes and wishes he proposed (if I intended leaving Barbadoes shortly) that I should take Madeira on my way to England and pay him a visit at his temporary residence in the island. If this could not be, he mentioned the time at which he expected to be back in England, when I might be sure of finding a welcome at his own house of Thorpe-Ambrose. In conclusion he apologized for not writing at greater length; explaining that his sight was affected, and that he had disobeyed the doctor's orders by yielding to the temptation of writing to his old friend with his own hand.

"Kindly as it was expressed the letter itself might have had little influence on me. But there was something else besides the letter; there was inclosed in it a miniature portrait of Miss Blanchard. At the back of the portrait her father had written half-jestingly, half-tenderly, 'I can't ask my daughter to spare my eyes as usual, without telling her of your inquiries and putting a young lady's diffidence to the blush. So I send her in effigy (without her knowledge) to answer for herself. It is a good likeness of a good girl. If she likes your son—and if I like him, which I am sure I shall—we may yet live, my good friend, to see our children what we might once have been ourselves—man and wife.' My mother gave me the miniature with the letter. The portrait at once struck me—I can't say why, I can't say how—as nothing of the kind had ever struck me before.

"Harder intellects than mine might have attributed the extraordinary impression produced on me to the disordered condition of my mind at that time; to the weariness of my own base pleasures which had been gaining on me for months past; to the undefined longing which that weariness implied for newer interests and fresher hopes than any that had possessed me yet. I attempted no such sober self-examination as this: I believed in destiny then; I believe in destiny now. It was enough for me to know—as I did know—that the first sense I had ever felt of something better in my nature than my animal-self was roused by that girl's face looking at me from her picture, as no woman's face had ever looked at me yet. In those tender eyes—in the chance of making that gentle creature my wife—I saw my destiny written. The portrait which had come into my hands so strangely and so unexpectedly was the silent messenger of happiness close at hand, sent to warn, to encourage, to rouse me before it was too late. I put the miniature under my pillow at night; I looked at it again the next morning. My conviction of the day before remained as strong as ever; my superstition (if you please to call it so) pointed out to me irresistibly the way on which I should go. There was a ship in port which was to sail for England in a fortnight, touching at Madeira. In that ship I took my passage."

Thus far the reader had advanced with no in-



terruption to disturb him. But at the last words the tones of another voice, low and broken, mingled with his own.

"Was she a fair woman?" asked the voice, "or dark like me?"

Mr. Neal paused and looked up. The doctor was still at the bed-head, with his fingers mechanically on the patient's pulse. The child, missing his mid-day sleep, was beginning to play languidly with his new toy. The father's eyes were watching him with a rapt and ceaseless attention. But one great change was visible in the listeners since the narrative had begun. Mrs. Armadale had dropped her hold of her husband's hand, and sat with her face steadily turned away from him. The hot African blood burned red in her dusky cheeks as she obstinately repeated the question, "Was she a fair woman—or dark like me?"

"Fair," said her husband, without looking at her.

Her hands, lying clasped together in her lap, wrung each other hard—she said no more. Mr. Neal's overhanging eyebrows lowered ominously as he returned to the narrative. He had incurred his own severe displeasure—he had caught himself in the act of secretly pitying her.

"I have said"—the letter proceeded—"that Ingleby was admitted to my closest confidence. I was sorry to leave him; and I was distressed by his evident surprise and mortification when he heard that I was going away. In my own justification I showed him the letter and the likeness, and told him the truth. His interest in the portrait seemed to be hardly inferior to my own. He asked me about Miss Blanchard's family and Miss Blanchard's fortune with the sympathy of a true friend; and he strengthened my regard for him, and my belief in him, by putting himself out of the question, and by generously encouraging me to persist in my new purpose. When we parted I was in high health and spirits. Before we met again the next day I was suddenly struck by an illness which threatened both my reason and my life.

"I have no proof against Ingleby. There was more than one woman on the island whom I had wronged beyond all forgiveness, and whose vengeance might well have reached me at that time. I can accuse nobody. I can only say that my life was saved by my old black nurse; and that the woman afterward acknowledged having used the known negro-antidote to a known negro-poison in those parts. When my first days of convalescence came, the ship in which my passage had been taken had long since sailed. When I asked for Ingleby he was gone. Proofs of his unpardonable misconduct in his situation were placed before me, which not even my partiality for him could resist. He had been turned out of the office in the first days of my illness, and nothing more was known of him but that he had left the island.

"All through my sufferings the portrait had been under my pillow. All through my con-

valescence it was my one consolation when I remembered the past, and my one encouragement when I thought of the future. No words can describe the hold that first fancy had now taken of me—with time and solitude and suffering to help it. My mother, with all her interest in the match, was startled by the unexpected success of her own project. She had written to tell Mr. Blanchard of my illness, but had received no reply. She now offered to write again, if I would promise not to leave her before my recovery was complete. My impatience acknowledged no restraint. Another ship in port gave me another chance of leaving for Madeira. Another examination of Mr. Blanchard's letter of invitation assured me that I should find him still in the island, if I seized my opportunity on the spot. In defiance of my mother's entreaties I insisted on taking my passage in the second ship—and this time, when the ship sailed, I was on board.

"The change did me good; the sea air made a man of me again. After an unusually rapid voyage I found myself at the end of my pilgrimage. On a fine still evening which I can never forget, I stood alone on the shore, with her likeness in my bosom, and saw the white walls of the house where I knew that she lived.

"I strolled round the outer limits of the grounds to compose myself before I went in. Venturing through a gate and a shrubbery, I looked into the garden, and saw a lady there, loitering alone on the lawn. She turned her face toward me—and I beheld the original of my portrait, the fulfillment of my dream! It is useless, and worse than useless, to write of it now. Let me only say that every promise which the likeness had made to my fancy the living woman kept to my eyes, in the moment when they first looked on her. Let me say this—and no more.

"I was too violently agitated to trust myself in her presence. I drew back, undiscovered; and making my way to the front door of the house, asked for her father first. Mr. Blanchard had retired to his room, and could see nobody. Upon that I took courage, and asked for Miss Blanchard. The servant smiled. 'My young lady is not Miss Blanchard any longer, Sir,' he said. 'She is married.' Those words would have struck some men, in my position, to the earth. They fired my hot blood, and I seized the servant by the throat, in a frenzy of rage. 'It's a lie,' I broke out, speaking to him as if he had been one of the slaves on my own estate. 'It's the truth,' said the man, struggling with me; 'her husband is in the house at this moment.' 'Who is he, you scoundrel?' The servant answered by repeating my own name, to my own face: '*Allan Armadale.*'

"You can now guess the truth. Fergus Ingleby was the outlawed son, whose name and whose inheritance I had taken. And Fergus Ingleby was even with me for depriving him of his birth-right.

"Some account of the manner in which the



deception had been carried out is necessary to explain—I don't say to justify—the share I took in the events that followed my arrival at Madeira.

“By Ingleby's own confession he had come to Barbadoes—knowing of his father's death and of my succession to the estates—with the settled purpose of plundering and injuring me. My rash confidence put such an opportunity into his hands as he could never have hoped for. He had waited to possess himself of the letter which my mother wrote to Mr. Blanchard at the outset of my illness—had then caused his own dismissal from his situation—and had sailed for Madeira in the very ship that was to have sailed with me. Arrived at the island, he had waited again till the vessel was away once more on her voyage, and had then presented himself at Mr. Blanchard's—not in the assumed name by which I shall continue to speak of him here—but in the name which was as certainly his as mine, ‘Allan Armadale.’ The fraud at the outset presented few difficulties. He had only an ailing old man (who had not seen my mother for half a lifetime) and an innocent unsuspecting girl (who had never seen her at all) to deal with; and he had learned enough in my service to answer the few questions that were put to him as readily as I might have answered them myself. His looks and manners, his winning ways with women, his quickness and cunning, did the rest. While I was still on my sick bed he had won Miss Blanchard's affections. While I was dreaming over the likeness in the first days of my convalescence he had secured Mr. Blanchard's consent to the celebration of the marriage before he and his daughter left the island.

“Thus far Mr. Blanchard's infirmity of sight had helped the deception. He had been content to send messages to my mother, and to receive the messages which were duly invented in return. But when the suitor was accepted, and the wedding-day was appointed, he felt it due to his old friend to write to her, asking her formal consent, and inviting her to the marriage. He could only complete part of the letter himself; the rest was finished, under his dictation, by Miss Blanchard. There was no chance of being beforehand with the post-office this time; and Ingleby, sure of his place in the heart of his victim, waylaid her as she came out of her father's room with the letter, and privately told her the truth. She was still under age, and the position was a serious one. If the letter was posted, no resource would be left but to wait and be parted forever, or to elope under circumstances which made detection almost a certainty. The destination of any ship which took them away would be known beforehand; and the fast-sailing yacht in which Mr. Blanchard had come to Madeira was waiting in the harbor to take him back to England. The only other alternative was to continue the deception by suppressing the letter, and to confess the truth when they were securely married. What arts of persuasion Ingleby used—what base advantage he

might previously have taken of her love and her trust in him to degrade Miss Blanchard to his own level—I can not say. He did degrade her. The letter never went to its destination; and, with the daughter's privity and consent, the father's confidence was abused to the very last.

“The one precaution now left to take was to fabricate the answer from my mother which Mr. Blanchard expected, and which would arrive in due course of post before the day appointed for the marriage. Ingleby had my mother's stolen letter with him; but he was without the imitative dexterity which would have enabled him to make use of it for a forgery of her handwriting. Miss Blanchard, who had consented passively to the deception, refused to take any active share in the fraud practiced on her father. In this difficulty Ingleby found an instrument ready to his hand in an orphan girl of barely twelve years old, a marvel of precocious ability, whom Miss Blanchard had taken a romantic fancy to befriend, and whom she had brought away with her from England to be trained as her maid. That girl's wicked dexterity removed the one serious obstacle left to the success of the fraud. I saw the imitation of my mother's writing which she had produced under Ingleby's instructions, and (if the shameful truth must be told) with her young mistress's knowledge—and I believe I should have been deceived by it myself. I saw the girl afterward—and my blood curdled at the sight of her. If she is alive now, woe to the people who trust her! No creature more innately deceitful and more innately pitiless ever walked this earth.

“The forged letter paved the way securely for the marriage; and when I reached the house they were (as the servant had truly told me) man and wife. My arrival on the scene simply precipitated the confession which they had both agreed to make. Ingleby's own lips shamelessly acknowledged the truth. He had nothing to lose by speaking out—he was married, and his wife's fortune was beyond her father's control. I pass over all that followed—my interview with the daughter, and my interview with the father—to come to results. For two days the efforts of the wife, and the efforts of the clergyman who had celebrated the marriage, were successful in keeping Ingleby and myself apart. On the third day I set my trap more successfully, and I and the man who had mortally injured me met together alone, face to face.

“Remember how my confidence had been abused; remember how the one good purpose of my life had been thwarted; remember the violent passions rooted deep in my nature, and never yet controlled—and then imagine for yourself what passed between us. All I need tell here is the end. He was a taller and a stronger man than I, and he took his brute's advantage with a brute's ferocity. He struck me.

“Think of the injuries I had received at that man's hands, and then think of his setting his mark on my face by a blow!

“I went to an English officer who had been



my fellow-passenger on the voyage from Barba-does. I told him the truth, and he agreed with me that a meeting was inevitable. Dueling had its received formalities and its established laws in those days; and he began to speak of them. I stopped him. 'I will take a pistol in my right hand,' I said, 'and he shall take a pistol in his: I will take one end of a handkerchief in my left hand, and he shall take the other end in his; and across that handkerchief the duel shall be fought.' The officer got up, and looked at me as if I had personally insulted him. 'You are asking me to be present at a murder and a suicide,' he said; 'I decline to serve you.' He left the room. As soon as he was gone I wrote down the words I had said to the officer, and sent them by a messenger to Ingleby. While I was waiting for an answer I sat down before the glass and looked at his mark on my face. 'Many a man has had blood on his hands and blood on his conscience,' I thought, 'for less than this.'

"The messenger came back with Ingleby's answer. It appointed a meeting for three o'clock the next day, at a lonely place in the interior of the island. I had resolved what to do if he refused; his letter released me from the horror of my own resolution. I felt grateful to him—yes, absolutely grateful to him—for writing it.

"The next day I went to the place. He was not there. I waited two hours, and he never came. At last the truth dawned on me. 'Once a coward, always a coward,' I thought. I went back to Mr. Blanchard's house. Before I got there a sudden misgiving seized me, and I turned aside to the harbor. I was right; the harbor was the place to go to. A ship sailing for Lisbon that afternoon had offered him the opportunity of taking a passage for himself and his wife, and escaping me. His answer to my challenge had served its purpose of sending me out of the way into the interior of the island. Once more I had trusted in Fergus Ingleby, and once more those sharp wits of his had been too much for me.

"I asked my informant if Mr. Blanchard was aware as yet of his daughter's departure. He had discovered it, but not until the ship had sailed. This time I took a lesson in cunning from Ingleby. Instead of showing myself at Mr. Blanchard's house, I went first and looked at Mr. Blanchard's yacht.

"The vessel told me what the vessel's master might have concealed—the truth. I found her in the confusion of a sudden preparation for sea. All the crew were on board, with the exception of some few who had been allowed their leave on shore, and who were away in the interior of the island, nobody knew where. When I discovered that the sailing-master was trying to supply their places with the best men he could pick up at a moment's notice, my resolution was instantly taken. I knew the duties on board a yacht well enough, having had a vessel of my own, and having sailed her myself. Hurrying into the town, I changed my dress for a sailor's coat

and hat, and, returning to the harbor, I offered myself as one of the volunteer crew. I don't know what the sailing-master saw in my face. My answers to his questions satisfied him, and yet he looked at me and hesitated. But hands were scarce, and it ended in my being taken on board. An hour later Mr. Blanchard joined us, and was assisted into the cabin, suffering pitiably in mind and body both. An hour after that we were at sea, with a starless night overhead, and a fresh breeze behind us.

"As I had surmised, we were in pursuit of the vessel in which Ingleby and his wife had left the island that afternoon. The ship was French, and was employed in the timber-trade: her name was *La Grace de Dieu*. Nothing more was known of her than that she was bound for Lisbon; that she had been driven out of her course; and that she had touched at Madeira, short of men and short of provisions. The last want had been supplied, but not the first. Sailors distrusted the sea-worthiness of the ship, and disliked the look of the vagabond crew. When those two serious facts had been communicated to Mr. Blanchard, the hard words he had spoken to his child in the first shock of discovering that she had helped to deceive him, smote him to the heart. He instantly determined to give his daughter a refuge on board his own vessel, and to quiet her by keeping her villain of a husband out of the way of all harm at my hands. The yacht sailed three feet and more to the ship's one. There was no doubt of our overtaking *La Grace de Dieu*; the only fear was that we might pass her in the darkness.

"After we had been some little time out the wind suddenly dropped, and there fell on us an airless, sultry calm. When the order came to get the top-masts on deck, and to shift the large sails, we all knew what to expect. In little better than an hour more the storm was upon us, the thunder was pealing over our heads, and the yacht was running for it. She was a powerful schooner-rigged vessel of three hundred tons, as strong as wood and iron could make her; she was handled by a sailing-master who thoroughly understood his work, and she behaved nobly. As the new morning came, the fury of the wind, blowing still from the southwest quarter, subsided a little, and the sea was less heavy. Just before daybreak we heard faintly, through the howling of the gale, the report of a gun. The men, collected anxiously on deck, looked at each other and said, 'There she is!'

"With the daybreak we saw the vessel, and the timber ship it was. She lay wallowing in the trough of the sea, her foremast and her mainmast both gone—a water-logged wreck. The yacht carried three boats; one amidships, and two slung to davits on the quarters; and the sailing-master seeing signs of the storm renewing its fury before long, determined on lowering the quarter-boats while the lull lasted. Few as the people were on board the wreck, they were too many for one boat, and the risk of trying two boats at once was thought less, in the critical



state of the weather, than the risk of making two separate trips from the yacht to the ship. There might be time to make one trip in safety, but no man could look at the heavens and say there would be time enough for two.

"The boats were manned by volunteers from the crew, I being in the second of the two. When the first boat was got alongside of the timber ship—a service of difficulty and danger which no words can describe—all the men on board made a rush to leave the wreck together. If the boat had not been pulled off again before the whole of them had crowded in, the lives of all must have been sacrificed. As our boat approached the vessel in its turn, we arranged that four of us should get on board—two (I being one of them) to see to the safety of Mr. Blanchard's daughter, and two to beat back the cowardly remnant of the crew, if they tried to crowd in first. The other three—the coxswain and two oarsmen—were left in the boat to keep her from being crushed by the ship. What the others saw when they first boarded *La Grace de Dieu*, I don't know: what I saw was the woman whom I had lost, the woman vilely stolen from me, lying in a swoon on the deck. We lowered her, insensible, into the boat. The remnant of the crew—five in number—were compelled by main force to follow her in an orderly manner, one by one, and minute by minute, as the chance offered for safely taking them in. I was the last who left; and, at the next roll of the ship toward us, the empty length of the deck, without a living creature on it from stem to stern, told the boat's crew that their work was done. With the louder and louder howling of the fast-rising tempest to warn them, they rowed for their lives back to the yacht.

"A succession of heavy squalls had brought round the course of the new storm that was coming from the south to the north; and the sailing-master, watching his opportunity, had wore the yacht, to be ready for it. Before the last of our men had got on board again it burst on us with the fury of a hurricane. Our boat was swamped, but not a life was lost. Once more we ran before it, due south, at the mercy of the wind. I was on deck with the rest, watching the one rag of sail we could venture to set, and waiting to supply its place with another, if it blew out of the bolt ropes, when the mate came close to me, and shouted in my ear through the thunder of the storm, 'She has come to her senses in the cabin, and has asked for her husband. Where is he?' Not a man on board knew. The yacht was searched from one end to another without finding him. The men were mustered in defiance of the weather—he was not among them. The crews of the two boats were questioned. All the first crew could say, was that they had pulled away from the wreck when the rush into their boat took place, and that they knew nothing of who they let in or who they kept out. All the second crew could say was, that they had brought back to the yacht every living soul left by the first boat on the deck

of the timber ship. There was no blaming any body; but at the same time there was no resisting the fact that the man was missing.

"All through that day the storm, raging unabatedly, never gave us even the shadow of a chance of returning and searching the wreck. The one hope for the yacht was to scud. Toward evening the gale, after having carried us to the southward of Madeira, began at last to break—the wind shifted again—and allowed us to bear up for the island. Early the next morning we got back into port. Mr. Blanchard and his daughter were taken ashore; the sailing-master accompanying them, and warning us that he should have something to say on his return which would nearly concern the whole crew.

"We were mustered on deck and addressed by the sailing-master as soon as he came on board again. He had Mr. Blanchard's orders to go back at once to the timber ship and to search for the missing man. We were bound to do this for his sake and for the sake of his wife, whose reason was despaired of by the doctors if something was not done to quiet her. We might be almost sure of finding the vessel still afloat, for her lading of timber would keep her above water as long as her hull held together. If the man was on board—living or dead—he must be found and brought back. And if the weather continued to moderate there was no reason why the men, with proper assistance, should not bring the ship back too, and (their master being quite willing) earn their share of the salvage with the officers of the yacht.

"Upon this the crew gave three cheers, and set to work forthwith to get the schooner to sea again. I was the only one of them who drew back from the enterprise. I told them the storm had upset me—I was ill, and wanted rest. They all looked me in the face as I passed through them on my way out of the yacht, but not a man of them spoke to me.

"I waited through that day at a tavern on the port for the first news from the wreck. It was brought toward nightfall by one of the pilot boats which had taken part in the enterprise for saving the abandoned ship. *La Grace de Dieu* had been discovered still floating, and the body of Ingleby had been found on board drowned in the cabin. At dawn the next morning the dead man was brought back by the yacht; and on the same day the funeral took place in the Protestant cemetery."

"Stop!" said the voice from the bed, before the reader could turn to a new leaf and begin the next paragraph.

There was a change in the room, and there were changes in the audience since Mr. Neal had last looked up from the narrative. A ray of sunshine was crossing the death-bed; and the child, overcome by drowsiness, lay peacefully asleep in the golden light. The father's countenance had altered visibly. Forced into action by the tortured mind, the muscles of the lower



face, which had never moved yet, were moving distortedly now. Warned by the damps gathering heavily on his forehead the doctor had risen to revive the sinking man. On the other side of the bed the wife's chair stood empty. At the moment when her husband had interrupted the reading she had drawn back behind the bed-head out of his sight. Supporting herself against the wall she stood there in hiding, her eyes fastened in hungering suspense on the manuscript in Mr. Neal's hand.

In a minute more the silence was broken again by Mr. Armadale.

"Where is she?" he asked, looking angrily at his wife's empty chair. The doctor pointed to the place. She had no choice but to come forward. She came slowly and stood before him.

"You promised to go when I told you," he said. "Go now."

Mr. Neal tried hard to control his hand as it kept his place between the leaves of the manuscript, but it trembled in spite of him. A suspicion which had been slowly forcing itself on his mind while he was reading became a certainty when he heard those words. From one revelation to another the letter had gone on until it had now reached the brink of a last disclosure to come. At that brink the dying man had predetermined to silence the reader's voice before he had permitted his wife to hear the narrative read. *There* was the secret which the son was to know in after-years, and which the mother was never to approach. From that resolution his wife's tenderest pleadings had never moved him an inch—and now, from his own lips, his wife knew it.

She made him no answer. She stood there and looked at him; looked her last entreaty—perhaps her last farewell. His eyes gave her back no answering glance: they wandered from her mercilessly to the sleeping boy. She turned speechless from the bed. Without a look at the child—without a word to the two strangers breathlessly watching her—she kept the promise she had given, and in dead silence left the room.

There was something in the manner of her departure which shook the self-possession of both the men who witnessed it. When the door closed on her they recoiled instinctively from advancing farther in the dark. The doctor's reluctance was the first to express itself. He attempted to obtain the patient's permission to withdraw until the letter was completed. The patient refused.

Mr. Neal spoke next at greater length and to more serious purpose.

"The doctor is accustomed in his profession," he began, "and I am accustomed in mine, to have the secrets of others placed in our keeping. But it is my duty, before we go farther, to ask if you really understand the extraordinary position which we now occupy toward one another. You have just excluded Mrs. Armadale, before our own eyes, from a place in your confidence. And you are now offering that

same place to two men who are total strangers to you."

"Yes," said Mr. Armadale—"because you are strangers."

Few as the words were, the inference to be drawn from them was not of a nature to set distrust at rest. Mr. Neal put it plainly into words.

"You are in urgent need of my help and of the doctor's help," he said. "Am I to understand (so long as you secure our assistance) that the impression which the closing passages of this letter may produce on us is a matter of indifference to you?"

"Yes. I don't spare you. I don't spare myself. I *do* spare my wife."

"You force me to a conclusion, Sir, which is a very serious one," said Mr. Neal. "If I am to finish this letter under your dictation, I must claim permission—having read aloud the greater part of it already—to read aloud what remains, in the hearing of this gentleman, as a witness."

"Read it."

Gravely doubting, the doctor resumed his chair. Gravely doubting, Mr. Neal turned the leaf, and read the next words:

"There is more to tell before I can leave the dead man to his rest. I have described the finding of his body. But I have not described the circumstances under which he met his death.

"He was known to have been on deck when the yacht's boats were seen approaching the wreck; and he was afterward missed in the confusion caused by the panic of the crew. At that time the water was five feet deep in the cabin, and was rising fast. There was little doubt of his having gone down into that water of his own accord. The discovery of his wife's jewel-box, close under him, on the floor, explained his presence in the cabin. He was known to have seen help approaching, and it was quite likely that he had thereupon gone below to make an effort at saving the box. It was less probable—though it might still have been inferred—that his death was the result of some accident in diving, which had for the moment deprived him of his senses. But a discovery made by the yacht's crew pointed straight to a conclusion which struck the men, one and all, with the same horror. When the course of their search brought them to the cabin, they found the scuttle bolted, and the door locked on the outside. Had some one closed the cabin, not knowing he was there? Setting the panic-stricken condition of the crew out of the question, there was no motive for closing the cabin before leaving the wreck. But one other conclusion remained. Had some murderous hand purposely locked the man in, and left him to drown as the water rose over him?

"Yes. A murderous hand had locked him in and left him to drown. That hand was mine."

The Scotchman started up from the table; the doctor shrank from the bedside. The two looked



at the dying wretch, mastered by the same loathing, chilled by the same dread. He lay there, with his child's head on his breast; abandoned by the sympathies of man, accursed by the justice of God—he lay there, in the isolation of Cain, and looked back at them.

At the moment when the two men rose to their feet the door leading into the next room was shaken heavily on the outer side, and a sound like the sound of a fall, striking dull on their ears, silenced them both. Standing nearest to the door, the doctor opened it, passed through, and closed it instantly. Mr. Neal turned his back on the bed, and waited the event in silence. The sound, which had failed to awaken the child, had failed also to attract the father's notice. His own words had taken him far from all that was passing at his death-bed. His helpless body was back on the wreck, and the ghost of his lifeless hand was turning the lock of the cabin door.

A bell rang in the next room—eager voices talked; hurried footsteps moved in it—an interval passed, and the doctor returned. "Was she listening?" whispered Mr. Neal, in German. "The women are restoring her," the doctor whispered back. "She has heard it all. In God's name, what are we to do next?" Before it was possible to reply Mr. Armadale spoke. The doctor's return had roused him to a sense of present things.

"Go on," he said, as if nothing had happened.

"I refuse to meddle further with your infamous secret," returned Mr. Neal. "You are a murderer on your own confession. If that letter is to be finished, don't ask *me* to hold the pen for you."

"You gave me your promise," was the reply, spoken with the same immovable self-possession. "You must write for me, or break your word."

For the moment Mr. Neal was silenced. There the man lay—sheltered from the execration of his fellow-creatures under the shadow of Death—beyond the reach of all human condemnation, beyond the dread of all mortal laws; sensitive to nothing but his one last resolution to finish the letter addressed to his son.

Mr. Neal drew the doctor aside. "A word with you," he said, in German. "Do you persist in asserting that he may be speechless before we can send to Stuttgart?"

"Look at his lips," said the doctor, "and judge for yourself."

His lips answered for him: the reading of the narrative had left its mark on them already. A distortion at the corners of his mouth, which had been barely noticeable when Mr. Neal entered the room, was plainly visible now. His slow articulation labored more and more painfully with every word he uttered. The position was emphatically a terrible one. After a moment more of hesitation Mr. Neal made a last attempt to withdraw from it.

"Now my eyes are open," he said, sternly, "do you dare hold me to an engagement which you forced on me blindfold?"

"No," answered Mr. Armadale. "I leave you to break your word."

The look which accompanied that reply stung the Scotchman's pride to the quick. When he spoke next, he spoke seated in his former place at the table.

"No man ever yet said of me that I broke my word," he retorted, angrily; "and not even *you* shall say it of me now. Mind this! If you hold me to my promise I hold you to my condition. I have reserved my freedom of action, and I warn you I will use it at my own sole discretion as soon as I am released from the sight of you."

"Remember he is dying," pleaded the doctor, gently.

"Take your place, Sir," said Mr. Neal, pointing to the empty chair. "What remains to be read I will only read in your hearing. What remains to be written I will only write in your presence. *You* brought me here. I have a right to insist—and I do insist—on your remaining as a witness to the last."

The doctor accepted his position without remonstrance. Mr. Neal returned to the manuscript, and read what remained of it uninterrupted to the end:

"Without a word in my own defense I have acknowledged my guilt. Without a word in my own defense I will reveal how the crime was committed.

"No thought of him was in my mind when I saw his wife insensible on the deck of the timber ship. I did my part in lowering her safely into the boat. Then, and not till then, I felt the thought of him coming back. In the confusion that prevailed while the men of the yacht were forcing the men of the ship to wait their time I had an opportunity of searching for him unobserved. I stepped back from the bulwark, not knowing whether he was away in the first boat, or whether he was still on board—I stepped back, and saw him mount the cabin stairs empty-handed, with the water dripping from him. After looking eagerly toward the boat (without noticing me), he saw there was time to spare before the crew were taken off. 'Once more!' he said to himself—and disappeared again, to make a last effort at recovering the jewel-box. The devil at my elbow whispered, 'Don't shoot him like a man: drown him like a dog!' He was under water when I bolted the scuttle. But his head rose to the surface before I could close the cabin door. I looked at him, and he looked at me—and I locked the door in his face. The next minute I was back among the last men left on deck. The minute after it was too late to repent. The storm was threatening us with destruction, and the boat's crew were pulling for their lives from the ship.

"My son! I have pursued you from my grave with a confession which my love might have spared you. Read on, and you will know why.

"I will say nothing of my sufferings; I will plead for no mercy to my memory. There is a



strange sinking at my heart, a strange trembling in my hand, while I write these lines, which warns me to hasten to the end. I left the island without daring to look for the last time at the woman whom I had lost so miserably, whom I had injured so vilely. When I left the whole weight of the suspicion roused by the manner of Ingleby's death rested on the crew of the French vessel. No motive for the supposed murder could be brought home to any of them—but they were known to be, for the most part, outlawed ruffians capable of any crime, and they were suspected and examined accordingly. It was not till afterward that I heard by accident of the suspicion shifting round at last to me. The widow alone recognized the vague description given of the strange man who had made one of the yacht's crew, and who had disappeared the day afterward. The widow alone knew, from that time forth, why her husband had been murdered, and who had done the deed. When she made that discovery a false report of my death had been previously circulated in the island. Perhaps I was indebted to the report for my immunity from all legal proceedings—perhaps (no eye but Ingleby's having seen me lock the cabin door) there was not evidence enough to justify an inquiry—perhaps the widow shrank from the disclosures which must have followed a public charge against me, based on her own bare suspicion of the truth. However it might be, the crime which I had committed unseen has remained a crime unpunished from that time to this.

"I left Madeira for the West Indies in disguise. The first news that met me when the ship touched at Barbadoes was the news of my mother's death. I had no heart to return to the old scenes. The prospect of living at home in solitude, with the torment of my own guilty remembrances gnawing at me day and night, was more than I had the courage to confront. Without landing, or discovering myself to any one on shore, I went on as far as the ship would take me—to the island of Trinidad.

"At that place I first saw your mother. It was my duty to tell her the truth—and I treacherously kept my secret. It was my duty to spare her the hopeless sacrifice of her freedom and her happiness to such an existence as mine—and I did her the injury of marrying her. If she is alive when you read this, grant her the mercy of still concealing the truth. The one atonement I can make to her is to keep her unsuspecting to the last of the man she has married. Pity her, as I have pitied her. Let this letter be a sacred confidence between father and son.

"The time when you were born was the time when my health began to give way. Some months afterward, in the first days of my recovery, you were brought to me, and I was told that you had been christened during my illness. Your mother had done as other loving mothers do—she had christened her first-born by his father's name. You, too, were Allan Armadale. Even in that early time—even while I was happily ignorant of what I have discovered since—

my mind misgave me when I looked at you and thought of that fatal name.

"As soon as I could be moved my presence was required at my estates in Barbadoes. It crossed my mind—wild as the idea may appear to you—to renounce the condition which compelled my son as well as myself to take the Armadale name, or lose the succession to the Armadale property. But, even in those days, the rumor of a contemplated emancipation of the slaves—the emancipation which is now close at hand—was spreading widely in the colony. No man could tell how the value of West Indian property might be affected if that threatened change ever took place. No man could tell—if I gave you back my own paternal name, and left you without other provision in the future than my own paternal estate—how you might one day miss the broad Armadale acres, or to what future penury I might be blindly condemning your mother and yourself. Mark how the fatalities gathered one on the other! Mark how your Christian name came to you, how your surname held to you, in spite of me!

"My health had improved in my old home; but it was for a time only. I sank again, and the doctors ordered me to Europe. Avoiding England (why, you may guess), I took my passage, with you and your mother, for France. From France we passed into Italy. We lived here; we lived there. It was useless. Death had got me; and Death followed me, go where I might. I bore it, for I had an alleviation to turn to which I had not deserved. You may shrink in horror from the very memory of me now. In those days you comforted me. The only warmth I still felt at my heart was the warmth you brought to it. My last glimpses of happiness in this world were the glimpses given me by my infant son.

"We removed from Italy, and went next to Lausanne—the place from which I am now writing to you. The post of this morning has brought me news, later and fuller than any I had received thus far, of the widow of the murdered man. The letter lies before me while I write. It comes from a friend of my early days, who has seen her, and spoken to her—who has been the first to inform her that the report of my death in Madeira was false. He writes, at a loss to account for the violent agitation which she showed on hearing that I was still alive, that I was married, and that I had an infant son. He asks me if I can explain it. He speaks in terms of sympathy for her—a young and beautiful woman, buried in the retirement of a fishing village on the Devonshire coast; her father dead; her family estranged from her, in merciless disapproval of her marriage. He writes words which might have cut me to the heart but for a closing passage in his letter, which seized my whole attention the instant I came to it, and which has forced from me the narrative which these pages contain.

"I now know what never even entered my mind as a suspicion till the letter reached me.



I now know that the widow of the man whose death lies at my door has borne a posthumous child. That child is a boy—a year older than my own son. Secure in her belief in my death his mother has done what my son's mother did: she has christened her child by his father's name. Again, in the second generation, there are two Allan Armadales as there were in the first. After working its deadly mischief with the fathers the fatal resemblance of names has descended to work its deadly mischief with the sons.

"Guiltless minds may see nothing thus far but the result of a series of events which could lead no other way. I—with that man's life to answer for—I, going down into my grave, with my crime unpunished and unatoned, see what no guiltless minds can discern. I see danger in the future, begotten of the danger in the past—treachery that is the offspring of *his* treachery, and crime that is the child of *my* crime. Is the dread that now shakes me to the soul a phantom raised by the superstition of a dying man? I look into the Book which all Christendom venerates, and the Book tells me that the sin of the father shall be visited on the child. I look out into the world, and I see the living witnesses round me to that terrible truth. I see the vices which have contaminated the father descending and contaminating the child; I see the shame which has disgraced the father's name descending and disgracing the child's. I look in on myself—and I see My Crime ripening again for the future in the self-same circumstance which first sowed the seeds of it in the past, and descending, in inherited contamination of Evil, from me to my son."

At those lines the writing ended. There the stroke had struck him, and the pen had dropped from his hand.

He knew the place; he remembered the words. At the instant when the reader's voice stopped he looked eagerly at the doctor. "I have got what comes next in my mind," he said, with slower and slower articulation. "Help me to speak it."

The doctor administered a stimulant, and signed to Mr. Neal to give him time. After a little delay the flame of the sinking spirit leaped up in his eyes once more. Resolutely struggling with his failing speech, he summoned the Scotchman to take the pen; and pronounced the closing sentences of the narrative, as his memory gave them back to him, one by one, in these words:

"Despise my dying conviction if you will—but grant me, I solemnly implore you, one last request. My son! the only hope I have left for you hangs on a Great Doubt—the doubt whether we are, or are not, the masters of our own destinies. It may be that mortal free-will can conquer mortal fate; and that going, as we all do, inevitably to death, we go inevitably to nothing that is before death. If this be so, indeed, respect—though you respect nothing else

—the warning which I give you from my grave. Never, to your dying day, let any living soul approach you who is associated, directly or indirectly, with the crime which your father has committed. Avoid the widow of the man I killed—if the widow still lives. Avoid the maid whose wicked hand smoothed the way to the marriage—if the maid is still in her service. And more than all, avoid the man who bears the same name as your own. Offend your best benefactor, if that benefactor's influence has connected you one with the other. Desert the woman who loves you, if that woman is a link between you and him. Hide yourself from him under an assumed name. Put the mountains and the seas between you. Be ungrateful; be unforgiving; be all that is most repellant to your own gentler nature rather than live under the same roof and breathe the same air with that man. Never let the two Allan Armadales meet in this world: never, never, never!

"There lies the way by which you may escape—if any way there be. Take it, if you prize your own innocence and your own happiness, through all your life to come!

"I have done. If I could have trusted any weaker influence than the influence of this confession to incline you to my will, I would have spared you the disclosure which these pages contain. You are lying on my breast, sleeping the innocent sleep of a child, while a stranger's hand writes these words for you as they fall from my lips. Think what the strength of my conviction must be, when I can find the courage, on my death-bed, to darken all your young life at its outset with the shadow of your father's crime. Think—and be warned. Think—and forgive me if you can."

There it ended. Those were the father's last words to the son.

Inexorably faithful to his forced duty, Mr. Neal laid aside the pen, and read over aloud the lines he had just written. "Is there more to add!" he asked, with his pitilessly steady voice. There was no more to add.

Mr. Neal folded the manuscript, inclosed it in a sheet of paper, and sealed it with Mr. Armadale's own seal. "The address," he said, with his merciless business formality. "To Allan Armadale, Junior," he wrote, as the words were dictated from the bed. "Care of Godfrey Hammick, Esq., Offices of Messrs. Hammick and Ridge, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London." Having written the address, he waited and considered for a moment. "Is your executor to open this?" he asked.

"No! he is to give it to my son when my son is of an age to understand it."

"In that case," pursued Mr. Neal, with all his wits in remorseless working order, "I will add a dated note to the address, repeating your own words as you have just spoken them, and explaining the circumstances under which my handwriting appears on the document." He wrote the note in the briefest and plainest terms



—read it over aloud as he had read over what went before—signed his name and address at the end, and made the doctor sign next, as witness of the proceedings, and as medical evidence of the condition in which Mr. Armadale then lay. This done, he placed the letter in a second inclosure, sealed it as before, and directed it to Mr. Hammick, with the superscription of “private” added to the address.

“Do you insist on my posting this?” he asked, rising with the letter in his hand.

“Give him time to think,” said the doctor. “For the child’s sake give him time to think. A minute may change him.”

“I will give him five minutes,” answered Mr. Neal, placing his watch on the table, implacably just to the very last.

They waited, both looking attentively at Mr. Armadale. The signs of change which had appeared in him already were multiplying fast. The movement which continued mental agitation had communicated to the muscles of his face was beginning, under the same dangerous influence, to spread downward. His once helpless hands lay still no longer; they struggled pitifully on the bed-clothes. At sight of that warning token the doctor turned with a gesture of alarm, and beckoned Mr. Neal to come nearer. “Put the question at once,” he said; “if you let the five minutes pass you may be too late.”

Mr. Neal approached the bed. He, too, noticed the movement of the hands. “Is that a bad sign?” he asked.

The doctor bent his head gravely. “Put your question at once,” he repeated, “or you may be too late.”

Mr. Neal held the letter before the eyes of the dying man. “Do you know what this is?”

“My letter.”

“Do you insist on my posting it?”

He mastered his failing speech for the last time, and gave the answer.

“Yes!”

Mr. Neal moved to the door with the letter in his hand. The German followed him a few steps, opened his lips to plead for a longer delay, met the Scotchman’s inexorable eye, and drew back again in silence. The door closed and parted them without a word having passed on either side.

The doctor went back to the bed, and whispered to the sinking man, “Let me call him back; there is time to stop him yet!” It was useless. No answer came: nothing showed that he heeded, or even heard. His eyes wandered from the child, rested for a moment on his own struggling hand, and looked up entreatingly in the compassionate face that bent over him. The doctor lifted the hand—paused—followed the father’s longing eyes back to the child—and, interpreting his last wish, moved the hand gently toward the boy’s head. The hand touched it, and trembled violently. In another instant the trembling seized on the arm, and spread over the whole upper part of the body. The face turned from pale to red; from red to purple; from purple to pale again. Then the toiling hands lay still, and the shifting color changed no more.

The window of the next room was open when the doctor entered it from the death-chamber with the child in his arms. He looked out as he passed by, and saw Mr. Neal in the street below, slowly returning to the inn.

“Where is the letter?” he asked.

Three words sufficed for the Scotchman’s answer—“In the post.”

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

## THE BAY FIGHT.

(*Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.*)

BY THE AUTHOR OF “LYRICS OF A DAY,” “THE RIVER FIGHT,” ETC.

“On the forecastle, Ulf the Red  
Watched the lashing of the ships—  
‘If the Serpent lie so far ahead,  
We shall have hard work of it here,’  
Said he.”

THREE days through sapphire seas we sailed,  
The steady Trade blew strong and free,  
The Northern Light his banners paled,  
The Ocean Stream our channels wet,  
We rounded low Canaveral’s lee,  
And passed the isles of emerald set  
In blue Bahama’s turquoise sea.

By reef and shoal obscurely mapped,  
And hauntings of the gray sea-wolf,  
The palmy Western Key lay lapped  
In the warm washing of the Gulf.

But weary to the hearts of all  
The burning glare, the barren reach  
Of Santa Rosa’s withered beach,  
And Pensacola’s ruined wall.

And weary was the long patrol,  
The thousand miles of shapeless strand,  
From Brazos to San Blas that roll  
Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

Yet, coast-wise as we cruised or lay,  
The land-breeze still at nightfall bore,  
By beach and fortress-guarded bay,  
Sweet odors from the enemy’s shore,

Fresh from the forest solitudes,  
Unchallenged of his sentry lines—  
The bursting of his cypress buds,  
And the warm fragrance of his pines.

Ah, never braver bark and crew,  
Nor bolder Flag a foe to dare,  
Had left a wake on ocean blue  
Since Lion-Heart sailed *Trenc-le-mer!*

But little gain by that dark ground  
Was ours, save, sometime, freer breath  
For friend or brother strangely found,  
’Scaped from the drear domain of death.



And little venture for the bold,  
Or laurel for our valiant Chief,  
Save some blockaded British thief,  
Full fraught with murder in his hold,

Caught unawares at ebb or flood—  
Or dull bombardment, day by day,  
With fort and earth-work, far away,  
Low couched in sullen leagues of mud.

A weary time—but to the strong  
The day at last, as ever, came;  
And the volcano, laid so long,  
Leaped forth in thunder and in flame!

“Man your starboard battery!”  
Kimberly shouted—  
The ship, with her hearts of oak,  
Was going, mid roar and smoke,  
On to victory!  
None of us doubted,  
No, not our dying—  
Farragut's Flag was flying!

Gaines growled low on our left,  
Morgan roared on our right—  
Before us, gloomy and fell,  
With breath like the fume of hell,  
Lay the Dragon of iron shell,  
Driven at last to the fight!

Ha, old ship! do they thrill,  
The brave two hundred scars  
You got in the River-Wars?  
That were leeches with clamorous skill  
(Surgery savage and hard,)  
Splinted with bolt and beam,  
Probed in scarfing and seam,  
Rudely linted and tarred  
With oakum and boiling pitch,  
And sutured with splice and hitch,  
At the Brooklyn Navy-Yard!

Our lofty spars were down,  
To bide the battle's frown,  
(Went of old renown)—  
But every ship was drest  
In her bravest and her best,  
As if for a July day;  
Sixty flags and three,  
As we floated up the bay—  
Every peak and mast-head flew  
The brave Red, White, and Blue—  
We were eighteen ships that day.

With hawsers strong and taut,  
The weaker lashed to port,  
On we sailed, two by two—  
That if either a bolt should feel  
Crash through caldron or wheel,  
Fin of bronze or sinew of steel,  
Her mate might bear her through.

Forging boldly ahead,  
The great Flag-Ship led,  
Grandest of sights!  
On her lofty mizen flew  
Our Leader's dauntless Blue,  
That had waved o'er twenty fights—  
So we went, with the first of the tide,  
Slowly, mid the roar  
Of the rebel guns ashore,  
And the thunder of each full broadside.

Ah, how poor the prate  
Of statute and state,  
We once held with these fellows—  
Here, on the flood's pale-green,  
Hark how he bellows,  
Each bluff old Sea-Lawyer!  
Talk to them, Dahlgren,  
Parrott, and Sawyer!

On, in the whirling shade  
Of the cannon's sulphury breath,  
We drew to the Line of Death  
That our devilish Foe had laid—  
Meshed in a horrible net,  
And baited villainous well,  
Right in our path were set  
Three hundred traps of hell!

And there, O sight forlorn!  
There, while the cannon  
Hurtled and thundered—  
(Ah what ill raven  
Flapped o'er the ship that morn!)—  
Caught by the under-death,  
In the drawing of a breath,  
Down went dauntless Craven,  
He and his hundred!

A moment we saw her turret,  
A little heel she gave,  
And a thin white spray went o'er her,  
Like the crest of a breaking wave—  
In that great iron coffin,  
The channel for their grave,  
The fort their monument,  
(Seen afar in the offing,)  
Ten fathom deep lie Craven  
And the bravest of our brave.

Then, in that deadly track,  
A little the ships held back,  
Closing up in their stations—  
There are minutes that fix the fate  
Of battles and of nations,  
(Christening the generations)—  
When valor were all too late,  
If a moment's doubt be harbored—  
From the main-top, bold and brief,  
Came the word of our grand old Chief—  
“Go on!”—’twas all he said—  
Our helm was put to starboard,  
And the Hartford passed ahead.

Ahead lay the Tennessee,  
On our starboard bow he lay,  
With his mail-clad consorts three,  
(The rest had run up the Bay)—  
There he was, belching flame from his bow,  
And the steam from his throat's abyss  
Was a Dragon's maddened hiss—  
In sooth a most cursed craft!—  
In a sullen ring, at bay,  
By the Middle Ground they lay,  
Raking us, fore and aft.

Trust me, our berth was hot,  
Ah, wickedly well they shot—  
How their death-bolts howled and stung!  
And the water-batteries played  
With their deadly cannonade  
Till the air around us rung;  
So the battle raged and roared—  
Ah, had you been aboard  
To have seen the fight we made!



How they leaped, the tongues of flame,  
From the cannon's fiery lip!  
How the broadsides, deck and frame,  
Shook the great ship!

And how the enemy's shell  
Came crashing, heavy and oft,  
Clouds of splinters flying aloft  
And falling in oaken showers—  
But ah, the pluck of the crew!  
Had you stood on that deck of ours,  
You had seen what men may do.

Still, as the fray grew louder,  
Boldly they worked and well—  
Steadily came the powder,  
Steadily came the shell.  
And if tackle or truck found hurt,  
Quickly they cleared the wreck—  
And the dead were laid to port,  
All a-row, on our deck.

Never a nerve that failed,  
Never a cheek that paled,  
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor—  
There was bold Kentucky's grit,  
And the old Virginian valor,  
And the daring Yankee wit.

There were blue eyes from turfy Shannon,  
There were black orbs from palmy Niger—  
But there, alongside the cannon,  
Each man fought like a tiger!

A little, once, it looked ill,  
Our consort began to burn—  
They quenched the flames with a will,  
But our men were falling still,  
And still the fleet was astern.

Right abreast of the Fort  
In an awful shroud they lay,  
Broadsides thundering away,  
And lightning from every port—  
Scene of glory and dread!  
A storm-cloud all aglow  
With flashes of fiery red—  
The thunder raging below,  
And the forest of flags o'erhead!

So grand the hurly and roar,  
So fiercely their broadsides blazed,  
The regiments fighting ashore  
Forgot to fire as they gazed.

There, to silence the Foe,  
Moving grimly and slow,  
They loomed in that deadly wreath,  
Where the darkest batteries frowned—  
Death in the air all round,  
And the black torpedoes beneath!

And now, as we looked ahead,  
All for'ard, the long white deck  
Was growing a strange dull red—  
But soon, as once and agen  
Fore and aft we sped,  
(The firing to guide or check),  
You could hardly choose but tread  
On the ghastly human wreck  
(Dreadful gobbet and shred  
That a minute ago were men!)

Red, from main-mast to bitts!  
Red, on bulwark and wale—  
Red, by combing and hatch—  
Red, o'er netting and rail!

And ever, with steady con,  
The ship forged slowly by—  
And ever the crew fought on,  
And their cheers rang loud and high.

Grand was the sight to see  
How by their guns they stood,  
Right in front of our dead  
Fighting square abreast—  
Each brawny arm and chest  
All spotted with black and red,  
Chrism of fire and blood!

Worth our watch, dull and sterile,  
Worth all the weary time—  
Worth the woe and the peril,  
To stand in that strait sublime!

Fear? A forgotten form!  
Death? A dream of the eyes!  
We were atoms in God's great storm  
That roared through the angry skies.

One only doubt was ours,  
One only dread we knew—  
Could the day that dawned so well  
Go down for the Darker Powers?  
*Would* the fleet get through?  
And ever the shot and shell  
Came with the howl of hell,  
The splinter-clouds rose and fell,  
And the long line of corpses grew—  
*Would* the fleet win through?

They are men that never will fail  
(How aforetime they've fought!)  
But Murder may yet prevail—  
They may sink as Craven sank.  
Therewith one hard fierce thought,  
Burning on heart and lip,  
Ran like fire through the ship—  
*Fight* her, to the last plank!

A dimmer Renown might strike  
If Death lay square alongside—  
But the Old Flag has no like,  
She must fight, whatever betide—  
When the War is a tale of old,  
And this day's story is told,  
They shall hear how the Hartford died!

But as we ranged ahead,  
And the leading ships worked in,  
Losing their hope to win  
The enemy turned and fled—  
And one seeks a shallow reach,  
And another, winged in her flight,  
Our mate, brave Jouett, brings in—  
And one, all torn in the fight,  
Runs for a wreck on the beach,  
Where her flames soon fire the night.

And the Ram, when well up the Bay,  
And we looked that our stems should meet,  
(He had us fair for a prey,)  
Shifting his helm midway,  
Sheered off, and ran for the fleet—  
There, without skulking or sham,  
He fought them, gun for gun,  
And ever he sought to ram,  
But could finish never a one.

From the first of the iron shower  
Till we sent our parting shell,  
'Twas just one savage hour  
Of the roar and the rage of hell.



With the lessening smoke and thunder,  
Our glasses around we aim—  
What is that burning yonder?  
Our Philippi—aground and in flame!

Below, 'twas still all a-roar,  
As the ships went by the shore,  
But the fire of the Fort had slack'd,  
(So fierce their volleys had been)—  
And now, with a mighty din,  
The whole fleet came grandly in,  
Though sorely battered and wracked.

So, up the Bay we ran,  
The Flag to port and ahead—  
And a pitying rain began  
To wash the lips of our dead.

A league from the Fort we lay,  
And deemed that the end must lag—  
When lo! looking down the Bay,  
There flaunted the Rebel Rag—  
The Ram is again underway,  
And heading dead for the Flag!

Steering up with the stream,  
Boldly his course he lay,  
Though the fleet all answered his fire,  
And, as he still drew nigher,  
Ever on bow and beam  
Our Monitors pounded away—  
How the Chicasaw hammered away!

Quickly breasting the wave,  
Eager the prize to win,  
First of us all the brave  
Monongahela went in  
Under full head of steam—  
Twice she struck him abeam,  
Till her stem was a sorry work.  
(She might have run on a rag!)  
The Lackawana hit fair,  
He flung her aside like cork,  
And still he held for the Flag.

High in the mizen shroud,  
(Lest the smoke his sight o'erwhelm.)  
Our Admiral's voice rang loud,  
"Hard-a-starboard your helm!  
Starboard! and run him down!"  
Starboard it was—and so,  
Like a black squall's lifting frown,  
Our mighty bow bore down  
On the iron beak of the Foe.

We stood on the deck together,  
Men that had looked on death  
In battle and stormy weather—  
Yet a little we held our breath,  
When, with the hush of death,  
The great, ships drew together.

Our Captain strode to the bow,  
Drayton, courtly and wise,  
Kindly cynic, and wise,  
(You hardly had known him now,  
The flame of fight in his eyes!)—  
His brave heart eager to feel  
How the oak would tell on the steel!

But, as the space grew short,  
A little he seemed to shun us,  
Out peered a form grim and lanky,  
And a voice yelled—"Hard-a-port!  
Hard-a-port!—here's the damned Yankee  
Coming right down on us!"

He sheered, but the ships ran foul  
With a gnarring shudder and growl—  
He gave us a deadly gun;  
But, as he passed in his pride,  
(Rasping right alongside!)

The Old Flag, in thunder-tones,  
Poured in her port broadside,  
Rattling his iron hide,  
And cracking his timber bones!

Just then, at speed on the Foe,  
With her bow all weathered and brown,  
The great Lackawana came down  
Full tilt, for another blow—  
We were forging ahead,  
She reversed—but, for all our pains,  
Rammed the old Hartford, instead,  
Just for'ard the mizen chains!

Ah! how the masts did buckle and bend,  
And the stout hull ring and reel,  
As she took us right on end!  
(Vain were engine and wheel,  
She was under full steam)—  
With the roar of a thunder-stroke  
Her two thousand tons of oak  
Brought up on us, right abeam!

A wreck, as it looked, we lay—  
(Rib and plank-shear gave way  
To the stroke of that giant wedge!)  
Here, after all, we go—  
The old ship is gone!—ah, no,  
But cut to the water's edge.

Never mind then—at him again!  
His flurry now can't last long;  
He'll never again see land—  
Try that on *him*, Marchand!  
On him again, brave Strong!

Heading square at the hulk,  
Full on his beam we bore;  
But the spine of the huge Sea-Hog  
Lay on the tide like a log,  
He vomited flame no more.

By this, he had found it hot—  
Half the fleet, in an angry ring,  
Closed round the hideous Thing,  
Hammering with solid shot,  
And bearing down, bow on bow—  
He has but a minute to choose;  
Life or renown?—which now  
Will the Rebel Admiral lose?

Cruel, haughty, and cold,  
He ever was strong and bold—  
Shall he shrink from a wooden stem?  
He will think of that brave band  
He sank in the Cumberland—  
Aye, he will sink like them.

Nothing left but to fight  
Boldly his last sea-fight!  
Can he strike? By Heaven, 'tis true!  
Down comes the traitor Blue,  
And up goes the captive White!

Up went the White! Ah then,  
The hurrahs that, once and agen,  
Rang from three thousand men,  
All flushed and savage with fight!  
Our dead lay cold and stark,  
But our dying, down in the dark,  
Answered as best they might—



Lifting their poor lost arms,  
And cheering for God and Right!

Ended the mighty noise,  
Thunder of forts and ships.  
Down we went to the hold—  
O, our dear dying boys!  
How we pressed their poor brave lips,  
(Ah, so pallid and cold!)  
And held their hands to the last  
(Those that had hands to hold).

Still thee, O woman heart!  
(So strong an hour ago)—  
If the idle tears must start,  
'Tis not in vain they flow.

They died, our children dear,  
On the drear berth deck they died—  
Do not think of them here—  
Even now their footsteps near  
The immortal, tender sphere—  
(Land of love and cheer!  
Home of the Crucified!)

And the glorious deed survives.  
Our threescore, quiet and cold,  
Lie thus, for a myriad lives  
And treasure-millions untold—  
(Labor of poor men's lives,  
Hunger of weans and wives,  
Such is war-wasted gold.)

Our ship and her fame to-day  
Shall float on the storied Stream,  
When mast and shroud have crumbled away,  
And her long white deck is a dream.

One daring leap in the dark,  
Three mortal hours, at the most—  
And hell lies stiff and stark  
On a hundred leagues of coast.

For the mighty Gulf is ours—  
The Bay is lost and won,  
An Empire is lost and won!  
Land, if thou yet hast flowers,  
Twine them in one more wreath  
Of tenderest white and red,  
(Twin buds of glory and death!)  
For the brows of our brave dead—  
For thy Navy's noblest Son.

Joy, O Land, for thy sons,  
Victors by flood and field!  
The traitor walls and guns  
Have nothing left but to yield—  
(Even now they surrender!)

And the ships shall sail once more,  
And the cloud of war sweep on  
To break on the cruel shore—  
But Craven is gone,  
He and his hundred are gone.

The flags flutter up and down,  
At sunrise and twilight dim,  
The cannons menace and frown—  
But never again for him,  
Him and the hundred.

*U.S. Flag-Ship Hartford, Mobile Bay, August, 1864.*

The Dahlgrens are dumb,  
Dumb are the mortars—  
Never more shall the drum  
Beat to colors and quarters—  
The great guns are silent.

O brave heart and loyal!  
Let all your colors dip—  
Mourn him, proud Ship!  
From main deck to royal.  
God rest our Captain,  
Rest our lost hundred.

Droop, flag and pennant!  
What is your pride for?  
Heaven, that he died for,  
Rest our Lieutenant,  
Rest our brave threescore.

O Mother Land! this weary life  
We led, we lead, is 'long of thee;  
Thine the strong agony of strife,  
And thine the lonely sea.

Thine the long decks all slaughter-sprent,  
The weary rows of cots that lie  
With wrecks of strong men, marred and rent,  
'Neath Pensacola's sky.

And thine the iron caves and dens  
Wherein the flame our war-fleet drives;  
The fiery vaults, whose breath is men's  
Most dear and precious lives.

Ah, ever, when with storm sublime  
Dread Nature clears our murky air,  
Thus in the crash of falling crime  
Some lesser guilt must share.

Full red the furnace fires must glow  
That melt the ore of mortal kind:  
The Mills of God are grinding slow,  
But ah, how close they grind!

To-day the Dahlgren and the drum  
Are dread Apostles of his Name;  
His Kingdom here can only come  
By chrism of blood and flame.

Be strong; already slants the gold  
Athwart these wild and stormy skies;  
From out this blackened waste, behold,  
What happy homes shall rise!

But see thou well no traitor gloze,  
No striking hands with Death and Shame,  
Betray the sacred blood that flows  
So freely for thy name.

And never fear a victor foe—  
Thy children's hearts are strong and high;  
Nor mourn too fondly—well they know  
On deck or field to die.

Nor shalt thou want one willing breath,  
Though, ever smiling round the brave,  
The blue sea bear us on to death,  
The green were one wide grave.

U. S. N.



## OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE SECOND. BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

## CHAPTER IV.

## CUPID PROMPTED.

TO use the cold language of the world, Mrs. Alfred Lammle rapidly improved the acquaintance of Miss Podsnap. To use the warm language of Mrs. Lammle, she and her sweet Georgiana soon became one: in heart, in mind, in sentiment, in soul.

Whenever Georgiana could escape from the thralldom of Podsnappery; could throw off the bed-clothes of the custard-colored phaeton, and get up; could shrink out of the range of her mother's rocking, and (so to speak) rescue her poor little frosty toes from being rocked over; she repaired to her friend, Mrs. Alfred Lammle. Mrs. Podsnap by no means objected. As a conscientiously "splendid woman," accustomed to overhear herself so denominated by elderly osteologists pursuing their studies in dinner society, Mrs. Podsnap could dispense with her daughter. Mr. Podsnap, for his part, on being informed where Georgiana was, swelled with patronage of the Lammles. That they, when unable to lay hold of him, should respectfully grasp at the hem of his mantle; that they, when they could not bask in the glory of him the sun, should take up with the pale reflected light of the watery young moon his daughter; appeared quite natural, becoming, and proper. It gave him a better opinion of the discretion of the Lammles than he had heretofore held, as showing that they appreciated the value of the connection. So, Georgiana repairing to her friend, Mr. Podsnap went out to dinner, and to dinner, and yet to dinner, arm in arm with Mrs. Podsnap: settling his obstinate head in his cravat and shirt-collar, much as if he were performing on the Pandean pipes, in his own honor, the triumphal march, See the conquering Podsnap comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!

It was a trait in Mr. Podsnap's character (and in one form or other it will be generally seen to pervade the depths and shallows of Podsnappery), that he could not endure a hint of disparagement of any friend or acquaintance of his. "How dare you?" he would seem to say, in such a case. "What do you mean? I have licensed this person. This person has taken out *my* certificate. Through this person you strike at me, Podsnap the Great. And it is not that I particularly care for the person's dignity, but that I do most particularly care for Podsnap's." Hence, if any one in his presence had presumed to doubt the responsibility of the Lammles, he would have been mightily huffed. Not that any one did, for Veneering, M.P., was always the authority for their being very rich, and perhaps believed it. As indeed he might,

if he chose, for any thing he knew of the matter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lammle's house in Sackville Street, Piccadilly, was but a temporary residence. It had done well enough, they informed their friends, for Mr. Lammle when a bachelor, but it would not do now. So they were always looking at palatial residences in the best situations, and always very nearly taking or buying one, but never quite concluding the bargain. Hereby they made for themselves a shining little reputation apart. People said, on seeing a vacant palatial residence, "The very thing for the Lammles!" and wrote to the Lammles about it, and the Lammles always went to look at it, but unfortunately it never exactly answered. In short, they suffered so many disappointments that they began to think it would be necessary to build a palatial residence. And hereby they made another shining reputation; many persons of their acquaintance becoming by anticipation dissatisfied with their own houses, and envious of the non-existent Lammle structure.

The handsome fittings and furnishings of the house in Sackville Street were piled thick and high over the skeleton up stairs, and if it ever whispered from under its load of upholstery, "Here I am in the closet!" it was to very few ears, and certainly never to Miss Podsnap's. What Miss Podsnap was particularly charmed with, next to the graces of her friend, was the happiness of her friend's married life. This was frequently their theme of conversation.

"I am sure," said Miss Podsnap, "Mr. Lammle is like a lover. At least I—I should think he was."

"Georgiana, darling!" said Mrs. Lammle, holding up a forefinger, "Take care!"

"Oh my goodness me!" exclaimed Miss Podsnap, reddening. "What have I said now?"

"Alfred, you know," hinted Mrs. Lammle, playfully shaking her head. "You were never to say Mr. Lammle any more, Georgiana."

"Oh! Alfred, then. I am glad it's no worse. I was afraid I had said something shocking. I am always saying something wrong to ma."

"To me, Georgiana dearest?"

"No, not to you; you are not ma. I wish you were."

Mrs. Lammle bestowed a sweet and loving smile upon her friend, which Miss Podsnap returned as she best could. They sat at lunch in Mrs. Lammle's own boudoir.

"And so, dearest Georgiana, Alfred is like your notion of a lover?"

"I don't say that, Sophronia," Georgiana replied, beginning to conceal her elbows. "I haven't any notion of a lover. The dreadful



wretches that ma brings up at places to torment me are not lovers. I only mean that Mr.—”

“Again, dearest Georgiana?”

“That Alfred—”

“Sounds much better, darling.”

“—Loves you so. He always treats you with such delicate gallantry and attention. Now, don't he?”

“Truly, my dear,” said Mrs. Lammle, with a rather singular expression crossing her face. “I believe that he loves me fully as much as I love him.”

“Oh, what happiness!” exclaimed Miss Podsnap.

“But do you know, my Georgiana,” Mrs. Lammle resumed presently, “that there is something suspicious in your enthusiastic sympathy with Alfred's tenderness?”

“Good gracious no, I hope not!”

“Doesn't it rather suggest,” said Mrs. Lammle, archly, “that my Georgiana's little heart is—”

“Oh don't!” Miss Podsnap blushing brought her. “Please don't! I assure you, Sophronia, that I only praise Alfred because he is your husband and so fond of you.”

Sophronia's glance was as if a rather new light broke in upon her. It shaded off into a cool smile, as she said, with her eyes upon her lunch, and her eyebrows raised:

“You are quite wrong, my love, in your guess at my meaning. What I insinuated was, that my Georgiana's little heart was growing conscious of a vacancy.”

“No, no, no,” said Georgiana. “I wouldn't have any body say any thing to me in that way for I don't know how many thousand pounds.”

“In what way, my Georgiana?” inquired Mrs. Lammle, still smiling coolly, with her eyes upon her lunch, and her eyebrows raised.

“You know,” returned poor little Miss Podsnap. “I think I should go out of my mind, Sophronia, with vexation and shyness and detestation, if any body did. It's enough for me to see how loving you and your husband are. That's a different thing. I couldn't bear to have any thing of that sort going on with myself. I should beg and pray to—to have the person taken away and trampled upon.”

Ah! here was Alfred. Having stolen in unobserved, he playfully leaned on the back of Sophronia's chair, and, as Miss Podsnap saw him, put one of Sophronia's wandering locks to his lips, and waved a kiss from it toward Miss Podsnap.

“What is this about husbands and detestations?” inquired the captivating Alfred.

“Why, they say,” returned his wife, “that listeners never hear any good of themselves; though you—but pray how long have you been here, Sir?”

“This instant arrived, my own.”

“Then I may go on—though if you had been here but a moment or two sooner, you would have heard your praises sounded by Georgiana.”

“Only, if they were to be called praises at all, which I really don't think they were,” explained Miss Podsnap in a flutter, “for being so devoted to Sophronia.”

“Sophronia!” murmured Alfred. “My life!” and kissed her hand. In return for which she kissed his watch-chain.

“But it was not I who was to be taken away and trampled upon, I hope?” said Alfred, drawing a seat between them.

“Ask Georgiana, my soul,” replied his wife.

Alfred touchingly appealed to Georgiana.

“Oh, it was nobody,” replied Miss Podsnap. “It was nonsense.”

“But if you are determined to know, Mr. Inquisitive Pet, as I suppose you are,” said the happy and fond Sophronia, smiling, “it was any one who should venture to aspire to Georgiana.”

“Sophronia, my love,” remonstrated Mr. Lammle, becoming graver, “you are not serious?”

“Alfred, my love,” returned his wife, “I dare say Georgiana was not, but I am.”

“Now this,” said Mr. Lammle, “shows the accidental combinations that there are in things! Could you believe, my Ownest, that I came in here with the name of an aspirant to our Georgiana on my lips?”

“Of course I could believe, Alfred,” said Mrs. Lammle, “any thing that *you* told me.”

“You dear one! And I any thing that *you* told me.”

How delightful those interchanges, and the looks accompanying them! Now, if the skeleton up stairs had taken that opportunity, for instance, of calling out “Here I am, suffocating in the closet!”

“I give you my honor, my dear Sophronia—”

“And I know what that is, love,” said she.

“You do, my darling—that I came into the room all but uttering young Fledgeby's name. Tell Georgiana, dearest, about young Fledgeby.”

“Oh no, don't! Please don't!” cried Miss Podsnap, putting her fingers in her ears. “I'd rather not.”

Mrs. Lammle laughed in her gayest manner, and, removing her Georgiana's unresisting hands, and playfully holding them in her own at arms' length, sometimes near together and sometimes wide apart, went on:

“You must know, you dearly beloved little goose, that once upon a time there was a certain person called young Fledgeby. And this young Fledgeby, who was of an excellent family and rich, was known to two other certain persons, dearly attached to one another and called Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lammle. So this young Fledgeby, being one night at the play, there sees, with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lammle, a certain heroine called—”

“No, don't say Georgiana Podsnap!” pleaded that young lady almost in tears. “Please don't. Oh do do do say somebody else! Not Georgiana Podsnap. Oh don't, don't, don't!”



"No other," said Mrs. Lammle, laughing airily, and, full of affectionate blandishments, opening and closing Georgiana's arms like a pair of compasses, "than my little Georgiana Podsnap. So this young Fledgeby goes to that Alfred Lammle and says—"

"Oh ple-e-ease don't!" cried Georgiana, as if the supplication were being squeezed out of her by powerful compression. "I so hate him for saying it!"

"For saying what, my dear?" laughed Mrs. Lammle.

"Oh, I don't know what he said," cried Georgiana, wildly, "but I hated him all the same for saying it."

"My dear," said Mrs. Lammle, always laughing in her most captivating way, "the poor young fellow only says that he is stricken all of a heap."

"Oh, what shall I ever do!" interposed Georgiana. "Oh my goodness what a Fool he must be!"

"—And implores to be asked to dinner, and to make a fourth at the play another time. And so he dines to-morrow and goes to the Opera with us. That's all. Except, my dear Georgiana—and what will you think of this!—that he is infinitely shyer than you, and far more afraid of you than you ever were of any one in all your days!"

In perturbation of mind Miss Podsnap still fumed and plucked at her hands a little, but could not help laughing at the notion of any body's being afraid of her. With that advantage, Sophronia flattered her and rallied her more successfully, and then the insinuating Alfred flattered her and rallied her, and promised that at any moment when she might require that service at his hands, he would take young Fledgeby out and trample on him. Thus it remained amicably understood that young Fledgeby was to come to admire, and that Georgiana was to come to be admired; and Georgiana with the entirely new sensation in her breast of having that prospect before her, and with many kisses from her dear Sophronia in present possession, preceded six feet one of discontented footman (an amount of the article that always came for her when she walked home) to her father's dwelling.

The happy pair being left together, Mrs. Lammle said to her husband:

"If I understand this girl, Sir, your dangerous fascinations have produced some effect upon her. I mention the conquest in good time because I apprehend your scheme to be more important to you than your vanity."

There was a mirror on the wall before them, and her eyes just caught him smirking in it. She gave the reflected image a look of the deepest disdain, and the image received it in the glass. Next moment they quietly eyed each other, as if they, the principals, had had no part in that expressive transaction.

It may have been that Mrs. Lammle tried in some manner to excuse her conduct to herself by depreciating the poor little victim of whom

she spoke with acrimonious contempt. It may have been too that in this she did not quite succeed, for it is very difficult to resist confidence, and she knew she had Georgiana's.

Nothing more was said between the happy pair. Perhaps conspirators who have once established an understanding, may not be overfond of repeating the terms and objects of their conspiracy. Next day came; came Georgiana; and came Fledgeby.

Georgiana had by this time seen a good deal of the house and its frequenters. As there was a certain handsome room with a billiard-table in it—on the ground-floor, eating out a back-yard—which might have been Mr. Lammle's office, or library, but was called by neither name, but simply Mr. Lammle's room, so it would have been hard for stronger female heads than Georgiana's to determine whether its frequenters were men of pleasure or men of business. Between the room and the men there were strong points of general resemblance. Both were too gaudy, too slangey, too odorous of cigars, and too much given to horse-flesh; the latter characteristic being exemplified in the room by its decorations, and in the men by their conversation. High-stepping horses seemed necessary to all Mr. Lammle's friends—as necessary as their transaction of business together in a gipsy way at untimely hours of the morning and evening, and in rushes and snatches. There were friends who seemed to be always coming and going across the Channel, on errands about the Bourse, and Greek and Spanish and India and Mexican and par and premium and discount and three quarters and seven eighths. There were other friends who seemed to be always lolling and lounging in and out of the City, on questions of the Bourse, and Greek and Spanish and India and Mexican and par and premium and discount and three quarters and seven eighths. They were all feverish, boastful, and indefinitely loose; and they all ate and drank a great deal; and made bets in eating and drinking. They all spoke of sums of money, and only mentioned the sums and left the money to be understood: as "five and forty thousand Tom," or "Two hundred and twenty-two on every individual share in the lot Joe." They seemed to divide the world into two classes of people; people who were making enormous fortunes, and people who were being enormously ruined. They were always in a hurry, and yet seemed to have nothing tangible to do; except a few of them (these, mostly asthmatic and thick-lipped) who were forever demonstrating to the rest, with gold pencil-cases which they could hardly hold because of the big rings on their forefingers, how money was to be made. Lastly, they all swore at their grooms, and the grooms were not quite as respectful or complete as other men's grooms; seeming somehow to fall short of the groom point as their masters fell short of the gentleman point.

Young Fledgeby was none of these. Young Fledgeby had a peachy cheek, or a cheek com-



pounded of the peach and the red red red wall on which it grows, and was an awkward, sandy-haired, small-eyed youth, exceeding slim (his enemies would have said lanky), and prone to self-examination in the articles of whisker and mustache. While feeling for the whisker that he anxiously expected, Fledgeby underwent remarkable fluctuations of spirits, ranging along the whole scale from confidence to despair. There were times when he started, as exclaiming "By Jupiter here it is at last!" There were other times when, being equally depressed, he would be seen to shake his head, and give up hope. To see him at those periods leaning on a chimney-piece, like as on an urn containing the ashes of his ambition, with the cheek that would not sprout, upon the hand on which that cheek had forced conviction, was a distressing sight.

Not so was Fledgeby seen on this occasion. Arrayed in superb raiment, with his opera hat under his arm, he concluded his self-examination hopefully, awaited the arrival of Miss Podsnap, and talked small-talk with Mrs. Lammle. In facetious homage to the smallness of his talk, and the jerky nature of his manners, Fledgeby's familiars had agreed to confer upon him (behind his back) the honorary title of Fascination Fledgeby.

"Warm weather, Mrs. Lammle," said Fascination Fledgeby. Mrs. Lammle thought it scarcely as warm as it had been yesterday. "Perhaps not," said Fascination Fledgeby, with great quickness of repartee; "but I expect it will be devilish warm to-morrow."

He threw off another little scintillation. "Been out to-day, Mrs. Lammle?"

Mrs. Lammle answered, for a short drive.

"Some people," said Fascination Fledgeby, "are accustomed to take long drives; but it generally appears to me that if they make 'em too long, they overdo it."

Being in such feather, he might have surpassed himself in his next sally, had not Miss Podsnap been announced. Mrs. Lammle flew to embrace her darling little Georgy, and when the first transports were over, presented Mr. Fledgeby. Mr. Lammle came on the scene last, for he was always late, and so were the frequenters always late; all hands being bound to be made late, by private information about the Bourse, and Greek and Spanish and India and Mexican and par and premium and discount and three quarters and seven eighths.

A handsome little dinner was served immediately, and Mr. Lammle sat sparkling at his end of the table, with his servant behind his chair, and his ever-lingering doubts upon the subject of his wages behind himself. Mr. Lammle's utmost powers of sparkling were in requisition to-day, for Fascination Fledgeby and Georgiana not only struck each other speechless, but struck each other into astonishing attitudes; Georgiana, as she sat facing Fledgeby, making such efforts to conceal her elbows as were totally incompatible with the use of a knife

and fork; and Fledgeby, as he sat facing Georgiana, avoiding her countenance by every possible device, and betraying the discomposure of his mind in feeling for his whiskers with his spoon, his wine-glass, and his bread.

So Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lammle had to prompt, and this is how they prompted.

"Georgiana," said Mr. Lammle, low and smiling, and sparkling all over, like a harlequin; "you are not in your usual spirits. Why are you not in your usual spirits, Georgiana?"

Georgiana faltered that she was much the same as she was in general; she was not aware of being different.

"Not aware of being different!" retorted Mr. Alfred Lammle. "You, my dear Georgiana! who were always so natural and unconstrained with us! who are such a relief from the crowd that are all alike! who are the embodiment of gentleness, simplicity, and reality!"

Miss Podsnap looked at the door, as if she entertained confused thoughts of taking refuge from these compliments in flight.

"Now, I will be judged," said Mr. Lammle, raising his voice a little, "by my friend Fledgeby."

"Oh don't!" Miss Podsnap faintly ejaculated: when Mrs. Lammle took the prompt-book.

"I beg your pardon, Alfred, my dear, but I can not part with Mr. Fledgeby quite yet; you must wait for him a moment. Mr. Fledgeby and I are engaged in a personal discussion."

Fledgeby must have conducted it on his side with immense art, for no appearance of uttering one syllable had escaped him.

"A personal discussion, Sophronia, my love? What discussion? Fledgeby, I am jealous. What discussion, Fledgeby?"

"Shall I tell him, Mr. Fledgeby?" asked Mrs. Lammle.

Trying to look as if he knew any thing about it, Fascination replied, "Yes, tell him."

"We were discussing then," said Mrs. Lammle, "if you *must* know, Alfred, whether Mr. Fledgeby was in his usual flow of spirits."

"Why, that is the very point, Sophronia, that Georgiana and I were discussing as to herself! What did Fledgeby say?"

"Oh, a likely thing, Sir, that I am going to tell you every thing, and be told nothing! What did Georgiana say?"

"Georgiana said she was doing her usual justice to herself to-day, and I said she was not."

"Precisely," exclaimed Mrs. Lammle, "what I said to Mr. Fledgeby."

Still, it wouldn't do. They would not look at one another. No, not even when the sparkling host proposed that the quartette should take an appropriately sparkling glass of wine. Georgiana looked from her wine-glass at Mr. Lammle and at Mrs. Lammle; but mightn't, couldn't, shouldn't, wouldn't, look at Mr. Fledgeby. Fascination looked from his wine-glass at Mrs. Lammle and at Mr. Lammle; but mightn't, couldn't, shouldn't, wouldn't, look at Georgiana.



More prompting was necessary. Cupid must be brought up to the mark. The manager had put him down in the bill for the part, and he must play it.

"Sophronia, my dear," said Mr. Lammle, "I don't like the color of your dress."

"I appeal," said Mrs. Lammle, "to Mr. Fledgeby."

"And I," said Mr. Lammle, "to Georgiana."

"Georgy, my love," remarked Mrs. Lammle aside to her dear girl, "I rely upon you not to go over to the opposition. Now, Mr. Fledgeby."

Fascination wished to know if the color were not called rose-color? Yes, said Mr. Lammle; actually he knew every thing; it was really rose-color. Fascination took rose-color to mean the color of roses. (In this he was very warmly supported by Mr. and Mrs. Lammle.) Fascination had heard the term Queen of Flowers applied to the Rose. Similarly, it might be said that the dress was the Queen of Dresses. ("Very happy, Fledgeby!" from Mr. Lammle.) Notwithstanding, Fascination's opinion was that we all had our eyes—or at least a large majority of us—and that—and—and his further opinion was several ands, with nothing beyond them.

"Oh, Mr. Fledgeby," said Mrs. Lammle, "to desert me in that way! Oh, Mr. Fledgeby, to abandon my poor dear injured rose and declare for blue!"

"Victory, victory!" cried Mr. Lammle; "your dress is condemned, my dear."

"But what," said Mrs. Lammle, stealing her affectionate hand toward her dear girl's, "what does Georgy say?"

"She says," replied Mr. Lammle, interpreting for her, "that in her eyes you look well in any color, Sophronia, and that if she had expected to be embarrassed by so pretty a compliment as she has received, she would have worn another color herself. Though I tell her, in reply, that it would not have saved her, for whatever color she had worn would have been Fledgeby's color. But what does Fledgeby say?"

"He says," replied Mrs. Lammle, interpreting for him, and patting the back of her dear girl's hand, as if it were Fledgeby who was patting it, "that it was no compliment, but a little natural act of homage that he couldn't resist. And," expressing more feeling as if it were more feeling on the part of Fledgeby, "he is right, he is right!"

Still, no not even now, would they look at one another. Seeming to gnash his sparkling teeth, studs, eyes, and buttons, all at once, Mr. Lammle secretly bent a dark frown on the two, expressive of an intense desire to bring them together by knocking their heads together.

"Have you heard this opera of to-night, Fledgeby?" he asked, stopping very short, to prevent himself from running on into "confound you."

"Why no, not exactly," said Fledgeby. "In fact I don't know a note of it."

"Neither do you know it, Georgy?" said Mrs. Lammle.

"N-no," replied Georgiana, faintly, under the sympathetic coincidence.

"Why, then," said Mrs. Lammle, charmed by the discovery which flowed from the premises, "you neither of you know it! How charming!"

Even the craven Fledgeby felt that the time was now come when he must strike a blow. He struck it by saying, partly to Mrs. Lammle and partly to the circumambient air, "I consider myself very fortunate in being reserved by—"

As he stopped dead, Mr. Lammle, making that gingerous bush of his whiskers to look out of, offered him the word "Destiny."

"No, I wasn't going to say that," said Fledgeby. "I was going to say Fate. I consider it very fortunate that Fate has written in the book of—in the book which is its own property—that I should go to that opera for the first time under the memorable circumstances of going with Miss Podsnap."

To which Georgiana replied, hooking her two little fingers in one another, and addressing the table-cloth, "Thank you, but I generally go with no one but you, Sophronia, and I like that very much."

Content perforce with this success for the time, Mr. Lammle let Miss Podsnap out of the room, as if he were opening her cage door, and Mrs. Lammle followed. Coffee being presently served up stairs, he kept a watch on Fledgeby until Miss Podsnap's cup was empty, and then directed him with his finger (as if that young gentleman were a slow Retriever) to go and fetch it. This feat he performed, not only without failure, but even with the original embellishment of informing Miss Podsnap that green tea was considered bad for the nerves. Though there Miss Podsnap unintentionally threw him out by faltering, "Oh, is it indeed? How does it act?" Which he was not prepared to elucidate.

The carriage announced, Mrs. Lammle said, "Don't mind me, Mr. Fledgeby, my skirts and cloak occupy both my hands, take Miss Podsnap." And he took her, and Mrs. Lammle went next, and Mr. Lammle went last, savagely following his little flock like a drover.

But he was all sparkle and glitter in the box at the Opera, and there he and his dear wife made a conversation between Fledgeby and Georgiana in the following ingenious and skillful manner. They sat in this order: Mrs. Lammle, Fascination Fledgeby, Georgiana, Mr. Lammle. Mrs. Lammle made leading remarks to Fledgeby, only requiring monosyllabic replies. Mr. Lammle did the like with Georgiana. At times Mrs. Lammle would lean forward to address Mr. Lammle to this purpose.

"Alfred, my dear, Mr. Fledgeby very justly says, apropos of the last scene, that true constancy would not require any such stimulant as the stage deems necessary." To which Mr. Lammle would reply, "Ay, Sophronia, my love,



but as Georgiana has observed to me, the lady had no sufficient reason to know the state of the gentleman's affections." To which Mrs. Lammle would rejoin, "Very true, Alfred; but Mr. Fledgeby points out," this. To which Alfred would demur: "Undoubtedly, Sophronia, but Georgiana acutely remarks," that. Through this device the two young people conversed at great length and committed themselves to a variety of delicate sentiments, without having once opened their lips save to say yes or no, and even that not to one another.

Fledgeby took his leave of Miss Podsnap at the carriage door, and the Lammles dropped her at her own home, and on the way Mrs. Lammle archly rallied her, in her fond and protecting manner, by saying at intervals, "Oh little Georgiana, little Georgiana!" Which was not much; but the tone added, "You have enslaved your Fledgeby."

And thus the Lammles got home at last, and the lady sat down moody and weary, looking at her dark lord engaged in a deed of violence with a bottle of soda-water as though he were wringing the neck of some unlucky creature and pouring its blood down his throat. As he wiped his dripping whiskers in an ogreish way, he met her eyes, and pausing, said, with no very gentle voice:

"Well?"

"Was such an absolute Booby necessary to the purpose?"

"I know what I am doing. He is no such dolt as you suppose."

"A genius, perhaps?"

"You sneer, perhaps; and you take a lofty air upon yourself, perhaps! But I tell you this:—when that young fellow's interest is concerned, he holds as tight as a horse-leech. When money is in question with that young fellow, he is a match for the Devil."

"Is he a match for you?"

"He is. Almost as good a one as you thought me for you. He has no quality of youth in him, but such as you have seen to-day. Touch him upon money, and you touch no booby then. He really is a dolt, I suppose, in other things; but it answers his one purpose very well."

"Has she money in her own right in any case?"

"Ay! she has money in her own right in any case. You have done so well to-day, Sophronia, that I answer the question, though you know I object to any such questions. You have done so well to-day, Sophronia, that you must be tired. Get to bed."

## CHAPTER V.

### MERCURY PROMPTING.

FLEDGEBY deserved Mr. Alfred Lammle's eulogium. He was the meanest cur existing, with a single pair of legs. And instinct (a word we all clearly understand) going largely on four

legs, and reason always on two, meanness on four legs never attains the perfection of meanness on two.

The father of this young gentleman had been a money-lender, who had transacted professional business with the mother of this young gentleman, when he, the latter, was waiting in the vast dark ante-chambers of the present world to be born. The lady, a widow, being unable to pay the money-lender, married him; and in due course, Fledgeby was summoned out of the vast dark ante-chambers to come and be presented to the Registrar-General. Rather a curious speculation how Fledgeby would otherwise have disposed of his leisure until Doomsday.

Fledgeby's mother offended her family by marrying Fledgeby's father. It is one of the easiest achievements in life to offend your family when your family want to get rid of you. Fledgeby's mother's family had been very much offended with her for being poor, and broke with her for becoming comparatively rich. Fledgeby's mother's family was the Snigsworth family. She had even the high honor to be cousin to Lord Snigsworth—so many times removed that the noble Earl would have had no compunction in removing her one time more and dropping her clean outside the cousinly pale; but cousin for all that.

Among her pre-matrimonial transactions with Fledgeby's father, Fledgeby's mother had raised money of him at a great disadvantage on a certain reversionary interest. The reversion falling in soon after they were married, Fledgeby's father laid hold of the cash for his separate use and benefit. This led to subjective differences of opinion, not to say objective interchanges of bootjacks, backgammon boards, and other domestic missiles, between Fledgeby's father and Fledgeby's mother, and those led to Fledgeby's mother spending as much money as she could, and to Fledgeby's father doing all he couldn't to restrain her. Fledgeby's childhood had been, in consequence, a stormy one; but the winds and the waves had gone down in the grave, and Fledgeby flourished alone.

He lived in chambers in the Albany, did Fledgeby, and maintained a spruce appearance. But his youthful fire was all composed of sparks from the grindstone; and as the sparks flew off, went out, and never warmed any thing, be sure that Fledgeby had his tools at the grindstone, and turned it with a wary eye.

Mr. Alfred Lammle came round to the Albany to breakfast with Fledgeby. Present on the table, one scanty pot of tea, one scanty loaf, two scanty pats of butter, two scanty rashers of bacon, two pitiful eggs, and an abundance of handsome china bought a second-hand bargain.

"What did you think of Georgiana?" asked Mr. Lammle.

"Why, I'll tell you," said Fledgeby, very deliberately.

"Do, my boy."

"You misunderstand me," said Fledgeby.



"I don't mean I'll tell you that. I mean I'll tell you something else."

"Tell me any thing, old fellow!"

"Ah, but there you misunderstand me again," said Fledgeby. "I mean I'll tell you nothing."

Mr. Lammle sparkled at him, but frowned at him too.

"Look here," said Fledgeby. "You're deep and you're ready. Whether I am deep or not, never mind. I am not ready. But I can do one thing, Lammle, I can hold my tongue. And I intend always doing it."

"You are a long-headed fellow, Fledgeby."

"May be, or may not be. If I am a short-tongued fellow, it may amount to the same thing. Now, Lammle, I am never going to answer questions."

"My dear fellow, it was the simplest question in the world."

"Never mind. It seemed so, but things are not always what they seem. I saw a man examined as a witness in Westminster Hall. Questions put to him seemed the simplest in the world, but turned out to be any thing rather than that, after he had answered 'em. Very well. Then he should have held his tongue. If he had held his tongue he would have kept out of scrapes that he got into."

"If I had held my tongue, you would never have seen the subject of my question," remarked Lammle, darkening.

"Now, Lammle," said Fascination Fledgeby, calmly feeling for his whisker, "it won't do. I won't be led on into a discussion. I can't manage a discussion. But I can manage to hold my tongue."

"Can?" Mr. Lammle fell back upon propitiation. "I should think you could! Why, when these fellows of our acquaintance drink and you drink with them, the more talkative they get, the more silent you get. The more they let out, the more you keep in."

"I don't object, Lammle," returned Fledgeby, with an internal chuckle, "to being understood, though I object to being questioned. That certainly is the way I do it."

"And when all the rest of us are discussing our ventures, none of us ever know what a single venture of yours is!"

"And none of you ever will from me, Lammle," replied Fledgeby, with another internal chuckle; "that certainly is the way I do it."

"Why of course it is, I know!" rejoined Lammle, with a flourish of frankness, and a laugh, and stretching out his hands as if to show the universe a remarkable man in Fledgeby. "If I hadn't known it of my Fledgeby, should I have proposed our little compact of advantage to my Fledgeby?"

"Ah!" remarked Fascination, shaking his head slyly. "But I am not to be got at in that way. I am not vain. That sort of vanity don't pay, Lammle. No, no, no. Compliments only make me hold my tongue the more."

Alfred Lammle pushed his plate away (no great sacrifice under the circumstances of there being so little in it), thrust his hands in his pockets, leaned back in his chair, and contemplated Fledgeby in silence. Then he slowly released his left hand from its pocket, and made that bush of his whiskers, still contemplating him in silence. Then he slowly broke silence, and slowly said: "What—the—Dev-il is this fellow about this morning?"

"Now, look here, Lammle," said Fascination Fledgeby, with the meanest of twinkles in his meanest of eyes: which were too near together, by-the-way: "look here, Lammle: I am very well aware that I didn't show to advantage last night, and that you and your wife—who, I consider, is a very clever woman and an agreeable woman—did. I am not calculated to show to advantage under that sort of circumstances. I know very well you two did show to advantage, and managed capitally. But don't you on that account come talking to me as if I were your doll and puppet, because I am not."

"And all this," cried Alfred, after studying with a look the meanness that was fain to have the meanest help, and yet was so mean as to turn upon it: "all this because of one simple natural question!"

"You should have waited till I thought proper to say something about it myself. I don't like your coming over me with your Georgi-anas, as if you was her proprietor and mine too."

"Well, when you are in the gracious mind to say any thing about it of yourself," retorted Lammle, "pray do."

"I have done it. I have said you managed capitally. You and your wife both. If you'll go on managing capitally, I'll go on doing my part. Only don't crow."

"I crow!" exclaimed Lammle, shrugging his shoulders.

"Or," pursued the other—"or take it in your head that people are your puppets because they don't come out to advantage at the particular moments when you do, with the assistance of a very clever and agreeable wife. All the rest keep on doing, and let Mrs. Lammle keep on doing. Now, I have held my tongue when I thought proper, and I have spoken when I thought proper, and there's an end of that. And now the question is," proceeded Fledgeby, with the greatest reluctance, "will you have another egg?"

"No, I won't," said Lammle, shortly.

"Perhaps you're right and will find yourself better without it," replied Fascination, in greatly improved spirits. "To ask you if you'll have another rasher would be unmeaning flattery, for it would make you thirsty all day. Will you have some more bread and butter?"

"No, I won't," repeated Lammle.

"Then I will," said Fascination. And it was not a mere retort for the sound's sake, but was a cheerful cogent consequence of the refusal;



for if Lammle had applied himself again to the loaf, it would have been so heavily visited, in Fledgeby's opinion, as to demand abstinence from bread, on his part, for the remainder of that meal at least, if not for the whole of the next.

Whether this young gentleman (for he was but three-and-twenty) combined with the miserly vice of an old man any of the open-handed vices of a young one, was a moot-point; so very honorably did he keep his own counsel. He was sensible of the value of appearances as an investment, and liked to dress well; but he drove a bargain for every movable about him, from the coat on his back to the china on his breakfast-table; and every bargain, by representing somebody's ruin or somebody's loss, acquired a peculiar charm for him. It was a part of his avarice to take, within narrow bounds, long odds at races; if he won, he drove harder bargains; if he lost, he half-starved himself until next time. Why money should be so precious to an Ass too dull and mean to exchange it for any other satisfaction, is strange; but there is no animal so sure to get laden with it as the Ass who sees nothing written on the face of the earth and sky but the three letters L. S. D.—not Luxury, Sensuality, Dissoluteness, which they often stand for, but the three dry letters. Your concentrated Fox is seldom comparable to your concentrated Ass in money-breeding.

Fascination Fledgeby feigned to be a young gentleman living on his means, but was known secretly to be a kind of outlaw in the bill-broking line, and to put money out at high interest in various ways. His circle of familiar acquaintance, from Mr. Lammle round, all had a touch of the outlaw, as to their roving in the merry green-wood of Jobbery Forest, lying on the outskirts of the Share-Market and the Stock Exchange.

"I suppose you, Lammle," said Fledgeby, eating his bread and butter, "always go in for female society?"

"Always," replied Lammle, glooming considerably under his late treatment.

"Came natural to you, eh?" said Fledgeby.

"The sex were pleased to like me, Sir," said Lammle, sulkily, but with the air of a man who had not been able to help himself.

"Made a pretty good thing of marrying, didn't you?" asked Fledgeby.

The other smiled (an ugly smile), and tapped one tap upon his nose.

"My late governor made a mess of it," said Fledgeby. "But Geor— Is the right name Georgina or Georgiana?"

"Georgiana."

"I was thinking yesterday, I didn't know there was such a name. I thought it must end in ina."

"Why?"

"Why, you play—if you can—the Concertina, you know," replied Fledgeby, meditating

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very slowly. "And you have—when you catch it—the Searlatina. And you can come down from a balloon in a parach— No you can't though. Well, say Georgeute—I mean Georgiana."

"You were going to remark of Georgiana—?" Lammle moodily hinted, after waiting in vain.

"I was going to remark of Georgiana, Sir," said Fledgeby, not at all pleased to be reminded of his having forgotten it, "that she don't seem to be violent. Don't seem to be of the pitching-order."

"She has the gentleness of the dove, Mr. Fledgeby."

"Of course you'll say so," replied Fledgeby, sharpening, the moment his interest was touched by another. "But you know, the real look-out is this:—what I say, not what you say. I say—having my late governor and my late mother in my eye—that Georgiana don't seem to be of the pitching-in order."

The respected Mr. Lammle was a bully, by nature and by usual practice. Perceiving, as Fledgeby's affronts cumulated, that conciliation by no means answered the purpose here, he now directed a scowling look into Fledgeby's small eyes for the effect of the opposite treatment. Satisfied by what he saw there, he burst into a violent passion and struck his hand upon the table, making the china ring and dance.

"You are a very offensive fellow, Sir," cried Mr. Lammle, rising. "You are a highly offensive scoundrel. What do you mean by this behavior?"

"I say!" remonstrated Fledgeby. "Don't break out."

"You are a very offensive fellow, Sir," repeated Mr. Lammle. "You are a highly offensive scoundrel!"

"I say, you know!" urged Fledgeby, quailing.

"Why, you coarse and vulgar vagabond!" said Mr. Lammle, looking fiercely about him, "if your servant was here to give me six-pence of your money to get my boots cleaned afterward—for you are not worth the expenditure—I'd kick you."

"No you wouldn't," pleaded Fledgeby. "I am sure you'd think better of it."

"I tell you what, Mr. Fledgeby," said Lammle advancing on him. "Since you presume to contradict me, I'll assert myself a little. Give me your nose!"

Fledgeby covered it with his hand instead, and said, retreating, "I beg you won't!"

"Give me your nose, Sir," repeated Lammle.

Still covering that feature and backing, Mr. Fledgeby reiterated (apparently with a severe cold in his head), "I beg, I beg, you won't."

"And this fellow," exclaimed Lammle, stopping and making the most of his chest—"This fellow presumes on my having selected him out of all the young fellows I know, for an advantageous opportunity! This fellow presumes on my having in my desk round the corner his dirty



note of hand for a wretched sum payable on the occurrence of a certain event, which event can only be of my and my wife's bringing about! This fellow, Fledgeby, presumes to be impertinent to me, Lammle. Give me your nose, Sir!"

"No! Stop! I beg your pardon," said Fledgeby, with humility.

"What do you say, Sir?" demanded Mr. Lammle, seeming too furious to understand.

"I beg your pardon," repeated Fledgeby.

"Repeat your words louder, Sir. The just indignation of a gentleman has sent the blood boiling to my head. I don't hear you."

"I say," repeated Fledgeby, with laborious explanatory politeness, "I beg your pardon."

Mr. Lammle paused. "As a man of honor," said he, throwing himself into a chair, "I am disarmed."

Mr. Fledgeby also took a chair, though less demonstratively, and by slow approaches removed his hand from his nose. Some natural diffidence assailed him as to blowing it, so shortly after its having assumed a personal and delicate, not to say public, character; but he overcame his scruples by degrees, and modestly took that liberty under an implied protest.

"Lammle," he said sneakingly, when that was done, "I hope we are friends again?"

"Mr. Fledgeby," returned Lammle, "say no more."

"I must have gone too far in making myself disagreeable," said Fledgeby, "but I never intended it."

"Say no more, say no more!" Mr. Lammle repeated in a magnificent tone. "Give me your"—Fledgeby started—"hand."

They shook hands, and on Mr. Lammle's part, in particular, there ensued great geniality. For he was quite as much of a dastard as the other, and had been in equal danger of falling into the second place for good, when he took heart just in time to act upon the information conveyed to him by Fledgeby's eye.

The breakfast ended in a perfect understanding. Incessant machinations were to be kept at work by Mr. and Mrs. Lammle; love was to be made for Fledgeby, and conquest was to be insured to him; he on his part very humbly admitting his defects as to the softer social arts, and entreating to be backed to the utmost by his two able coadjutors.

Little recked Mr. Podsnap of the traps and toils besetting his Young Person. He regarded her as safe within the Temple of Podsnappery, biding the fullness of time when she, Georgiana, should take him, Fitz-Podsnap, who with all his worldly goods should her endow. It would call a blush into the cheek of his standard Young Person to have any thing to do with such matters save to take as directed, and with worldly goods as per settlement to be endowed. Who giveth this woman to be married to this man? I, Podsnap. Perish the daring thought that any smaller creation should come between!

It was a public holiday, and Fledgeby did not

recover his spirits or his usual temperature of nose until the afternoon. Walking into the City in the holiday afternoon, he walked against a living stream setting out of it; and thus, when he turned into the precincts of St. Mary Axe, he found a prevalent repose and quiet there. A yellow overhanging plaster-fronted house at which he stopped was quiet too. The blinds were all drawn down, and the inscription Pubsey and Co. seemed to doze in the counting-house window on the ground-floor giving on the sleepy street.

Fledgeby knocked and rang, and Fledgeby rang and knocked, but no one came. Fledgeby crossed the narrow street and looked up at the house-windows, but nobody looked down at Fledgeby. He got out of temper, crossed the narrow street again, and pulled the house-bell as if it were the house's nose, and he were taking a hint from his late experience. His ear at the keyhole seemed then, at last, to give him assurance that something stirred within. His eye at the keyhole seemed to confirm his ear, for he angrily pulled the house's nose again, and pulled and pulled and continued to pull, until a human nose appeared in the dark doorway.

"Now you, Sir!" cried Fledgeby. "These are nice games!"

He addressed an old Jewish man in an ancient coat, long of skirt, and wide of pocket. A venerable man, bald and shining at the top of his head, and with long gray hair flowing down at its sides and mingling with his beard. A man who with a graceful Eastern action of homage bent his head, and stretched out his hands with the palms downward, as if to deprecate the wrath of a superior.

"What have you been up to?" said Fledgeby, storming at him.

"Generous Christian master," urged the Jewish man, "it being holiday I looked for no one."

"Holiday be blowed!" said Fledgeby, entering. "What have *you* got to do with holidays? Shut the door."

With his former action the old man obeyed. In the entry hung his rusty large-brimmed low-crowned hat, as long out of date as his coat; in the corner near it stood his staff—no walking-stick but a veritable staff. Fledgeby turned into the counting-house, perched himself on a business stool, and cocked his hat. There were light boxes on shelves in the counting-house, and strings of mock beads hanging up. There were samples of cheap clocks, and samples of cheap vases of flowers. Foreign toys, all.

Perched on the stool with his hat cocked on his head and one of his legs dangling, the youth of Fledgeby hardly contrasted to advantage with the age of the Jewish man as he stood with his bare head bowed, and his eyes (which he only raised in speaking) on the ground. His clothing was worn down to the rusty hue of the hat in the entry, but though he looked shabby he did not look mean. Now, Fledgeby, though not shabby, did look mean.

"You have not told me what you were up to,



you, Sir," said Fledgeby, scratching his head with the brim of his hat.

"Sir, I was breathing the air."

"In the cellar, that you didn't hear?"

"On the house-top."

"Upon my soul! That's a way of doing business."

"Sir," the old man represented with a grave and patient air, "there must be two parties to the transaction of business, and the holiday has left me alone."

"Ah! Can't be buyer and seller too. That's what the Jews say; ain't it?"

"At least we say truly, if we say so," answered the old man with a smile.

"Your people need speak the truth sometimes, for they lie enough," remarked Fascination Fledgeby.

"Sir, there is," returned the old man with quiet emphasis, "too much untruth among all denominations of men."

Rather dashed, Fascination Fledgeby took another scratch at his intellectual head with his hat, to gain time for rallying.

"For instance," he resumed, as though it were he who had spoken last, "who but you and I ever heard of a poor Jew?"

"The Jews," said the old man, raising his eyes from the ground with his former smile. "They hear of poor Jews often, and are very good to them."

"Bother that!" returned Fledgeby. "You know what I mean. You'd persuade me if you could that you are a poor Jew. I wish you'd confess how much you really did make out of my late governor. I should have a better opinion of you."

The old man only bent his head, and stretched out his hands as before.

"Don't go on posturing like a Deaf and Dumb School," said the ingenious Fledgeby, "but express yourself like a Christian—or as nearly as you can."

"I had had sickness and misfortunes, and was so poor," said the old man, "as hopelessly to owe the father, principal and interest. The son inheriting, was so merciful as to forgive me both and place me here."

He made a little gesture as though he kissed the hem of an imaginary garment worn by the noble youth before him. It was humbly done, but picturesquely, and was not abasing to the doer.

"You won't say more, I see," said Fledgeby, looking at him as if he would like to try the effect of extracting a double-tooth or two, "and so it's of no use my putting it to you. But confess this, Riah; who believes you to be poor now?"

"No one," said the old man.

"There you're right," assented Fledgeby.

"No one," repeated the old man with a grave slow wave of his head. "All scout it as a fable. Were I to say 'This little fancy business is not mine;'" with a lithe sweep of his easily-turning

hand around him, to comprehend the various objects on the shelves; "'it is the little business of a Christian young gentleman who places me, his servant, in trust and charge here, and to whom I am accountable for every single bead,' they would laugh. When, in the larger money-business, I tell the borrowers—"

"I say, old chap!" interposed Fledgeby, "I hope you mind what you *do* tell 'em?"

"Sir, I tell them no more than I am about to repeat. When I tell them, 'I can not promise this, I can not answer for the other, I must see my principal, I have not the money, I am a poor man and it does not rest with me,' they are so unbelieving and so impatient, that they sometimes curse me in Jehovah's name."

"That's deuced good, that is!" said Fascination Fledgeby.

"And at other times they say, 'Can it never be done without these tricks, Mr. Riah? Come, come, Mr. Riah, we know the arts of your people'—my people!—'If the money is to be lent, fetch it, fetch it; if it is not to be lent, keep it and say so.' They never believe me."

"That's all right," said Fascination Fledgeby.

"They say, 'We know, Mr. Riah, we know. We have but to look at you, and we know.'"

"Oh, a good 'un are you for the post," thought Fledgeby, "and a good 'un was I to mark you out for it! I may be slow, but I am precious sure."

Not a syllable of this reflection shaped itself in any scrap of Mr. Fledgeby's breath, lest it should tend to put his servant's price up. But looking at the old man as he stood quiet with his head bowed and his eyes cast down, he felt that to relinquish an inch of his baldness, an inch of his gray hair, an inch of his coat-skirt, an inch of his hat-brim, an inch of his walking-staff, would be to relinquish hundreds of pounds.

"Look here, Riah," said Fledgeby, mollified by these self-approving considerations. "I want to go a little more into buying-up queer bills. Look out in that direction."

"Sir, it shall be done."

"Casting my eye over the accounts, I find that branch of business pays pretty fairly, and I am game for extending it. I like to know people's affairs likewise. So look out."

"Sir, I will, promptly."

"Put it about in the right quarters, that you'll buy queer bills by the lump—by the pound weight if that's all—supposing you see your way to a fair chance on looking over the parcel. And there's one thing more. Come to me with the books for periodical inspection as usual, at eight on Monday morning."

Riah drew some folding tablets from his breast and noted it down.

"That's all I wanted to say at the present time," continued Fledgeby in a grudging vein, as he got off the stool, "except that I wish you'd take the air where you can hear the bell, or the knocker, either one of the two or both. By-the-by, how *do* you take the air at the top of the



house? Do you stick your head out of a chimney-pot?"

"Sir, there are leads there, and I have made a little garden there."

"To bury your money in, you old dodger?"

"A thumb-nail's space of garden would hold the treasure I bury, master," said Riah. "Twelve shillings a week, even when they are an old man's wages, bury themselves."

"I should like to know what you really are worth," returned Fledgeby, with whom his growing rich on that stipend and gratitude was a very convenient-fiction. "But come! Let's have a look at your garden on the tiles before I go!"

The old man took a step back, and hesitated.

"Truly, Sir, I have company there."

"Have you, by George!" said Fledgeby; "I suppose you happen to know whose premises these are?"

"Sir, they are yours, and I am your servant in them."

"Oh! I thought you might have overlooked that," retorted Fledgeby, with his eyes on Riah's beard as he felt for his own; "having company on my premises, you know!"

"Come up and see the guests, Sir, I hope for your admission that they can do no harm."

Passing him with a courteous reverence, specially unlike any action that Mr. Fledgeby could for his life have imparted to his own head and hands, the old man began to ascend the stairs. As he toiled on before, with his palm upon the stair-rail, and his long black skirt, a very gaberdine, overhanging each successive step, he might have been the leader in some pilgrimage of devotional ascent to a prophet's tomb. Not troubled by any such weak imagining, Fascination Fledgeby merely speculated on the time of life at which his beard had begun, and thought once more what a good 'un he was for the part.

Some final wooden steps conducted them, stooping under a low pent-house roof, to the house-top. Riah stood still, and, turning to his master, pointed out his guests.

Lizzie Hexam and Jenny Wren. For whom, perhaps with some old instinct of his race, the gentle Jew had spread a carpet. Seated on it, against no more romantic object than a blackened chimney-stack over which some humble creeper had been trained, they both pored over one book; both with attentive faces; Jenny with the sharper; Lizzie with the more perplexed. Another little book or two were lying near, and a common basket of common fruit, and another basket full of strings of beads and tinsel scraps. A few boxes of humble flowers and evergreens completed the garden; and the encompassing wilderness of dowager old chimneys twirled their cowl and fluttered their smoke, rather as if they were bridling, and fanning themselves, and looking on in a state of airy surprise.

Taking her eyes off the book, to test her memory of something in it, Lizzie was the first to see herself observed. As she rose, Miss Wren like-

wise became conscious, and said, irreverently addressing the great chief of the premises: "Whoever you are, I can't get up, because my back's bad and my legs are queer."

"This is my master," said Riah, stepping forward.

("Don't look like any body's master," observed Miss Wren to herself, with a hitch of her chin and eyes.)

"This, Sir," pursued the old man, "is a little dress-maker for little people. Explain to the master, Jenny."

"Dolls; that's all," said Jenny, shortly. "Very difficult to fit too, because their figures are so uncertain. You never know where to expect their waists."

"Her friend," resumed the old man, motioning toward Lizzie; "and as industrious as virtuous. But that they both are. They are busy early and late, Sir, early and late; and in by-times, as on this holiday, they go to book learning."

"Not much good to be got out of that," remarked Fledgeby.

"Depends upon the person!" quoth Miss Wren, snapping him up.

"I made acquaintance with my guests, Sir," pursued the Jew, with an evident purpose of drawing out the dress-maker, "through their coming here to buy of our damage and waste for Miss Jenny's millinery. Our waste goes into the best of company, Sir, on her rosy-cheeked little customers. They wear it in their hair, and on their ball-dresses, and even (so she tells me) are presented at Court with it."

"Ah!" said Fledgeby, on whose intelligence this doll-fancy made rather strong demands; "she's been buying that basketful to-day, I suppose?"

"I suppose she has," Miss Jenny interposed; "and paying for it too, most likely!"

"Let's have a look at it," said the suspicious chief. Riah handed it to him. "How much for this now?"

"Two precious silver shillings," said Miss Wren.

Riah confirmed her with two nods, as Fledgeby looked to him. A nod for each shilling.

"Well," said Fledgeby, poking into the contents of the basket with his forefinger, "the price is not so bad. You have got good measure, Miss What-is-it."

"Try Jenny," suggested that young lady with great calmness.

"You have got good measure, Miss Jenny; but the price is not so bad.—And you," said Fledgeby, turning to the other visitor, "do you buy any thing here, miss?"

"No, Sir."

"Nor sell any thing neither, miss?"

"No, Sir."

Looking askew at the questioner, Jenny stole her hand up to her friend's, and drew her friend down, so that she bent beside her on her knee.

"We are thankful to come here for rest, Sir,"



said Jenny. "You see, you don't know what the rest of this place is to us; does he, Lizzie? It's the quiet, and the air."

"The quiet!" repeated Fledgeby, with a contemptuous turn of his head toward the City's roar. "And the air!" with a "Poof!" at the smoke.

"Ah!" said Jenny. "But it's so high. And you see the clouds rushing on above the narrow streets, not minding them, and you see the golden arrows pointing at the mountains in the sky from which the wind comes, and you feel as if you were dead."

The little creature looked above her, holding up her slight transparent hand.

"How do you feel when you are dead?" asked Fledgeby, much perplexed.

"Oh, so tranquil!" cried the little creature, smiling. "Oh, so peaceful and so thankful! And you hear the people who are alive, crying, and working, and calling to one another down in the close dark streets, and you seem to pity them so! And such a chain has fallen from you, and such a strange good sorrowful happiness comes upon you!"

Her eyes fell on the old man, who, with his hands folded, quietly looked on.

"Why it was only just now," said the little creature, pointing at him, "that I fancied I saw him come out of his grave! He toiled out at that low door, so bent and worn, and then he took his breath and stood upright, and looked all round him at the sky, and the wind blew upon him, and his life down in the dark was over!—Till he was called back to life," she added, looking round at Fledgeby with that lower look of sharpness. "Why did you call him back?"

"He was long enough coming, any how," grumbled Fledgeby.

"But *you* are not dead, you know," said Jenny Wren. "Get down to life!"

Mr. Fledgeby seemed to think it rather a good suggestion, and with a nod turned round. As Riah followed to attend him down the stairs, the little creature called out to the Jew in a silvery tone, "Don't be long gone. Come back and be dead!" And still as they went down they heard the little sweet voice, more and more faintly, half calling and half singing, "Come back and be dead, Come back and be dead!"

When they got down into the entry, Fledgeby, pausing under the shadow of the broad old hat, and mechanically poising the staff, said to the old man:

"That's a handsome girl, that one in her senses."

"And as good as handsome," answered Riah.

"At all events," observed Fledgeby, with a dry whistle, "I hope she ain't bad enough to put any chap up to the fastenings, and get the premises broken open. You look out. Keep your weather eye awake, and don't make any more acquaintances, however handsome. Of course you always keep my name to yourself?"

"Sir, assuredly I do."

"If they ask it, say it's Pubsey, or say it's Co, or say it's any thing you like, but what it is."

His grateful servant—in whose race gratitude is deep, strong, and enduring—bowed his head, and actually did now put the hem of his coat to his lips: though so lightly that the wearer knew nothing of it.

Thus, Fascination Fledgeby went his way, exulting in the artful cleverness with which he had turned his thumb down on a Jew, and the old man went his different way up stairs. As he mounted, the call or song began to sound in his ears again, and, looking above, he saw the face of the little creature looking down out of a Glory of her long bright radiant hair, and musically repeating to him, like a vision:

"Come up and be dead! Come up and be dead!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### A RIDDLE WITHOUT AN ANSWER.

AGAIN Mr. Mortimer Lightwood and Mr. Eugene Wrayburn sat together in the Temple. This evening, however, they were not together in the place of business of the eminent solicitor, but in another dismal set of chambers facing it on the same second-floor; on whose dungeon-like black outer door appeared the legend:

PRIVATE.

MR. EUGENE WRAYBURN.

MR. MORTIMER LIGHTWOOD.

(*Mr. Lightwood's Offices opposite.*)

Appearances indicated that this establishment was a very recent institution. The white letters of the inscription were extremely white and extremely strong to the sense of smell, the complexion of the tables and chairs was (like Lady Tippins's) a little too blooming to be believed in, and the carpets and floor-cloth seemed to rush at the beholder's face in the unusual prominence of their patterns. But the Temple, accustomed to tone down both the still life and the human-life that has much to do with it, would soon get the better of all that.

"Well!" said Eugene, on one side of the fire, "I feel tolerably comfortable. I hope the upholsterer may do the same."

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Lightwood, from the other side of the fire.

"To be sure," pursued Eugene, reflecting, "he is not in the secret of our pecuniary affairs, so perhaps he may be in an easy frame of mind."

"We shall pay him," said Mortimer.

"Shall we, really?" returned Eugene, indolently surprised. "You don't say so!"

"I mean to pay him, Eugene, for my part," said Mortimer, in a slightly injured tone.

"Ah! I mean to pay him too," retorted Eugene. "But then I mean so much that I—that I don't mean."



"Don't mean?"

"So much that I only mean and shall always only mean and nothing more, my dear Mortimer. It's the same thing."

His friend, lying back in his easy chair, watched him lying back in his easy chair, as he stretched out his legs on the hearth-rug, and said, with the amused look that Eugene Wrayburn could always awaken in him without seeming to try or care:

"Any how, your vagaries have increased the bill."

"Calls the domestic virtues vagaries!" exclaimed Eugene, raising his eyes to the ceiling.

"This very complete little kitchen of ours," said Mortimer, "in which nothing will ever be cooked—"

"My dear, dear Mortimer," returned his friend, lazily lifting his head a little to look at him, "how often have I pointed out to you that its moral influence is the important thing?"

"Its moral influence on this fellow," exclaimed Lightwood, laughing.

"Do me the favor," said Eugene, getting out of his chair with much gravity, "to come and inspect that feature of our establishment which you rashly disparage." With that, taking up a candle, he conducted his chum into the fourth room of the set of chambers—a little narrow room—which was very completely and neatly fitted as a kitchen. "See!" said Eugene, "miniature flour-barrel, rolling-pin, spice-box, shelf of brown jars, chopping-board, coffee-mill, dresser elegantly furnished with crockery, sauce-pans and pans, roasting jack, a charming kettle, an armory of dish-covers. The moral influence of these objects, in forming the domestic virtues, may have an immense influence upon me; not upon you, for you are a hopeless case, but upon me. In fact, I have an idea that I feel the domestic virtues already forming. Do me the favor to step into my bedroom. *Secrétaire*, you see, and abstruse set of solid mahogany pigeon-holes, one for every letter of the alphabet. To what use do I devote them? I receive a bill—say from Jones. I docket it neatly at the *secrétaire*, JONES, and I put it into pigeon-hole J. It's the next thing to a receipt, and is quite as satisfactory to me. And I very much wish, Mortimer," sitting on his bed, with the air of a philosopher lecturing a disciple, "that my example might induce *you* to cultivate habits of punctuality and method; and, by means of the moral influences with which I have surrounded you, to encourage the formation of the domestic virtues."

Mortimer laughed again, with his usual commentaries of "How *can* you be so ridiculous, Eugene!" and "What an absurd fellow you are!" but when his laugh was out, there was something serious, if not anxious, in his face. Despite that pernicious assumption of lassitude and indifference, which had become his second nature, he was strongly attached to his friend. He had founded himself upon Eugene when they

were yet boys at school; and at this hour imitated him no less, admired him no less, loved him no less, than in those departed days.

"Eugene," said he, "if I could find you in earnest for a minute, I would try to say an earnest word to you."

"An earnest word?" repeated Eugene. "The moral influences are beginning to work. Say on."

"Well, I will," returned the other, "though you are not earnest yet."

"In this desire for earnestness," murmured Eugene, with the air of one who was meditating deeply, "I trace the happy influences of the little flour-barrel and the coffee-mill. Gratifying."

"Eugene," resumed Mortimer, disregarding the light interruption, and laying a hand upon Eugene's shoulder, as he, Mortimer, stood before him seated on his bed, "you are withholding something from me."

Eugene looked at him, but said nothing.

"All this past summer you have been withholding something from me. Before we entered on our boating vacation, you were as bent upon it as I have seen you upon any thing since we first rowed together. But you cared very little for it when it came, often found it a tie and a drag upon you, and were constantly away. Now it was well enough half a dozen times, a dozen times, twenty times, to say to me in your own odd manner, which I know so well and like so much, that your disappearances were precautions against our boring one another; but of course after a short while I began to know that they covered something. I don't ask what it is, as you have not told me; but the fact is so. Say, is it not?"

"I give you my word of honor, Mortimer," returned Eugene, after a serious pause of a few moments, "that I don't know."

"Don't know, Eugene?"

"Upon my soul, don't know. I know less about myself than about most people in the world, and I don't know."

"You have some design in your mind?"

"Have I? I don't think I have."

"At any rate, you have some subject of interest there which used not to be there?"

"I really can't say," replied Eugene, shaking his head blankly, after pausing again to reconsider. "At times I have thought yes; at other times I have thought no. Now I have been inclined to pursue such a subject; now I have felt that it was absurd, and that it tired and embarrassed me. Absolutely, I can't say. Frankly and faithfully, I would if I could."

So replying, he clapped a hand, in his turn, on his friend's shoulder, as he rose from his seat upon the bed, and said:

"You must take your friend as he is. You know what I am, my dear Mortimer. You know how dreadfully susceptible I am to boredom. You know that when I became enough of a man to find myself an embodied conundrum, I bored myself to the last degree by trying to find out



what I meant. You know that at length I gave it up, and declined to guess any more. Then how can I possibly give you the answer that I have not discovered? The old nursery form runs, 'Riddle-me-riddle-me-ree, p'raps you can't tell me what this may be?' My reply runs, 'No. Upon my life, I can't.'"

So much of what was fantastically true to his own knowledge of this utterly careless Eugene, mingled with the answer, that Mortimer could not receive it as a mere evasion. Besides, it was given with an engaging air of openness, and of special exemption of the one friend he valued, from his reckless indifference.

"Come, dear boy!" said Eugene. "Let us try the effect of smoking. If it enlightens me at all on this question, I will impart unreservedly."

They returned to the room they had come from, and, finding it heated, opened a window. Having lighted their cigars, they leaned out of this window, smoking, and looking down at the moonlight, as it shone into the court below.

"No enlightenment," resumed Eugene, after certain minutes of silence. "I feel sincerely apologetic, my dear Mortimer, but nothing comes."

"If nothing comes," returned Mortimer, "nothing can come from it. So I shall hope that this may hold good throughout, and that there may be nothing on foot. Nothing injurious to you, Eugene, or—"

Eugene stayed him for a moment with his hand on his arm, while he took a piece of earth from an old flower-pot on the window-sill and dextrously shot it at a little point of light opposite; having done which to his satisfaction, he said, "Or?"

"Or injurious to any one else."

"How," said Eugene, taking another little piece of earth, and shooting it with great precision at the former mark, "how injurious to any one else?"

"I don't know."

"And," said Eugene, taking, as he said the word, another shot, "to whom else?"

"I don't know."

Checking himself with another piece of earth in his hand, Eugene looked at his friend inquiringly and a little suspiciously. There was no concealed or half-expressed meaning in his face.

"Two belated wanderers in the mazes of the law," said Eugene, attracted by the sound of footsteps, and glancing down as he spoke, "stray into the court. They examine the door-posts of number one, seeking the name they want. Not finding it at number one, they come to number two. On the hat of wanderer number two, the shorter one, I drop this pellet. Hitting him on the hat, I smoke serenely, and become absorbed in contemplation of the sky."

Both the wanderers looked up toward the window; but after interchanging a mutter or two, soon applied themselves to the door-posts below. There they seemed to discover what

they wanted, for they disappeared from view by entering at the doorway. "When they emerge," said Eugene, "you shall see me bring them both down;" and so prepared two pellets for the purpose.

He had not reckoned on their seeking his name, or Lightwood's. But either the one or the other would seem to be in question, for now there came a knock at the door. "I am on duty to-night," said Mortimer; "stay you where you are, Eugene." Requiring no persuasion, he staid there, smoking quietly, and not at all curious to know who knocked, until Mortimer spoke to him from within the room, and touched him. Then, drawing in his head, he found the visitors to be young Charley Hexam and the schoolmaster; both standing facing him, and both recognized at a glance.

"You recollect this young fellow, Eugene?" said Mortimer.

"Let me look at him," returned Wrayburn, coolly. "Oh yes, yes. I recollect him!"

He had not been about to repeat that former action of taking him by the chin, but the boy had suspected him of it, and had thrown up his arm with an angry start. Laughingly, Wrayburn looked to Lightwood for an explanation of this odd visit.

"He says he has something to say."

"Surely it must be to you, Mortimer."

"So I thought, but he says no. He says it is to you."

"Yes, I do say so," interposed the boy. "And I mean to say what I want to say, too, Mr. Eugene Wrayburn!"

Passing him with his eyes as if there were nothing where he stood, Eugene looked on to Bradley Headstone. With consummate indolence he turned to Mortimer, inquiring: "And who may this other person be?"

"I am Charles Hexam's friend," said Bradley; "I am Charles Hexam's schoolmaster."

"My good Sir, you should teach your pupils better manners," returned Eugene.

Composedly smoking, he leaned an elbow on the chimney-piece, at the side of the fire, and looked at the schoolmaster. It was a cruel look, in its cold disdain of him, as a creature of no worth. The schoolmaster looked at him, and that, too, was a cruel look, though of the different kind, that it had a raging jealousy and fiery wrath in it.

Very remarkably, neither Eugene Wrayburn nor Bradley Headstone looked at all at the boy. Through the ensuing dialogue those two, no matter who spoke, or whom was addressed, looked at each other. There was some secret, sure perception between them, which set them against one another in all ways.

"In some high respects, Mr. Eugene Wrayburn," said Bradley, answering him with pale and quivering lips, "the natural feelings of my pupils are stronger than my teaching."

"In most respects, I dare say," replied Eugene, enjoying his cigar, "though whether high



or low is of no importance. You have my name very correctly. Pray what is yours?"

"It can not concern you much to know, but—"

"True," interposed Eugene, striking sharply and cutting him short at his mistake, "it does not concern me at all to know. I can say Schoolmaster, which is a most respectable title. You are right, Schoolmaster."

It was not the dulllest part of this goad in its galling of Bradley Headstone, that he had made it himself in a moment of incautious anger. He tried to set his lips so as to prevent their quivering, but they quivered fast.

"Mr. Eugene Wrayburn," said the boy, "I want a word with you. I have wanted it so much that we have looked out your address in the book; and we have been to your office, and we have come from your office here."

"You have given yourself much trouble, Schoolmaster," observed Eugene, blowing the feathery ash from his cigar. "I hope it may prove remunerative."

"And I am glad to speak," pursued the boy, "in presence of Mr. Lightwood, because it was through Mr. Lightwood that you ever saw my sister."

For a mere moment Wrayburn turned his eyes aside from the schoolmaster to note the effect of the last word on Mortimer, who, standing on the opposite side of the fire, as soon as the word was spoken turned his face toward the fire and looked down into it.

"Similarly, it was through Mr. Lightwood that you ever saw her again, for you were with him on the night when my father was found, and so I found you with her on the next day. Since then you have seen my sister often. You have seen my sister oftener and oftener. And I want to know why?"

"Was this worth while, Schoolmaster?" murmured Eugene, with the air of a disinterested adviser. "So much trouble for nothing? You should know best, but I think not."

"I don't know, Mr. Wrayburn," answered Bradley, with his passion rising, "why you address me—"

"Don't you?" said Eugene. "Then I won't."

He said it so tauntingly in his perfect placidity, that the respectable right-hand clutching the respectable hair-guard of the respectable watch could have wound it round his throat and strangled him with it. Not another word did Eugene deem it worth while to utter, but stood leaning his head upon his hand, smoking, and looking imperturbably at the chafing Bradley Headstone with his clutching right-hand, until Bradley was well-nigh mad.

"Mr. Wrayburn," proceeded the boy, "we not only know this that I have charged upon you, but we know more. It has not yet come to my sister's knowledge that we have found it out, but we have. We had a plan, Mr. Headstone and I, for my sister's education, and for its being advised and overlooked by Mr. Headstone, who is a much more competent author-

ity, whatever you may pretend to think, as you smoke, than you could produce, if you tried. Then, what do we find? What do we find, Mr. Lightwood? Why, we find that my sister is already being taught without our knowing it. We find that while my sister gives an unwilling and cold ear to our schemes for her advantage—I, her brother, and Mr. Headstone, the most competent authority, as his certificates would easily prove, that could be produced—she is willfully and willingly profiting by other schemes. Ay, and taking pains too, for I know what such pains are. And so does Mr. Headstone! Well! Somebody pays for this, is a thought that naturally occurs to us; who pays? We apply ourselves to find out, Mr. Lightwood, and we find that your friend, this Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, here, pays. Then I ask him what right has he to do it, and what does he mean by it, and how comes he to be taking such a liberty without my consent, when I am raising myself in the scale of society by my own exertions and Mr. Headstone's aid, and have no right to have any darkness cast upon my prospects, or any imputation upon my respectability through my sister?"

The boyish weakness of this speech, combined with its great selfishness, made it a poor one indeed. And yet Bradley Headstone, used to the little audience of a school, and unused to the larger ways of men, showed a kind of exultation in it.

"Now I tell Mr. Eugene Wrayburn," pursued the boy, forced into the use of the third person by the hopelessness of addressing him in the first, "that I object to his having any acquaintance at all with my sister, and that I request him to drop it altogether. He is not to take it into his head that I am afraid of my sister's caring for *him*—"

(As the boy sneered, the Master sneered, and Eugene blew off the feathery ash again.)

"—But I object to it, and that's enough. I am more important to my sister than he thinks. As I raise myself, I intend to raise her; she knows that, and she has to look to me for her prospects. Now I understand all this very well, and so does Mr. Headstone. My sister is an excellent girl, but she has some romantic notions; not about such things as your Mr. Eugene Wrayburns, but about the death of my father and other matters of that sort. Mr. Wrayburn encourages those notions to make himself of importance, and so she thinks she ought to be grateful to him, and perhaps even likes to be. Now I don't choose her to be grateful to him, or to be grateful to any body but me, except Mr. Headstone. And I tell Mr. Wrayburn that if he don't take heed of what I say, it will be worse for her. Let him turn that over in his memory, and make sure of it. Worse for her!"

A pause ensued, in which the schoolmaster looked very awkward.

"May I suggest, Schoolmaster," said Eugene, removing his fast-waning cigar from his lips to glance at it, "that you can now take your pupil away."



"And Mr. Lightwood," added the boy, with a burning face, under the flaming aggravation of getting no sort of answer or attention, "I hope you'll take notice of what I have said to your friend, and of what your friend has heard me say, word by word, whatever he pretends to the contrary. You are bound to take notice of it, Mr. Lightwood, for, as I have already mentioned, you first brought your friend into my sister's company, and but for you we never should have seen him. Lord knows none of us ever wanted him, any more than any of us will ever miss him. Now, Mr. Headstone, as Mr. Eugene Wrayburn has been obliged to hear what I had to say, and couldn't help himself, and as I have said it out to the last word, we have done all we wanted to do, and may go."

"Go down stairs, and leave me a moment, Hexam," he returned. The boy complying with an indignant look and as much noise as he could make, swung out of the room; and Lightwood went to the window, and leaned there, looking out.

"You think me of no more value than the dirt under your feet," said Bradley to Eugene, speaking in a carefully weighed and measured tone, or he could not have spoken at all.

"I assure you, Schoolmaster," replied Eugene, "I don't think about you."

"That's not true," returned the other; "you know better."

"That's coarse," Eugene retorted; "but you *don't* know better."

"Mr. Wrayburn, at least I know very well that it would be idle to set myself against you in insolent words or overbearing manners. That lad who has just gone out could put you to shame in half a dozen branches of knowledge in half an hour, but you can throw him aside like an inferior. You can do as much by me, I have no doubt, beforehand."

"Possibly," remarked Eugene.

"But I am more than a lad," said Bradley, with his clutching hand, "and I **WILL** be heard, Sir."

"As a schoolmaster," said Eugene, "you are always being heard. That ought to content you."

"But it does not content me," replied the other, white with passion. "Do you suppose that a man, in forming himself for the duties I discharge, and in watching and repressing himself daily to discharge them well, dismisses a man's nature?"

"I suppose you," said Eugene, "judging from what I see as I look at you, to be rather too passionate for a good schoolmaster." As he spoke, he tossed away the end of his cigar.

"Passionate with you, Sir, I admit I am. Passionate with you, Sir, I respect myself for being. But I have not Devils for my pupils."

"For your Teachers, I should rather say," replied Eugene.

"Mr. Wrayburn."

"Schoolmaster."

"Sir, my name is Bradley Headstone."

"As you justly said, my good Sir, your name can not concern me. Now, what more?"

"This more. Oh, what a misfortune is mine," cried Bradley, breaking off to wipe the starting perspiration from his face as he shook from head to foot, "that I can not so control myself as to appear a stronger creature than this, when a man who has not felt in all his life what I have felt in a day can so command himself!" He said it in a very agony, and even followed it with an errant motion of his hands as if he could have torn himself.

Eugene Wrayburn looked on at him, as if he found him beginning to be rather an entertaining study.

"Mr. Wrayburn, I desire to say something to you on my own part."

"Come, come, Schoolmaster," returned Eugene, with a languid approach to impatience as the other again struggled with himself; "say what you have to say. And let me remind you that the door is standing open, and your young friend waiting for you on the stairs."

"When I accompanied that youth here, Sir, I did so with the purpose of adding, as a man whom you should not be permitted to put aside, in case you put him aside as a boy, that his instinct is correct and right." Thus Bradley Headstone, with great effort and difficulty.

"Is that all?" asked Eugene.

"No, Sir," said the other, flushed and fierce. "I strongly support him in his disapproval of your visits to his sister, and in his objection to your officiousness—and worse—in what you have taken upon yourself to do for her."

"Is *that* all?" asked Eugene.

"No, Sir. I determined to tell you that you are not justified in these proceedings, and that they are injurious to his sister."

"Are you her schoolmaster as well as her brother's?—Or perhaps you would like to be?" said Eugene.

It was a stab that the blood followed, in its rush to Bradley Headstone's face, as swiftly as if it had been dealt with a dagger. "What do you mean by that?" was as much as he could utter.

"A natural ambition enough," said Eugene, coolly. "Far be it from me to say otherwise. The sister—who is something too much upon your lips, perhaps—is so very different from all the associations to which she has been used, and from all the low obscure people about her, that it is a very natural ambition."

"Do you throw my obscurity in my teeth, Mr. Wrayburn?"

"That can hardly be, for I know nothing concerning it, Schoolmaster, and seek to know nothing."

"You reproach me with my origin," said Bradley Headstone; "you cast insinuations at my bringing-up. But I tell you, Sir, I have worked my way onward, out of both and in spite of both, and have a right to be considered



a better man than you, with better reasons for being proud."

"How I can reproach you with what is not within my knowledge, or how I can cast stones that were never in my hand, is a problem for the ingenuity of a schoolmaster to prove," returned Eugene. "Is *that* all?"

"No, Sir. If you suppose that boy—"

"Who really will be tired of waiting," said Eugene, politely.

"If you suppose that boy to be friendless, Mr. Wrayburn, you deceive yourself. I am his friend, and you shall find me so."

"And you will find *him* on the stairs," remarked Eugene.

"You may have promised yourself, Sir, that you could do what you chose here, because you had to deal with a mere boy, inexperienced, friendless, and unassisted. But I give you warning that this mean calculation is wrong. You have to do with a man also. You have to do with me. I will support him, and, if need be, require reparation for him. My hand and heart are in this cause, and are open to him."

"And—quite a coincidence—the door is open," remarked Eugene.

"I scorn your shifty evasions, and I scorn you," said the schoolmaster. "In the meanness of your nature you revile me with the meanness of my birth. I hold you in contempt for it. But if you don't profit by this visit, and act accordingly, you will find me as bitterly in earnest against you as I could be if I deemed you worth a second thought on my own account."

With a consciously bad grace and stiff manner, as Wrayburn looked so easily and calmly on, he went out with these words, and the heavy door closed like a furnace-door upon his red and white heats of rage.

"A curious monomaniac," said Eugene. "The man seems to believe that every body was acquainted with his mother!"

Mortimer Lightwood being still at the window, to which he had in delicacy withdrawn, Eugene called to him, and he fell to slowly pacing the room.

"My dear fellow," said Eugene, as he lighted another cigar, "I fear my unexpected visitors have been troublesome. If as a set-off (excuse the legal phrase from a barrister-at-law) you would like to ask Tippins to tea, I pledge myself to make love to her."

"Eugene, Eugene, Eugene," replied Mortimer, still pacing the room, "I am sorry for this. And to think that I have been so blind!"

"How blind, dear boy?" inquired his unmoved friend.

"What were your words that night at the river-side public house?" said Lightwood, stopping. "What was it that you asked me? Did I feel like a dark combination of traitor and pickpocket when I thought of that girl?"

"I seem to remember the expression," said Eugene.

"How do *you* feel when you think of her just now?"

His friend made no direct reply, but observed, after a few whiffs of his cigar, "Don't mistake the situation. There is no better girl in all this London than Lizzie Hexam. There is no better among my people at home; no better among your people."

"Granted. What follows?"

"There," said Eugene, looking after him dubiously as he paced away to the other end of the room, "you put me again upon guessing the riddle that I have given up."

"Eugene, do you design to capture and desert this girl?"

"My dear fellow, no."

"Do you design to marry her?"

"My dear fellow, no."

"Do you design to pursue her?"

"My dear fellow, I don't design any thing. I have no design whatever. I am incapable of designs. If I conceived a design I should speedily abandon it, exhausted by the operation."

"Oh Eugene, Eugene!"

"My dear Mortimer, not that tone of melancholy reproach, I entreat. What can I do more than tell you all I know, and acknowledge my ignorance of all I don't know! How does that little old song go, which, under pretense of being cheerful, is by far the most lugubrious I ever heard in my life?

'Away with melancholy,  
Nor doleful changes ring  
On life and human folly,  
But merrily, merrily sing  
Fal la!"

Don't let us sing Fal la, my dear Mortimer (which is comparatively unmeaning), but let us sing that we give up guessing the riddle altogether."

"Are you in communication with this girl, Eugene, and is what these people say true?"

"I concede both admissions to my honorable and learned friend."

"Then what is to come of it? What are you doing? Where are you going?"

"My dear Mortimer, one would think the schoolmaster had left behind him a catechising infection. You are ruffled by the want of another cigar. Take one of these, I entreat. Light it at mine, which is in perfect order. So! Now do me the justice to observe that I am doing all I can toward self-improvement, and that you have a light thrown on those household implements which, when you only saw them as in a glass darkly, you were hastily—I must say hastily—inclined to depreciate. Sensible of my deficiencies, I have surrounded myself with moral influences expressly meant to promote the formation of the domestic virtues. To those influences, and to the improving society of my friend from boyhood, commend me with your best wishes."

"Ah, Eugene!" said Lightwood, affectionate-



ly, now standing near him, so that they both stood in one little cloud of smoke; "I would that you answered my three questions! What is to come of it? What are you doing? Where are you going?"

"And my dear Mortimer," returned Eugene, lightly fanning away the smoke with his hand for the better exposition of his frankness of face

and manner, "believe me, I would answer them instantly if I could. But to enable me to do so, I must first have found out the troublesome conundrum long abandoned. Here it is. Eugene Wrayburn." Tapping his forehead and breast. "Riddle-me, riddle-me-ree, perhaps you can't tell me what this may be?—No, upon my life, I can't. I give it up!"

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

THE present Number being the first of a Volume is issued earlier than usual. Our Record closes on the 21st of October, embracing the events of the preceding three weeks.

The approaching Presidential election, which will be decided before this Number is issued, and political speculations connected with it, has taken precedence in public interest even of the important military events of the time. State elections were held in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana on the 11th of October. Special importance was attached to these on account of the indications furnished by them of the probable result of the approaching Presidential election. Both parties at first claimed what was equivalent to a decided victory in all of these States. The precise actual result is still in doubt, owing to the delay occasioned by the counting of the vote of the soldiers. In *Pennsylvania* the election was for Members of Congress. The home vote was very close; but the probability is that upon this vote the Democrats have a small aggregate majority, which it is supposed will be considerably counterbalanced by the soldiers' vote; the probability is that the Union party has gained from two to four members of Congress.—In *Ohio* the election was also for Members of Congress. The Union majority upon the home vote was large (probably about 30,000), though much less than at the previous election, and this will be increased by the soldiers' vote. They also gain several Members of Congress.—In *Indiana* the election was for Governor and Members of Congress. Here, contrary to expectation, the Democrats suffered a decided defeat. Governor Morton, the Union candidate, being re-elected by a majority of probably 20,000, the party also gaining several Members of Congress. In this State the soldiers absent from their homes do not vote.

An election was held in *Maryland*, on the 12th of October, to decide upon the adoption of a new Constitution providing for the abolition of Slavery. The vote was light, owing in a measure to the requirement of an oath of loyalty from voters. There was, probably, a small majority against the Constitution on the home vote; but this is presumed to be overcome by the soldiers' vote.

Toward the close of September Jefferson Davis made a journey to Georgia. In the course of this he made several speeches upon the posture of affairs. The most elaborate of these was delivered at Macon on the 23d of September. He said that it would have gladdened his heart to have met his auditors in prosperity instead of adversity. Still, though misfortune had befallen the Confederates from Decatur to Jonesborough, the cause was not lost. Sooner or later Sherman must retreat, and then he would meet the fate that befell Napoleon in

the retreat from Moscow. He had been accused of abandoning Georgia to her fate. The man who made this charge was a scoundrel. [This was understood to refer to Governor Brown of Georgia.] He knew the deep disgrace felt by Georgia at the army falling back from Dalton to the interior of the State; but he was not one who felt that Atlanta was lost when the army crossed the Chattahoochee, and he had put a man at the head of the army who would strike a manly blow for the city. It did not become him to revert to disaster. Hood's army must be replenished. "Let," he said, "the old men remain at home and make bread; but should they know of any young man keeping away from the service, who can not be made to go any other way, let them write to the Executive. You have not many men left between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. The boys are, as rapidly as they become old enough, going to the field. It is not proper," he continued, "to speak of the number of men in the field; but this I will say—that two-thirds of our men are absent, some sick, some wounded, but most of them absent without leave." We had been asked to send reinforcements from Virginia to Georgia; but the disparity in numbers was as great in Virginia as in Georgia. The army under Early had been sent to the Valley of the Shenandoah, instead of to Georgia, because the enemy had penetrated to Lynchburg; and now (that is, at the close of September), if Early was withdrawn, there was nothing to prevent the Federal troops from putting a complete cordon of men around Richmond. He had counseled with General Lee upon all these points; his mind had roamed over the whole field, and his conclusion was that "if one half of the men now absent from the field would return to duty, we can defeat the enemy. With that hope I am now going to the front. I may not realize this hope; but I know that there are men there who have looked death too often in the face to despond now." This speech was repeated in substance at several other places.

An order of the Confederate War Office, dated October 5, directs that all details heretofore granted to persons between the ages of eighteen and forty-five shall be revoked, and that all persons detailed, together with those who hold temporary furloughs and exemptions, shall assemble at the several camps of instruction, and will be at once assigned among the armies for service; but men now actively engaged in producing or collecting munitions and supplies will for the present be continued in these employments. The heads of Departments are directed within twenty days to furnish lists of all detailed men in the several States, specifying those whose services are absolutely indispensable for Government work or business; all not so speci-



fied to be forthwith assigned to the army; and all men found for light duty who do not at once report to the camps of instruction to be assigned to the active force.

By various laws now existing in the Confederacy all free negroes between the ages of 18 and 45 are made liable to perform military duty upon fortifications and in Government works. The Secretary of War is also empowered to employ in a similar manner 20,000 slaves, the owners to be paid in case of their escape or death. If they can not be hired they may be impressed. The Southern papers urge that these laws shall be carried into immediate execution. The *Richmond Enquirer* of October 6 also urges that free negroes and slaves shall be employed as soldiers. It recommends that the Confederate Congress shall purchase 250,000 negroes, present them with their freedom, grant them the privilege of remaining in the States, and arm, equip, drill, and fight them. It says that these freedmen could be depended upon not only for ordinary services, but for the hardest fighting.—A letter from Henry W. Allen, Governor of Louisiana, to Mr. Seddon, the Confederate Secretary of War, dated September 26, has been captured, in which he urges the employment of negroes as soldiers. He says: "The time has come for us to put into the army every able-bodied negro man as a soldier. This should be done immediately.... We have learned from dear-bought experience that negroes can be taught to fight, and that all who leave us are made to fight against us. I would free all able to bear arms, and put them into the field at once. They will make much better soldiers with us than against us, and swell the now depleted ranks of our armies."

The existence of an organized conspiracy in the Western and Northwestern States, with accomplices in other portions of the country, has been for some months known to the Government. Some of the conspirators have been arrested, and the results of their trial have been summed up by Mr. Holt, the Judge-Advocate. The essential points are that a secret society has been formed, known by different names in different localities. Its "temples," or "lodges," are numerous scattered through the States of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, and Kentucky, and less frequently in many other States—every State, it is said, being represented. Its first "Supreme Commander" was P. C. Wright, the acting editor of a newspaper in New York called the *Daily News*, the ostensible editor of which is Benjamin Wood, a member of the Federal Congress. Wright was arrested and imprisoned in Fort Lafayette. He was, according to Judge Holt, succeeded by Clement L. Vallandigham, of Ohio. The number of members is variously stated at from 300,000 to 1,000,000; Vallandigham claimed in a public speech that there were 500,000. This society, or order, is in close affiliation with the Confederate leaders. Its organization is military, and the members are in possession of a large number of arms. Its leading principles are the right of slavery; the absolute sovereignty of the States; the right of secession of a State; and the right of resistance to Federal authority. Its specific objects at present are to aid soldiers to desert; to protect deserters; to discourage enlistments; to resist the draft; to circulate disloyal publications; to give intelligence to the enemy; to aid recruiting for the enemy; to furnish them with arms and ammunition; to co-operate with them in raids; to destroy Government property; to harass Union men in the

Border States; and finally to establish a North-western Confederacy. Judge Holt furnishes an immense mass of evidence in support of these allegations.

It has been affirmed that many of the leading men of Georgia, including Governor Brown and Alexander H. Stephens, were in favor of that State withdrawing from the Confederacy and making a separate peace; and that negotiations to that effect had been opened with General Sherman. The Governor has authorized the publication of a statement explanatory of his position in the matter. He says that a Mr. King brought to him a message from General Sherman to the effect that he would be pleased to confer with him and others upon the state of the country, with a view to a settlement of the difficulties, and would give him a pass through the Federal lines, going and returning, for that purpose. To this the Governor replied that he as Governor of a State, and General Sherman as a commander of an army in the field, had no authority to enter upon negotiations for peace. Georgia might perhaps be overrun, but could not be subjugated, and would never treat with a conqueror upon her soil. That while Georgia possessed the sovereign power to act separately, her faith had been pledged by implication to her Southern sisters, and she would not exercise this power without their consent and co-operation. She had entered into the contest knowing all the responsibilities which it involved, and would never withdraw from it with dishonor. "She will never," he says, "make separate terms with the enemy, which may free her territory from invasion and leave her confederates in the lurch. Whatever may be the opinion of her people as to the injustice done her by the Confederate Administration, she will triumph with her confederate sisters, or she will sink with them in common ruin.... the independent expression of condemnation of the measures of the Administration is one thing, and disloyalty to our sacred cause is another and quite a different thing." If Mr. Lincoln would stop the war, let him, says Governor Brown, recognize the sovereignty of the States, and leave to each to determine for herself whether she will return to the old Union or remain in her present league. If Presidents Lincoln and Davis would agree to stop the war, and leave the settlement of the question to the ballot-box instead of the battle-field, bloodshed would cease, and prosperity be restored. If not, the war would last for years, and neither General Sherman nor the Governor of Georgia could control this issue however they might deplore it. But, he concludes, if those who have the Constitutional power of negotiation refuse to recognize the sovereignty of the States, then, all the States, north and south, in their official capacity, may be justified in taking the matter into their own hands, and settling the question in their own way.—Alexander H. Stephens has also published a letter setting forth his views on the state of affairs. He says, in substance, that he sees no way in which he can do any thing to bring about peace. The only solution for present and prospective troubles is "the simple recognition of the fundamental principle of the sovereignty—the ultimate absolute sovereignty—of the States." The idea that the old Union, or any Union between sovereign States, can be maintained by force is preposterous; the subjugation of the people of the South by those of the North would involve the overthrow of the liberties of both sections. The platform of the Chicago Convention presented a ray of light. Its



prominent idea was the suspension of hostilities in order that a Convention of the States might be held. To such a Convention, as a peaceful conference between equal and sovereign powers, he would have no objection. The authorities at Richmond and Washington might agree upon such a Convention; but he should be opposed to leaving the questions at issue to such a body; they might agree upon a plan of adjustment to be valid only when ratified by the States, and binding only upon such as ratify it.

On September 24, Sheridan had driven Early out of the Shenandoah Valley. It had taken him less than a single week to accomplish this important result, during which time he had gained two decisive victories at Winchester and at Fisher's Hill. Sheridan's main army halted at Harrisonburg. Here the enemy had left 800 of their wounded, who fell into the hands of the Federal commander. From this point cavalry expeditions were dispatched to various points: to Port Republic, where seventy-five wagons and four caissons were destroyed; to Staunton, where were destroyed large quantities of Confederate war-material; and to Waynesborough, on the railroad from Staunton to Gordonsville, where the iron railroad-bridge across South River was demolished, and a large portion of the road torn up. No attempt was made against Lynchburg, nor was Early pursued toward Richmond. Sheridan had determined to destroy all the grain and other provision in the southern portion of the Valley; also, in Luray and Fort Valleys, and then to retreat. This determination was no doubt influenced by the length of his line of communication and the frequent attacks of guerrillas in his rear. On the 7th of October Sheridan's command had fallen back from Harrisonburg, nearly thirty miles, to Woodstock, having completed the work of devastation in the Valley above that point. The destruction of property involved the ruin of two thousand barns filled with wheat, hay, and farming implements; of seventy mills filled with flour and wheat, and the capture of over four thousand head of stock, besides a number of horses. Upon Sheridan's retreat he was followed by the Confederate army considerably reinforced, and placed, it was said, under new leadership, Longstreet having superseded Early. The cavalry under Rosser had the advance. This column Sheridan attacked with his cavalry October 9, and gained a victory, capturing eleven guns and forty-seven wagons. Over three hundred prisoners were taken, and Rosser was driven "on the jump 26 miles, through Mount Jackson and across the north fork of the Shenandoah." From Woodstock Sheridan fell back beyond Strasburg to Cedar Creek. Here he was attacked by General Early, whose entire army had been brought up, on the 19th of October, precisely one month after the battle of Winchester. The attack was made before daylight. Sheridan himself was fifteen miles away at Winchester. At first every thing promised a great success to the enemy. The Federal line ran nearly north and south, on the mountain ridge northeast of Strasburg, the left being held by the Eighth Corps. The left flank of this Corps was turned and the line thrown into confusion. The Federals abandoned their position and were driven four miles, losing 20 pieces of artillery. Sheridan arrived on the field before noon and re-formed the line, when he was again attacked by Early at 1 o'clock P.M. The attack was repulsed. At 3 P.M. Sheridan attacked the enemy "with great vigor, driving and routing the enemy, capturing 50 pieces of artillery

and very many prisoners." The enemy lost heavily in trains, some of which they were obliged to burn.

After Sheridan's victories over Early in the latter part of September General Grant determined to press Lee's army in their intrenchments covering Richmond and Petersburg. His movements were directed against either flank of the enemy. During the night of the 28th the Tenth and Eighteenth corps, by different crossings, were transferred to the north side of the James River. The Eighteenth Corps, under General Ord, advanced along the Varina Road the next morning and carried the outer line of works below Chapin's Farm. Fort Harrison, mounted with heavy artillery and occupying a commanding position below Fort Darling, constituted the main defense at this point. It was not, however, well manned, and before reinforcements could be brought up resistance had become useless. Two or three hundred prisoners were taken and sixteen guns. General Ord was slightly wounded and compelled to leave the field, his command devolving on General Godfrey Weitzel. General Stannard also was wounded, and General Burnham killed. Simultaneously with this advance the Tenth Corps, General Birney, moved on the Kingsland Road. At the junction of this road with the Newmarket Road the enemy was met and the works at Newmarket Heights were carried. An unsuccessful attack was made on Fort Gilmer, at Laurel Hill, four or five miles nearer Richmond on the Newmarket Road. On the same day, and while the fighting was going on at Laurel Hill, General Kautz led his cavalry along the road as far as to the toll-gate, two miles from Richmond. It was found by this reconnaissance that there were no formidable defenses until within four miles of the city. Conscious of their weakness at this point the Confederates attacked on the 30th, and endeavored to penetrate the Federal lines near the junction of the two Corps. Two assaults were made, at a great sacrifice of life on the part of the assailants, but with no success.

While Lee was massing his forces on his left, on the 30th, Meade, with the Fifth and Ninth corps, advanced from his position on the Weldon Railroad. He first encountered the enemy at Peeble's Farm, a short distance west of the Weldon Railroad. The Confederate position was carried, the enemy falling back to his fortifications covering the Southside Railroad. Here the battle was renewed, but with ill-success. A brilliant charge made upon the works failed; and as the Fifth and Ninth corps withdrew the Confederates made a counter-charge, and penetrating the Federal lines, took a large number of prisoners. An unsuccessful attack was made the next day on Ayre's division of the Fifth Corps; and in the afternoon Hampton's cavalry, engaging Gregg's, was driven back.

Returning to the north side of the James we find matters remaining as we left them, until October 7, when the Confederates made another attack, this time on the extreme right, on the Darbytown Road, held by Terry's division, with Kautz's cavalry some distance in advance. Kautz, outnumbered, was soon compelled to withdraw, in doing which he lost eight guns. The enemy followed, and advancing through the woods attempted to flank Terry's right. Two assaults were made, in which the enemy's loss was estimated at 1000. Kautz's loss had been nearly 300. Terry, being protected, suffered but slightly, maintaining his position and driving the Confederates from the field.



At the close of September the Confederate General Price entered Missouri with an army variously estimated in strength, but probably numbering nearly 20,000 men. On the 27th the main body of Price's army was in the vicinity of Fredericktown, in the southwestern part of the State. He has carefully avoided a battle, except on a small scale and against separate detachments of the Federal forces in Southern Missouri. One of these detachments was situated at Pilot Knob, near Ironton, at the junction of the railroad leading from Fredericktown with the Iron Mountain Railroad. General Ewing was in command of the small garrison at this point. The position is similar to that at Harper's Ferry, being commanded by mountains on every side. At first Price attempted to advance up the valley and carry the place by assault, and was severely repulsed. But when he took to the mountain-sides Ewing abandoned his position and fell back toward Rolla. It was a running fight, and Ewing was nearly surrounded, when, by the help of forces sent to his assistance, he escaped, and continued his march to Rolla without difficulty. The Federal commander, General Rosecrans, has concentrated all his available force at Jefferson City. October 7, Price made a demonstration against this place, but this was only a feint to enable his forces to cross the Osage River. In a proclamation to the people of the State Price has declared his intention to remain among them.

Since General Sherman took possession of Atlanta every possible effort has been made by Hood and Forrest to so interrupt his communications as to render it necessary for him to retreat. So far as these attempts have been developed they appear to have utterly failed of their object. About the same time that Price entered Missouri, Forrest crossed the Tennessee and took Athens, in Northern Alabama, securing the garrison of 500 men, together with 300 sent on to their support. This town was situated on the railroad from Nashville to Decatur, which was considerably injured by the raiders, numbering nearly 7000, who immediately moved against Pulaski, seventy-five miles south of Nashville. To this point Rousseau advanced and offered battle, which Forrest declined, moving eastward to attack the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, which Rousseau took measures to guard by moving his army to Tullahoma. There Forrest again avoided battle, returning westward to complete his work on the other road. In the mean time the Tennessee was rising, and Sherman had dispatched General Thomas to attend to Forrest, who now retraced his route across the swollen river.

On the 19th of September Hood began to move his army from the Macon to the West Point Railroad. This was but preliminary to another movement which he soon afterward made, cutting loose from his communications, crossing the Chattahoochee, and interposing his army between General Sherman and Chattanooga. He followed very much the same route which Sherman had taken in approaching Atlanta. Crossing the Chattahoochee October 2, he moved on Dallas. Sherman had to build new bridges over the Chattahoochee before he could follow the enemy; his preparations were completed by the 4th, and he then crossed the greater portion of his army, leaving a small garrison at Atlanta. General Corse, with the Fourth Division of the Fifteenth Corps had been sent to Rome. As soon as Sherman knew that Hood was moving on Dallas, and that Allatoona would be attacked, he ordered Corse to the latter place. Here a million

and a half of rations had been stored. French's Division of Stewart's Corps was sent to attack the position. By the 6th Sherman had reached Kenesaw with his main column. He was not in time, however, to reach Allatoona before it had been attacked and the battle decided, though he witnessed the conflict from Kenesaw. The position was successfully held by Corse, who lost 700 out of about 1700. The Confederate loss was 200 killed and over 1000 wounded and prisoners. The enemy had taken Big Shanty and Ackworth, south of Allatoona, and destroyed a few miles of the road. Upon Sherman's arrival on his flank and rear, however, Hood began to retreat toward the southwest.

For many months past considerable numbers of Confederates have been collected in Canada and the adjacent British Provinces, who have formed several plots for raids upon our Northern borders. A number of these have been frustrated by the action of the British authorities, and by information furnished by them. But two, at least, have been carried into partial effect. A few weeks ago a party organized in Canada crossed to the American side, and captured two small steamers on Lake Erie, which were burned, the actual perpetrators making their escape into Canada. A more daring enterprise was undertaken during October in Vermont. About the 10th a considerable number of strangers were observed at the hotels in the village of St. Albans, about fifteen miles from the Canada line. Their numbers gradually increased, but as there appeared to be no connection between these persons, no special attention was excited. On the 19th these strangers began a sudden onslaught. A part of them rushed to each of the three banks, presented pistols, overpowered the officers, and plundered the contents of the safes, amounting to a large sum. This accomplished, they rushed into the streets, firing at the passers-by, killing and wounding several. A portion of them hurried to the livery and other stables and seized horses, upon which the whole gang were soon mounted and on their way back to Canada. The whole affair lasted only half an hour; and the citizens were so completely taken by surprise that no immediate resistance was offered. Parties were, however, soon started in pursuit, following the marauders into Canada, where a number of them were captured, the Canadian authorities aiding.

For some time a project of a consolidated Government over and union between the British possessions in North America has been entertained, with the approval of the Home Government. A Convention of delegates from the several provinces, to consider this question, was convened at Quebec on the 10th of October; and a general plan was subsequently agreed upon. Its leading features are that the chief powers of the Government will be committed to the Central legislative body. This will consist of two Houses. The Upper, composed of 76 members, to be selected by the Crown from the members of the existing provincial Upper Houses. Of these, Upper and Lower Canada are to have 24 each, Nova Scotia 11, New Brunswick 10, Newfoundland 4, Prince Edward's Island 3. In the Lower House the Representatives are to be apportioned periodically according to population. It was left to the Imperial Parliament to decide whether the Governor-General should be elected or appointed by the Crown. The question of the adoption of this plan is to be left to the decision of the existing Provincial Parliaments, not to the people of the Provinces.



## Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was a strange chance which rolled the Easy Chair, the other evening, into an opera-house. It was strange, because in the midst of a terrible war, involving such vital interests to the country and to every citizen, it seems as if the popular mind and heart must be too tensely strung to permit such diversion of attention as an opera. But there it was, exactly as it used to be. There were the bright rows of pretty women and men; the white and fanciful opera-cloaks—the gay rich dresses—the floating ribbons—the marvelous *chevelures*—the pearl-gray, the dove, and “tan” gloves, holding the jeweled fans and the beautiful bouquets—the smile, the sparkle, the grace, the superb and irresistible dandyism that we all know so well in the days of golden youth—they were all there, and the warm atmosphere was sweet with the thick odor of heliotrope, the very scent of *haute société*.

The house was full: the opera was “Faust,” and by one of the exquisite felicities of the stage, the hero, a mild, ineffective gentleman sang his ditties and passionate bursts in Italian, while the poor Gretchen vowed and rouladed in the German tongue. Certainly nothing is more comical than the careful gravity with which people of the highest civilization look on at the absurd incongruities of the stage. After the polyglot love-making, Gretchen goes up steps and enters a house. Presently she opens a window at which she evidently could not appear as she does breast high, without having her feet in the cellar. The Italian Faust rushes, ascends three steps leading to the window, which could not by any possibility appropriately be found there, and reclines his head upon the bosom of the fond maid. We all look on and applaud with “sensation.” We ought all to insist that ladies in the play shall stand upon the floor, and that the floor in a stately mansion shall not be two feet below the front door-sill. We ought to demand, further, that Faust shall woo Gretchen in their mother tongue; but we, the ludicrous public, who snarl at the carpenter and shoemaker, if the fitness of things is not observed; we, the shrewd critics, who pillory the luckless painter who dresses a gentleman of the Restoration in the ruff of James First’s court, gaze calmly on at the most unnecessary and ridiculous anachronisms and impossibilities, and smite our perfumed gloves in approbation. It is no excuse to say that the whole thing is absurd; that people do not carry on the business of life in song, nor expire in recitative. That is true, but even fairy tales have their consistency. Every part is adapted to every other, and, in the key, the whole is harmonious. Hermann, for instance, the basso, who sang Mephistophiles, would have been quite perfect if he had only remembered this. But he forgot that Mephisto is a sly and subtle devil. He caricatured him. He made him a buffoon and repulsive. Such extravagance could not have imposed upon Faust or Martha; yet we all agreed that it was very fine, and amiably applauded what no opera-goer of sense could seriously approve.

You see it is clear that the strangeness of the scene and the circumstances of the time had made the Easy Chair hypercritical, perhaps. But no; it was only that there comes a time in theatre-going when the boxes are more interesting than the stage. The mimic life fades before the real. In the midst of the finest phrases of the impassioned Herr Faust, what if your truant eyes stray across the parquette

and see a slight pale figure, and recognize one of the bravest and most daring Generals, whose dashing assaults upon the enemy’s works carried dismay and victory day after day? Herr Faust trills on, but you see the sombre field, and the desperate battle, and the glorious cause. Gretchen musically sighs, but you see the brave boys lying where they fell—you hear the deep sullen roar of the cannonade—you catch far away through the tumult of war the fierce shout of victory. And there sits the slight pale figure with eyes languidly fixed upon the stage; his heart musing upon other scenes; himself the unconscious hero of a living drama.

Or, if you choose to lift your eyes, you see that woman with the sweet fair face, composed, not sad, turned with placid interest toward the loves of Gretchen and Faust. She sees the eager delight of the meeting; she hears the ardent vow; she knows the rapture of the embrace. With placid interest she watches all—she, and the sedate husband by her side. And yet when her eyes wander it is to see that man in the parquette below her on the other side, who between the acts rises with the rest and surveys the house, and looks at her as at all the others. At this distance you can not say if any softer color steals into that placid face; you can not tell if his survey lingers longer upon her than upon the rest. Yet she was Gretchen once, and he was Faust. There is no moonlight romance, no garden ecstasy, poorly feigned upon the stage, that is not burned with eternal fire into their memories. Night after night they come. They do not especially like this music. They are not infatuated with these singers. They have seats for the season; she with her husband, he in the chairs by the orchestra. She has a pleasant home and sweet children and a kind mate, and is not unhappy. He is at ease in his fortunes, and content. They do not come here that they may see each other. They meet elsewhere as all acquaintances meet. They cherish no morbid repining, no sentimental regret. But every night there is an opera, and the theme of every opera is love; and once, ah! once, she was Gretchen and he was Faust.

Do you see? These are three out of the three thousand. There is nothing to mark them from the rest. Look at them all, and remember that all have their history; and that it is known, as this one is, to some other old Easy Chair, sitting in the parquette and spying round the house. “All the world’s a stage, and men and women merely players.” Is it quite so? Are these players? The young pale General there, the placid woman, the man in the orchestra stall, have they been playing only? There are scars upon that young soldier’s flesh; in the most secret drawer of that woman’s home there is a dry, yellow flower; the man in the orchestra stall could show you a tress of golden hair. If they are players, who is in earnest?

In these bright autumn days we have been seeing and sharing, all of us, the most imposing spectacle that history offers. A great nation, torn by civil war, goes quietly to the polls and casts the ballot which is to determine its destiny. There have been threats and rumors and suspicions. Evil-disposed journals, desiring what they dare not counsel, have insinuated the inevitability of tumult and vital disorder. But all such incitements, while they



may, and often do lead, as they are intended, to riots and mobs, are not likely to lead to more, simply because they always have the French Revolution in mind, while Americans are not Frenchmen, nor the year 1864 in America what 1793 was in France.

The most solemn humbug that does duty as a profound historical reflection is, that history repeats itself. History does no such thing. History affords no illustration of this most pompous and absurd remark. Neither French, English, nor American history repeats itself, nor that of Greece, or India, or Rome. Because there have always been civil wars in every form of society, to say that our war shows that our republic is a failure, or that it merely repeats the story of other republics, is as conspicuous folly as to say that Mr. Lincoln repeats Aristides, or General M'Clellan Alcibiades. They are all of them men, and men of different qualities; they are men with certain resemblances, also, but the time, the country, the circumstances, make them entirely different men.

Charles First lost his head in a revolution in England: Louis Sixteenth in a revolution in France. But because these two facts are similar, was the French Revolution a repetition of that of England? On the contrary, they were as different as the countries and the characters of the people—as different as an Independent from a sans-culotte—as different as Oliver Cromwell from Robespierre.

So the reasoning which assumes that the only party sure of safety in a civil war is the middle party, is equally fallacious. The Presbyterians were the middle party of the English rebellion of 1695. The Girondists of the French Revolution of 1793. But they were both of them parties which did not understand the movements in which they were enveloped, and therefore could not control them. A civil war is a contest between two fervent tendencies, and one or the other inevitably colors the final event. There may be reactions as there were in England, and as there have been in France. But the supreme royal prerogative was lost forever in England in the civil war. The Cavaliers, that is to say, were ultimately defeated; and the King by the grace of God disappeared forever from France in the following century.

The master passions of human nature are indeed always the same; but they are affected by the conditions of civilization. And it is exactly because civilization is never stationary, but always progressive, that history neither does nor can repeat itself. A reign of terror, for instance, is inconceivable in the free States of this country for two reasons: first, because the general intelligence and national character, which is not Celtic, forbid it; and, second, because experience shows it to have been impracticable. It has been really tried and failed. The spirit which generated the rebellion would have produced terrorism, had it been possible; but it could not.

Of course riots and bloody trouble are always possible in great heterogeneous communities like ours. The Catholic riots in Philadelphia some years ago; the draft riots in New York last year, like the Gordon riots in London at the close of the last century, are illustrations of the way in which popular rage vents itself. And yet in all these cases it is not what are called "the people," but the leaders who are truly guilty. It is those who inflame the passions of ignorance, who, under cover of warnings from history, endeavor to incite mobs and to create

disorder, it is these—newspapers and orators—who are truly guilty, and whom a just and generous people will hold pilloried in their eternal scorn.

HOWEVER bright, it has been a cold and cruel autumn, and the old discussion of the Indian Summer has not failed. There are men to be found, apparently in full mental health, who assert and tenaciously maintain that the rich yellow days of October are the Indian Summer. Deluded by the tender warmth and soft haze, they feel a spring of emotion responsive to something peculiar and lovely in the season, and heedlessly declare that it is the exquisite moment of the year which typifies the sweet regrets of age, and which we call the Indian Summer.

But they forget that the French call the same season the Summer of St. Martin, and that Martinmas is in early November. Nor have they probably heard Daniel Webster discuss the subject. But when the Easy Chair was a mere foot-stool it remembers seeing Mr. Webster, who had come to a country town in New England to conduct a famous cause in the court, in company with Rufus Choate. It was in the autumn, and the little town was agog with the presence of the great man. He staid at the house of a worthy citizen, and every day there arrived from the city baskets of gorgeous flowers and magnificent fruits, little compliments that he paid the hostess. There was an Oriental profusion in his gratitude, a kind of sublime recklessness, which was characteristic of him. Nor was it unpleasant until it was considered with reference to the possibility of somebody's suffering at last for his grand bounty. Webster spent like a monarch, but he had not a monarch's revenues. And in the contemplation of all such careers, where the men themselves seem to be of the most truly generous mould, as in the case of Sheridan, it is not possible to forget the poor woman or poor man, who can ill bear it, and upon whom the loss must finally fall. The rich and noble gifts of that autumn week were doubtless paid for by somebody, so that we need waste no sympathy but indulge our fullest admiration of the lordly style in which the presents came.

But such had been the adulation offered him that Mr. Webster always moved and spoke as he looked, like an acknowledged king of men. What dun could dare the latent lightnings of his eye? There was a great deal of morose remark at the pecuniary assistance he received from friends. But in itself, if he were man of character enough to control himself, that was not wrong. The admirers of so conspicuous a leader delight always to show their admiration. The British people give peerages and estates. Marlborough receives Blenheim, Nelson is made a baron. The funds that were privately subscribed for Mr. Webster were only our way of doing the same thing. There is no evidence that he viewed them, nor need any one else, as retainers. They came from men who sympathized with him after his mind was made up on great public questions.

But we were speaking of the Indian Summer.

In that autumn week he talked a great deal of many subjects, showing a pleasant knowledge of them, and the hearty interest in them which belonged to a warm, large, full-blooded nature. Webster was one of the men in whom there is a great deal of human nature. There was nothing mean or thin in his enjoyment. His delight in certain aspects and conditions of nature was unquestionable.



He "loved" fishing and chowder with a generous love. He breathed the fresh air with the eagerness of a boy. He knew birds, although rather as game, and beasts and fishes. There was much of the tough, breezy, New Hampshire granite in his composition, and it never disappeared.

Thus he knew all the theories of the Indian Summer and many of the traditions. His own conviction was that the season took its name from the camp-fires of the Indians hunting. The early settlers were forced to some plain explanation, and they were satisfied with that. The name was pleasant and peculiar, and so grew into easy use. As yet Evangeline was not. If it had been, Daniel Webster, in his round, ponderous voice, would have rolled out the beautiful lines:

"Then followed that beautiful season,  
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!  
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;  
and the landscape  
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.  
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart  
of the ocean  
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.  
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,  
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,  
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;  
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest  
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels."

A FAMOUS English author, who began to write seventy years ago, before Scott, Byron, Campbell, and Southey, has just died in Florence. The author of the "Imaginary Conversations," Walter Savage Landor, will always hold a place in English literature both for the vigor of his thought, the nervous purity of his style, and the ardor of his imagination. Fiery is the word for Landor. After he was eighty years old he was found guilty of a libel upon a lady, his neighbor, and sentenced to pay a thousand pounds damages. Instantly he spurned the soil of England with his flying feet, and hastened back to the olive groves of Fiesole, where so many of his years had been passed; and there, on the 17th of September, nearly ninety years old, the fiery old man died.

No one who ever personally met him—which was not the good fortune of this Easy Chair—will ever forget him. Indeed the impression he made upon those who saw much of him was so profound that it vivified all their stories of him, so that the listener seemed both to see and hear him. Rich, gifted, of the most various, accurate, and profound scholarship, boundlessly wayward and imperious, he flashed and stormed through a life, the circumstances of which were tranquil and retired.

He went to Oxford as a boy; chose a literary life, supported by an income granted by his father; went to Paris, and, upon his father's death, sold a large part of the landed estate that had been in the Landor family for seven hundred years, and withdrew to the Continent. In 1808 he raised a troop of volunteers and joined the Spanish patriots against

Napoleon. When King Ferdinand was restored, and after the fall of Napoleon, he retired to Fiesole, near Florence, and passed the most of his life there. It was during his Italian residence that he wrote most of his works, the chief of which is the "Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen." But he wrote almost to the end of his life: his latest work being "The last Fruit off an old Tree."

Landor was a republican of the school of Algon Sidney. His liberal sympathies were always ardent if not always wise; and to find the second volume of his most dainty and exquisite "Pericles and Aspasia" dedicated to General Jackson produces an emotion like that of hearing the same doughty personage dubbed LL.D. by Harvard University. It is thus that Landor apostrophizes Jackson:

"How rare the sight, how grand!  
Behold the golden scales of Justice stand  
Self-balanced in a mailed hand!

Following the calm Deliverer of Mankind,  
In thee again we find  
This spectacle renew'd.  
Glory although there be  
To leave thy country free,  
Glory had reacht not there her plenitude.

Up, every son of Afric soil!  
Ye worn and weary, hoist the sail!  
For your own glebes and garners toil  
With easy plow and lightsome flail:  
A father's home ye never knew,  
A father's home your sons shall have from you."

The five volumes of the "Imaginary Conversations" were also dedicated to political heroes. The first to Major-General Stopford, Adjutant-General in the army of Colombia. The second to the Spanish patriot, General Espoz y Mina. The third to Bolivar the Liberator. The fourth to General Sir Robert Wilson, and the fifth to the Earl of Guildford, who founded a University in the Ionian islands. Yet with all this enthusiasm for liberals in politics Landor was, it is said, faithful in his friendship for Louis Napoleon to the last. An irascible, imperious, brilliant, accomplished man, with a trained mind and untrained character, he fascinated old and young, and will be always a favorite author with those who like him at all. Doubtless elaborate justice will be done to his remarkable powers by the British Reviews.

## Editor's Drawer.

ANOTHER new volume of the *Monthly* opens with the Number you are reading now. In spite of war the past year has been one of the brightest the Drawer has ever had. The camp and the field, the ship and the shore, have all sent their humors here, and we have told them to our friends the land over. And has it not been a cheery spot in the waste and fret and sadness that such times bring, when you have sat down of an evening and looked for a little while on the bright side of things? Not a word has been in the Drawer to give pain to any living soul; that is saying much for the Drawer, and let him dispute it who can.

How many lonely hours it has helped away! How many social hours it has gladdened in the home-circle, with wife and children laughing gayly over the pleasant things that come out when the Drawer is opened!



It would be hard to say *how* many. But the Publishers wish the Drawer readers to know that the circulation of the Magazine was greater the last year than it has been at any time within the last four years. And it is growing all the time as the area of freedom, intelligence, civilization, and order extends under the Star-Spangled Banner.

Long may it wave! and may the Drawer ever be the peculiar institution of the National Magazine!

Now is the very month to subscribe for *Harper's Monthly*, and to form clubs; the terms are stated on the cover of this Number, which you would do well to read as soon as you have finished the Drawer.

THE author of the spirited poem, "The Bay Fight," in a former part of this Number, sends the following by way of note:

"No one can be better aware than the writer of these verses of their many defects, considered artistically or conventionally. Any merit they may have is photographic, the piece having been written mostly on board ship, directly after the action, and even some little during the continuance of it, interlined with more formal and technical notes. It is difficult for any words to do justice to the splendid qualities displayed by the officers and men of the *Hartford*. Her gun-deck, during the height of the action, was a scene of the most terrible and magnificent that can be imagined. The men, nothing dismayed by the slaughter in their midst, fought with a brilliant *elan* and fury that only required proper direction; and the officers displayed that tempered coolness and enthusiasm which best presides over victory.

"The fortitude and heroism of the wounded and dying were wonderful. It may seem incredible, but it is true, that men dreadfully mutilated and wounded to the death shared in the exultation of their comrades, and tried to join the cheering, and said, 'Thank God!' 'Now I can die!' and the like. During the long and terrible hours of anguish and waiting for amputation which succeeded the fight, I did not hear a single cry or groan; only sometimes—and very rarely—a slight moaning.

"By those guns, and on that dismal berth-deck, soaked with blood, died heroes—nameless except on the ship's-roll—as true and valiant as any who live in history. Let us be just in this matter. The officer, besides duty and love of country, has a hundred incentives—as honor, promotion, pay, social and professional position—which should make it impossible for him to do otherwise than well. Poor Jack, with little enough of the latter, fights as well and dies as bravely. I know no more touching sight than to see him, with his hard hands and his bare feet—allowed, this once, on the sacred quarter-deck—lying cold and white on the planks he defended so nobly! And here I can not but remember, with high respect, the admirable skill, the patience, kindness, and efficiency of our medical corps: of Fleet-Surgeon PALMER, Doctors LANSDALE, GIBSON, and COMMONS, and one or two volunteers from other vessels. It is an honor to have known such men.

"That I have not recorded the many scenes of valor, heroism, and endurance which occurred on the other ships is simply because I did not witness them personally. If all worthy of mention had been told, this piece would have expanded into something, in length at least, very like an epic."

SOME time since a very large Irishman came into the Paterson post-office and addressed the postmaster with:

"Is there any litters for me, sure?"

"What is your name?" inquired the official.

"Oh, bedad, that's no matther. Is there any thing for me?"

"But what is your name? I must know that first."

"That's none of your business! It's a littler I'm afther, and not for to be telling my name."

After some trouble and explanation he gave his

name as Michael Flannigan, but on looking over the letters none were found for Flannigan. The Irishman started for the door, and on reaching the steps was heard to say, "Och, be jabbers, and didn't I fool the feller good!"

He had given a false name, and gone off without seeing how he had fooled himself. Very Irish that.

THE two following are from the camp of the Fortieth Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, stationed near Memphis, Tennessee:

Old Governor H—, of G—, L— County, Wisconsin, has already figured in your pages. Many are the laughable stories told of him. I remember seeing him once in a state of mind usually called wrath. The circumstances were as follows: The Governor, returning home from a tour to the northern part of the State, put up for the night at a hotel in the flourishing and beautiful village of Princeton, situated on the Fox River. The next morning, after arriving at home, he discovered that he had left his trunk at the hotel, twenty miles away. He just then saw one of his neighbors going to Princeton, and in his most pompous style requested him "to call at the hotel and see if there was not a little trunk there belonging to him." "Yes, with pleasure," replied the kind and obliging neighbor. When ready to return he found his wagon heavily loaded; the trunk proved to be a large and well-filled traveling trunk, quite heavy, and it was quite certain, on the principle of antecedent probabilities, that he would never get a cent for his trouble; so, seeing that it was safe at the hotel, he drove home. As he approached the residence of the Governor, the latter went out and opened the gate, expecting the trunk would be taken in and left at the door. The farmer told him he was not coming in. "But," says the Governor, "did you not get my trunk?" "No; you didn't ask me to get it." "Did not? What would you call it I asked you?" thundered the exasperated Governor. "Why, you asked me to *look* and *see* if it was there. I did so, and you will find it safe there any day by just driving over to Princeton. Good-day, Governor, good-day!"

Suffice it to say the Governor didn't ask *that* neighbor to do any more errands for him.

I WAS much amused at one of the orders given the other morning as the "sick call" was sounded, and the hearty disgust exhibited by one of the surgeons who happened to be within hearing distance. Said the sergeant, "Fall in, you sick men; fall in, and go up to the hospital and get your *regular poison*."

THE Thirty-sixth Illinois Volunteers furnishes the next:

After we had flanked Johnston's army from Dallas, it was, contrary to the usual custom, the fortune of the First Brigade—Sheridan's old Division—to be left behind the army a few days, as a guard for an ambulance train. One day two of our men—one of them Jack Tyrrell, Commissary of our Brigade—went out to take a bath beyond and in sight of our picket line, in a small bayou, which temerity was observed by some of Ferguson's cavalry hovering in the vicinity, who detached two men, armed with sabres and carbines, to bring them in. Being without arms they were surprised, and started off, *en deshabelle*, in the very face of the pickets, who dared not fire for fear of injuring the prisoners.



Each rebel started in a different direction with his charge. After going a short distance Tyrrell dodged to one side, exposing his captor to our pickets, who gave him a volley but missed, on which the Johnny, out of spite, returned the shot; when Tyrrell, taking advantage of his empty carbine, sprang and caught him by his abundant whiskers and dragged him from his horse. Here a short struggle ensued, in which the "Chivalry" had to give way to Northern muscle, although they were both good types of their countries, and Johnny, minus his gun and sabre, was marched to the picket lines by his escort, who guided him by walking behind him with one hand in each side of his whiskers. It is useless to say that he was received by the pickets with considerable merriment.

The other reb, on seeing his comrade's fate, and hearing the whirr of a few random shots, fled, and left his charge to come back at his will.

THE gravity of military orders does not often admit of the use of elaborate rhetorical figures. The following, however, appears to be an exception; and because it is a veritable order, is no reason why it should not have a place in the Editor's Drawer. The Fourth of July bird "ain't dead yet:"

#### HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE DISTRICT.

COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY, July 2, 1864.

General Orders, No. 41.

Independence day, recurring, finds the independent portion of our people dealing with their perpetual enemies, the would-be owners of mankind, as our forefathers did.

For the glory of the day, for primitive and present success as well as that we mean to achieve, let the laws of chemistry utter nature's loudest peal of joy and determination.

On the ensuing anniversary the customary salute of 34 guns will be fired from every post in the District.

By order of Brig.-Gen. H. PRINCE.

GEO. S. RUSSELL, Capt. and A. A. A. Genl.

ONE of the Drawer's army correspondents sends the three following:

In passing the quarters of a Colonel of a hundred days' regiment we saw a sentry pacing his "beat" in front of said quarters; he was a noble fellow, well-clothed, tall, and an intelligent-looking man. We remarked to a companion that a regiment of such soldiers would be of some service to the Government at the expiration of *three* hundred days, if properly drilled in the mean time; and just as we had finished the remark the sentry leaves his beat, goes to the opening of the tent, and calls out, "John, give me a chew of tobacco!" Whereat there appeared at the entrance a person with eagles on the shoulders, and gave the sentry the required chew.

ON the arrival of one of the hundred days' regiments at Point of Rocks, Virginia, several of the men came over to our regiment, which was bivouacked near their camp, and wanted to purchase some butter. "Why," said they, "we han't had no butter these *three days*!" The laugh that rang out from throats that had not tasted butter for nearly *three years* can better be imagined than described.

SOME years ago, in the early settlement of Southwest Missouri, the merchants of the village of S— were annoyed considerably by a German shopkeeper, on one of the principal corners, selling articles at a much less price than his fellow-trades-

men. They bore it for a while, but soon "Dutchy" had a large and increasing custom; and the others, finding their custom on the decrease, began to create the impression that "Dutchy" got his goods and wares unfairly. He seemed to care nothing for the insinuations, but kept on the even tenor of his way, until one day a merchant met him on the street in a crowd, and insinuated that "Dutchy" must have got his goods very cheap; whereupon he burst out with,

"I has partners in New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis, *vot steals mine goods!* Can you get 'em cheaper as dat, say?"

He was never troubled about underselling again.

A FEW years ago there was a great *furor* in Northwestern Illinois concerning Berkshire porkers. Two farmers, neighbors, near C—, invested fifty dollars each, and procured a couple of very fine specimens, with the intention of raising many others, but unfortunately the hogs were both attacked with a malady of which they were not likely to recover. One of the farmers, who was familiarly known as Jim, had heard that arsenic administered in small doses would cure his costly animal. So, purchasing an ounce, he administered it, but lo! his hog died very suddenly. In a day or two the other happened in the drug shop, and was speaking of his hog, and complaining of its malady, when the clerk remarked that Jim had bought arsenic for his hog, but he did not remember what quantity. At that moment, seeing him outside, he called the other's attention. He rushed out, and up to Jim, shouting, "Hullo, Jim! how much arsenic did you give your hog?"

"An ounce!" answered Jim, and went on.

A few days afterward the two met, and the purchaser of arsenic saluted the former with,

"Say, Jim! that arsenic I gave my hog killed it."

"So it did mine!" answered Jim.

FROM Paducah, Kentucky, the Drawer gets the following:

On the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, near the Tennessee line, there lived a merchant who also kept the post-office, and of an evening his store would be full of his customers, eager to hear him read the news. While reading the paper to them one evening he came to a paragraph as follows:

"Owing to the large number of emigrants traveling Westward, corn will probably command a very high price."

One old gentleman at this point interrupted him, and wanted to know what emigrant meant. The merchant stopped reading, and after studying for some time, answered, "Well, my friend, to tell you the truth, I don't know, but I believe they are an animal somewhere between a 'possum and a coon—any how, they're death on corn!"

A PENNSYLVANIA correspondent furnishes us with the following incident, which transpired under his nose:

In the quiet little town of C— there lived an eccentric old genius by the name of S—, who was noted for his many peculiarities and gross mutilation of the English language in general. On one occasion, when the village was crowded with people from all parts of the county (a political gathering, perhaps), the old man was busily serving those that came from a distance, and could not be accommodated at the hotels, with pies, cakes, etc., which he peddled through town in an old wagon, much to



their joy and satisfaction. While driving up street, and attempting to "turn a corner," he accidentally upset, scattering the "pizen things" in every imaginable direction. The town at that period reveled in a superabundance of hogs, and a goodly number being near by rushed for the wagon, and commenced making fearful destruction among the delicacies. The old man, paralyzed with fright, ran down street with uplifted hands, crying, "Insistance! insistance! Every pie with a pig in its mouth, and the fence running round the corner!"

H—— had a large, ugly, yellow, big-headed, half-starved dog, which no amount of food at home would half fill up, and it became necessary that something should be done to "feed" him. Accordingly H——, with the dog close at his heels, went to market, marched up to a butcher's stall, and taking up a nice large beef-steak held it up just in the dog's reach, and, apparently examining it, asked the price of such a "steak as that." The dog, wondering at his master's unusual generosity, and not wanting to be behind-hand in his part of the performance, grabbed the steak and ran. H——, of course, looked after him in perfect astonishment, while the infuriated butcher yelled, "Who ish dat dog? Mishter, I vish, ven you looks at my meat, you no holds it up so dogsh can shteat it!" H—— felt very sorry, and didn't own "dat dog" till he got out of the angry butcher's sight.

OSSIAN E. DODGE—every body knows Dodge, notwithstanding he has always boasted that *he* never was "steamboated"—has at last had an opportunity to "invest." Lately traveling on a professional tour through Northern California, he visited a small mining camp in Siskiyou County, called Humbug, where dwells a practical joker, enjoying the dignity of the office of Justice of the Peace, and generally known as Judge Durand. In this auriferous region quartz excitements have become almost daily occurrences, and the result is, Humbug quartz leads have obtained quite a notoriety.

The "Judge" and the "boys" having heard of Dodge's joking proclivities, determined to catch him, if possible, and for that purpose procured a specimen of quartz rock containing a large amount of mica, which, to the uninitiated, had every appearance of pure gold. On his arrival the Judge was introduced to him, and soon after the subject of quartz and quartz mining came up. The Judge stated that he was himself interested in quartz operations, and further, that he and his partner had that very day struck what they believed to be the richest lead on the creek; and thereupon produced and exhibited to Dodge and the by-standers a specimen taken from the lead. The boys, being posted, suddenly became excited, and rushed out of the house to stake off claims, while the Judge blustered and threatened to shoot any man who jumped his claim. Dodge desired to become the possessor of so rich a specimen, but the Judge told him that he would first have to consult his partner. Thus matters remained until the next morning, when Dodge getting into his buggy to leave, the Judge approached him bearing the coveted specimen, which he presented in behalf of the boys, who were highly pleased with his concert, accompanied with a neat little speech. Dodge then rose up in his buggy, took off his hat, and replied in this manner:

"Gentlemen of Humbug, for this magnificent gift words can not express my heart-felt thanks. I

shall always keep it as a memento of the hospitality and kindness you have shown me. I shall long remember you—and your beautiful town, let it no longer be called Humbug; it is indeed a misnomer, as I hold in my hand unmistakable evidence of that fact."

Dodge took his precious specimen to Yreka, and upon exhibiting it to some of his friends there (and telling from whose hands he received it), was gravely advised to sell out his interest in that lead at the earliest opportunity.

THE same correspondent sends us a court item:

At a late term of the District Court held in this county, in a certain case then pending, a subpoena *duces tecum* was issued for one Green. The clerk had written the words "*Duces Tecum*" therein, and delivered the same to a deputy-sheriff, who afterward returned it, stating that he had subpoenaed Green, but couldn't find that other fellow, *Duces Tecum*; didn't know where he lived, and nobody could tell him!

OUR "darling Lillie," of three years, while trying to get on her stockings one day, discovered a few hairs on her legs, when she exclaimed, "Mother, I think I shall be an angel soon, the feathers are beginning to grow!"

OUR regiment (Twenty-fifth Indiana) having re-enlisted, after enjoying their veteran furlough at home, were ordered to Decatur, Alabama, where we were joined by the detachment of boys who did not re-enlist, and who are distinguished from the veterans by the name of "Rounders." Soon after one of the men was brought before the Colonel for some misdemeanor. The Colonel, who, by-the-way, is noted for his ready means of disposing of such offenders, asked him if he was a Rounder. The offender answered in the negative. "Then," said the Colonel, "I will make you one. Just walk round that stump about two hours."

FROM a valued correspondent in Germany we have several very amusing stories, which are all the better for being told in a tongue which is not the writer's vernacular. But he shall tell them in his own way:

Some time ago a French juggler, who had for a whole week entertained the inhabitants of a small German town, and had astonished the natives with his amazing and numberless sleights, was at once, as it seemed, completely discountenanced and beat down by an announcement which was circulated through the town to the effect that seven Indian brothers would exhibit the following feats: The youngest, with a lighted candle in each hand, would jump down the throat of his senior brother, who, also armed with two candles, would jump down the throat of the next, and so on till there was only one left; and this was to make an end of all by jumping into his own throat! The performance was to take place at the usual hour, at the same hotel, and in the same hall in which the French conjuror had, with so much success, exhibited his own feats; and he himself came in as a common spectator, openly confessing that the announced *tour de force* was entirely beyond his power of conception, and he was curious to witness it, to see whether he could make out the artifice of it. The price of the places had been raised double of usual; however, the hall was early crowded. The spectators had been waiting a



long time, and were growing impatient, when it was announced that the seven Indians had disappeared; whether they had swallowed one another no one could say; but they were nowhere to be found, and the money received had disappeared with them. The disappointment was great and general, as may easily be imagined, but soon gave place to a different feeling. The disappointed crowd, who had swallowed the hoax, seemed determined to vent their spleen on the benches and furniture; when the French conjuror, who was among them, kindly offered to entertain them *gratis* for that evening, to thank them for their former favors. The offer was gratefully accepted; the evening was spent agreeably, and the disappointment almost forgotten. The French conjuror went away the next morning, and it was only when he was gone that the good people were informed, through him, that he had reserved them his very best trick for the last.

AN officer of very small stature but very hasty temper was one day vehemently scolding at the first soldier of his company, a man of uncommon size. The soldier for some time endured patiently and even unconcernedly the storm of vituperations rising up to him from his diminutive chief. Finding, however, that, instead of abating, the rage of his officer went on increasing, he quietly said to his next man, "John, go and fetch him a stool; I believe he wants to give me a box on the ear."

A SIMPLE bumpkin came into a grocer's shop in a village of Germany, where he was well known for his simplicity, just as the shopkeeper was measuring a pint of olive-oil for a customer, who immediately went away with it.

"What sort of stuff is that you have just been measuring there, Mr. G——?" asked he.

"What! Johnny, don't you know? Why, you foolish fellow, that is Champagne wine."

"Ah! is it? I didn't think Champagne was so."

"Do you like Champagne, Johnny?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Sir; I never drank any in my life."

"Will you have a glass of it?"

"Oh! thank you; you are very kind."

The grocer filled a large tumbler with oil and gave it to him. He drank it.

"Well, how do you like it, Johnny?"

"Why, I believe it is very good; indeed I do; but I think it is a little too rich for poor people only used to plain living."

AN Irishman was standing on the border of a copse with an old, rusty, broken piece of a firelock in his hands, and his eyes most intently and insidiously fixed on a particular spot. A neighbor of his happening to pass there asked him what he was about.

"Hush!" said Pat; "a rabbit is coming out there presently, and I'll pepper it, I tell you."

"What! pepper it with that thing! why, you fool, your gun is quite out of order! and, be Jabers, it has not even got a cock, I see!"

"Pst! my darling, the rabbit don't know that!"

THERE are a good many concerns just like the one shown up by our Drawer correspondent:

About thirty years ago a family of some four brothers were engaged in business in Dayton, Ohio. Their name was Lockwood. They were chiefly distinguished for their skill in getting into debt and

their adroitness in avoiding payment. Debts were usually contracted in the name of one or two of the family, and when payment was urged the property would be claimed by the others. In this manner their business was conducted for a long time successfully, upon the principle of permutation of numbers.

It so happened that the landlord of the principal and only tavern of the village was recently elected Justice of the Peace, and, having once personally suffered from the legerdmain of the Lockwoods, said he could fix them. A creditor came with a claim for collection. The squire took it, docketed the case, and issued his summons against the "Lockwood concern;" rendered judgment and issued execution against the "Lockwood concern," directing the constable to levy on any thing he could find belonging to any of them. The constable accordingly levied on a horse found in the possession of John Lockwood, sold it, and paid the debt. John Lockwood was a one-horse lawyer himself, in addition to his connection with the rest of them, and feeling deeply aggrieved carried the case on error to the Common Pleas, and finally to the Supreme Court.

The case was ultimately disposed of by the late Judge Pease, who was distinguished as well for his appreciation of the ludicrous as for his judicial learning and abilities. He stopped at the hotel of the aforesaid Justice of the Peace. The Justice, feeling a deep interest in his own decision, had a long interview with the Judge in his room, showing him his docket and explaining the tricks of the Lockwoods and the difficulties of their creditors.

The next morning after court convened the case was called. John Lockwood responded for plaintiff in error.

"For whom do you appear?" inquired Judge Pease.

"I appear in my own behalf, your Honor."

"You do not then appear for plaintiff in error?" inquired the Judge.

"Well, no—yes—that is, I appear for myself. My name is John Lockwood. I am the party injured by the judgment. My horse was taken by execution in the case, and I ask for a reversal of the judgment." He was proceeding to argue the case when the Judge cut the matter short by remarking,

"Your name does not appear as a party in the case. Your name is John Lockwood. This judgment is against 'the Lockwood concern.' No one but a party to the record can complain of it. The Court will affirm the judgment."

So at least one debt was collected against this mysterious firm by a master-piece of jurisprudence.

A FEW years later another incident occurred at the same place in the line of the law.

Sam Penniwell was celebrated for never failing to collect a claim intrusted to his care for that purpose. He was elected constable, and soon after entering upon the duties of his office received an execution against the keeper of a small tavern in a village near Norwalk. It so happened that this tavern-keeper was never known to pay a debt on honor or on execution. He was in fact irresponsible, and had for years smiled on constables who had executions against him. When Penniwell went for him it was putting Hercules to his task. This new constable went with his execution on an evening when a ball was in progress at the tavern of



said landlord. In the midst of the dance Penniwell appeared, writ in hand, and proclaimed that by virtue of said execution he levied on that ball. He stationed himself at the door and commenced receiving the bills from the dancers, to which the musicians as well as the landlord stoutly objected, on the ground that it was a partnership enterprise, and that the musicians were to get their pay from the dancers, according to the number of "couples" present. The constable held on to his levy, saying he was bound to have the landlord's interest in the ball, at the same time quieting the musicians by assuring them that he would not interfere with their rights. How he did it is best shown by his return, which is a model of brevity. It is as follows:

"Received the within writ on the date thereof. I proceeded to the premises of said defendant and levied on one ball, subject to the fiddlers' lien. Debt and costs made in full. This writ is therefore returned fully satisfied.  
S. PENNIWELL, Constable."

FROM Colorado we have the two that follow:

Golden City is the capital of our young and prosperous Territory, where the Legislature meets and promptly adjourns to Denver, which is somewhat larger and more densely populated. Hon. W. A. H. Loveland, who, by-the-way, is one of nature's noblemen, resides here, owns the store, built a big road, runs for the Legislature with a certainty of success which is astonishing to all opposition, and is the father of two pretty fast boys, aged severally about five and a half and eight years. The youngest of these inherits his sire's name, and is called Billy for short. Last year the family returned "to the States," and all except the father wintered at Brighton, Illinois. Now be it remembered these youths, the two boys, were quite young when they came here; churches here are less numerous than preachers; and, moreover, it is no fool of an undertaking to bring up a child in the way he should go in a new mining country. At Brighton the watchful mother proposed to turn over a new leaf and take her boys to a real church. Accordingly they were taken out on the first Sabbath. The house was full. The usual services gone through with, then came the sermon, which was quite lengthy, and caused Billy to become very uneasy, and clamber about upon the pew. Finally the sermon ended, and then came a hymn, and after that a prayer and benediction, which proved too much for little Billy, who, perched on the top of the pew, called out in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the house, "Mother, what in the world's coming next?"

PROFESSOR GOLDRICK, local editor of the Rocky Mountain News, in Denver, is a talented gentleman of Hibernian extraction, whose powers of description are so ample as frequently to amount to hyperbole. Last May, when Denver was inundated by the great Cherry Creek deluge, the Professor was on hand to witness the great calamity and furnish the press with an account of its horrors. Some few days after a gentleman from Santa Fé, a member of General Carlton's staff, came to Denver on business, and strolled out with Goldrick to see for himself if things had been so terrible as the published account stated. While walking along the margin of the furious current the Professor said:

"Oh, Sir, you never beheld the like of it! The Niagara, either above or below the falls, is no more to it than the glass of water one takes after his gin

cock-tail is to the ocean itself. There was frightful times right ferninst me, with houses and trees tumbling each over the other, and dozens of dead people going by every minute, all crying out for help, and not one of us could do 'em any good!"

Captain Cutler returned to Santa Fé convinced that the Cherry Creek flood had been an awful affair.

THE following extract from the London *Weekly Times* of September 25 is a melancholy example of the effects of permitting children to play with fire-arms. The precocious infant who died at the age of *fifteen minutes* only adds another to the already extensive list of deaths from similar causes:

"The coroner having briefly addressed the jury on their melancholy duty, and pointed out to them what he considered was the verdict they should return, the jury unanimously recorded their verdict that the deceased died from the accidental discharge of his own gun, after living a quarter of an hour. They also appended an expression of sympathy for the family of the deceased in their bereavement, which was a loss to both his family and to the whole country."

A LITTLE girl who made very frequent use of the word *guess* was one day reproved for it by her teacher. "Don't say *guess*, Mary," said Miss —; "say *presume*." Presently afterward one of Mary's little mates coming up to her remarked,

"I think your cape is very pretty, and my mother wants your mother to lend her the pattern, because she is going to make me one like it."

"My mother has no pattern," was the prompt reply; "she cut it by *presume*."

ONE of the hardy sons of the Far West sends the following:

Our town boasts of a painter who lately brought a bill "for work done" to a customer of his. He, on looking over the bill, found one item stating three coats of paint on doors, and knowing no door in his house had received three coats of paint, asked our painter to explain; who did so by stating that two coats on outside and one inside made the three coats of paint!

A JEWISH reader of the Drawer, who sells jewelry, writes to us:

DEAR DRAWER,—I see that you have contributions in your Drawer from all sorts of people, and have even lately had one from a druggist. But I have seen "nary a one" yet from a watch-maker, and I glory in being the first of that *honest* species of mechanics to send you some good ones.

Some of the soldiers in and about Memphis have been rather taken in by some of the not over-scrupulous store-keepers in that city, and, as a necessary conclusion, have set the majority of them down as a parcel of swindling Jews. Some of them, however, have rather mixed notions as to what sort of a being constitutes a Jew. I keep a jewelry store in Memphis, and have much dealing with soldiers. Few of those that I have come in contact with have ever discovered the fact of my being a Jew. A captain who pretends to have great faith in me came to my store some time ago, and begged me to go with him and look at a certain gold chain which he wanted to purchase, and which the little "Irish Jew" around the corner kept for sale. "You know," said he, "I can't believe what that Irish Jew tells



me, and I wish you would go with me and look at the chain, and tell me whether it is good gold or not." The idea of mistaking poor Paddy—who, to my certain knowledge, goes to the "*praste*" as regularly as he goes to his meals—for a Jew, and then coming to me, a Jew, with the above request, had something so ridiculous in it, that I experienced hard work in keeping my risibles down. I told my friend the captain, however, that he was quite right—that Irish Jews were least of any to be trusted. I went with him, looked at the chain, and on my recommendation he purchased it.

A *chaplain* of an Illinois regiment, in speaking to me of *two brothers*, remarked that one of them was a Jew, and a mean man; and "the other not a Jew, and a perfect gentleman!" Some soldiers congregated in my store the other day, got to speaking as to the best way of discovering whether a man was a Jew or not. One of them stoutly asserted that every Dutchman was a Jew. Others made observations equally wise. But one of them finally capped the climax by asserting that every man who fell on the original price he asked for an article was a Jew!

These are some of their bulls. But there is some genuine wit among the boys.

An Irish soldier belonging to the Seventh Indiana Cavalry brought me an old brass watch to fix, which looked as though the boys had been playing football with it in camp. It was well worth ten dollars to repair it, and I asked him whether he wanted it fixed at that figure. "Och and sure I will," was the reply; "if you'll agree to take the watch as *part pay*."

Two soldiers belonging to the Second Iowa Cavalry came into my store the other day. One of them wanted to buy a silver lever watch, while the other only meant to act as an additional judge. I showed them a silver lever watch, telling them at the same time that it had thirteen jewels. "Do you think," asked the would-be purchaser of his friend, "do you think that watch has thirteen jewels?" "Thirteen jewels!" replied that worthy, winking hard at me; "of course it has, and *there are holes punched for more*!"

"PAT," our man of all work, has recently come over, and one day I gave him an ear of corn to eat. He evidently liked it very much, but I guess he was eating it for the first time; for after he had eaten all that was on the cob, he passed it up to me again, and said, "Will ye plase put some more pase on my stick!"

HERE is an instance of remarkable presence of mind in a considerate husband:

A lady who had been traveling during the past summer, on her return home wrote to a distant friend an account of her journey, and, among other things, of the following adventure: "I concluded my various exploits by suddenly visiting old Neptune's bed at the bottom of the ocean. Not of my own free-will, however. I was forcibly thrown from the deck of the ship, as we were out on a fishing excursion. *As usual*, my good-man was after me in a twinkling, and caught me as I reappeared on the surface, and with prompt assistance from the boat I was fished up again, a sorry looking specimen of humanity, but all sound and unharmed, though a very narrow escape," etc.; and after some more matters, she added, "I am going to leave room for — to speak for himself. I think he is able, as he is now fifty years old."

So the husband—the "good-man"—does speak for himself, and adds a P.S., in which, among other things, he says: "Mrs. — tells me she has written to you about her being saved from being food for fishes by the subscriber. Well, it may be so, but she had on a great lot of jewelry, which I thought was *worth saving*, particularly as *gold now is pretty high*!"

A RESIDENT of California sends to the Drawer this reminiscence of his youth:

In the back part of Massachusetts, "among the pines," was a place called Jucketham, a few of the inhabitants of which labored in a furnace in the vicinity, while the balance were engaged in cutting down and carting the wood, which covered most of the country around. Any one possessing a horse-frame and rickety wagon could earn a scanty living by taking it into the city of New Bedford, at the rate of a dollar a load, payable in groceries, the main bulk of which, however, was generally carried home in a stone jug, alongside of the sleeping driver, who depended for his safe but not speedy arrival on the sagacity of the quadruped.

It so happened that a young couple of this section proposed matrimony, and as they belonged to the aristocracy it seemed imperative that the thing should come off with some *éclat*. Accordingly numerous invitations were issued, and corresponding preparations made for the important event. The house consisted of two rooms; the larger one, having a fire-place and chimney of rough stones laid up in mud and topped out with a barrel, was to be used first for the entertainment of the guests during the services, and afterward for the bridal apartment. This was early filled by the assemblage, some seated upon the bed, some on blocks of wood, etc., and the rest, including the expectant bride and groom, standing around promiscuous-like. The other room was used as a bedroom for the family, and was then occupied by the invalid mother of the bride. After the minister had properly united the pair "for better or worse," the refreshments were passed around. These consisted of some New England rum, which was poured from the broken spout of an earthen tea-pot, which had lost its handle, into a wine-glass, the bowl only of which remained. The bottomless wine-glass having been duly honored by the "happy couple," and circulated from guest to guest, the minister announced that they would proceed with the concluding exercises (which, on extraordinary occasions like the present, consisted of a "hem" sung by the whole company, followed by a prayer and benediction), and requested if any one had any particular choice in the selection of the hymn that they would make it manifest. Upon this the old lady sung out from the bedroom that "if there was no special choice, and the company didn't object, she wished they would jest sing a hem which seemed to her to fit exactly this solemn occasion. She couldn't tell exactly where it was, but it went somehow so:

"Since he is mine and I am his,  
What can I want beside?"

MANY years ago, in a pretty little village in the Buckeye State, there was taught, during the winter, a country school, and thither flocked the children of the surrounding country, for the laudable purpose of getting an education. The teacher, Mr. Brown, was a good, hard-working, faithful man, as many a successful farmer and business-man of the



Northwest will willingly testify. He was also a religious man, and spared no pains to inculcate good morals among his charge. On one occasion a little black-eyed, curly-headed, sunny-faced girl, some twelve years of age, was detected by some of her companions in a lie, which being duly reported to Mr. Brown, he took the earliest occasion to reprimand and lecture her upon the enormity of the sin. The little girl sobbed bitterly as Mr. Brown concluded by saying, "Now, Betty, you have lost both your character and the respect of your school-mates; and it remains for you to confess your guilt, and to strive by your future conduct to regain both." Here a little carrotty-headed, white-eyed, freckled-faced youngster, who had got as far as Baker in his well-thumbed spelling-book, and who had intently listened to all that had been said, unable longer to contain the information with which he was bursting, rose, and in a squeaking voice said, "Please, Mister Brown, I think Tom Jones has found 'em both, for I've seen him chawing something all the morning." The effect of this announcement can be better imagined than described. Mr. Brown himself was unable to preserve his dignity, and school was dismissed at three o'clock.

THE following lightning story shows us why the telegraph is so given to lying:

In a little sea-port on Long Island Sound, not many hours from the Metropolis, resides an old coasting skipper, whose marvelous tales of adventure by sea and land, if collected and published, would render the copy-right of Munchausen's travels worthless. Here is a story of his, for a sample:

"It's close on to thirty years ago that I was coming down the Sound in the old sloop *Sally*; 'twas summer-time, and the wind was to south'ard. All of a sudden the wind died away, and it commenced thick'ning up to north'ard and west'ard. I had an idee that we was goin' to hev a thunder squabble, and took in sail and waited for it. Byrne-by here it come, feather white, as fur as you could see; and such thunder and lightning and rain as I guess was never seen before in these latitudes. The mate was at the helm and I was standing at the companion-way, the lightning striking all around the sloop, when, suddenly, after a big flash, I felt a curious feeling—a cold chill, like I had swallowed quicksilver, come over me. I got down below as soon as I could, and set down on the locker, feeling mighty streaked, I can tell you! The squall soon passed over, and I felt all right except an onaccountable feeling about my feet. I sung out for the cook, who pulled off my boots, and, strange to say, although it is the truth, I turned out of each one nigh on to a pint of the electric fluid."

Our Lulie, a black-eyed one of six, came into her grandmother's room one day, and looking up with her grave little face, said, "I've been praying to God, grandma." "Well, little one, for what did you ask?" "I've been praying to God, and I've been telling him he is *too good*; he gives us *six* days, and only keeps *one* himself; and I've been telling him he *must* take more. It's too much for us—it is too much!"

THIS comes from the mouth of White River, Arkansas:

During the Red River campaign, last spring, a New York regiment of Zouaves was marching

through Alexandria, Louisiana. An old and probably near-sighted woman coming to the door, and seeing the red-petticoated soldiers pass, exclaimed, "*Mercy! what is the Government coming to, when it has to fetch its wimen to war!*"

ONE day, during a time when we were on short rations, one of the messes of my company had something a little extra for dinner; and going on the principle of "every man for himself," it was not long till the table was cleared. One of the boys, who happened to be out at dinner-time, came in just as the rest had finished. Disappointed in not having a good dinner, he commenced growling at them for eating it all up, and not saving some for him. A little fellow in the mess looked up at him and said, "Why, confound it, Bill, can't you take a joke!"

"HAVE you relatives in the army?" asked a Second Lieutenant of a lady sitting in the car seat with him. "Yes." "Your husband?" "Yes, Sir." "From what State?" "Illinois." "Illinois [patronizingly] has sent some fine troops, ma'am. Your husband wears a strap, I presume?" "Yes, Sir." "Is he with the Potomac army?" "Yes, Sir." "May I inquire his name?—I am acquainted with a good many *brother* officers there." "Certainly, Sir—Ulysses S. Grant." (Exit Lieutenant for smoking-car.)

AN urchin in school reading about a *singular* gentleman, was asked by the teacher what the expression meant. The boy promptly answered, "A man that *isn't married!*"

"OIL CITY," as all know who ever visited that thriving and busy spot, is celebrated for the great depth of the mud in its streets—a quantity and quality of mud that baffles description. During the past "rainy season" the mud has attained a greater depth than ever before, attended with a loss of patience and petroleum altogether unexampled. In view of this state of things, some wag astonished the weary pilgrims by affixing to a post a huge placard announcing "a fine of ten dollars for riding or driving faster than a walk through this street!"

WE close the Drawer with this one, fresh from the army:

We were lying near Brandy Station last winter, and the officers of our staff endeavored to relieve the *ennui* of camp-life by frequent visits to the fair secesh maidens of the surrounding country. One of our staff became quite enamored with a young lady in Culpepper, more noted for her secession ideas than for her beauty.

On one of his visits she requested the loan of some books, and the next day he sent over a parcel containing, among other books, Victor Hugo's "*Les Misérables*." To his surprise the orderly returned with the books, and a message from the fair one that she "didn't want any of his nasty Yankee trash."

Not exactly understanding it, he rode over in the evening to inquire what was wrong. The young lady's eyes flashed as she demanded to know how he dared to insult her by sending her a book about "*Lee's Misérables*." She knew that General Lee's men weren't as well dressed as the Yankees, but they weren't miserable one bit, and it was all a Yankee falsehood to say that they were.



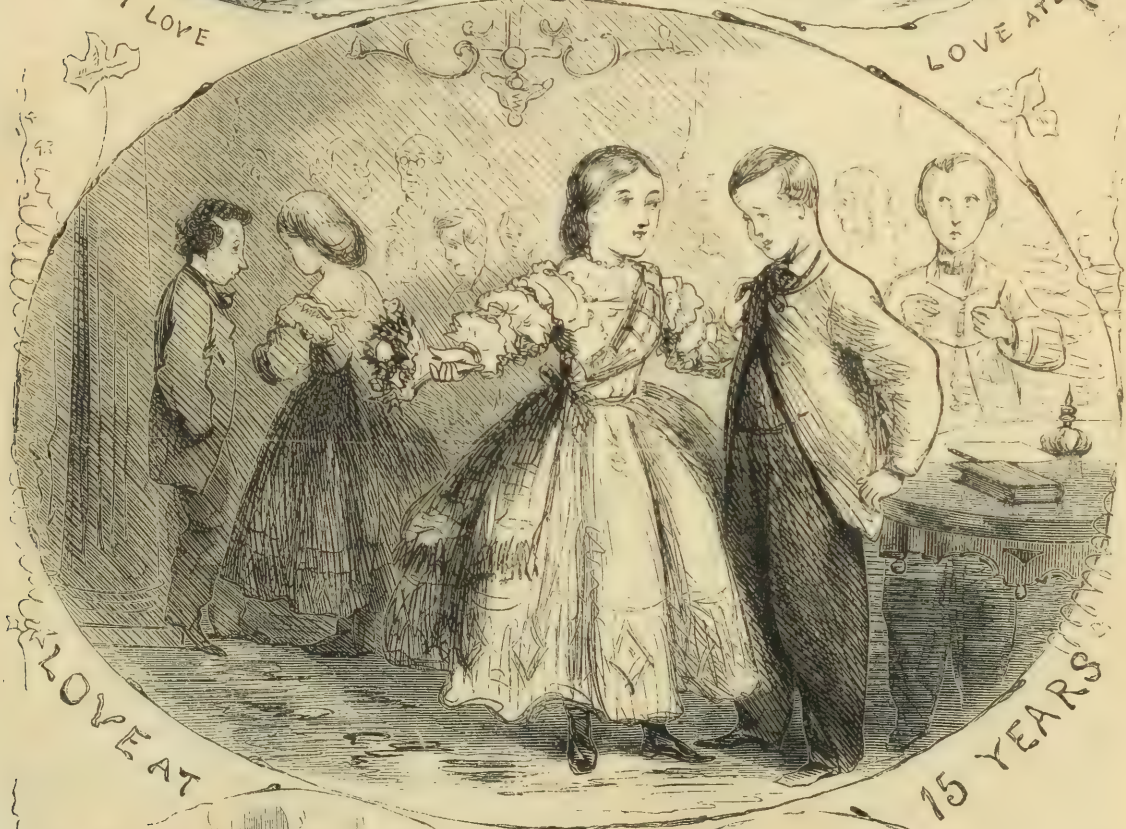
# The Loves of a Lifetime.



THE FIRST LOVE

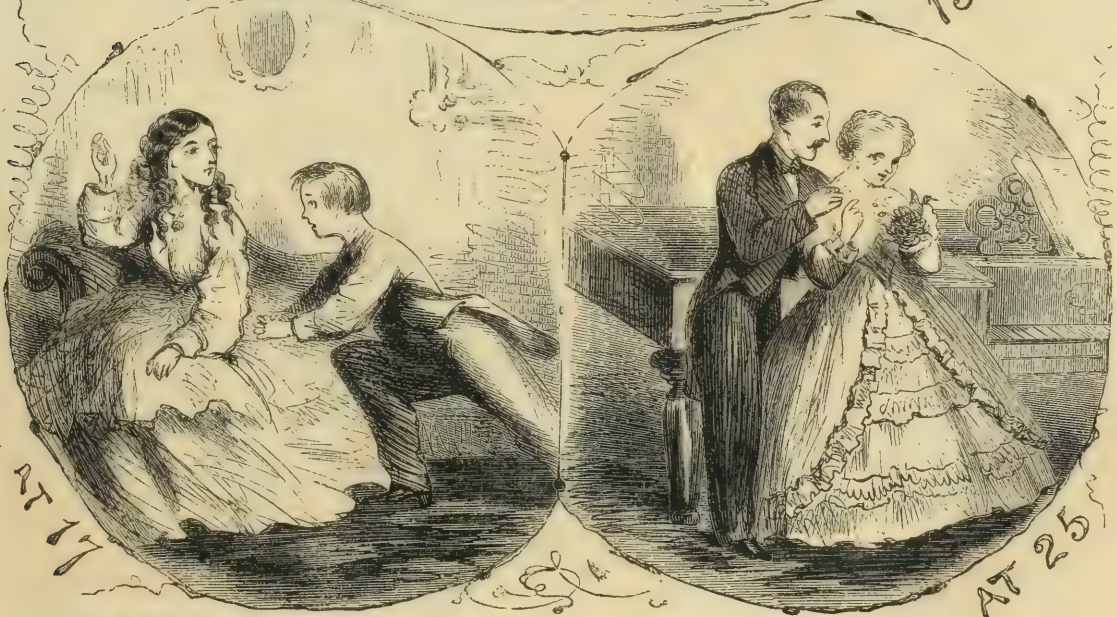


LOVE AT 4 YEARS



LOVE AT 15 YEARS

15 YEARS



AT 25

AT 25







# Fashions for December.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by  
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—BALL COSTUME.



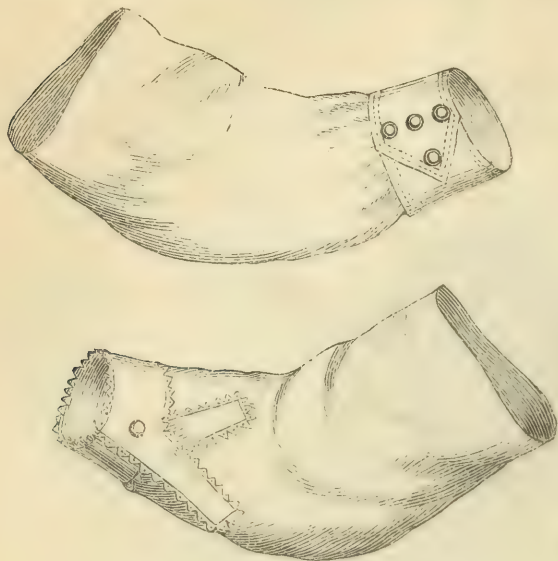


FIGURE 2.—UNDER-SLEEVES.



FIGURE 3.—CAP.

THE illustration of the BALL DRESS on the preceding page was taken from a garment of white merino with straw-colored passamenterie; but the style is equally adapted for other materials and colors.

The peculiarity of the HOME DRESS, represented below, is the demi-jacket. The material may be of any plain fabric, with ornamentation to suit the taste of the wearer. The buckle on the girdle is worn large.



FIGURE 4.—HOME DRESS.



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXVI.—JANUARY, 1865.—VOL. XXX.

A TOUR THROUGH ARIZONA.

[Fourth Paper.]



COCOSPERA CAÑON.

PASSING into Sonora we continued our journey through the valley and cañon of San Ignatio, another of those beautiful regions highly favored by nature, but at present utterly desolated by the Apaches. From time immemorial the San Ignatio cañon has been a famous place for bloody battles, ambushes, and robberies. Nature never designed a fitter locality for the destruction of unwary travelers. Every rock is a natural fortification, and every thicket affords a hiding-place for the enemy. Ruined houses, broken fences, and deserted pastures are the prominent marks of their ravages. Where vast herds of cattle once grazed is now a rank growth of mesquit, grass, and weeds, inhabited only by deer, rabbits, and wild turkeys.

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Our present driver, who had taken the place of George (the love-sick swain from the Monte), was a discreet Irishman, who had served for some years as a soldier in Oregon. He was a lively, intelligent man, a clever whip, and an experienced Indian fighter; but, like all Irishmen, his judgment was very precarious. A favorite crotchet of his was that all this talk about Apaches was "blatherskite," and that there "wasn't a divil of 'em widin a thousand miles." In proof of which he was willing to risk his life in any part of the country without "a livin' sowl besides himself." Upon entering the San Ignatio cañon, where we all considered an attack by no means unlikely, this sagacious Irishman put whip to the mules, and, despite my most earnest remonstrances, continued to keep about two miles ahead of the escort during the entire passage through. Poston, with equal sagacity, was scouting the cañon in search of a deer, and Paddy and I took the lead—he yelling like a devil at the mules, and I begging him not to run into a hornet's nest of red-skins. "Sure," said he, "they'd scalp me the first any how." "Why so?" said I. Paddy smiled and rubbed the top of his head, which was covered with a luxuriant growth of hair—"Becase," he quickly answered, "I don't *think* so much as other gentlemen that's always writin'."

We had a number of experienced hunters in our company, who were famous for slaughtering game in California; but owing either to some derangement of the nerves in creeping around the bushes, or through the tall grass at a distance from camp, they could not generally hit a deer at twenty paces in Sonora. We were fortunate enough, however, to kill a couple just as we emerged from the San Ignatio cañon. I shot at a great many myself, and struck but one, which ran faster after I struck him than he did before. I believe he thought it was lightning struck him, for he made a thundering noise jumping through the bushes.

I shall long remember our journey through this beautiful and picturesque part of Sonora. If there is any thing finer than the winter climate, I do not know where it is to be found. Every afternoon we camped in a luxuriant bed of grass, under some wide-spreading oak or walnut-tree; and it was a great pleasure to bathe in the clear, sparkling stream that coursed through the valley. Hunting, bathing, eating, drinking, and sleeping formed the routine of our camp life. For the first time in my life I grew fat, but like a hare lost it all again in about three days. Wood is abundant in the valleys. It was a cheery sight to see our little command of soldiers seated around the glowing camp-fires, their horses picketed close by, the fumes of many a savory mess regaling the senses, while song and joke passed merrily around. I did not wonder that men should volunteer for such service as this. It was all easy, holiday life, with just adventure and danger enough to give it zest. I had some notion of giving up civilization altogether myself, and devoting the

remainder of my days to hunting Indians in Arizona.

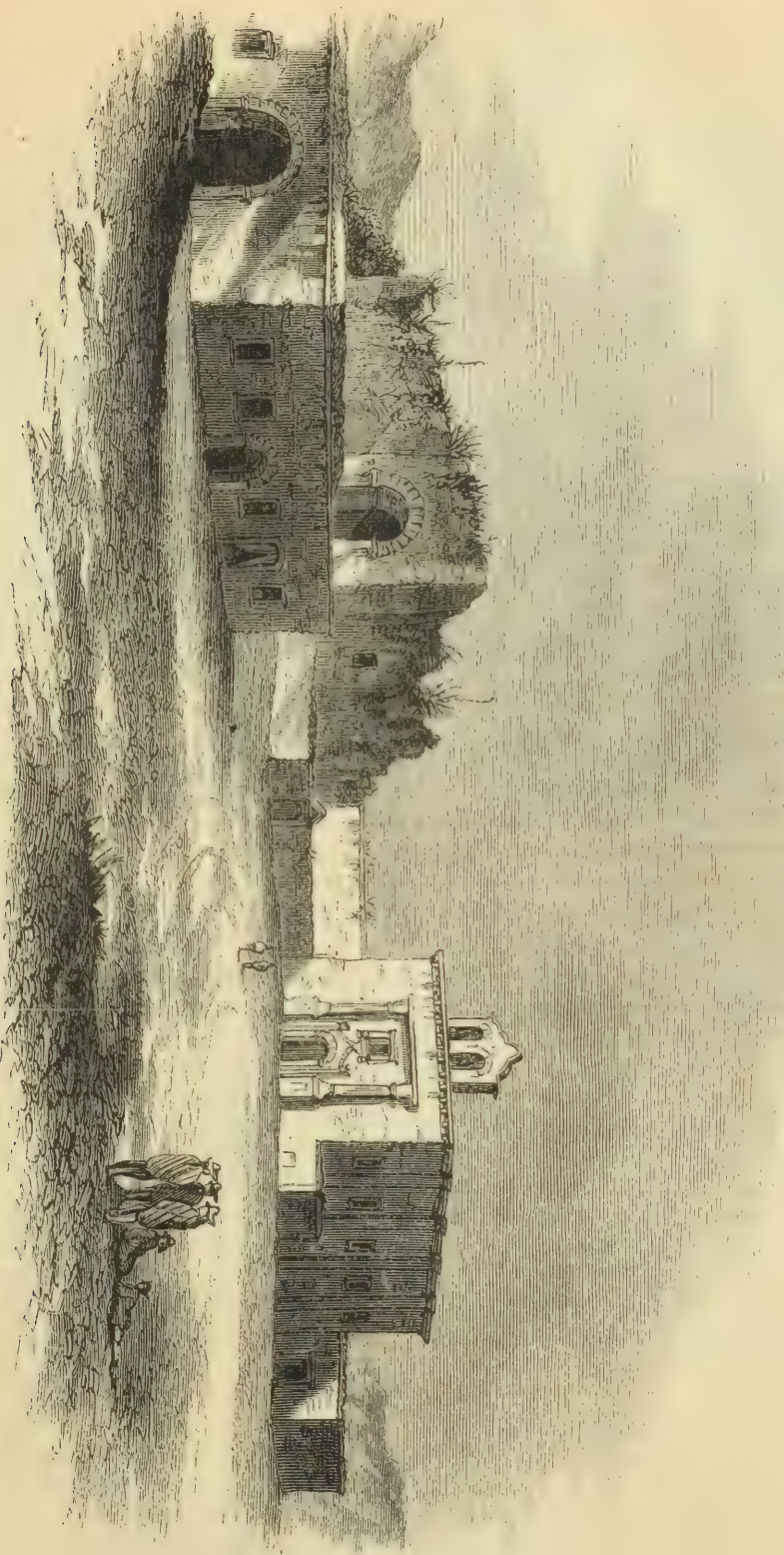
All along the road, wherever we entered a town or village, our excellent lieutenant drew up his cavalry in imposing style, gave the natives a blast on the horn, and performed the most skillful and effective military evolutions with both horses and fire-arms. The "blanketed thieves," as Mr. Calhoun once called these mongrel Mexicans, peeped from behind the corners of their wretched adobe huts, and looked for all the world like pickled cucumbers shivering in their skins. Since the Crabbe massacre they entertain a natural dread of retribution. Couriers were sent ahead of us, from village to village, informing the inhabitants of our approach; and it was evident there was a lurking suspicion in the minds of the people, notwithstanding our peaceful professions, that we had entered the country on some mission of vengeance. Our thirty volunteers, with their devil-may-care bearing and style of costume, looked very much like a band of invaders.

At Imuriz, the first town of any consequence on the way, some little excitement was occasioned by an incident that occurred during the night. Our horses were closely picketed in the milpas, or corn-fields, down by the river. Some time after dark the sentinels perceived two men stealthily approaching on horseback through the bushes. It was thought they designed stealing some of the animals. As usual, they were hailed, but instead of answering they attempted to run, when one of the sentinels fired. The Mexicans shouted, "*Mas arriba! Mas arriba!*" and still continued to run. In a few minutes the whole command was scouring the bushes in search of loose "Greasers." Nothing further transpired till morning, when a suspicious-looking vagabond called upon the lieutenant and complained that, while hunting cattle, some of the men had fired upon him and made a hole through his hat. The hat, which he dolefully exhibited, certainly had a hole through it a little above the range of the scalp, but whether made by a Minié ball or gouged out with a knife for purposes of indemnity could not be determined. If the damage was done by force of powder and ball, it was a very appropriate cry uttered by the Mexican—*Mas arriba*—(higher)! Almost any body whose scalp had been so closely grazed would like to be shot at a little higher up.

Another of these miserable vagabonds made a great fuss because the soldiers had burned a couple of worthless logs which they found on the road. He claimed damages to the amount of "cinco pesos." Upon examination it turned out that he was one of a party who had committed a robbery, and attempted to assassinate Mr. Pierce (a nephew of ex-President Pierce), at the Hentzelman Mine, a year ago last summer. Mr. Pierce had joined us at Tucson, and was now of our party. He speedily identified the man, and informed the lieutenant of the fact. Not wishing to have any trouble, the lieutenant



IMURIZ.



The horses were wretchedly poor, and looked much more disposed to die than to run races for a wager. In truth, horse-flesh is in rather a low condition just now in Sonora. The best horses are all in possession of the Apaches. Kuchies, the famous chief and warrior of the Pinals, rides the finest horse in the country. These vagabond Indians have a saying, no less sarcastic than true, that the Mexicans are their vaqueros, upon whom they depend for their horses and cattle; and that the Americans are their teamsters and mechanics, who haul goods for them and supply them with arms. I did not see one horse in Arizona or Sonora that would bring eighty dollars in California.

A little beyond San Ignacio, as we were peacefully pursuing our way, we were overtaken by the Prefect of Magdalena, a fat gentleman of imposing dignity, who touched his hat with official courtesy, and made us a diplomatic speech on the propriety of observing the obligations of international law.—Although we had been but two days within the inhabited

quietly advised the professed owner of the logs to make himself as scarce as possible within the period of five minutes, or he would be tolerably certain to receive his “cinco pesos” in lead, skillfully inserted in his ear. No more was heard of the “cinco pesos” after that, except that the logs belonged to another party, who attached no value to them.

We stopped a while at the village and mission of San Ignacio, to examine the ruins and witness a horse-race which came off during the day. There was but little to interest us in the race.

limits of the country news of our arrival had been dispatched by a courier to the Governor, Pesquiera, then on a visit to his silver mines, sixty miles from Imuriz, and a letter received from him by the Prefect of Magdalena directing a strict inquiry to be made into the object of our visit, and a suitable explanation to be obtained of our entrance into a friendly State with an armed party of thirty men in military costume. We assured his excellency the Prefect that our intentions were entirely pacific; and, so far as international law was concerned, that we had no idea what-





THE PREFECT OF MAGDALENA.

ever of violating it (though, between ourselves, reader, it *was* a little irregular to enter a foreign State with thirty soldiers, who would have been delighted to sack, burn, and destroy any town within the range of our travels—especially Fronteras, the trading-post of the Apaches). The Prefect professed himself satisfied with our explanation, and informed us that he would see us at Magdalena on the following day. As an excuse for our escort we stated, and with truth, that the condition of the country rendered it necessary for our personal safety. A party of Americans, of whom we were in search, had been waylaid and robbed by the Indians, and two of our countrymen had just been murdered. It was for this reason we traveled with such an imposing escort.

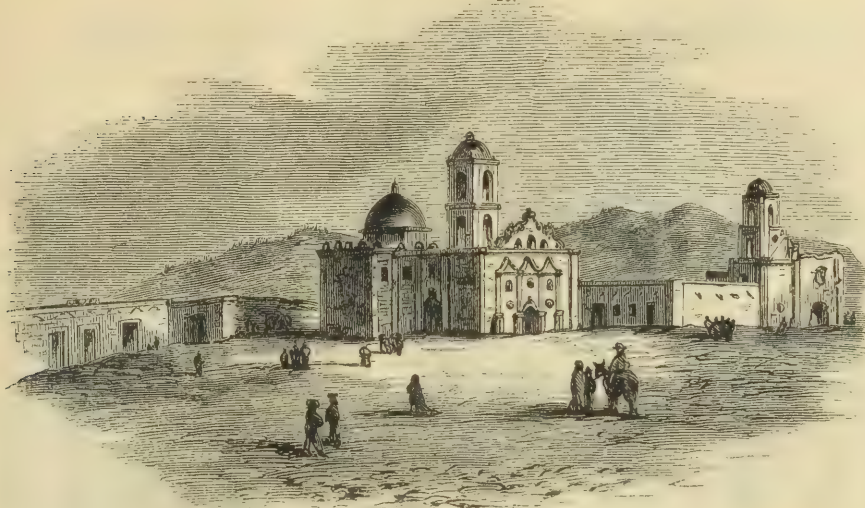
On the way down to Magdalena we passed through several small villages and rancherias watered by the Cocospera and San Ignacio rivers. In referring to rivers it does not necessarily follow that they contain water in this part of the world. Most of the rivers I have seen in Arizona and Sonora contain nothing but dry sand. A traveler might perish from thirst if he depended for water upon the various rivers and their tributaries as laid down on the maps. The Cocospera and San Ignacio combined would scarcely turn the wheel of a small grist-mill. The mills on these streams are driven by horse-power. It should be observed, however, that this was a very dry season. So long a drought had not been known for many years.

The inhabitants of Imuriz, Terrenati, San Ignacio, and the smaller villages or rancherias

are miserably poor and lazy. Their cattle have nearly all disappeared, in consequence of the frequent raids of the Apaches; and their milpas, or fields, formerly cultivated with considerable success, have gone to ruin. Scarcely sufficient food to sustain life is now produced. The ground is rich and the climate unsurpassed, and with the rudest cultivation abundant crops of wheat, maize, pomegranates, and oranges might be produced; but all hope for the future seems to have been crushed out of these miserable people. All day long they sit by the doors of their filthy little adobe huts, smoking cigarritos and playing cards. I fancy they like it better than working. At least they live by idleness. Industry would kill them. When these mixed races are compelled to work they sicken and die.

We arrived at Magdalena without a fight, funeral, wedding, or casualty of any kind, and were hospitably received by Don Francisco Gonzales Torraño, an intelligent merchant from old Spain, for some years past a prominent citizen of Sonora. Don Francisco lives in rather comfortable style, considering the wretched character of the place and its surroundings. A good room with a bedstead, and the still rarer luxury of a wash-basin, was kindly allotted to the principals of the party. I had not seen my face in a looking-glass for over two weeks, and was astonished to recognize in the rough, sunburnt, and dilapidated individual before me the little that remained of my former self. Some scented soap and a bottle of rose-water, also furnished by our generous host, brought on a spell of sen-





CHURCH AT MAGDALENA.

timent that threatened for a time to unfit me for the ordinary duties of life; and when Don Francisco produced his best Champagne and exchanged sundry compliments with us, I think an ode to the fair sex would have been within the limits of my resources in a poetical point of view.

Magdalena is next to Hermosillo and Ures in population. From its geographical position it has assumed considerable importance since the acquisition of Arizona by the United States. It is now the chief *dépôt* of supplies for the mining regions of Northern Sonora and the adjacent part of Arizona. There are three or four stores in the place, one of them kept by a Mr. Kitchen, an American, and another by a German. The population is about 1500. The town is like all I have seen in Sonora, a parched up confusion of adobe huts, scattered over the slope of a barren hill like so many mud boxes. A notable feature is the old church, of which I made a sketch for Don Francisco. He prizes this token of regard and artistic skill so highly that he has since had it photographed, and I am thus enabled to present the reader with a copy.

The earth and houses are pretty much of the same general material and color. Mesquit and petayah are the chief surrounding objects of interest and ornament in the way of vegetable life; and a few Yaqui women, with ojas or earthen pitchers on their heads, give grace and animation to the watering-places—like Rebecca at the well in the days of yore. A moving pile of mesquit wood, with the legs of a small burro or donkey underneath, is now and then seen passing along the principal street; but otherwise a delusion seems to prevail among the inhabitants that every day is Sunday, and must be respected by total abstinence from labor. I saw but few people in the place, and they were propping up the houses in a manner customary with natives of the country—by leaning, or sitting with their backs against them.

The only production against which there

seems to be no limit, and certainly no effective law, is that of children. Owing to the climate, perhaps, and idleness, which is the father of all mischief and many mixed breeds of babies, these mongrel little humans abound to an amazing extent in the small towns of Sonora.—Nearly all of them have Indian blood in them, and many denote a growing proclivity toward the American race.—Hence you often see in one family a re-

markable variety of races. A mother with white-headed and blue-eyed children, and black-headed and black-eyed children, and children with straight hair, and curly hair, and thin lips, and thick lips, and noses long, and noses short, all bearing a strong family resemblance, is a very common kind of mother in this latitude. Occasionally some beneficent padre goes through the country doing up a long arrearage of marriages, putting together in the holy bonds of wedlock all who desire to secure by the rites of the church the partners with whom they chance at the time to be on terms of domestic intimacy. For this reason I think Sonora can beat the world in the production of villainous races. Miscegenation has prevailed in this country for three centuries. Every generation the population grows worse; and the Sonorians may now be ranked with their natural compadres—Indians, burros, and coyotes. The worst of the whole combination of races is that which has the infusion of rascality in it from American sources. Mexican, Indian, and American blood concentrated in one individual makes the very finest specimen of a murderer, thief, or gambler ever seen on the face of the earth. Nothing in human form so utterly depraved can be found elsewhere. I know of no exception, and do not believe a good citizen of sound morals ever resulted from such an abominable admixture. Of such material as this is the town of Magdalena composed. It is said to be a very quiet and orderly place compared with Hermosillo, and I can well believe the statement; for while Magdalena has not been much favored with the presence of renegade Americans within the past few years, Hermosillo has long been their favorite place of resort, chiefly because it affords a more extensive field for the exercise of all the depraved passions of human nature.

We remained about two days in Magdalena, during which we greatly enjoyed the hospitality of our friend Gonzales Torraño. It is due to this gentleman to say, that he has done more





WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

for the accommodation of American travelers on their way through Sonora, and afforded them more assistance in procuring supplies of implements and provisions for their mining operations than any man in the country. He has done this without profit or reward, chiefly from the natural promptings of his heart, and incidentally from a liberal and intelligent desire to see the resources of this vast mineral region properly developed.

It is evident to any one passing through Sonora, even as far north as we did, that a great change is going on throughout the State. Every steamer from San Francisco lands at Mazatlan and Guyamas from 100 to 200 passengers, many of whom, disappointed in more northern regions, desire to establish themselves in the rich mineral fields of the south. Political disaffection toward their own Government may have something to do with this influx of Americans within the borders of Sinaloa and Sonora; but I would not like to say any thing vindictive on that point—especially as most of these enterprising adventurers are at present without money, and not a few of them dependent upon the charity of the Mexicans, who complain that they are obliged to support them. Quite a number of the more energetic, however, are making an honest living by driving teams, blacksmithing, or doing rough jobs of painting and housework. As yet but few have derived any income from the silver mines, though all are pretty rich in claims.

In respect to mines, owning silver lodes in

Mexico is a pretty precarious business at present. In Sonora, at least, there is too much mescal and too little law. The central Government is no more recognized than the Government of Spain. Mines may be held by interest or force, but it is very questionable if they can be held by law. So long as it is beneficial to have the Americans come in, put up machinery, and develop the mines, so long, perhaps, will their rights be respected. But the Sonoranians are a treacherous and uncertain people, and can never be relied upon. Nor is there any guaranty that the rights of Americans, whom they hate in their hearts, will, even if uncontested by the Sonoranians, be respected by the French, who are now, as we hear, about to occupy the port of Guyamas and assume possession of the State. Their promise of a liberal policy may just be taken for what it is worth—which, in my opinion, is less than this sheet of paper.

These are suggestions worthy of serious consideration on the part of our fellow-citizens of California who are moving in this direction. There can be nothing urged in favor of Sonora as a field of enterprise for our miners and capitalists which will not apply with equal force to Arizona, a Territory within our own borders, abounding in mines as rich as any discovered by the Spaniards in Sonora, and where investments of labor and money are in no apparent danger of being lost from extraneous circumstances.

On leaving Magdalena we returned by the San Ignacio road as far as Imuriz, from which



we diverged to the right, taking the road through the cañon of Cocospera for Santa Cruz. We were accompanied by Don Francisco Gonzales as far as the ranch of Babesaqui, near which he owns a silver lead which he wished us to visit. Six or seven of us rode up a small cañon to the left, extending into the mountains about three miles, and took an observation of the mine. As yet it is but little developed. The ore is apparently rich in copper and galena. Our friend thinks it is rich in silver also, and is apparently rather enamored of his vein, which he floridly calls "El Primo del Mai." It is not very convenient to water, but what it lacks in that respect it makes up in proximity to Apaches, a band of whom attacked Don Francisco in the adjacent cañon of Cocospera a year or two ago, killed two of his men, took possession of his animals, burned his ambulance, and pursued himself and the remainder of his escort, who had taken to their heels, for about three miles. Don Francisco says that, although forty-eight summers have passed over his head, he can, when occasion requires it, run as fast as he ever did. It is due to him to add that a braver man, or one who has more generously risked his life for others, does not exist in Sonora. In cases of this kind prudence is the better part of valor.

The Cocospera cañon, through which we passed leaving the ranch of Babesaqui, is a line of natural fortifications and masked batteries for a distance of about nine miles. Dense thickets of willow, mesquit, and cotton-wood cover the narrow bottom through which the river runs; and the sides of the cañon are precipitous and rock-bound, rising in many places into a massive range of fortifications, almost as regularly formed for purposes of assault and defense as if constructed by a military engineer.

Behind these solid ramparts of stone a few determined men, well armed, could keep at bay and slaughter ten times their number, with comparative safety to themselves and an easy way of exit over the mountains in the rear. It is for this reason marauding bands of Indians have chosen the Cocospera Pass for many of their most daring assaults upon the Mexican soldiery, and upon travelers attempting to make their way up north. The bones of the unfortunate men and families killed here would, it is said, pave the road from one end of the cañon to the other.

I was interested in taking some views of the scenery in the Cocospera by Mr. Bartlett's romantic narrative of the captivity and sufferings of Doña Inez, a young Mexican girl, whose family were murdered in this cañon about twelve years ago, and herself captured and held in bondage by the Apaches for fifteen months, subject to the most cruel treatment. News of her captivity having reached Mr. Bartlett during his service as Boundary Commissioner, he made a demand upon Mangus Colorado, the Apache chief, for her release. The answer was insolent and characteristic—that it was none of his

business; this was a matter between the Apaches and the Mexicans. Mr. Bartlett explained that under the treaty between his Government and Mexico the officers of the United States were bound to aid the authorities of Sonora in suppressing Indian hostilities; that this was a very flagrant case, and if the girl was not at once delivered up he would proceed to take her by force. Having a strong party to back up his demand it was deemed prudent by the cunning Apache to comply with it, and Doña Inez was reluctantly delivered to the Commissioner, who turned her over to Captain Gomez, of the Mexican army, then commandant at Tubac. It was admitted by all that Mr. Bartlett had manifested a most praiseworthy and chivalrous interest in the misfortunes of this young woman. At the tender age of fifteen she had seen her relatives murdered before her eyes; had been dragged over mountains and deserts by ruthless savages; had suffered the most cruel barbarities at their hands; and was now once more, by the exertions of this humane American, restored to her friends and to civilization. The delicate and chivalrous conduct of Mr. Bartlett toward the fair captive can not be too highly estimated, considering her beauty and the peculiar circumstances of her career. Far different was the course of Captain Gomez, who, upon finding a beautiful young woman placed in his charge—of his own country too—fell desperately in love with her, and, contrary to all the rules of propriety, took her to lodge in his own quarters. When Mr. Bartlett next heard of her she was the idol and the ornament of the house of Gomez, who loved her not wisely but too well to marry her, having already a wife in the city of Mexico. This breach of duty and implied faith aroused the indignation of our Commissioner, who had so nobly rescued and delicately cherished the divine Inez; and it is currently stated in Arizona that he made it a subject of official protest to the Governor of Sonora and a letter of serious complaint to the Bishop. The Governor and Bishop, as I am told, were greatly mortified at the conduct of Gomez; but upon



DOÑA INEZ.

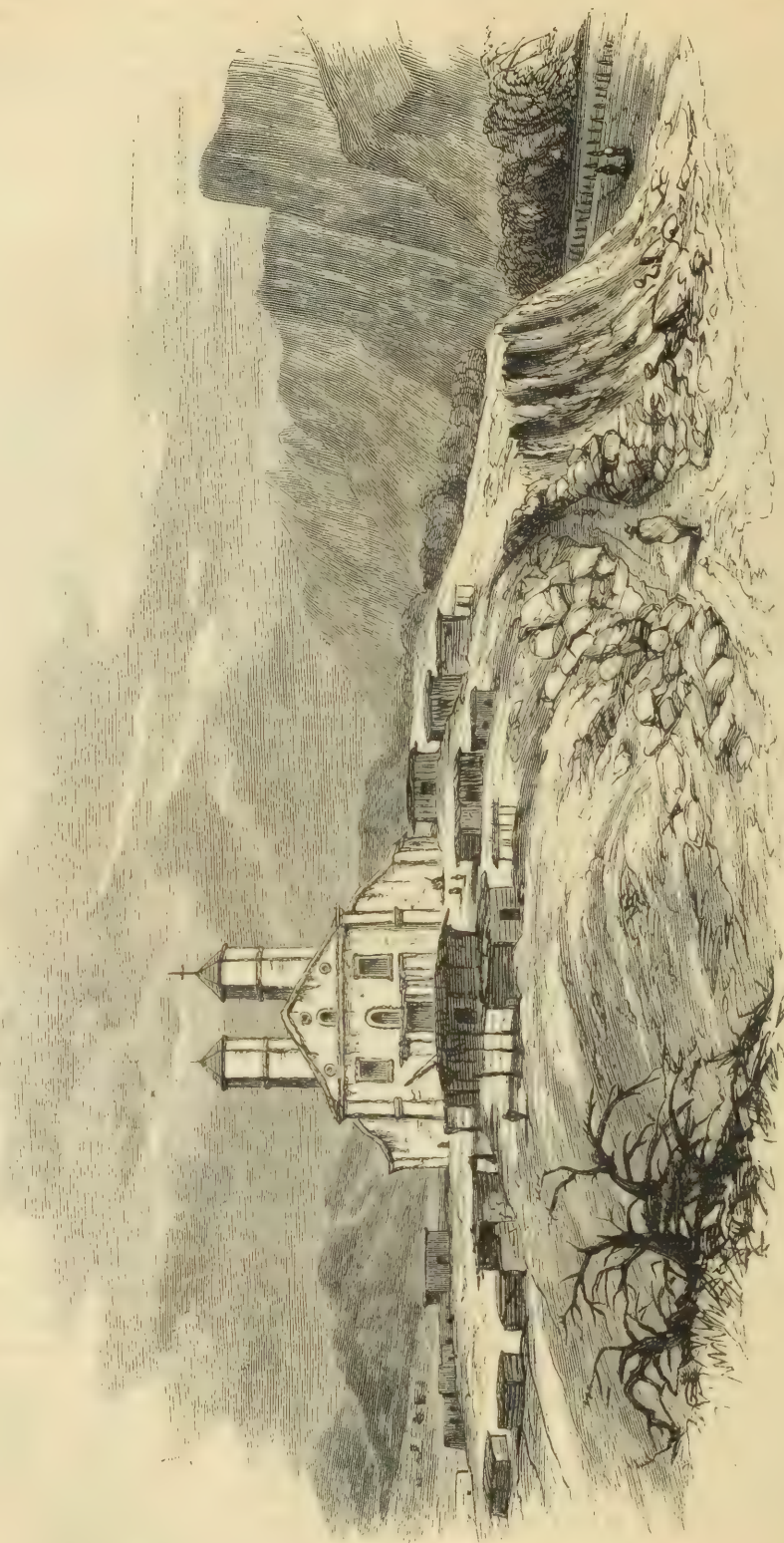


receiving his explanation, which was to the effect that his wife was still living, and would be very unhappy if he married another woman, they acquitted him of all blame in the matter, and Doña Inez continued to enjoy the hospitality of his mansion.

The sequel of the romance I find recorded in my own note-book. Doña Inez is married and settled at Santa Cruz. Her husband is not Captain Gomez. I called at her house in company with Mr. Poston, and had an interview with her on the subject of her captivity among the Apaches. She had heard of the narrative of her adventures written by Mr. Bartlett, but had never seen his book. She spoke kindly and gratefully of her deliverer. On the subject of her treatment by the Apaches she was somewhat reserved. Her husband was much more communicative.

Doña Inez is now about twenty-seven years of age, though she looks older. Her features are thin, sharp, and care-worn, owing to ill-health. Possibly she may have been pretty in her youth. Mr. Bartlett thought so, and he ought to be a judge. He saw a great deal of beauty unadorned in his tour of exploration.

This pleasant little history of captivity, suffering, and love, so impressively associated with the wild region through which we were passing, will be appropriately followed by the romance of an unprotected American female whom we found at the old Mission of Cocospera. All along the road we heard vague rumors of the adventures and exploits of this remarkable woman, who seemed to be ubiquitous, and to possess at least a dozen different names. Even the Mexicans, when they spoke of her, did so with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say she was "some" even in that



MISSION OF COCOSPERA.

country. A party of Americans whom we met at Imuriz, on their way from Hermosillo, prepared us to expect at Cocospera a valuable addition to our transport. They hinted at "a whole team" that was awaiting our arrival there, but warned us to be careful how we undertook to harness *that* team, as it was rather disposed to kick and bite. I must confess it was with considerable trepidation that I set out from our camp in the valley to make a sketch of the old Mission.

A more desolate-looking place than Cocospera does not, perhaps, exist in Sonora. A few Mex-





THE FAST WOMAN.

ican and Indian huts, huddled around a ruinous old church, with a ghostly population of Greasers, Yaqui Indians, skeleton dogs, and seedy sheep, is all that attracts the eye of a stranger under the best circumstances. Yet here lives the father-in-law of Pesquiera, Governor of Sonora—a poor old man, with a half-Indian family of children, of whom Pesquiera's wife is one. At the date of our visit the Apaches had just cleaned out the community of nearly all the cattle and sheep it possessed, killed one man, and filled the souls of the remainder with fear and tribulation, so that the place presented a very depressed appearance. To this there was but one exception—that of our heroine, the unprotected American female. I found her sitting upon a pile of adobes outside a dilapidated Mexican hovel, humming over in a lively strain some popular ditty of the times. Poston seemed disposed to evade the responsibility of his position as commander-in-chief of the party by introducing me to her as a gentleman of a literary turn, who had taken a lively interest in her history. She immediately arose and grasped me by the hand; I was just the man she was looking for.

By-the-way, hadn't she seen me in Frisco? My countenance was familiar. Didn't I keep bar on Dupont Street? No? Well, by jingo! that was funny. She was very glad we had come, any how; shook us by the hand again very cordially; had been expecting us for several days; wanted to make tracks from Cocospera as soon as possible; was getting tired of the society; good enough people in their way, but had no snap about them. She liked people with snap. These Mexicans were dead-alive sort of cusses. The men had no grit and the women no jingle. Thought, upon the whole, Cocospera was played out, and would prefer going to Santa Cruz. She claimed to be a native of Georgia, and was strong on Southern rights. Said she had prospected a while in Australia, and bobbed around Frisco for the last few years. Got tired of civilization,

and came down in the steamer to Guyamas last July in company with "a friend," who left her at Magdalena. Another "friend" brought her up here and went "a prospecting." She had claims, and expected they would turn out rich; but, hang it all, she didn't care a cuss about the mines. The excitement pleased her; it was so jolly to be knockin' around among the Apaches! Wouldn't she like to skelp some of 'em; you bet she'd make jerked meat of their ears if she once got a show at 'em! She didn't speak Spanish; had been eight days at this infernal place among a set of scallywags who didn't understand her lingo. Was about ready to change her location; didn't care a flip where it was, so there was fiddles around the premises. Was a photographer by profession; that was played out; dull work; didn't pay. Hadn't any instruments at present, and wouldn't photograph scallywags any how. Heigh-ho! Rickety Jo! Great country this!

Such was the style of address of this astounding female. She was sharp, thin, and energetic, not very old, and comparatively good-looking. After she had shown us around the town,



making various sparkling comments upon the natives and their style of living, she ushered us into the church, smiling contemptuously at the sacred daubs on the walls.

"Look-a-here!" said she, mounting a pile of rubbish and hauling out a couple of grinning skulls from an alcove; "that's what we're all coming to. Them's monks. Don't they look jolly?"

I must confess I was a little shocked at her levity, and mumbled over something about the dust of the dead.

"Bosh!" cried the lively female; "what's the odds so long as we're happy! Your skull and mine, and the skulls of a dozen more of us, may be foot-balls for the Apaches before a week."

I turned away and signalized Poston that we had better retire to camp. In the evening we had the honor of a visit from our fast friend. She stepped with a grand swagger into camp, nodded familiarly to the soldiers, and said, "Them's the boys I like to see."

Poston's buffalo-robe was spread on the ground close by our ambulance. Without the least hesitation she took possession of it, merely observing, "I like this. It suits me. A fellow can sleep like a top in such a bed as this!"

From time to time, as she gave us the benefit of her ideas touching the world and things generally, she laughed heartily at the figure she would cut in society, sun-burnt, freckled, and dressed as she was; and varied the interest of the occasion by singing a few popular songs, and reading choice selections of poetry from a book which she pulled out of a satchel belonging to one of the party.

Having thus cast a glow of inspiration over the younger members of our command, she suddenly jumped up exclaiming, "Hurrah, boys! Let's stir up the town! Who's got a fiddle? By jingo we'll have a fandango!"

Nobody had a fiddle, but there was a guitar in camp, and it was not long before the fandango was under a full head of steam. Greasers, Yaqui Indians, soldiers, and señoritas were at it full tilt, amidst all the noise and din and horrible confusion of a genuine Spanish *baile*. The fast woman jumped and capered and pirouetted in a style that brought down the house; and it was long after midnight when our part of the company began to straggle into camp.

As there was no room in the ambulance even for so entertaining a companion, the proposition to transport her to some point of greater security on American soil was submitted to our gallant young Lieutenant, commander of the escort. The question was debated in camp, Was an American woman to be left by an American party in the midst of an Apache country? Had her character any thing to do with the question of humanity or the duty of placing her at some point where her life would be secure? Of course not. Go she must, and go she did, in the baggage-wagon. All along the road, in the wildest and most dangerous places, she popped her

head out at intervals to see how things in general were flourishing; twitted the "boys" on their style of riding; sang snatches of Opera, and was especially great on ballads for the multitude.

"When this cruel war is over,"

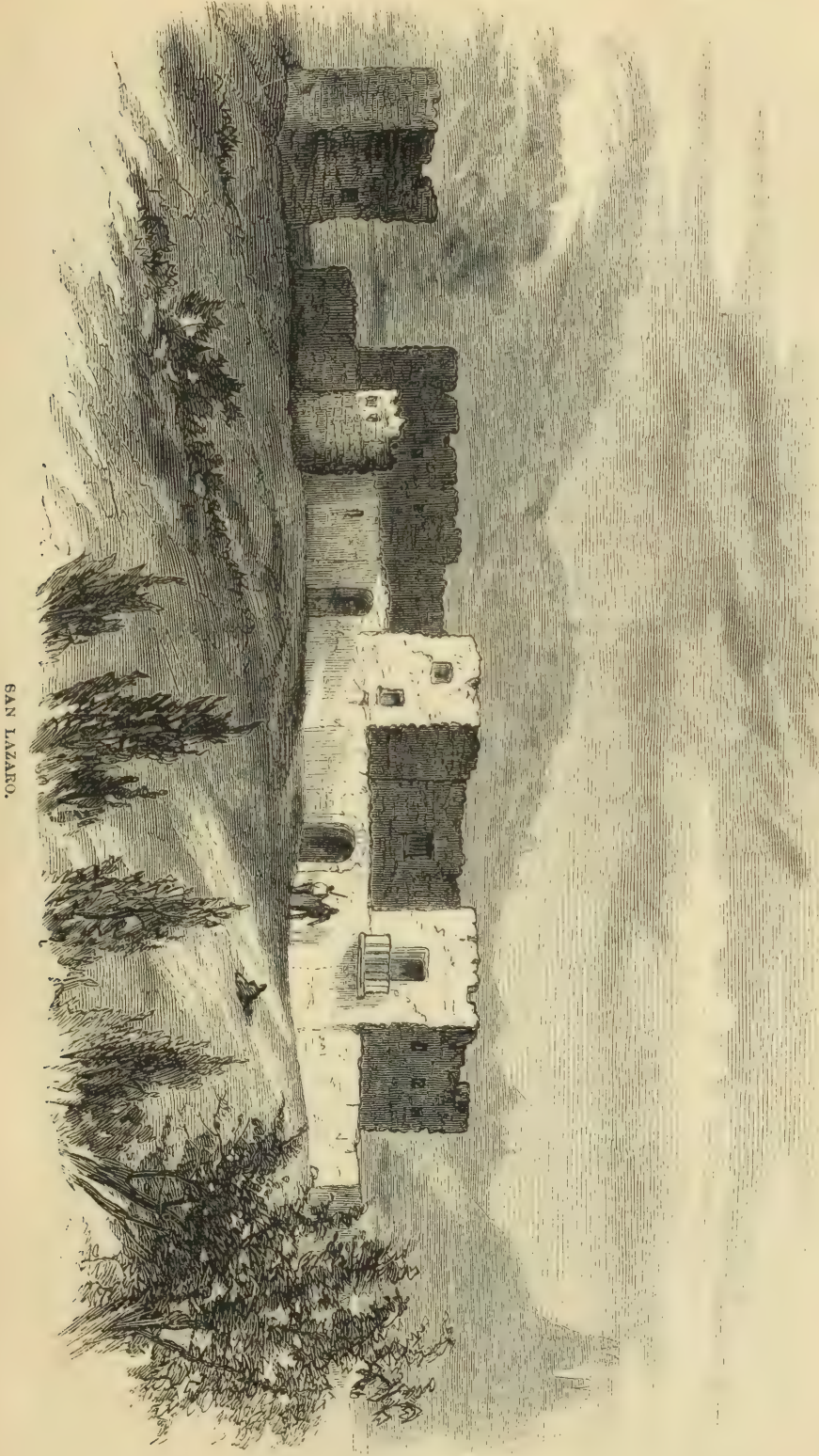
she would scream at the top of her voice, "You bet I'll go to Frisco, a kiting, a kiting,

"As the swallows homeward fly."

Thus she entertained us, and thus she clung to us; taking a grip upon our unfortunate Lieutenant that seemed likely to obliterate him from the face of the earth. She jolted and jogged along in the baggage-wagon to Santa Cruz, and didn't like the place; she rattled on to the San Antonio ranch, and didn't yearn to stay there; she jingled away to Tubac, and considered it too infernally dull for a coyote or a wild-cat. In fact, she rather enjoyed sloshing around, and manifested a desire to accompany our expedition throughout the entire range of our travels. It was abundantly evident to us all that she was inspired with a romantic attachment for our gallant Lieutenant. The shafts of Cupid began to shoot from her glittering eyes, and their fatal influence became fearfully perceptible. He grew pale and weary; was fretful and impatient; and seemed like a man burdened with heavy cares. After a week or so it became necessary to send the wagon down to Tucson for a fresh supply of provisions. The Lieutenant brightened up; a happy thought struck him; he would shuffle off this incubus that hung upon him like a cloud. What excuse he made I never could learn, but he packed up our enterprising female, addressed a note to the officer in command at Tucson, stating the causes which had induced him to give her transportation, and sent her to that tropical region, which he thought would be congenial to her tastes. The last I heard of her she was enjoying the hospitality of our vaquero.

The country through which we passed after leaving the old mission of Cocospera, consists of a series of broad cañons and open valleys, abounding in rich pastures of gaeta-grass, patches of mesquit, and cactus of various kinds. For the most part it is well watered. A few abandoned ranch-houses and corrals on the way-side indicated that it was once a grazing region for herds of cattle and sheep; but now it is a dreary waste, so far as animal life is concerned. The soil is rich, and the remains of acequias for irrigation show that it was once subject to cultivation. In such a region as this, favored by the finest climate I have ever enjoyed, it is impossible to estimate the variety and value of the crops which it is capable of producing. All the vegetation of the temperate zones, and most of the plants known in the tropics, will flourish with wonderful luxuriance. Millions of acres of the finest lands thus lie idle in the northern part of Sonora. Probably these lands, owing to the long droughts which prevail every few years, will never be in much demand for farming purposes, but as ranges for cattle and sheep they are unsurpassed. The grass consists of three





SAN LAZARO.

verdure. The trees burst forth into leaf, and the valleys and hills are decorated with flowers; the corn in the milpas springs into life; the streams rush down from every mountain cañon, and the thirsty earth rejoices in the refreshing deluge. June is the season of greatest vegetable growth. So warm and porous is the ground that it quickly absorbs the moisture, and in a few days after the heaviest rain one would scarcely believe such a blessing was ever enjoyed. Roaring torrents have become dry arroyas; floods that covered the low lands have disappeared, and the dry, cracked earth seems gasping for more water; vegetation begins to look parched; the grass is scorched by the burning rays of the sun; and thus it continues till another torrent reinspires the earth with new life and vigor.

Our next camping-place was at the ruins of San Lazaro, an old missionary establishment long since gone to decay. The ranch of San Lazaro is watered by

principal varieties; the sacatone, a coarse, thick, and strong variety, growing in bunches; the mesquit, which covers most of the lands lying within the range of the mesquit timber; and the grama, or fine meadow-grass, occupying the open valleys and hill-sides.

The rainy season commences in June and lasts generally till September. During the winter there is but little rain; but upon the opening of spring there are showers which start the vegetation. Immediately after the first heavy rain the earth becomes clothed in the richest

the Santa Cruz River, and is one of the finest grazing regions in the State. As usual, it is now uninhabited. Lying immediately on one of the Apache trails, it has been robbed of its cattle, till nothing is left save the ruined adobe walls of the ranch-houses and mission, and the broken fences of the corrals and milpas. At the time the mission was occupied by the Jesuit priests, San Lazaro must have been in a high state of cultivation. The walls of the main building, within which we camped, show evidences of considerable architectural



style. Guard-houses and watch-towers are still to be seen; also the remains of an orchard, with acequias for irrigation, and two large tanks for tanning hides. It was evident the good fathers were not deficient in industry.

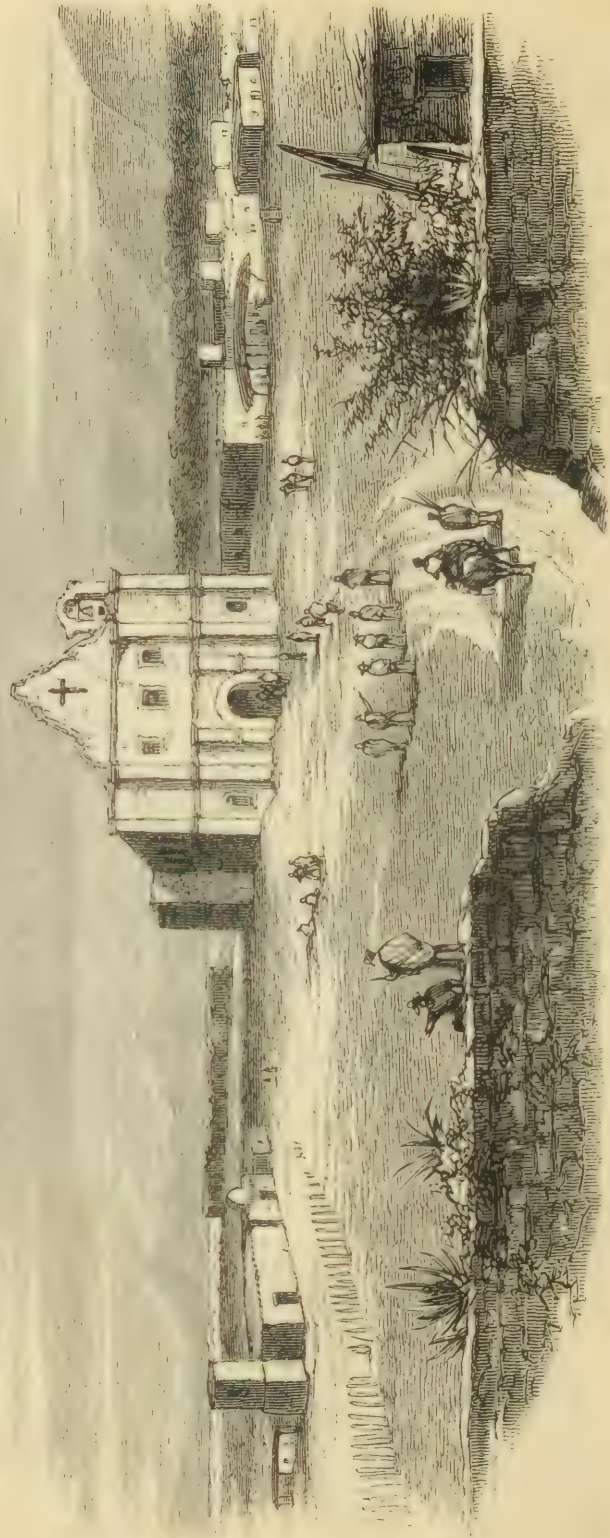
Passing through the picturesque little cañon of San Lazaro, which extends some three miles from the Mission, we soon entered upon the pastures and milpas of Santa Cruz. Wild ducks were abundant here, and we killed enough to last us for several days.

The town of Santa Cruz stands on a barren and elevated plateau, overlooking the grain-fields, and consists of a dilapidated church and about eighty or a hundred adobe huts, inhabited by the usual population of Mexicans, Indians, burros, and dogs. It is the most northern town in Sonora, and derives its support chiefly from the corn-crops and a small trade with the Mowry or Patagonia mine. The total population is about four or five hundred.

Owing to its elevation and the position of the surrounding mountains, Santa Cruz is, perhaps, the only inhabited spot in the State of Sonora which is cool all the year round. The water froze in our buckets while we camped in that vicinity; and although the sky was clear the air was raw and penetrating. The valley is well irrigated, but the people are too idle and thriftless to do more than derive a bare subsistence from the earth. Stealing and gambling are pursuits much more congenial to their tastes. Exposed to constant encroachments from the Apaches, and robbed of nearly all their stock,

they seem to have no hope of bettering their condition. If it were not for the opening of the Mowry and San Antonio mines it is probable Santa Cruz would be at this time entirely deserted. There are no stores in the place. A German Jew, named Apfel, keeps mescal and a few dry-goods and trinkets. Supplies of goods and provisions to any great extent can only be had by sending to Magdalena. Flour, corn, and pinole may be had occasionally, but the supply is scanty and uncertain.

I thought I had seen the concentration of filth, laziness, and inanity, and the perfection



SANTA CRUZ.



of vicious mixtures of races at Imuriz and Magdalena; but Santa Cruz caps the climax. The more southern towns possess at least the advantage of a genial temperature, and it is not unpleasant to see people enjoy the *dolce far niente*, even if they indulge in it to excess. The chilling climate of Santa Cruz sweeps away all the dreamy illusions of indolence, and reduces the inhabitants to a condition of torpor depressing to witness. Too inert to stir about and gather sufficient wood for a comfortable fire, a genuine native of this region sits shivering all day long over three twigs of mesquit, his dirty serape drawn up over his shoulders, his skin a bilious black yellow, the inevitable cigarrito in his mouth; a score of starved coyote curs snapping around his heels; no gleam of hope in his eye, no spark of ambition in his nature—a dreary spectacle of wretchedness and inanity.

Ask him the simplest question, and the extent of his knowledge is *quien sabe?* His whole life is a *quien sabe* business, signifying nothing. The world can not afford a more depressing specimen of degraded humanity.

An incident that occurred during our stay will show the shifts to which these wretched beings resort to procure the means of subsistence. In passing through the cañon of San Lazaro, one of the escort picked up a few sticks of wood which he found lying by the side of a broken-down fence, and threw them in the box of the forage-wagon, as was customary before

entering camp, for convenience in starting a fire. No sooner had we halted on the Plaza than a miserable-looking wretch, shrinking into the folds of his serape, made a formal call upon our Lieutenant in company with the Alcalde, and demanded “cinco pesos” for the wood, alleging that it was gathered on his ground, and formed a part of his fences. There had not been a fence in use at the place in question for over three years, and the professed owner of the wood no more dared to venture that far from Santa Cruz than to enter an Apache strong-hold. The Lieutenant offered him fifty cents for the wood, preferring not to have any dispute about it; but he indignantly rejected the offer, and insisted upon the amount originally demanded. The Lieutenant then proposed to return him the wood (about an armful) which was also rejected. To avoid the unpleasant results of a storm that was gathering in the faces of our indignant volunteers, who were spoiling for a chance to raze the town, we repacked the wagons, and proceeded on our journey. That evening we camped seven miles from Santa Cruz, at the hacienda of the San Antonio mines, where we learned all the particulars in relation to the unhappy fate of Mills and Stevens, whose tragic death occurred in an adjacent cañon.

In my next I propose to give an account of our tour among the silver mines of Patagonia (now called the Mowry Mines), Santa Rita, and Cerro Colorado.



SANTA CRUZ GREASERS.



## HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.



DICTATING DISPATCHES BY MOONLIGHT.

## II.—SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

The Situation of Vicksburg.—General Sherman's Assault.—General Grant's Movement.—Williams's Cut.—The Lake Providence Scheme.—The Moon Lake Scheme.—The Steele's Bayou Plan.—The March from Milliken's Landing.—Running the Batteries.—The Landing at Bruinsburg.—General Grant's Baggage.—Movements of General Sherman.—Celerity of General Grant's March.—Battle of Oak Hills.—Farnden's Creek.—Capture of Jackson.—Battle of Champion's Hill.—Battle of Big Black River.—The Investment.—The Siege.—The Surrender.

**T**HE city of Vicksburg, about four hundred miles above New Orleans, is situated on a bluff on the east bank of the Mississippi, which commands the stream for many miles above and below. The nature of the location renders it nearly impregnable against any attack by water. The peculiarities of the surrounding country render it exceedingly difficult of military approach by land.

Early in January, 1861, the rebels commenced throwing up batteries at this spot, and after the fall of Island No. 10 their fortifications were greatly enlarged and strengthened. In June, 1862, some abortive attempts were made toward the reduction of the place by Admiral Farragut, who ascended the river with a fleet from New Orleans. After several weeks of bombardment it became evident that the place could not be

taken without the co-operation of a land force, and the fleet withdrew. At this time Vicksburg was the only fortified place on the Mississippi held by the rebels. During this summer, however, they took possession of Port Hudson, nearly three hundred miles below, which they strongly fortified that ships might be prevented from ascending from New Orleans to co-operate in the reduction of Vicksburg. They were so far successful in this movement that it became necessary to assail Vicksburg from above by the army of General Grant.

Immediately after the battle of Corinth arrangements were made for this enterprise. On the 20th of September, 1862, an expedition set sail from Memphis under General Sherman. It consisted of a fleet of one hundred transports, several gun-boats, and a force of about fifteen thousand men. They arrived at the mouth of the Yazoo, just above Vicksburg, on Saturday morning, September 29. A line of high bluffs here fringe the eastern shores of both the Yazoo and the Mississippi. This bluff on the Yazoo is at a short distance from the river, and the intervening space consists of a low and marshy bottom, often overflowed by the swellings of the stream, and at all other times intersected by sluggish bayous. This chain of bluffs frowned with batteries on the summit and sides, and with



rifle-pits near the base. The plan of attack was for General Sherman to assail these works in front, while General Grant, advancing by the way of Jackson, was to charge them in the rear. But by the inconceivable imbecility of a subordinate at Hollis Springs, a raiding party of rebels had fallen upon our magazines of supplies there, and had destroyed two millions' worth in a few hours. General Grant was thus delayed. General Sherman heroically, perhaps imprudently, resolved to make the attempt alone.

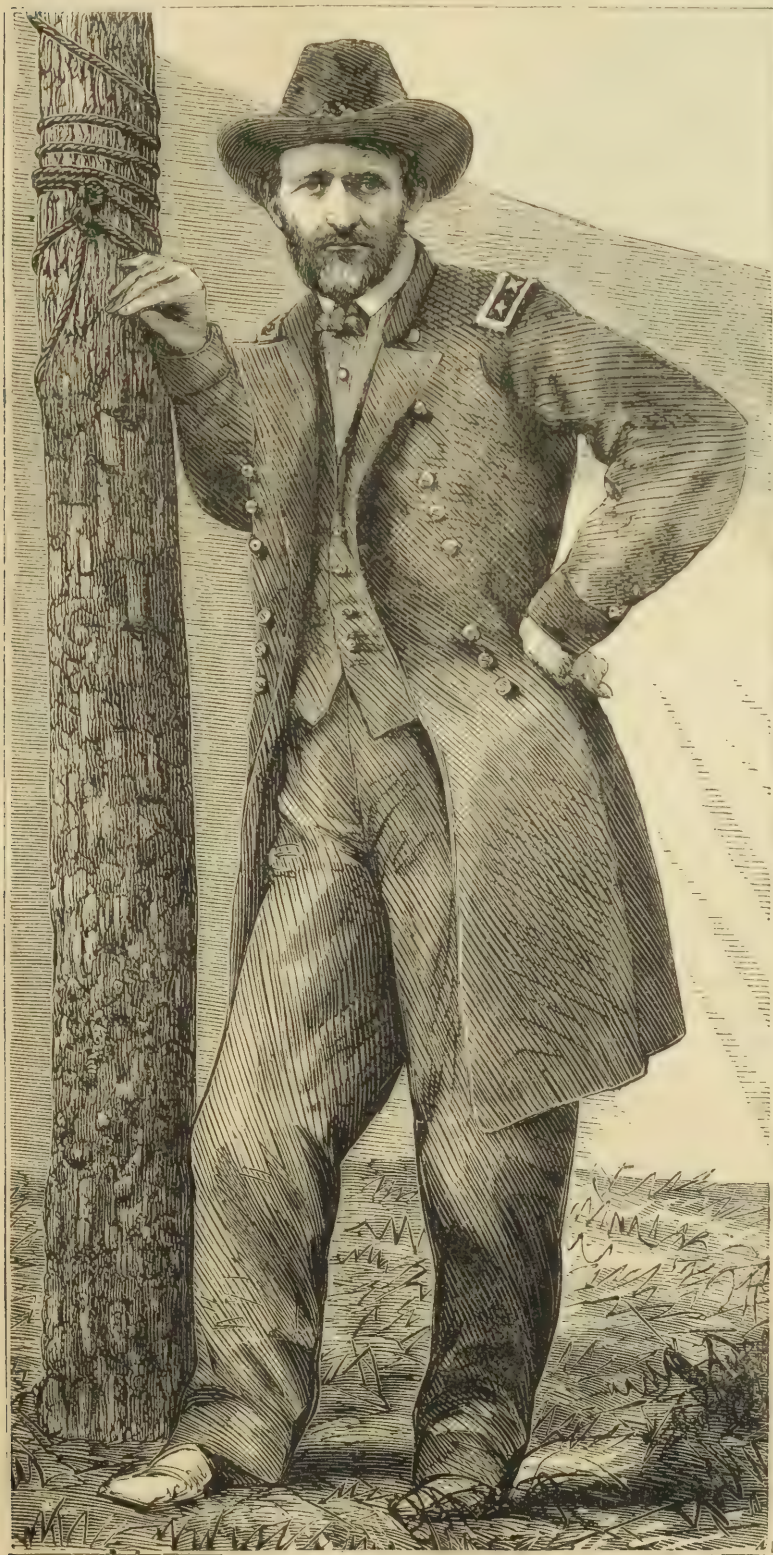
On the very day of the disembarking of the

troops General Sherman, encountering but slight opposition, pushed his army across the marshy river bottom to near the edge of the bluff. The next morning the engagement was opened, first with an impetuous fire of artillery, and then with an infantry charge upon the first line of the rebel rifle-pits. The heroic enterprise was crowned with success, and as the patriots swarmed into the captured works the rebels fled to their second line of defense. In the mean time the rebels had concentrated a great force within their ramparts, while but one-half of the patriot army

designed for the enterprise was in the field. Sunday and a part of Monday were spent by both armies in preparation for the decisive conflict, while each endeavored to annoy the other by occasional artillery firing. General Sherman, having thrown several bridges across the bayous, ordered a general assault at two o'clock Monday afternoon.

At the appointed hour the storm burst in all its fury. The hill belched forth flame and smoke, with tremblings of the earth under the cannons' roar, as though a hundred volcanoes were in violent eruption. The soldiers, in the charge, were compelled to wade the bayous and struggle through the swamps. General Blair's horse became hopelessly mired, and he slid from him and led his brigade, which was first in the charge, on foot. De Courcey's brigade was next; but his men pressed forward so vehemently in the daring onset that it was soon difficult to tell which brigade was in the advance. Onward they swept through flame, and smoke, and blood, leaving the dying and the dead behind them, climbing, crawling, fighting their way up the slope, with the desperation of men resolved to conquer or to die.

Their thinned ranks, breathless and bleeding, reached the centre of the enemy's works. Here they were assailed by an awful fire from outnumbering foes nearly surrounding them. Bravely they had won their position; but it was found impossible to hold it. One-third of Blair's division, in this terrible charge, had been placed *hors du combat*. They had



ULYSSES S. GRANT.





AMONG THE BAYOUS.

taken both the first and second line of the rebel intrenchments, and yet they found but defeat in their victory. Such a destructive storm of shot and shell was poured in upon them that they were compelled precipitately to retire. With saddened hearts they yielded to the cruel necessity. General Blair, who was one of the first to ascend, was the last to leave the hill.

Such was the battle of Chickasaw Bluffs. It was a brave but desperate conflict. The patriots accomplished all that mortal valor could achieve. But the experiment proved that it was impossible to carry those frowning heights, by charging them in the face of all their batteries with but half of the army commissioned for the enterprise.

Any further attempt to carry Vicksburg from this direction, and with the force then at General Sherman's disposal, would be manifestly fruitless. Preparations were accordingly made to withdraw from the scene of the disaster and return to Memphis. Nearly four months now elapsed while more formidable preparations were being made for the renewal of the assault upon Vicksburg. On the 29th of January, 1863, General Grant, descending the Mississippi with gun-boats and transports, landed a portion of his army a few miles above Vicksburg, on the western shore, at Milliken's Bend. Another portion he landed a little farther down the river, here about a mile wide, opposite Vicksburg, at Young's Point. Under this indefatigable commander there was now commenced a series

of operations almost unparalleled in the history of military science.

The Mississippi River, fed by innumerable tributaries, emptying their floods into this majestic stream from all directions, is subject to sudden and great changes in its volume of water. The country around, low and marshy, is often flooded for leagues in the swellings of the river, the stream expanding often into an almost illimitable ocean, spreading through sombre forests and over gloomy morasses. Through a region of hundreds of square miles this country, sublimely dreary, where God, by the slow deposit of ages, is preparing soil for future tillers, now presents bogs, and lakes, and sluggish bayous, the congenial home of alligators and all unclean reptiles. Mosquitoes, the vilest of earth's tormentors, darken the air. Majestic trees, draped in funereal moss, overhang these gloomy waters, while the rankest undergrowth of every tough, creeping, climbing, intertwining shrub renders the boundless thicket almost impenetrable.

Where the land is sufficiently raised above the water to be cultivated, it is protected from the spring and autumnal freshets by dykes or levees, artificial mounds of earth, about ten feet high and fifteen feet wide, constructed, at an immense expense, along the river banks. Vicksburg is situated upon the eastern bank of the river, on a high bluff, near the point of one of the most majestic bends of the stream. On the opposite or western shore of the peninsula formed by the bend the land is low and protected by a dyke. In the attempt upon Vicksburg by Commodore Farragut's fleet General Williams had essayed to cut a canal across the neck of this

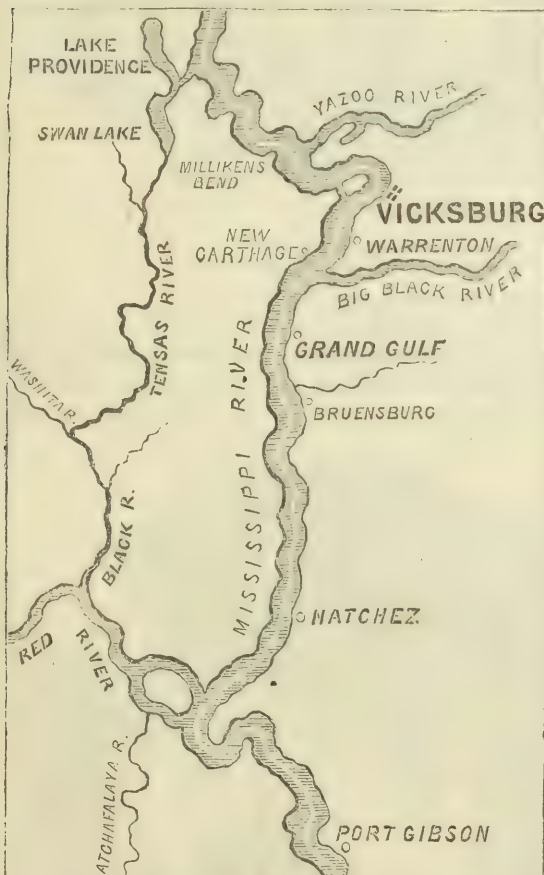


FIRST EXPERIMENT—WILLIAMS'S CANAL.



peninsula, hoping thus to change the channel of the river. This would leave Vicksburg an inland town of no military importance. Our ships could ascend and descend the stream far beyond the reach of the Vicksburg batteries. The plan was abandoned then, in consequence of the low state of the water.

General Grant's first attempt upon Vicksburg was by the renewal of this experiment. He hoped at least thus to secure a channel for the passage of his transports. Accomplishing this he could land his troops below Vicksburg, and thus gain a position to assault the city from its rear. For six weeks thousands of hands were incessantly at work in this vast trench, and the eyes of the nation anxiously watched the progress of the enterprise. When the work was nearly two-thirds done an unfortunate break in the dam, at the upper end of the canal, flooded the immense ditch with water, effectually stopping all further work. Before this injury could be repaired the period of high-water passed away and the enterprise was abandoned.



SECOND EXPERIMENT BY LAKE PROVIDENCE.

General Grant, aware of the grandeur of the task before him, and of the uncertainty of the success of the canal, had instituted other measures to be carried on simultaneously. While a portion of his army were busy with pickaxe and spade at Young's Point, another body of men were detailed for a somewhat similar operation up the river nearly seventy miles north from Vicksburg. Here there is found, about five miles west of the river, a large expanse of water called Lake Providence. A bayou full of snags,

and winding through the entangling forest, connected the southern extremity of this lake with the northern extremity of Swan Lake. This sheet of water, thirty miles in extent, found an outlet in the Tensas River which emptied into the Black River, which last stream flowed sluggishly into the Red River. Could the boats descend by this route they would enter the Mississippi several miles below Natchez. It was apparently only necessary to cut a canal, five miles long, through the morass, dig out the shallows, drag out the snags, cut away the wind-falls and saw off the gigantic stumps, through this route of more than one hundred and fifty miles, to give us, as it were, a new Mississippi parallel with the old one.

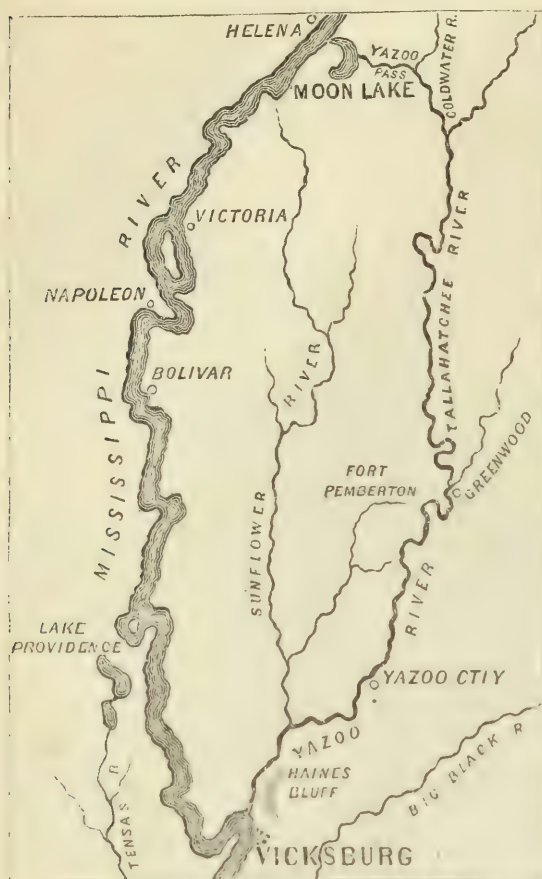
Stupendous as this plan was, it was by no means Quixotic. The river is continually abandoning its old channels and finding new ones. A glance at the map will show that it would not be strange if in this way the channel of the stream should be changed even to the Gulf. The region thus to be traversed was gloomy, wild, desolate, and mostly uninhabited. Here and there could be found a spot of sunny soil in the midst of the pestilential morass. In that dreary wilderness the adventurers engaged in one of the most stupendous enterprises of war had no human foe to fear. Newspaper correspondents kept the community well informed respecting the progress of these plans. Many were very sanguine respecting the result. It was even by some apprehended that the channel of the river would be changed all the way to the Gulf, leaving both Natchez and New Orleans inland towns far away to the east of that great river upon which their existence depended. One letter-writer, in the flush of anticipated success, writes:

"The control of the Mississippi is almost within our grasp. Even if we have to desolate West Louisiana, we may save the nation. Even if we shall be obliged to leave New Orleans, the removal of a few spadefuls of dirt may give us the outlet to the sea undisputed."

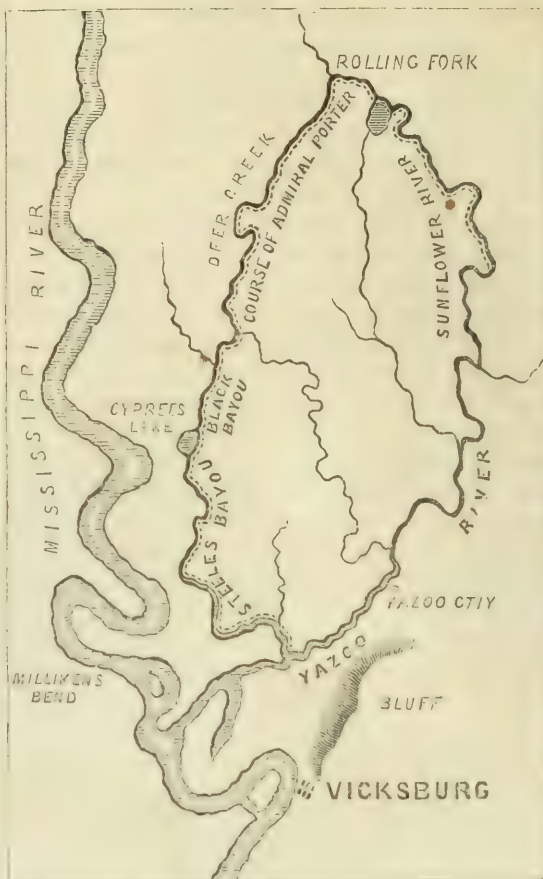
The canal was successfully opened. One steamer and a few barges entered the lake and began to descend the sluggish bayous. But the river persisted in its old course. As the waters of the spring flood fell, the new channel became but a shallow creek, through which the majestic stream scorned to flow. West Louisiana was not flooded, New Orleans was not left to dust and ashes. The Lake Providence canal proved a failure—one of those failures through a series of which keen sagacity and indomitable energy, fruitful in resources and never discouraged, often accomplishes its most signal successes.

There was a third plan to be tried. One hundred and fifty miles north of Vicksburg in an air line, and nearly opposite St. Helena, there is on the eastern shore of the river a sheet of water called Moon Lake. It is separated from the river but by a narrow strip of land, a few hundred yards wide. From this lake a crooked and narrow stream, known as the Ya-





THIRD EXPERIMENT BY MOON LAKE.



FOURTH EXPERIMENT BY STEELE'S BAYOU.

zoo Pass, leads into the Coldwater River. This again enters into the Tallahatchie, which in turn empties into the Yazoo, about seventy miles north of Vicksburg. It was decided to cut a canal into Moon Lake, clear the obstructions from Yazoo Pass, and by this series of streams gain a position in the rear of the rebel fortifications at Haines's Bluff, near the mouth of the Yazoo.

The canal was speedily cut, and the steamboats, entering Moon Lake, commenced their perilous descent through these labyrinthine streams, along which the canoe of the Indian had never yet been paddled. The task was one of extremest difficulty. The crooked channel was overhung by the gigantic branches of cypress and sycamore trees, sweeping low down over the water and rendering the passage almost impossible. Gnarled roots and stumps and snags obstructed the channel. The flood of the swollen Mississippi rushing through the bayous created a swift and dangerous current. Upon these whirling streams the steamers were drifted along, using their paddle-wheels only in backing water to check their otherwise too rapid motion. They found it frequently necessary to make an entire stop to remove obstructions. Under these circumstances it is not strange that their

average rate of speed should have been but a mile in three hours and a half.

The expedition succeeded at length in surmounting all obstacles, and passing through the Tallahatchie they entered the Yazoo. Here, in a commanding position, the rebels had erected



EXPLORING A BAYOU.





IN THE SWAMPS.

a fort. Surrounded by illimitable bogs it was impossible to approach these formidable works by land. The wooden gun-boats had but small chance against their formidable batteries. For two days the rebel ramparts were fiercely bombarded from the boats, but it was all in vain. The fort could not be reduced, and it could not be passed. This plan thus had also failed, and the expedition returned to its point of departure.

Weak souls are disheartened by obstacles. Strong ones are only incited by them to more heroic endeavor. General Grant does not appear to have been in the slightest degree discouraged. "Try, try again," was his motto. About seven miles up the Yazoo, from its entrance into the Mississippi, there is the mouth of a stream known as Steele's Bayou. This bayou is connected with a labyrinthine net-work of creeks, called Black Bayou, Rolling Fork, and Sunflower River. These sluggish waters have several entrances into the Yazoo, one of the most important of which is just below Yazoo City. By this succession of streams a complete circuit of Haines's Bluff is made.

Admiral Porter on the 14th of March started with a gun-boat fleet, determined, if possible, to force a passage through this tortuous, tangled, and hitherto impervious channel, to attain

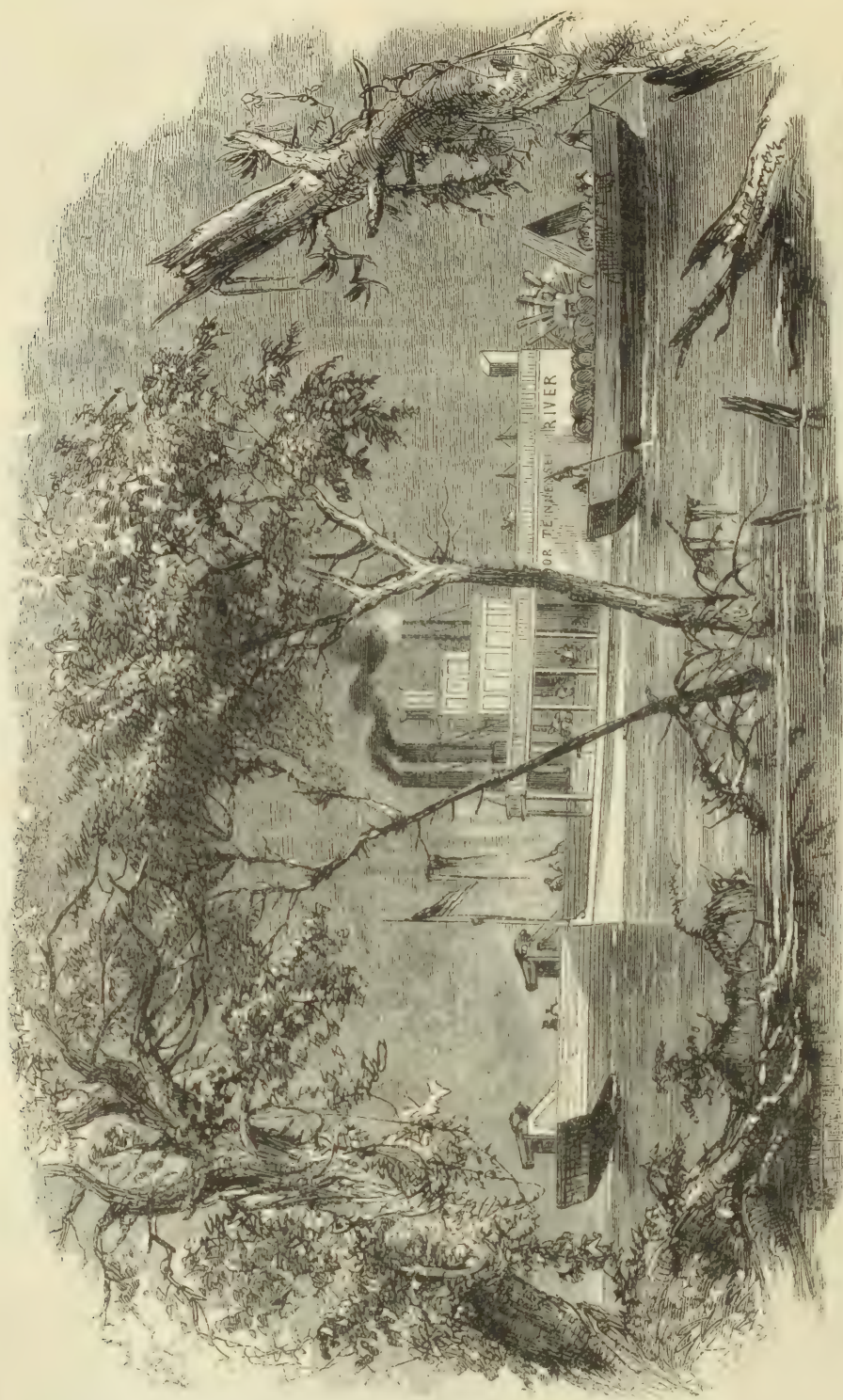
a position in the rear of the batteries frowning upon the bluffs. The expedition was accompanied by a considerable force of infantry under General Sherman. The progress of the boats was very slow. The Admiral was compelled to cut his way through an almost impenetrable forest. Meanwhile the rebels gathered in force to dispute his advance. Their sharp-shooters, lurking in every thicket, and behind every concealment, threw bullets with unerring aim upon his decks, and upon every working party. They felled huge forest trees across his path to retard his advance, and in the rear of his passage to prevent his return. The danger of being caged and captured in this hideous wilderness became imminent. The expedition had nearly reached the Sunflower River when their peril became manifestly so great that prudence demanded that they should retrace their steps. In safety they accomplished their return. Thus ended the last of these marvelous and heroic attempts to capture Vicksburg by digging canals and traversing bayous.

"What next?" the nation anxiously inquired. "Nothing!" was the response of all timid souls. But this was not General Grant's response. He had put his hand to the plow, and was not disposed to look back. At no time had General Grant depended upon the success of either of these movements. He fully ap-



GUERRILLA ATTACK.





STEAMING THROUGH THE BAYOU.

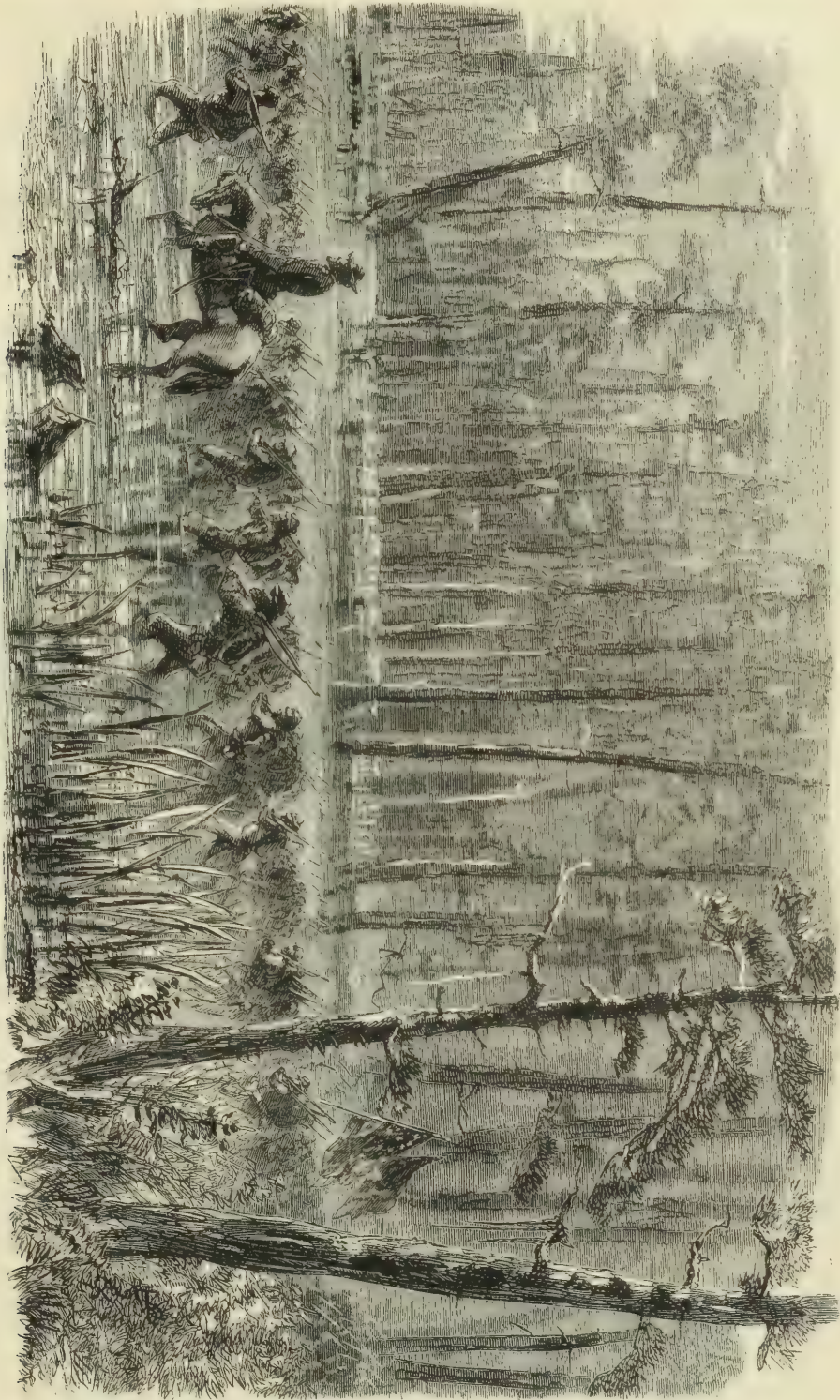
preciated the philosophy of the declaration of Holy Writ: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which may prosper, whether this or that." Other plans were already fully matured in his mind. But they could not be consummated until a fall of the water should render it possible for the army to traverse the marshy country on the western banks of the river opposite Vicksburg. In the mean while the measures already attempted, which certainly presented a fair chance of success, served to occupy the army, to engage the thoughts and feed the hopes of the country, always impatient of idleness, and

to divert the attention of the enemy from those designs in which General Grant reposed his ultimate hopes.

General Sherman's desperate assault had demonstrated that Vicksburg could not be taken by a direct attack from the river. The failure of the Yazoo expedition, and the expedition through Steele's Bayou, proved that the fortress could not be approached for assault from the north. One alternative remained. It was to effect the transportation of the troops to some point south of Vicksburg, cross the river, and thus gain a position in the rear. But how could this be accomplished? Some of the gun-boats



MARCH THROUGH THE BOG.



might, by chance, run the terrible batteries ; but how could the troops be transported down the river ? The attempt to convey transports around the Vicksburg batteries by the Williams's Canal, and by Lake Providence, had both failed. Audacity attempted and accomplished that which the most skillful engineering could not achieve.

As soon as the spring flood had sufficiently fallen to render it possible, General Grant ordered his forces to advance by land through the forest, and threading the edge of the morass on the western shore of the river, entirely concealed from observation, to march from Milliken's Landing above the rebel ramparts to New

Carthage below. In this movement General M'Clermand, with the Eleventh Army Corps, led the advance. It had been necessary to delay this enterprise until the water in the river and the bayous should recede. Still the road was all but impassable. It lay through a vast bog, intersected with numerous bayous half-flooded with water. The heavy artillery wheels cut through the slime and the mud, rendering the path a perfect mortar-bed, through which the men and horses waded knee-deep, and where the hubs of the wheels often disappeared from sight. The advance of the army was found to be utterly impracticable, except by the building



of corduroy roads, cutting outlets for the egress of the water, and bridging the bayous. In fact, the army had to build for itself, under the most difficult circumstances, a military road as it advanced. Twenty miles of levee had to be most carefully guarded lest it should be cut by the enemy, and the whole country flooded.

The vigilant foe got some intimation of this movement, notwithstanding it had been most carefully concealed. As the patriot troops approached New Carthage they found that the rebels had cut the levee, and the surrounding country was so flooded that New Carthage was converted into an island. After ineffectual attempts to bridge the rushing waters, or to cross them in boats, it was found necessary to march in search of some point farther down the river. Inspired rather than discouraged by such obstacles the heroic band pressed on, and after having constructed seventy miles of road, and about two thousand feet of bridging, they reached their final destination.

A considerable part of the army was now south of Vicksburg, but on the wrong side of the river, which here rushed along, a wide, deep, turbid torrent. They had no means of crossing; and as the rebels had a strong array of batteries at Port Hudson, no transports could be sent up the river to their aid. But without transports the river could not be crossed. General Grant was prepared for this emergency. He had resolved to undertake the apparently desperate enterprise of running the terrific batteries with his steam-boats.

Three transports and eight gun-boats, in a bend of the river where they were secluded from all observation, were secretly prepared for the trying ordeal. The transports were plain, wooden boats. Speed was essential to their safety, and capaciousness necessary to render them useful should they reach the army below. The boilers were carefully protected by bales of cotton and hay on the side exposed to the batteries. The engines were put in the best possible running order. An ingenious contrivance was adopted to prevent any gleam of the fires from reaching the eyes and guiding the aim of the foe. It was not deemed right to *command* men to engage in an enterprise so desperate, and volunteers were called for. More came forward than could be accepted, and the eager aspirants agreed to abide the decision of the lot. The excitement was intense to see who would be the favored ones. Pilots, engineers, firemen, deck hands, had eagerly proffered their services for one of the most perilous enterprises in which one could engage. One single regiment furnished one hundred and thirty-two such volunteers. The



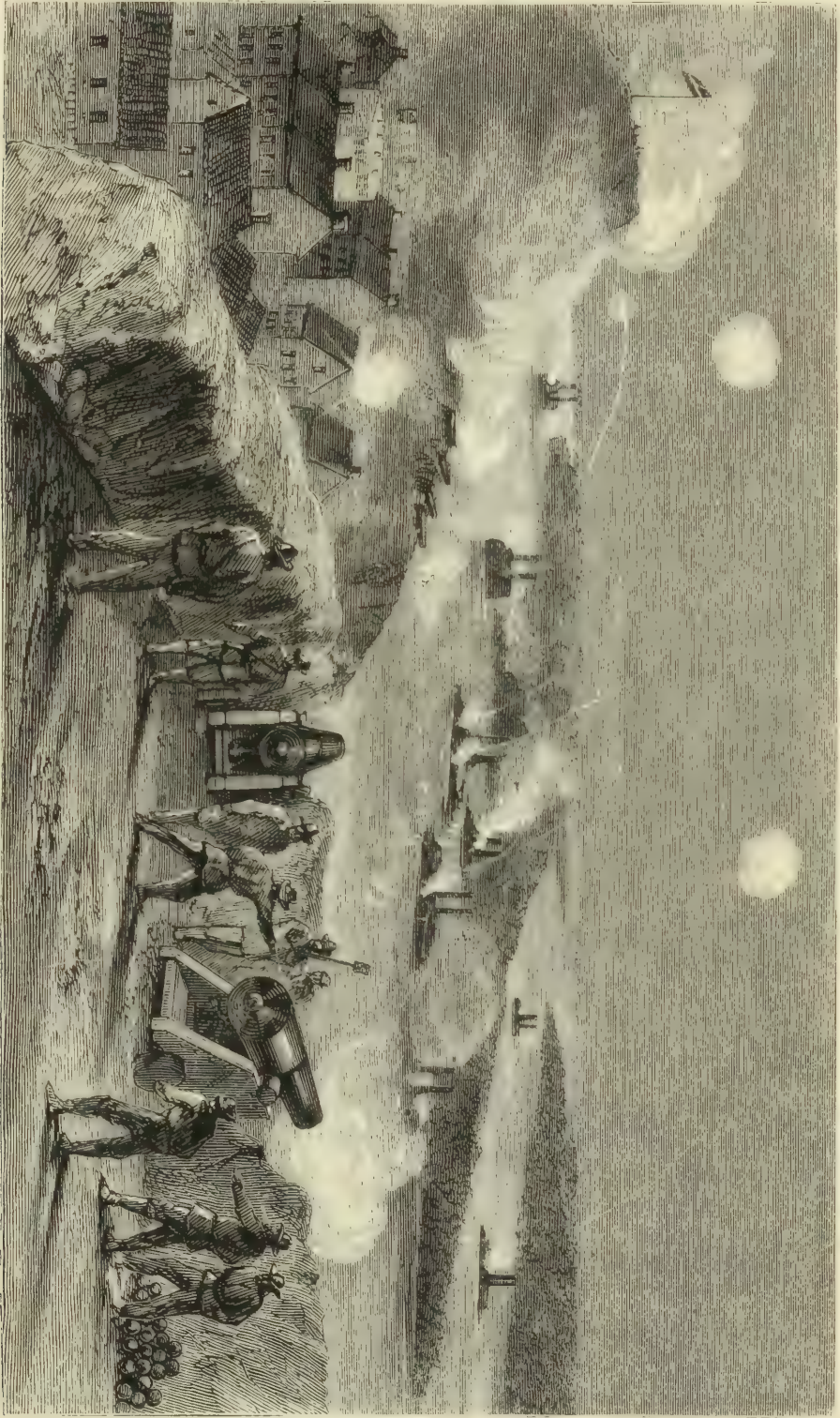
A GENERAL ON DUTY.

contest among them was so great that a boy, who was a successful drawer, was offered one hundred dollars for his place. He rejected the offer, held his post, and passed the batteries in safety. Such was the spirit which animated the American patriots in this war against rebellion.

The plan was for the gun-boats to pass down in single file, and, when opposite the batteries, to open upon them a terrific fire. Under cover of this fire, and sheltered by the gun-boats, the transports were to endeavor to run by unseen. A little before midnight, when most of the lights had disappeared in Vicksburg and silence reigned over both of the camps, the gun-boats, one after another, huge shadowy masses, emerged from their concealment and floated silently down the stream. The patriot army breathlessly watched the movements of these clouds of darkness, from which war's most awful thunders were soon to burst. Three quarters of an hour of silence elapsed, when two flashes from one of the Vicksburg batteries, followed by a roar which shook the hills, announced the opening of the sublime drama. In an instant the whole line of bluffs was ablaze with fire. The three transports, the *Forest Queen*, *Henry Clay*, and *Silver Wave*, were now on the most impetuous rush down the stream. The iron-clad gun-boats lay squarely before the city, from twenty-five guns pouring their storm of shell, grape, and shrapnell direct-



BURNING THE BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG.



ly into its streets. Suddenly a gleam of light appeared, and an immense bonfire blazed from one of the hills of Vicksburg, converting night into day. The beacon-flame lit up the river so brilliantly that every boat was exposed to the careful aim of the batteries. The first of the transports, the *Forest Queen*, received two shots, which so disabled her that she floated helpless upon the current. She was immediately taken in tow by a gun-boat, and carried without farther injury down the stream. The next transport, the *Henry Clay*, was struck by a shell, which set her cotton on fire. The curling flames grew every moment more brilliant, throwing up

huge billows of smoke, and the majestic fabric floated down the stream a mountain of fire. The crew took to their boats and escaped on the western shore. The doomed vessel was burned to the water's edge. The *Silver Wave* ran the fiery gauntlet without being touched. No one on either transport was injured. The whole of the eight gun-boats reached their journey's end without material damage. On the *Benton*, Porter's flag-ship, one man was killed and two wounded. The batteries extended along a line of eight miles. One hour and a quarter was occupied in passing them.

The injuries which the boats received in run-



ning the batteries were speedily repaired by volunteer mechanics, who came forth from the ranks, ready for any work in wood or iron, and who were skillful artisans in all the most difficult departments of mechanics.

"It is a striking feature," says General Grant, "so far as my observation goes, of the present volunteer army of the United States, that there is nothing which men are called upon to do, mechanical or professional, that accomplished adepts can not be found for the duty required in almost every regiment."

The success of this experiment was so gratifying that on the 22d of April six more transports were sent down the stream, towing twelve barges loaded with forage. One of these transports, the *Tigress*, received a shot below the water-line, and sank on the Louisiana shore. The rest, with one-half of the barges, got through with but trifling damage.

On the 29th of April the fleet and army were ready for action. A little below Vicksburg, and on the same side of the river, is the town of Grand Gulf. Here General Grant had expected to effect a landing, and make it, for the time being, the base of his operations against Vicksburg. But the rebels, anticipating the danger, had planted batteries there and dug rifle-pits. It was not, however, supposed that these works were very formidable, but that, under protection of the gun-boats, General Grant would be able to land a sufficient force to carry them by assault. Admiral Porter, with the gun-boats, opened fire on the 29th, and continued the bombardment for five hours. General Grant, who witnessed the battle from a tug in the middle of the stream, says,

"Many times it seemed to me that the gun-boats were within pistol-shot of the enemy's batteries."

The attempt, however, proved unsuccessful. The gun-boats, having exhausted all the energies of valor and of skill, were, a little after noon, compelled to withdraw, leaving the principal battery of the rebels apparently uninjured. During all the time this bombardment was raging the army had been impatiently waiting upon the transports the moment when their advance would be ordered. The withdrawal of the fleet filled them with disappointment, for it seemed that the whole expedition had proved a failure.

General Grant, however, was prepared for this emergency, as he had been for all others. A previous reconnoissance had disclosed a good landing at a point a short distance below, called Bruinsburg. He immediately disembarked his troops, and ordered them to continue their march down the western banks of the river about three miles. Their movement was buried in the forest, so that the foe could not perceive it. That night he ran the Grand Gulf batteries with his transports, and the next morning but one, on the 30th of April, triumphantly, and without the loss of a man, landed the whole force he had with him on the eastern shore of the river.

General Grant himself was the first man to step upon the bank.

One of the ever-friendly negroes was at hand to guide him through this unknown land by a good road from Bruinsburg to Port Gibson, a small town situated back from the river, in a southeasterly direction from Grand Gulf. This movement, in landing one corps of his army, the Thirteenth, under General M'Clermand, on the eastern banks of the river, was bold even to audacity. The enemy were strongly intrenched just above him, in superior force, commanding the river. General Sherman was still left with one corps above Vicksburg, for a purpose which will soon appear. Grant's line of communication was long and liable to attack. All the provisions of his army had to be conveyed by wagons down the western banks of the river, by the military road which he had constructed. The country through which he was to advance was wild, entirely unknown, very sparsely inhabited, full of hills and gloomy ravines, most admirably adapted for defensive warfare. Every thing now depended upon celerity of movement and almost reckless bravery. General Grant ordered his troops to march with as little baggage as possible. He set them the example.

"He took with him," says the Hon. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, who accompanied the expedition, "neither a horse, nor an orderly, nor a camp chest, nor an over-coat, nor a blanket, nor even a clean shirt. His entire baggage for six days was a tooth-brush. He fared like the commonest soldier in his command, partaking of his rations and sleeping upon the ground with no covering but the canopy of heaven."

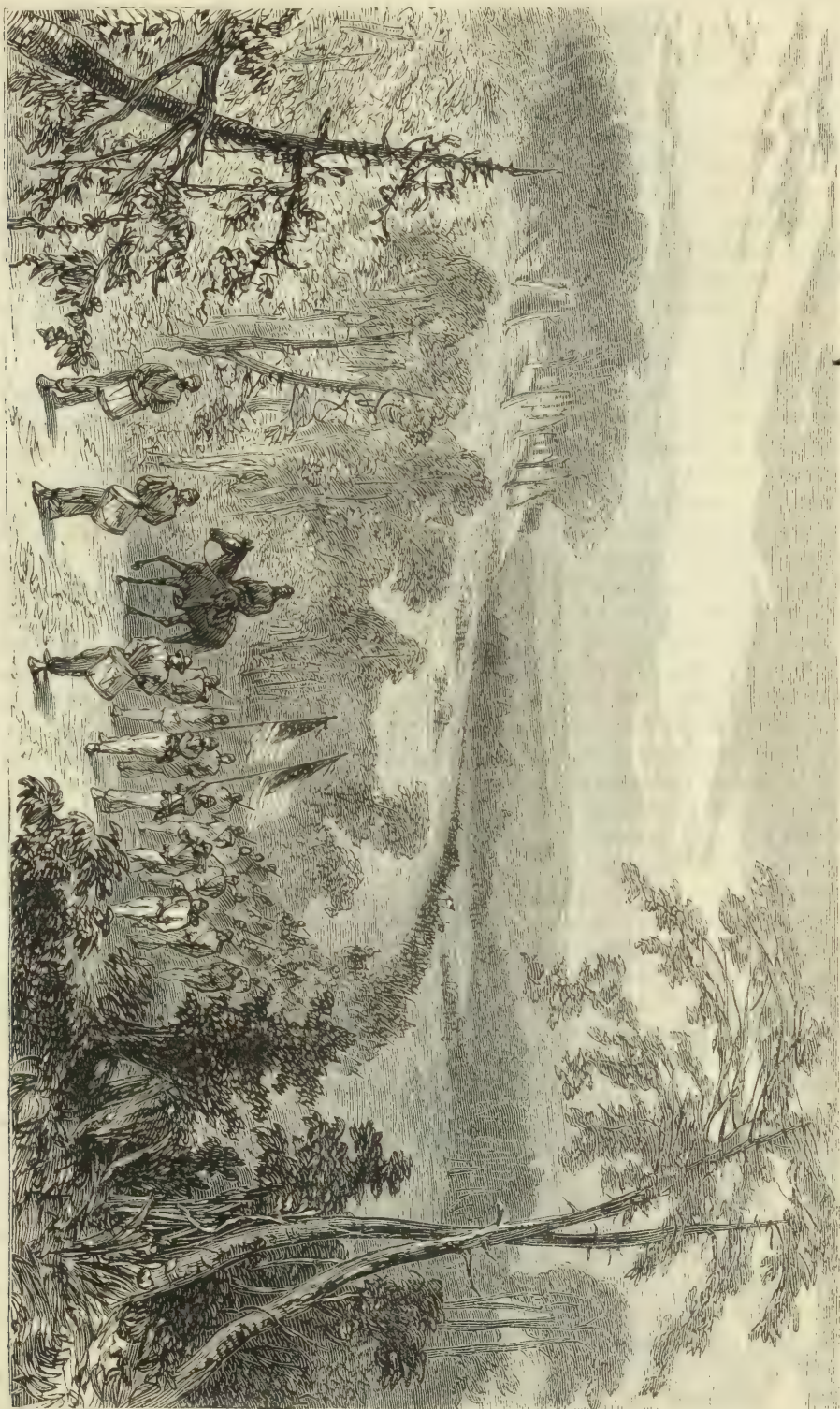
The attention of the main rebel army at Vicksburg was successfully diverted from these operations by the feint of an attack upon their works by the Fifteenth Corps, left behind under the impetuous Sherman. In co-operation with the fleet under Admiral Porter, a vigorous assault was made upon the rebel works at Haines's Bluff, on the 29th and 30th of April, just at the time when General Grant was landing at Bruinsburg. While the fleet opened a fierce bombardment on the batteries, the troops landed under cover of the fire, and made preparations as though to attempt to carry the works by storm. By this ruse the rebels were prevented from sending a combined force to crush General Grant, now advancing from the south. This object being accomplished, General Sherman re-embarked his troops, and following General Grant, marched them rapidly across the peninsula from Milliken's Landing, and down the western banks of the river to the transports. He effected a junction with Grant's main army about the 8th of May.

But General Grant, aware of the importance of the utmost possible celerity in such a movement as he had undertaken, did not wait for the arrival of General Sherman's corps.

"I deemed it a matter of vast importance," he said, "that the highlands should be reached without resistance."



MARCH THROUGH AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY.



He accordingly directed General M'Clerland with his corps to march directly for the interior, so soon as his troops could be provided with three days' rations. He did not even wait for army wagons to be brought across the river. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 30th of April, the very day on which the troops landed at Bruinsburg, General M'Clerland's corps commenced its march. The road for two miles led along the levee. It then encountered the river bluffs, and, turning to the right, entered a hilly country, broken, precipitous, and rugged. It was the spring of the year, in almost a tropical clime. Beauty bloomed and fragrance was dif-

fused all around them. Flowering shrubs embroidered the hill-sides, and the utmost luxuriance of vegetation, in billows of verdure, feasted the eye. The natural enchantments of the scene were enhanced by the brilliant military array, climbing the hills and threading the valleys in a long line, presenting a scene of wonderful picturesque beauty.

Even the waning day did not arrest their march. Through the still, cool, balmy hours of a brilliant night, they pressed joyously on until 2 o'clock in the morning. They were then brought to a sudden halt by a rebel battery which frowned upon an eminence directly before them.



As in the obscurity of that hour it was not possible to ascertain precisely its position, or the strength of its armament, the army were compelled to wait patiently until morning. The wearied soldiers were soon asleep. The rebel General Bowen had pushed out from his intrenchments at Grand Gulf, and had planted his batteries on these commanding heights, hoping to hold the patriots in check until he could receive reinforcements. But Generals Grant and M'Clermand allowed him no time to strengthen his position or to await his expected aid.

With the earliest dawn the position of the rebels was carefully examined. Again a friendly negro came to our aid. He informed General M'Clermand that the rebels had seized upon a point where the road forked. The two branches, however, leading by routes about two miles apart, both conducted to Port Gibson. The space between the two roads and for miles around was diversified by open fields, thick woods, abrupt hills, and deep ravines. Both of the two roads ran along narrow ridges, where a small force could hold a much larger one at bay. The ravines on either side were filled with thick underbrush, and were almost impassable, affording excellent protection against a flank attack. The rebels occupied both of these roads.

There was manifestly nothing to do but to fight, and that as quickly as possible. The position of the rebels was impregnable by a direct assault. Generals Hovey, Carr, and Smith, under the personal direction of General M'Clermand, attacked upon the right, and steadily forced the enemy back. General Osterhaus led the assault on the left. For a time it required his utmost exertions to hold his own. Soon, however, a division of General M'Pherson's corps, under General Logan of Illinois, came to his aid. Thus reinforced, and leading a gallant charge in person against the foe, he routed the portion of the rebel line against which he advanced, capturing three cannon.

Equally gallant and successful was a charge upon the right, by the Twelfth Division, under General Hovey of Indiana. But no valor exhibited on that day of heroic deeds is more worthy of honorable mention than that of Amos Neagle, a private in the Ninety-seventh Regiment of Illinois Cavalry, who captured the color-bearer and the colors of the Fifteenth Arkansas. The rebel banner was inscribed with the names of four battle-fields, "Oak Hills," "Elkhorn," "Corinth," and "Hatchie Bridge."

The battle occupied much of the day. During the darkness of the succeeding night the rebels retreated, leaving the road open for the march of the patriots to Port Gibson unopposed. The severity of this conflict may be estimated from the loss of the Union troops, which consisted of 130 killed 700 wounded and 3 missing. Five cannon and more than a thousand prisoners were captured from the rebels. Grant's dispatch to the Government, giving an account of the battle, was written by moonlight on the

field. This victory was attended with glorious results. The routed rebels retreated across the Big Black River. Grand Gulf, thus outflanked and no longer tenable, was precipitately abandoned, the guns spiked, and the ammunition destroyed. On the 3d of May the deserted works were taken possession of by the fleet. It became immediately a very important base for General Grant's supplies until his plans for the investment of Vicksburg could be completed.

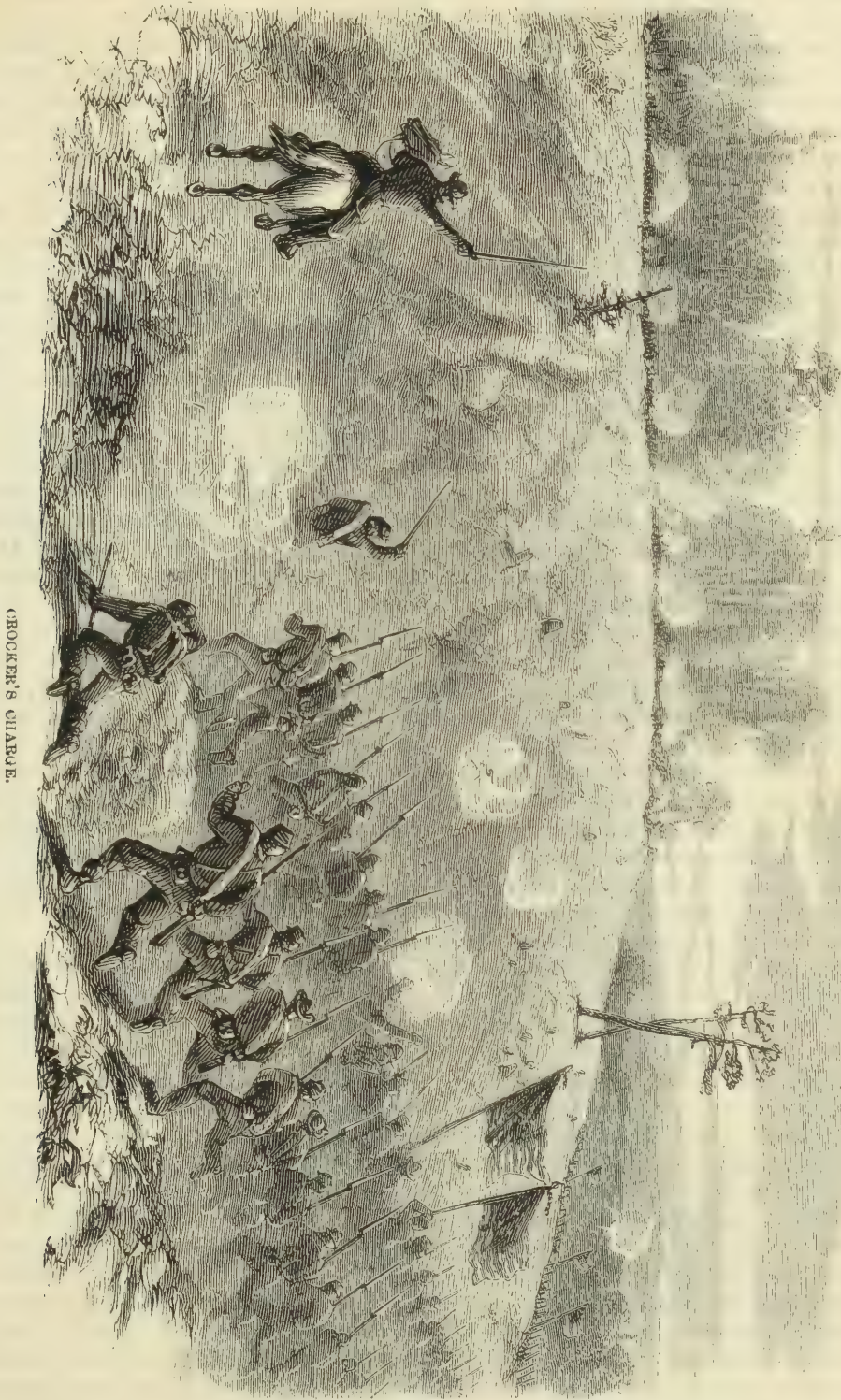
The rebel army was now divided. General Bowen had retreated across the Big Black River. General Joe Johnston was gathering another rebel army at Jackson, the capital of the State of Mississippi, an important military post situated at the junction of two railroads. The rebels had here large magazines of supplies. General Pemberton was in command at Vicksburg. He was to form a junction with Bowen and assail General Grant in front, while General Johnston, with the large force he was gathering was to fall on the patriot rear. The plan was excellent, but General Grant spoiled its execution. Deceiving his foes into the belief that he was making arrangements to pursue the fugitives across the Big Black, he suddenly and rapidly sent his whole army to the east, moving along the southern bank of the river. At the same time he abandoned his line of communication with the Grand Gulf, depending for the supply of his army upon forage and such stores as he could take with him.

In this advance General M'Pherson's corps took the right, moving directly upon Jackson, by the way of Raymond. Generals Sherman and M'Clermand took the left, keeping close to the Big Black and threatening the railroad between Jackson and Vicksburg. The ferries across the river were closely guarded so as to conceal General Grant's real intentions. These several corps of the patriot army were carefully kept within supporting distance of each other. General Grant's design was to seize the city of Jackson, scatter the army which Johnston was gathering there, and destroy the supplies he had accumulated. Then, having dispersed the one rebel army, he would turn suddenly about and destroy the other at Vicksburg. His plan was good. He accomplished it.

On the 12th of May General Logan came up with the enemy, two brigades strong, three miles in front of the town of Raymond. They were advantageously posted in a piece of timber, but were driven out after some hard fighting. Falling back a little way the rebels re-formed at Farnden's Creek. The banks of the creek were steep, and there was but little water in the channel. In front of the creek there was an open field. The rebels, crouching in this natural rifle-pit, could effectually sweep the approach with their fire, while they were protected.

Here again apparent rashness was the only prudence. A charge was ordered, impetuously made, and after a brief but terrible struggle the rebels were driven from their lurking-place, and were again on the retreat. In this brief, fiery





CROCKER'S CHARGE.

storm of war the patriots lost 69 killed, 341 wounded, and 32 missing.

In Raymond copies of the Jackson papers of the previous day were found, from which the patriots read with amusement that they had been thoroughly defeated at Grand Gulf and Port Gibson, and were falling back to the protection of their gun-boats. The following day General McPherson entered Clinton. That night the rain fell in torrents, and continued to fall until noon of the 14th, making the roads very miry. The advance was, however, still continued, and the troops, animated by past success, pushed forward through mud and rain without a murmur.

In the afternoon of the 14th the enemy were again encountered, in line of battle, upon the crest of a hill over which the road passed, about two and a half miles from Jackson. At the foot of this hill there was an open plain which the rebel batteries effectually commanded. After a short artillery duel and some indecisive skirmishing, General Crocker ordered a charge. The patriots, with slow, measured, and resolute step, with banners unfurled and bugle peals, as on dress parade, moved across the plain, and up the hill regardless of volley after volley of death-dealing bullets which greeted their approach. Though great rents were made in their line, and



the dead and the wounded were left strewn along their path, not a foot faltered. It was like the march of a spirit host, whom shot could not terrify and who returned no answering fire. Not until they were within thirty yards of the rebel line did the patriots discharge a gun. Then with unerring aim the whole line flashed with fire; and with a cheer, which burst simultaneously and almost frenziedly from every throat, they rushed, with fixed bayonets, upon the foe.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." The guilty rebels, desperate men as they were, fighting not to establish but to overthrow free institutions, could not stand the onset, though they had every advantage of preparation and position. Their momentary resistance was swept away by the impetuosity of the charge. Breaking they fled in confusion, leaving a battery of six pieces to fall into the hands of the patriots. The victors pressed joyously forward, and that night occupied Jackson, the capital of Mississippi.

General Grant gave his bewildered foes no time to recover from their consternation. The evening of the capture of Jackson he learned that the rebel General Pemberton was advancing from Vicksburg to attack him in the rear. Leaving General Sherman to destroy the railroads, bridges, and governmental work-shops in Jackson, he immediately faced about with the remainder of his army, and, by converging lines, advanced toward Edwards's Dépôt, two miles east of the Big Black River. At this point the rebels were said to be strongly fortified. The rebel General Johnston, with ten batteries of artillery and twenty-five thousand men, was preparing to descend from the North; and thus General Grant was to be crushed between these two armies. General Grant's salvation depended upon his crushing or dispersing the troops of Pemberton before Johnston should arrive. General Pemberton selected his position with skill, which he had acquired at the expense of the United States at West Point. The main road, by which the patriots must advance, passing over open fields, turned suddenly to the south, and ascended diagonally a heavy swell of land with a precipitous front, called Champion's Hill. The upper side of this road and the crest of the hill was covered with thick timber. Below were open fields. The rebels had stationed themselves under cover of these woods. Their batteries commanded the road and swept the open fields.

Here General Grant came upon the foe, and immediately opened the drama of battle. General Grant was upon the field, and commanded in person. The battle commenced about nine o'clock in the morning. The rebels, massing their forces, hurled them upon the centre of the patriot line, which was under the command of General Hovey. For a time he held his heroic, well-trying troops firm under the tremendous onset. But the fire grew hotter and deadlier. From the concealment of the woods incessant volleys of bullets swept their ranks, and no available shot could be returned. A more ter-

rible musketry fire was perhaps never experienced.

At length General Hovey was compelled to fall back. He did this, however, slowly and in perfect order, as he expected every moment reinforcements. Soon they arrived—General Quimby's division of M'Pherson's corps. Thus strengthened he massed his artillery, concentrated it upon the advancing foe, and brought them to a stand. Just at this moment came the word that General Logan had gained a position on the rebel left, and was threatening their rear. Then the order was given to charge. With a cheer the patriots rushed on, and the rebels were driven back, pell-mell, to their thickets. Onward streamed the victors. The foe, vanquished, bewildered, disheartened, fled from their covert, and disappeared over the brow of the hill. The patriots were soon in possession of Edwards's Station, but not until the retreating rebels had set fire to five car-loads of ammunition, which they had time to destroy but not to remove.

Thus ended the battle of Champion's Hill, or Edwards's Station. It was the most decisive of Grant's battles in his advance on Vicksburg. It really decided the campaign; for Generals Pemberton and Johnston could no longer hope to effect a junction. Over one thousand prisoners and two batteries fell into the Union hands. This great victory, however, was not purchased but at a corresponding price. Nearly one-third of General Hovey's division was placed *hors du combat*. The entire patriot loss was 429 killed, 1842 wounded, and 189 missing.

The next morning, the 17th, General M'Clermand, in hot pursuit of the foe, came upon them in force at the Big Black River. Here the fugitives had made another stand, determined to resist the passage. The position was admirable for the purpose for which it was chosen, and a bloody battle was anticipated. As the patriot troops approached the river over a plain, they found before them a bayou, about twenty feet wide and three feet deep, which with wide protecting sweep encircled a rebel battery of eighteen guns. Just beyond, on a bluff which fringed the farther bank of the river, were seen another array of batteries and of troops. The bayou broke out from the river above the hostile position, and, after the sweep of a mile, entered it below. Both the railroad and turnpike crossed the bayou and the river at this point, upon bridges, side by side. To reach the opposite shore it was necessary to march over the open plain, and cross both the bayou and the river in the face of the rebel batteries.

General M'Clermand immediately commenced an artillery attack upon the rebel position, to which there was a vigorous response. Almost at the first fire General Osterhaus was wounded so as to disable him. General A. L. Lee was assigned temporarily to his command. While this not very effectual conflict was taking place at the centre, General Lawler succeeded in approaching quite near the rebel works on the



right unobserved. Here, casting off their blankets and their knapsacks, and fixing their bayonets, his men rushed from their concealment, passed the open field, and plunged into the stagnant waters of the bayou. A murderous fire of shot and shell was instantly turned upon them, reddening the water with their blood.

But the assault from that direction was so sudden and unlooked-for that the rebel fire was not given with such destructive aim as usual. The bayou was successfully crossed, and the surrender of the rebel works demanded at the point of the bayonet. A score of extemporized white flags rose along the line, and the works were yielded without further resistance. The two bridges spanning the river were destroyed by the rebels before the victorious patriots could cross. But fifteen hundred prisoners with eighteen cannon, beside quite a supply of ammunition and small-arms, fell into the hands of the victors. The Union loss was 373 killed, wounded, and missing.

In the mean time General Sherman had moved to a point above, and crossed the river on the 18th. Thence, turning to the right, he marched for the Yazoo River, so as to come in upon the rear of the rebel works, which five months before he had endeavored in vain to carry by assault in front. Admiral Porter had been already several days in the Yazoo, waiting to co-operate with him in opening a new line of communication with the patriot army.

The rebels now abandoned their position on the Big Black as no longer tenable. General M'Clermand bridged the stream and pressed on toward Vicksburg, turning to the south as he approached the city. On the morning of the 19th the doomed city was completely invested. The national lines extended from the Yazoo above to Warrenton on the Mississippi below. The rebel army were cooped up in their fortress without a possibility of escape.

The memorable events of the siege, which continued for about two months, we have not space to record. All the arts of offensive and defensive war were exhausted by the combatants. The rebels found themselves in a gripe which was daily tightening. Food became scarce. The soldiers were reduced to quarter rations. Ammunition failed. The patriot shot and shell began to explode in the heart of the city itself. The people lived in caves and cellars. Exploding mines opened immense gaps through the rebel ramparts. The 4th of July was now at hand. It was supposed that on that illustrious day the patriots would make their final assault. The weakened and disheartened garrison would be able to present but feeble resistance. On the 3d of July General Pemberton sent two officers with a flag of truce to arrange terms for the capitulation.

"This I do," he said, "though fully able to maintain my position for an indefinite period of time, in order to avoid the further effusion of blood."

General Grant replied: "Your note of this

date, just received, proposes an armistice of several hours for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation through commissioners to be appointed. The effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose by an *unconditional surrender* of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due them as prisoners of war. I do not favor the appointing commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation, because I have no other terms than those indicated above."

General Grant was then requested to hold a personal interview with General Pemberton. He consented. At 3 o'clock that afternoon, at a preconcerted signal, General Grant, accompanied by Generals M'Pherson and A. J. Smith, and General Pemberton, accompanied by General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, stepped out simultaneously from their respective fortifications. They met in an open space between the two lines, under the shade of a gigantic oak. The respective armies, swarming like bees upon their ramparts, watched with intensest interest the interview which involved results so vast. General Pemberton was the first to speak.

"General Grant," said he, "I meet you in order to arrange terms for the capitulation of the city of Vicksburg and its garrison. What terms do you propose?"

"Unconditional surrender!" was the reply.

"Unconditional surrender!" repeated General Pemberton. "Never, so long as I have a man left me. I will fight rather."

"Then, Sir," rejoined General Grant, "you can continue the defense. My army has never been in a better condition for the prosecution of the siege."

The two generals, as by a mutually instinctive movement, separated themselves from their companions, and retiring a short distance by themselves, continued the interview. No definite result was reached. It was, however, agreed that General Grant should confer with his officers, and transmit in writing to General Pemberton the terms he would accept. Promptly the note was sent to General Pemberton. It demanded, as ever, the entire surrender of the place, the garrison, and the stores.

"On your accepting the terms proposed," the note stated, "I will march in one division as a guard, and take possession at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. As soon as paroles can be made out, and signed by the officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them their regimental clothing, and staff, field, and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property."

Early the next morning, the glorious 4th of July, General Pemberton's reply was returned. He accepted the terms on condition that his troops should be permitted to march out with





THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN GRANT AND PEMBERTON.

their colors and arms, stacking them outside of their works.

Thus, after a campaign really of six months duration, and of nearly two months vigorous siege, the rebel batteries of Vicksburg, which had insolently attempted to rob a nation of the most majestic river on the globe, fell, and the Mississippi was again thrown open for the unrestricted commerce of the United States from Cairo to the Gulf. During the progress of the campaign the rebels were defeated in five battles outside of Vicksburg. Jackson, the capital of the State, as well as Vicksburg, was captured. The enemy lost thirty-seven thousand prisoners,

including fifteen general officers. At least ten thousand were killed and wounded, including Generals Tracy, Tilghman, and Green. Arms and munitions of war for an army of sixty thousand men, besides an immense amount of public property, consisting of railroads, locomotives, cars, steamboats, cotton, etc., fell into the hands of the victors. The total loss of General Grant's army during the campaign, in killed, wounded, and missing, is estimated at eight thousand five hundred and seventy-five. When we contemplate this achievement in all its aspects, it must be admitted that it stands prominent among the most heroic deeds of heroic men.





## AFTER THE STORM.

ALONG the shore, along the shore,  
 While hush'd is now the tempest's din,  
 Except the sullen muffled roar  
 Of breakers rolling slowly in,  
 A woman tow'rd the sea-line dark  
 Turns, as she walks, her tearful eyes:  
 "I see no sail, no boat, no bark—  
 Alas! alas!" she weeping cries.

Along the shore, along the shore,  
 The Fisher's Wife still hurries on,  
 And scans the tawny ocean o'er,  
 Still heaving though the storm has gone.  
 Last night the gale that fiercely blew  
 Loud sough'd against the window-pane;  
 She could not weep—ah! well she knew  
 What bark was on the angry main.

Along the shore, along the shore,  
 Where roll the waves with ceaseless din,  
 The Fisher's Wife shall see no more  
 The red-sail'd lugger coming in.

Alas! where far the dark sea-line  
 The sky from ocean doth divide,  
 The bark lies swallow'd by the brine  
 A score of fathoms 'neath the tide!

Along the shore, along the shore,  
 Though dark her grief, the mourner hears  
 A voice that whispers, "Weep no more,  
 For I will wipe away thy tears.  
 Vain is the tempest's wrath, and vain  
 The billows' rage with ruin fed:  
 The lost one I will bring again—  
 THE SEA SHALL RENDER UP THE DEAD!"

Along the shore, along the shore,  
 That skirts the everlasting main,  
 How oft we weep what never more  
 The waves of Time bring back again!  
 And while years rolling boom the dirge  
 Of hopes long swallow'd by the brine,  
 How oft a fruitless search we urge,  
 And vainly scan the dark sea-line!



## SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.



STATUE OF JACKSON, IN NEW ORLEANS.

## XII.—DEFENSE OF NEW ORLEANS.\*

IN a previous number of these sketches we have noticed the fact that the British Government made ample preparations, as they believed, for the subjugation of the Americans and the ending of the war, in 1814. The release of a large number of Wellington's veteran troops from service on the Continent had given that Government control of military strength that seemed to be quite sufficient to accomplish the desired result. The successful ravages on the American coasts during that year, and the capture of the National Capital, gave such assurance of full and final victory to British arms that, at the middle of December, Lord Castlereagh, the English Prime Minister, then in Paris, said, exultingly: "I expect, at this moment, that most of the large sea-port towns of America are by this time laid in ashes; that we are in possession of New Orleans, and have command of all the rivers of the Mississippi Valley and the Lakes, and that the Americans are now little better than prisoners in their own country."

Events already accomplished and preparations made justified the expectations of the Brit-

ish premier. A powerful land and naval force had been sent to the Gulf of Mexico for the purpose of seizing New Orleans, and penetrating the country northward by way of the Mississippi with such vigor as to co-operate powerfully with invading British forces from the Canadas. The Government calculated largely on the passive acquiescence, if not actual assistance, of the French and Spanish inhabitants of Louisiana, who had been opposed to the rule of the United States Government, and also upon the aid of the slaves, whose freedom was to be proclaimed when the British troops should obtain a sure foot-hold on the borders of the Mississippi River or the Gulf of Mexico.

At that time there was a community of outlaws engaged in privateering and smuggling, whose head-quarters were on a low island called Grand Terre, six miles in length and one and a half in breadth, which lies at the entrance to Barataria Bay from the Gulf of Mexico, little less than sixty miles southwest from New Orleans in a direct line. From that island there is a water communication for small vessels through lakes and bayous to within a mile of the Mississippi River, just above New Orleans. Toward the Gulf is a fine beach, and to it inhabitants of the "Crescent City" resort during the heats of the summer months. The Bay forms a sheltered harbor, in which the privateers of the Baratarians (as the smugglers were called) and those associated with them lay securely

\* This is the concluding paper of the series of sketches of events in the War of 1812. The pictures that have embellished them are from Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812," now in the press of Harper and Brothers, and illustrated by over eight hundred engravings.



from the besom of the "Norther" that sweeps occasionally over the Gulf; and also from the cannon of ships of war, for the Bay is inaccessible to such ponderous and bulky craft. The community of marauders there formed a regularly organized association, at the head of which was Jean Lafitte, a shrewd Frenchman and blacksmith from Bordeaux, who had long wielded the forging hammer in St. Philip's Street, New Orleans. He had caused a battery of heavy guns to be pointed seaward for the protection of his company of Baratarians; and there might be seen at all times shrewd and cautious men from New Orleans, having "honorable mention" in that community, purchasing at cheap rates for profitable sales the rich booty of the sea robbers, and thereby laying broadly the foundations of the fortunes of many a wealthy family living in the Southwest when the great civil war broke out in 1861. Lafitte became known in history, romance, and song as the "Pirate of the Gulf."

He was not a corsair in the meaning of the law of nations, and his crimes, such as they were, were not against humanity, but were violations of the revenue and neutrality laws of the United States. "I may have evaded the payment of duties at the custom-house, but I have never ceased to be a good citizen," said Lafitte, on one occasion; and then, with the usual plea of a culprit, he added: "All the offenses I have ever committed have been forced upon me by certain vices in the laws."

The British authorities were acquainted with the Baratarians and the fact that the United States Government had, by legal proceedings, made them outlaws, and, as the English supposed, the bitter enemies of the Republic. Acting upon this belief the British sent an agent to engage them as allies in the invasion of Louisiana, because their knowledge of the peculiar country and their fleet of small craft used as transports might enable the invaders to place a heavy land-force in the rear of New Orleans, cut it off from its supplies and reinforcements, and make its capture an easy task. Accordingly, at the close of August, a single British brig, detached from a squadron in the West Indies, appeared off Barataria Bay, and on the morning of the 2d of September a signal-gun upon her deck announced her presence. Lafitte immediately left Grand Terre in a small boat rowed by four men, and started in the direction of the sound of the signal-gun to ascertain its meaning. He was met by a boat from the brig, bearing four English officers. These were conducted to the Baratarian rendezvous and elegantly entertained by the leader, when a package addressed to "Mr. Lafitte" was handed to him. It contained letters from British officials, and a proclamation to the inhabitants of Louisiana and Kentucky by the British commander in the Floridas, calling upon the former to "assist in liberating from a faithless, imbecile Government" their "paternal soil," and upon the latter to "range themselves under the standard

of their forefathers, or observe a strict neutrality." They offered every inducement which a desire for wealth and honor might crave for Lafitte to join them in the contemplated invasion of Louisiana; and the chief bearer of the dispatches (Captain Lockyer, of the British navy) assured him that his vessels and men would be enlisted in the honorable service of the Royal Navy.

Lafitte had amassed a large fortune by his lawless pursuits, and perceived the danger that menaced his trade, his possessions, and his liberty. Already his brother, who had been his chief agent in New Orleans, was in prison for his offenses, and the authorities of the United States were preparing to strike a withering blow at Barataria. Lafitte, willing to save himself and his possessions, and preferring to be called a patriot rather than a pirate, asked the British messengers to allow him a few days for consideration. When they had departed he sent the important papers left with him to the Governor of Louisiana through the hands of a friend in the city, to whom he wrote a letter, saying, "Though proscribed in my adopted country, I will never miss an occasion of serving her, or of proving that she has never ceased to be dear to me."

The revelations made by Lafitte were not accepted as true by the Government officials; but the people believed them, and held a large meeting in consequence at the St. Louis Exchange, in New Orleans, on the 16th of September. They were eloquently addressed by the late Edward Livingston, then a leading citizen of Louisiana, who urged the inhabitants to make immediate preparations to repel the contemplated invasion. They appointed a Committee of Safety, composed of the most distinguished citizens of New Orleans, with Livingston as Chairman, who sent forth a stirring address to the people. Governor Claiborne, who, like Livingston, believed the statements of Lafitte, sent copies of the British papers to General Jackson, then at Mobile. The patriotic fire in the bosom of that hero glowed with tenfold intensity when this scheme of invasion was laid before him. He issued a stirring appeal to the inhabitants of Louisiana; and on the same day he addressed a proclamation to the free people of color in that State, inviting them to unite under the banner of their country for the purpose of contributing to its defense.

Jackson now set about the task of making the practical triple alliance of Britons, Spaniards, and Indians in Florida harmless before he should march for the defense of New Orleans. He invited volunteers from Tennessee, and two thousand soon rallied under his standard. On the 2d of November he turned his face toward Pensacola with three thousand men, and on the 6th he appeared before that town and demanded its instant surrender. It was refused, and the next day he fought his way into the place, cowed the Spanish authorities into meek submission, drove the British to their



shipping in the harbor, and was about to take possession of Fort Barrancas, when it was blown up, the torch having been applied by a British hand. Two days afterward he abandoned Pensacola and returned to Mobile, where he found urgent messages in waiting, with pressing invitations to hasten to the defense of New Orleans. He had accomplished three important results, namely: the expulsion of the British from Pensacola; the scattering of the Indians through the forests, alarmed and dejected; and the punishment of the Spaniards for much perfidy.

Jackson departed for New Orleans on the 21st of November, and arrived there on the 2d of December, and made his head-quarters at what is now 86 (formerly 104) Royal Street.



JACKSON'S CITY QUARTERS.

He found the city utterly defenseless, and the councils of the people distracted by petty factions. The patriotic Governor Claiborne had called the Legislature of Louisiana together as early as the 5th of October. The members were divided into several factions, and there was neither union, nor harmony, nor confidence to be found. The people, alarmed and distrustful, complained of the Legislature; that body, in turn, complained of the Governor; and Claiborne complained of both the Legislature and the people. Money and credit were equally wanting, and arms and ammunition were very scarce. There was no effective naval force in the waters; and only two small militia regiments, and a weak battalion of uniformed volunteers, commanded by Major Plauché, a gallant Creole, constituted the military force of the city. The storehouses were filled with valuable merchandise, and it would be natural for the owners to prefer the surrender of the city at once to a seemingly invincible foe, to incurring the risk of the destruction of their property by a resistance that should invite a fiery bombardment. In every aspect the situation was most

gloomy when Jackson arrived, worn down with sickness, fatigue, and anxiety. His advent was hailed with great joy by the citizens, for he was regarded as a host in himself; and the cry of "Jackson's come! Jackson's come!" went like an electric spark in eager words from lip to lip, giving hope to the desponding, courage to the timid, and confidence to the patriotic.

Jackson did not rest for a moment. He organized the feeble military force in the city, took measures for obstructing the large bayous whose waters formed convenient communications between the Mississippi near New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, and proceeded to inspect and strengthen the fortifications in the vicinity and to erect new ones. Fort St. Philip, below the city, was the object of his special care; for on that he mainly relied for preventing the passage of the river by the vessels of the invaders.

The expected enemy soon appeared. The army that captured Washington and was repulsed at Baltimore had left the Chesapeake toward the middle of October, three thousand strong, and sailed away for the West Indies in the fleets of Admirals Cochrane and Malcoln. These were soon joined by over four thousand troops under General Keane, a gallant young Irish officer, which had sailed from Plymouth in September. The combined forces were assembled in Negril Bay, Jamaica, and in over fifty vessels of all sizes more than seven thousand land troops were borne across the Gulf of Mexico, in the direction of New Orleans. They left Negril Bay on the 26th of November, and first saw the northern shore of the Gulf, off the Chandeleur Islands, between the mouth of the Mississippi and Lake Borgne, in the midst of a furious storm, on the 9th of December. Music, dancing, theatrical performances, and hilarity of every kind had been indulged in during the passage of the Gulf, for every man felt confident that an easy conquest of Louisiana awaited them. The wives of many officers accompanied them, and were filled with the most delightful anticipations of pleasure in the beautiful New World before them.

The British supposed the Americans to be profoundly ignorant of their expedition. They anchored the fleet in the deep channel between Ship and Cat Islands, near the entrance to Lake Borgne, and prepared small vessels for the transportation of troops over the shallow waters of that region with great expedition, hoping to surprise and capture New Orleans before their presence should be fairly suspected. They were disappointed. The revelations of Lafitte had made officers and people vigilant; and early in December Commodore Patterson, then commanding the naval station at New Orleans, was warned by a letter from Pensacola of the approach of a powerful British land and naval armament. That vigilant officer immediately sent out five gun-boats, a tender, and a dispatch-boat toward the passes of Mariana and Christiana, as scouts to watch for the enemy.



They were commanded by Lieutenant (late Commodore) Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, who sent two gun-boats, under the respective commands of Lieutenant M'Keever and Sailing-Master Ulrick, to Dauphin Island, at the entrance to Mobile Bay, to catch the first intelligence of the foe. They discovered the great fleet on the 10th of December, and hastened to report the fact to Commodore Jones. Patterson had ordered that officer to take such position as would enable him, in the event of the enemy making his way into Lake Borgne, to cut off his barges and prevent the landing of troops. If Jones should be hard pressed he was to fall back to the mud-fort of Petites Coquilles, near the mouth of the Rigolets, between Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, and shelter his vessels under its guns.

When, on the afternoon of the 10th, the fog that succeeded the storm had cleared away, and the British fleet were in full view, Jones made for the Pass Christiana with his little flotilla, where he anchored and awaited the approach of the invaders. He was discovered by the enemy on the 13th, much to their astonishment. It was evident that the Americans were acquainted with the intentions of the British, and had made preparations to meet them. Cochrane immediately gave orders for a change in the plan of operations. It would not do to attempt the landing of troops while American gun-boats were patrolling the waters of Lake Borgne. So he prepared a flotilla of almost sixty barges, the most of them carrying a carronade in the bow and an ample number of armed volunteers from the fleet, and sent them, in command of Captain Lockyer, to capture or destroy the American vessels. These were observed by Jones at four o'clock in the afternoon, when, in obedience of orders, he proceeded with his flotilla toward the Rigolets. A calm and adverse water currents would not allow him to pass the channel between Point Clear of the main and Malheureux Island, and there he anchored at two o'clock on the morning of the 14th. Jones's flag-ship was a little sloop of eighty tons, and the other vessels of his tiny squadron were commanded respectively by sailing-masters Ferris and Ulrick, and Lieutenants M'Keever and Speddon. The aggregate number of men was one hundred and eighty-two, and of guns twenty-three.

With a cool morning breeze the British barges, containing twelve hundred men, bore down upon Jones's flotilla, while the tender *Alligator* was in the distance, vainly endeavoring to join the Americans. The barges, with six oars on each side, formed a long parallel line, and in that order swept rapidly forward, while Jones reserved his fire until they were within close range. Then M'Keever hurled a thirty-two pound ball over the water, and a shower of grape-shot, which broke the British line and made great confusion. But the invaders pushed forward, and at half-past eleven o'clock the engagement became general and desperate. At one time Jones's boat was attacked by no less than fifteen

barges. The *Alligator* was captured early, and by the force of overwhelming numbers the British, after a combat of almost an hour, gained a complete victory. It was at the cost of several of their barges, that were shattered and sunk, and about three hundred men killed and wounded. The Americans lost only six men killed and thirty-five wounded. Among the latter were Lieutenants Jones, M'Keever, Parker, and Speddon. The British commander (Lockyer) was severely wounded; so also was Lieutenant Pratt, who, under the direction of Cockburn, had fired the national buildings of Washington City a little more than a hundred days before.

The capture of the American gun-boats gave the British complete control of Lake Borgne; and the lighter transports, filled with troops, immediately entered it. Ship after ship got aground, until at length the troops were all placed in small boats and conveyed about thirty miles to the *Isle des Pois* (or Peas Island), at the mouth of the Pearl River, and that desert spot was made the place of general rendezvous. There they landed between the 16th and 20th of December, and there General Keane organized his army for future operations.

Cochrane had been informed by some former Spanish residents of New Orleans that at the northwestern extremity of Lake Borgne there was a bayou called *Bienvenu*, navigable for large barges to within a short distance of the Mississippi River, just below New Orleans. He sent a party to explore it. They followed this bayou, and a canal across Villeré's plantation, to a point half a mile from the Mississippi, and nine miles below New Orleans, and hastening back reported that the transportation of troops through that bayou was feasible. Vigorous measures were immediately adopted for an advance upon New Orleans, where, the British troops were assured, wealth and ease awaited them. They were encouraged by ex-officials of the old Spanish government of Louisiana, who went to the British camp from New Orleans, and represented Jackson as an ignorant tyrant, detested by the people, and void of any efficient means for defending the city.

Jackson was informed of the capture of the American gun-boats early on the 15th, when returning from a tour of observation in the direction of the River Chef-Menteur, northeastward of the city. He at once perceived the importance of securing the passage of the Chef-Menteur Road, that crosses the plain of Gentilly in that direction from the city to the strait between Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, and he ordered Major Lacoste, with his militia battalion of colored men, and the dragoons of Feliciana, to proceed at once with two pieces of artillery, take post at the confluence of Bayou Sauvage and the River Chef-Menteur, to guard the road, cast up a redoubt at its terminus, and watch and oppose the enemy. He also proceeded to fortify and strengthen every point of approach to the city; sent messengers to Generals Coffee, Carroll, and Thomas, urging them to hasten to



New Orleans with their commands as quickly as possible, and forwarded a dispatch to General Winchester, in command at Mobile, directing him to be on the alert. Then he appointed the 18th of December for a grand review of all the remaining troops in New Orleans, in front of the old Cathedral of St. Louis, in the Place d'Armes, one of the yet remaining relics of the Spanish dominion in Louisiana. It was a memorable day in New Orleans. The whole population were out to witness the spectacle. The impending danger was great, while the military force was small and weak. Strength and resolution were communicated to it by stirring sentences from the lips of Jackson, and a thrilling and eloquent appeal which was read by his aid-de-camp, Edward Livingston. The enthusiasm of the soldiers and citizens was intense; and Jackson, taking advantage of that state of public feeling, silenced the distracting voices of faction by declaring martial law and the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*.

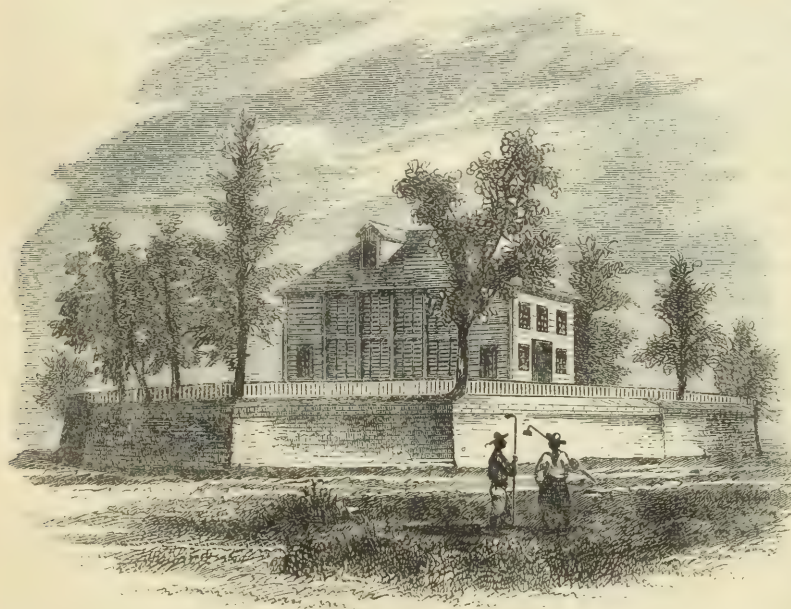
When the review was over Major Plauché was sent with his battalion to the Bayou St. John, northward of the city; and at its mouth, on Lake Pontchartrain, Major Hughes was in command of Fort St. John; the Baratarians, on the urgent solicitation of their chief, Lafitte, were accepted as volunteers, mustered into the ranks, and drilled to the performance of important services, under the command of Captains Dominique, You, Bluche, Songis, Lagand, and Colson, at Forts Petites Coquilles, St. Philip, and St. John. The people cheerfully submitted to martial law, and in the languages of England, France, and Spain, the streets were made to resound with "Yankee Doodle," the "Marseillaise Hymn," and the "Chant du Depart." The women were as enthusiastic as the men; and at windows, on balconies, in the streets and public squares, they applauded the passing soldiers by waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs and

uttering cheering words. Martial music was continually heard, and New Orleans appeared more like a military camp than a quiet mart of commerce. Business was mostly suspended, and the Legislature passed a law for prolonging the term of payment on all contracts until the 1st of the ensuing May. Military rule was complete. Able-bodied men of every age, color, and nationality, excepting British, were pressed into the service; suspicious persons were sent out of the city, and no one was allowed to pass the chain of sentinels around it without a proper official permission.

While these preparations for the reception of the invaders were in progress, the British were making unceasing efforts to press forward and take New Orleans by surprise. They had determined to make use of the Bayou Bienvenu and Villeré's Canal for the purpose; but with all their exertions, and after pressing the captured gun-boats into the service, they could not muster vessels enough fitted to navigate that bayou to carry more than one-third of the army. Keane felt so confident of success, even with a small part of his force, that he could not brook further delay; and on the morning of the 22d of December—a rainy, chilly, cheerless morning—a flotilla filled with troops set out; the advance, comprising eighteen hundred men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Thornton, who had been wounded at Bladensburg. These were accompanied by General Keane and his staff, and other important officers, and followed by the remainder, and Admiral Cochrane in a schooner, at a proper distance, to watch and direct the squadron. All day and all night they were out upon the lake in open boats. A clear sky and biting frost came at sunset, and the wet clothing of the soldiers was stiffened into iciness by the cold night air. Their discomforts ended in a measure at dawn, when they reached the Fisherman's Village (inhabited by

Spanish and Portuguese, who were spies and traitors), at the mouth of the Bayou Bienvenu. They were only twelve miles from New Orleans, and not a soul in that city suspected their approach.

Yet there were vigilant eyes, wide open, watching the invaders. At the head of the Bayou Bienvenu was the plantation of General Villeré, the commander of the first division of Louisiana militia. Jackson had instructed his son, Major Gabriel Villeré, to watch that bayou with a competent picket-guard.—He did so faithfully; but when the British landed at Fisherman's Village they captured the most of them.



FORT ST. JOHN IN 1860.





VILLERÉ'S MANSION.

It proved to be a fortunate circumstance; for these men so magnified the number of Jackson's troops, and the strength of the defenses around New Orleans, that they moved cautiously, and failed to surprise the vigilant hero in the city. They moved slowly up the bayou; but when they reached Villeré's Canal the active Thornton pushed forward with a detachment, surrounded the mansion of the plantation, which is in sight of the Mississippi, and succeeded in capturing Major Villeré. He soon escaped, fled to the house of his neighbor, the gallant Colonel de la Ronde, and in a boat they hastened across the Mississippi. There, at the stables of M. de la Croix, one of the Committee of Public Safety of New Orleans, they procured fleet horses, and with that gentleman rode swiftly up the levee on the right bank of the river, and crossed again at New Orleans to warn Jackson of the approach of the foe. Augustus Rousseau, an active young creole who had been sent by Captain Ducros, was already there. He had reached Jackson's head-quarters in Royal Street, with the startling intelligence, at about one o'clock, and a few minutes afterward Major Villeré and his party entered. "Gentlemen," said Jackson to the officers and citizens around him, "the British are below; we must fight them to-night." He then ordered three discharges of cannon to give the alarm, and sent marching orders to several of the military commanders.

Jackson's call upon Coffee, Carroll, and others had been quickly responded to. Coffee came speedily over the long and tedious route, from Fort Jackson on the Alabama River, to Baton Rouge, and was now encamped, with his brigade of mounted riflemen, on Avart's plantation, five miles above New Orleans. The active young

Carroll, who had left Nashville in November with Tennessee militia, arrived in flat-boats and barges at about the same time, and brought into camp a regiment of young, brave, well-armed, but inexperienced soldiers, expert in the use of the rifle, and eager for battle. They landed on the 22d of December, and were hailed by Jackson with great joy. A troop of horse, under the dashing young Hinds, raised in Louisiana, came at about the same time.

When, in the afternoon of the 23d, Jackson issued his marching orders, Coffee's brigade was five miles above the city; Plauché's battalion was at Bayou St. John, two miles distant; the Louisiana militia and half of Lacoste's colored battalion were three miles off on the Gentilly Road, and the regulars (Forty-fourth) under Colonel Ross, with Colonel M'Rea's artillery, a little more than eight hundred strong, were at Fort St. Charles, on the site of the present United States Branch Mint in New Orleans, and in the city barracks. Within an hour after Jackson was informed that the invaders were on the direct road to the city along the river, and only nine miles distant, these troops were all in motion under special orders. Carroll and his Tennesseans were dispatched to the upper branch of the Bayou Bienvenu; further up the Gentilly Road Governor Claiborne was stationed, with the Louisiana militia; and Coffee's brigade, Plauché's, and D'Aquin's battalions, Hind's dragoons, the New Orleans rifles, under Captain Beale, and a few Choctaw Indians, commanded by Captain Jugeat, were ordered to rendezvous at Montreuil's plantation, and hasten to Canal Rodriguez, six miles below the city, and there prepare to advance upon the foe. Commodore Patterson was directed to proceed down the Mississippi to the flank of the British at Villeré's,



with such armed vessels as might be in readiness. Such was the scanty force with which Jackson proceeded to fight a foe of unknown numbers and strength.

While Jackson was assembling his troops the invaders were making ready to march on New Orleans that night and take it by surprise. They sent forward a negro to distribute a proclamation, signed by General Keane and Admiral Cochrane, printed in French and Spanish, which read thus :

“*Louisianians!* remain quietly in your homes; your slaves shall be preserved to you, and your property respected. We make war only against Americans.”

The British were bivouacked on the highest part of Villeré's plantation, at the side of the levee, and on the plain; and in the court between Villeré's house (in which Keane and some of his officers made their head-quarters) and his sugar-works they had mounted several cannon. They were in fine spirits. Full one-half of the invading troops had been brought to the banks of the Mississippi, only nine miles from New Orleans, without firing a gun after capturing Jones's flotilla, and they believed their near approach to be wholly unknown, and even unsuspected, in the city. They were soon undeceived.

At seven o'clock in the evening the schooner *Carolina*, the only vessel in readiness at New Orleans, commanded by Captain Henley, dropped down the river, and anchored off Villeré's, within musket-shot distance of the centre of the British camp. At half past seven she opened a tremendous fire from her batteries, and in the course of ten minutes killed or wounded at least a hundred men. The British extinguished their camp-fires, and poured upon the *Carolina* a shower of bullets and Congress rockets, but with no serious effect. In less than half an hour the schooner drove the enemy from their camp, and produced great confusion among them. The American troops in the mean time, startled by the concerted signal of the *Carolina's* cannonade, were moving on, guided by Colonel De la Ronde, who was a volunteer with Beale's riflemen, and Major Villeré, who accompanied the Commander-in-chief. The right, under Jackson, was composed of the regulars, Plauché's, and D'Aquin's brigades, M'Rae's artillery, and some marines, and moved down the road along the levee; while the left, under Coffee, composed of his brigade, Hind's dragoons, and Beale's rifles, skirted the edge of a cypress swamp, for the purpose of endeavoring to cut off the communications of the invaders with Lake Borgne. Such was the simple plan of the battle, on the part of the Americans, on the night of the 23d of December, 1814.

The alarm and confusion in the British camp, caused by the attack of the *Carolina*, had scarcely been checked when they were startled by the crack of musketry in the

direction of their outposts. Keane now gave full credence to the tales of his prisoners about the large number of troops—"more than twelve thousand"—in New Orleans, and gave the dashing Thornton full liberty to do as he liked. Thornton at once led a detachment, composed of the Eighty-fifth and Ninety-fifth regiments, to the support of the pickets, and directed the Fourth, five hundred strong, to take post on Villeré's Canal, near head-quarters, to keep open the communication with Lake Borgne. Thornton and his detachment were soon met by a resolute column under the immediate command of Jackson. He had made the Canal Rodriguez, which connected the Mississippi with the Cypress Swamp, his base of operations. He advanced with about fifteen hundred men and two pieces of artillery, perfectly covered with the gloom of night. Lieutenant M'Clelland, at the head of a company of the Seventh, filing through De la Ronde's gate, advanced to the boundary of Lacoste's plantation, where, under the direction of Colonel Piatt, the Quarter-Master-General, he encountered and attacked the British pickets, who were posted in a ditch behind a fence, and drove them back. These were speedily reinforced, and a brisk engagement ensued, in which Piatt received a wound, and M'Clelland and a sergeant were killed.

In the mean time the artillerists advanced up the Levee Road, with the marines, when the British made a desperate attempt to seize their guns. There was a fierce struggle. Jackson saw it, and hastening to the spot in the midst of a shower of bullets, he shouted, "Save the guns, my boys, at any sacrifice!" They did so, when the Seventh Regiment, commanded by Major Peire, advanced, and being joined by the Forty-fourth, the engagement became general between them and Thornton's detachment. Plauché and D'Aquin soon joined their comrades, and the tide of success turned in favor of the Americans. The British, hard pressed, fell sullenly back to their original line unmolested; for the prudent Ross, commanding the



LACOSTE'S MANSION.



regulars, would not allow a pursuit. Had it been permitted it would, as we afterward discovered, been most disastrous to the invaders. This conflict occurred not far from La Ronde's garden.

General Coffee in the mean time had advanced to the back of La Ronde's plantation, where his riflemen were dismounted and their horses were placed in charge of a hundred men at the canal that separated La Ronde's from Lacoste's farm, the latter now the prop-

erty of D. and E. Villeré. The ground was too much cut up with ditches to allow successful cavalry movements, and Major Hinds and his men remained at one of them near the middle of Lacoste's. Coffee's division extended its front as much as possible, and moved in silence, while Beale and his riflemen stole around the enemy's extreme left on Villeré's plantation, and, by a sudden movement, penetrated almost to the very heart of the British camp, killing several and making others prisoners. By a blunder, made in consequence of the darkness, a number of Beale's men were captured. In the mean time Thornton, with the Eighty-fifth, fell heavily on Coffee's line, and for some time a battle raged fiercely, not in regular order, but in detachments, squads, and often duels. In the darkness friends fought each other, supposing each to be a foe. The Tennesseans and British riflemen were almost equally expert as sharpshooters; but the short weapons of the English were not so efficient as the long ones of the American backwoodsmen. The Tennesseans also used long knives and tomahawks vigorously. At last the British fell back, and took shelter behind the levee, more willing to incur the danger of shots from the *Carolina* than bullets from the rifles of the Tennesseans.

During the engagement the Second division of the British arrived from Bayou Bienvenu, and were in the thickest of the fight with Coffee for a while; but the fear of being cut off from communication with the lake and their ships made the enemy too cautious and timid to achieve what their superior numbers qualified them to perform. They kept within the lines of their camp, and by concentration presented a strong front. Jackson perceived that in the darkness, intensified by a fog that had suddenly appeared, he could not follow up his victory



DE LA RONDE'S MANSION.

with safety; so he led the right division back to the main entrance to La Ronde's plantation, while Coffee encamped near La Ronde's garden.

It was about half past nine when the conflict ceased, and at half past eleven, when all was becoming quiet in the respective camps, musketry was heard in the direction of Jumonville's plantation, below Villeré's. It was caused by the advance of some Louisiana drafted militia, stationed at a sharp bend of the Mississippi, called the English Turn, under General David Morgan, who had insisted upon being led against the enemy when they heard the guns of the *Carolina* early in the evening. They met some British pickets at Jumonville's, exchanged shots with them, encamped there for the night, and at dawn returned to their post at the English Turn.

The loss of the Americans in the affair on the night of the 23d of December was twenty-four killed, one hundred and fifteen wounded, and seventy-four prisoners, in all two hundred and thirteen. Among the killed was the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Lauderdale, of Coffee's brigade of mounted riflemen. The British loss was about four hundred men. According to the most careful estimates the number of Americans engaged in the battle was about eighteen hundred, while those of the invaders, including the reinforcements that came during the engagement, was about twenty-five hundred. The *Carolina* gave the Americans a great advantage, and made the effective power about equal to that of the foe.

Jackson's prompt advance to meet the invaders saved New Orleans from capture, and Louisiana and the Mississippi Valley from conquest. The whole country blessed him for the act. But his full task was not accomplished, and he knew it. A host of veteran soldiers, fresh from the battlefields of Continental Europe, were before him,



and they were not likely to relinquish the footing they had gained on American soil without a desperate struggle. So he prepared for it. Leaving the regulars and some dragoons at La Ronde's to watch the enemy, he fell back with the remainder of his army to Rodriguez's Canal and set his soldiers at work casting up an intrenchment along its line from the river to the cypress swamp. All day they plied the implements of labor with the greatest vigor, and at sunset a breast-work three feet in height appeared along the entire line of Jackson's army, and the soldiers spent that Christmas-eve in much hilarity, for the events of the previous evening had given them the confidence of veterans. In the mean time Latour, the Chief Engineer, had cut the levee in front of Chalmette's plantation, so as to flood the plain between the two armies, and the two 6-pounders were placed in battery at the levee, so as to command the road. The river was so low that the overflow was of little account. Behind those intrenchments, of which each worker was proud, Jackson's little army spent the Christmas-day of 1814 in preparations for a determined defense of New Orleans and their common country. On the same day General Morgan received orders to evacuate the post at English Turn, place his cannon and a hundred men in Fort St. Leon, and take position with the remainder on Flood's plantation, opposite Jackson's camp, on the right bank of the Mississippi. The cutting of the levee at Chalmette's and Jumonville's helped the enemy more than it did the Americans, for it caused the almost dry canals and bayous to be filled with sufficient water to allow the British to bring up their heavy artillery. Had the Mississippi been full the invaders would have been placed on an island.

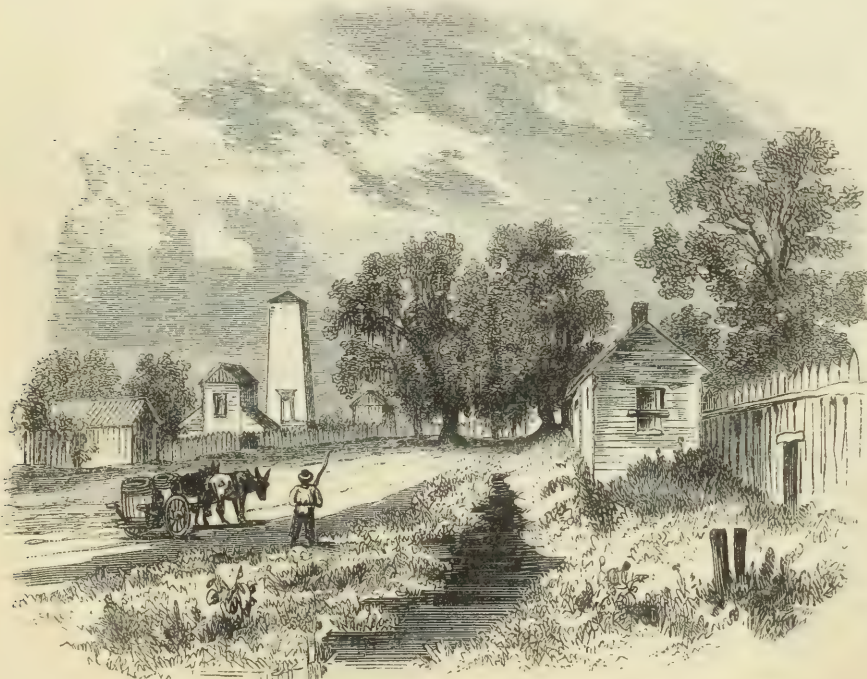
That Christmas-day dawned gloomily for the invaders. The events of the 23d had greatly

depressed their spirits, and the soldiers had lost confidence in Keane, their commander. The sky was clouded, the ground was wet, and the atmosphere was chilly; and shadowing disappointment was seen in every face. The gloom was suddenly dispelled by an event which gave great joy to the whole army. It was the arrival at camp, on that gloomy morning, of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Packenham, the "hero of Salamanca," then only thirty-eight years of age, who came to assume the chief command of the invading army. He was a true soldier and an honorable man; and the charge (which might be justly brought against some of the subordinate commanders in that army) that he offered his soldiers, as a reward for their services in the event of their capturing New Orleans, the "Beauty and Booty" of the city, is doubtless wholly untrue, for his character was the very opposite of the infamous Cockburn. He came fresh from Europe, with the prestige of eminent success as a commander, and his advent at Villeré's was hailed with delight by officers and soldiers. He, too, was delighted when he perused the list of the regiments which he was to command, for all of the troops, excepting the Ninety-third and the colored regiments, had fought all through the war on the Spanish Peninsula.

While Jackson was intrenching the British were not idle. They were employed day and night in preparing a heavy battery that should command the *Carolina*. It was completed on the morning of the 27th, and at seven o'clock a heavy fire was opened from it upon the little sloop, from several 12 and 18 pounders and a howitzer. They hurled hot shot, which fired the *Carolina*, when her crew abandoned her and she blew up with a tremendous explosion. The sloop of war *Louisiana*, commanded by Lieutenant Thompson, had come down to aid her, and was in great peril. She was the only armed

vessel in the river remaining to the Americans. By great exertions she was towed beyond the sphere of danger, and was saved to play a gallant part in events the following day. She was on the opposite side of the river, anchored nearly abreast of the American camp.

The destruction of the *Carolina* gave fresh confidence to the invaders, and Packenham issued orders for his whole army, then eight thousand strong, to move forward and carry the American intrenchments by storm. He had arranged that ar-



VIEW OF THE RODRIGUEZ CANAL—JACKSON'S LINES.

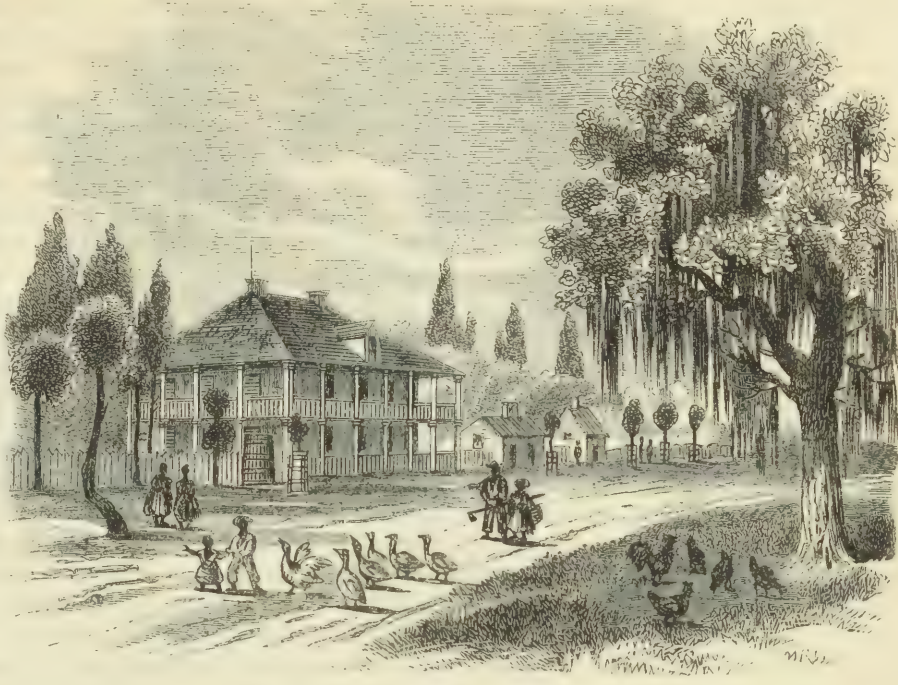


my into two columns. One was commanded by General Keane, the other by General Gibbs, a good and experienced officer who accompanied Packenham as his second in the command. Towards evening the entire force moved forward, driving in the American pickets and outposts; and about twilight they halted on the plantations of Bienville and Chalmette, within a few hundred yards of the American line, and there a part of them sought rest, while the others

commenced the construction of batteries near the river. Repose was denied them, for all night long Hind's troopers, and other active Americans, annoyed their flanks and rear with quick, sharp attacks, which the British denounced as "barbarian warfare."

Jackson, in the mean time, had been preparing to receive them. He was aware of the arrival of Packenham, and expected vigorous warfare from him. His head-quarters were at the spacious chateau of M. Macarté, a wealthy Creole; and from its wide gallery and a dormer-window, seen in the accompanying picture, aided by a telescope, he had a full view of the whole field of operations. From that chateau, yet standing, he sent forth his orders. They were many and prompt: for that night of the 27th of December, when a flushed foe in his immediate front was ready to pounce with tiger-like fierceness upon him at dawn, was an exceedingly busy one for the Commander-in-chief. He had caused Chalmette's buildings to be blown up when the enemy advanced that the sweep of his artillery might not be obstructed; and he had called to the line some Louisiana militia from the rear. He also planted heavy guns; and by the time that the couchant foe was ready for his murderous leap he had four thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery to oppose him, while the *Louisiana* was in position to use her cannon with signal effect in co-operation with the great guns on land.

The 28th dawned brightly, and as soon as the light fog of early morning had passed away a battle began. The enemy approached in two columns. Gibbs led the right, which kept near the great swamp, throwing out a skirmish line to meet those of the left column, commanded by Keane, who kept close to the river with artillery in his front. There was also a party of skirm-



MACARTE'S, JACKSON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

ishers and light infantry detailed from Gibbs's command, under Colonel Robert Rennie, a very active officer, who was ordered to turn the American left flank and gain the rear of their camp. Packenham and his staff rode nearly in the centre of the line. At this moment Jackson saw with great satisfaction a band of rough-looking armed men coming down the road from the direction of the city. They were Baratarians under You and Bluche, who had run all the way from Fort St. John. They were immediately placed in charge of one of the 24-pounders, and performed excellent service. They were followed by the escaped crew of the *Carolina* under Lieutenants Norris and Crawley, who were placed in the line as managers of a howitzer on the right.

The British, under Keane, advanced in solid column in the face of a galling fire of musketry, when they were suddenly checked by the opening of some of Jackson's heavy guns and the batteries of the *Louisiana*, which swept their line obliquely with terrible effect. More than eight hundred shot were hurled from her guns with deadly power. One of them killed and wounded fifteen men. At the same time the British rocketeers were busy, but their missiles did very little damage, and the Americans soon became too familiar with their harmless noise to be much affected by them.

For a short time Keane's men stood the terrible storm that was thinning their ranks, when the maintenance of their position became mere fool-hardiness, and they were ordered to seek shelter in the little canals. Away they ran, pell-mell, to these places of refuge, and in mud and water almost waist deep they "leaned forward," as one of their companions wrote, "concealing themselves in the rushes which grew on the banks of the canal." It was a humiliating



position for "Wellington's veterans," in the face of a few rough backwoodsmen, as they regarded Jackson's troops. Their batteries were half destroyed and were abandoned, and the shattered column, thoroughly repulsed, fell back to a shelter behind the ruins of Chalmette's buildings and the perfect ones of Bienvenu.

Gibbs in the mean time was actively engaged on the British right. The gallant Rennie dashed into the edge of the swamp to flank the American left, and driving in the pickets approached within a hundred yards of the line behind which lay Carroll and his Tennesseans. The movement was observed by Carroll, who sent Colonel Henderson, with two hundred Tennesseans, to gain Rennie's rear and cut him off from the main body. Advancing too far Henderson encountered a large British force, and he and five of his men were killed and several were wounded. The remainder retraced their steps. Rennie was then pressing Carroll's left very severely, when Gibbs, observing the fierceness of the fight on the part of Keane's column, ordered the dashing Colonel to fall back on the main line. Rennie reluctantly obeyed, and was compelled to be an idle spectator of Keane's disaster. At length Packenham ordered a general retrograde movement, and he retired to his head-quarters at Villere's, deeply mortified by the failure of his plans, of whose success he had not allowed himself to doubt. In this repulse the *Louisiana*, which was stationed near the right bank of the Mississippi, played the most efficient part and lost but one man killed. The loss of the Americans was nine killed and eight wounded. The British loss was about one hundred and fifty.

Packenham called a council of war, when it was resolved to bring forward heavy siege guns from the navy before making another serious attempt to carry Jackson's lines. They established their hospital on Jumonville's plantation, next below Villere's, and prepared for heavy work. The experience of the 28th had given Packenham a test of the spirit of his opposers, and he was convinced that the task before him was not only difficult but dangerous, and that the very salvation of his army depended upon cautious movements, courage, and perseverance.

Jackson was busy, at the same time, strengthening his position at Rodriguez's canal, over which not a single British soldier had passed excepting as a prisoner. He placed two 12-pounders on his extreme left, near the swamp, in charge of General Garrigue Fleauzac, a veteran French soldier who had volunteered, and also a 6 and 18 pounder under Colonel Perry. His line of intrenchments was extended into the swamp, so as to prevent a flank movement. He ordered a line of intrenchments to be established on the opposite side of the Mississippi; and Commodore Patterson, pleased with the effects of the guns of the *Louisiana* from the same side, established a battery behind the Levee, on Jourdan's plantation, which he armed with heavy guns from the schooner, and manned with sailors enlisted or pressed into the service in New

Orleans. It commanded the front of Jackson's lines, and soon compelled the British to abandon Chalmette's plantation and fall back to the line between Bienvenu's and De la Ronde's. A brick-kiln on the bank opposite New Orleans was converted into a square battery, which was armed with two heavy guns that commanded the city and the river road, and placed in charge of Captain Henley of the *Carolina*. At Jackson's head-quarters at Macarté's was a company of young men from the best families in the city, under Captain Ogden, who constituted his body-guard, and were subservient to his immediate orders alone. These were posted in Macarté's garden. There was incessant activity every where among all his troops, for his own spirit was infused into them. The Tennessee riflemen, in particular, delighted in going on "hunts," as they called them—that is to say, expeditions, alone, to pick off sentinels and annoy the enemy. This was carried on to such extent on Jackson's extreme left that the British dared not post sentinels very near the swamp. They contented themselves with throwing up a strong redoubt in that direction, which Captains You and Crawley continually battered with heavy shot from their cannon. The enemy persevered, and at the close of the month had several great guns mounted on the redoubt.

On the 31st the guns of the new redoubt opened vigorously on Jackson's left, and that night the whole British army moved rapidly forward, took position within a few hundred yards of the American lines, and in the gloom commenced vigorous work with pickaxe and spade. They had brought up heavy siege guns from the lake, and all night long that army labored in the construction of redoubts for them, under the superintendence of Colonel Sir John Burgoyne, with the intention of making an immediate effort to break the American line. Before dawn they had completed three solid demi-lunes, or half-moon batteries, right, centre, and left, six hundred yards from the American lines, at nearly equal distances apart. They were constructed of earth, hogsheads of sugar from the neighboring plantations, and every thing that might resist, and upon them were placed thirty pieces of heavy ordnance, manned by picked gunners of the fleet, who had served under Nelson and Collingwood and St. Vincent. Their works were hidden by a heavy fog in the morning of the 1st of January, which hung thickly over the belligerent armies until after eight o'clock. When it was lifted by a gentle breeze the British opened a brisk fire, not doubting that in a few minutes the contemptible intrenchments of the Americans would be scattered to the winds, and that the army, placed in battle order for the purpose, would find it an easy matter to rush forward and take them. Every moment their cannonade and bombardment became heavier, and the rocketeers sent an incessant shower of their fiery missiles into the American lines. Jackson's head-quarters at Macarté's was a special target. In the course



of ten minutes more than a hundred balls, shells, and rockets struck the building, and compelled the commander-in-chief and his staff to evacuate it. The marks of that furious assault may be seen in all parts of the house to this day.

Jackson in the mean time had opened his heavy guns on the assailants. The cannonade was led off by the gallant and imperturbable Humphrey on the left, followed by the fierce You and his Baratarians—Crawley, Norris, Spotts, and the veteran Garrigue. The American artillery thundered along their whole line, to the amazement of the British, who wondered how and where they got their guns and gunners. Packenham soon saw that he had underrated the strength and skill of his adversary; and Cochrane, whose gallant tars were at the guns, did every thing in his power to encourage them. The conflict became terrible. Batteries on the Levee fought with Patterson on the opposite side; and in them were kept in readiness red-hot shot for the destruction of the *Louisiana*, if she should come within range of the guns. Packenham also sent a detachment of infantry to attempt the turning of the American left, in the swamp; but they were driven back in terror by Coffee's Tennesseans, and only the battle of the batteries went on.

Toward noon the fire of the British visibly slackened, while that of the Americans was unceasing. The demi-lunes of the foe were crushed and broken. The sugar hogsheads had been converted into splinters, and their contents, mingling with the moist earth, soon lost their volume. The guns not dismounted were careened, and were worked with great difficulty; and by the time their voices ceased altogether the batteries on the Levee were nearly demolished. The invaders abandoned their works at meridian, and fled in inglorious haste, helter-skelter, to the ditches in search of safety; and under cover of the ensuing night they crawled sullenly back to their camp, dragging with them over the spongy ground a part of their heavy cannon, and leaving five of them a spoil for the Americans. Their disappointment and chagrin were intense, and were equally shared by officers and men. Their New-Year's Day was a far gloomier one than that of Christmas. They had been without food or sleep for nearly sixty hours. They all cast themselves down on the damp ground, too wearied for thought, and their troubles were soon ended for the time by deep slumber. Packenham was in his old quarters at Villere's, which he had left in the morning with the confident expectation of sleeping in New Orleans that night as a conqueror.

There was joy in the American camp that night. It was intensified in the morning by the arrival of Brigadier-General John Adair with intelligence of the near approach of more than two thousand drafted militia from Kentucky, under Major-General John Thomas. They arrived in the city on the 4th of January, and seven hundred of them were sent to the front under Adair. Their forlorn condition as

a body was such that Jackson was at a loss to determine whether their presence should be considered fortunate or unfortunate for the cause. They had come with the erroneous belief that an ample supply of arms and clothing would be furnished them in New Orleans, and a large number of them were sadly deficient in these. Of the seven hundred sent to the front only five hundred had weapons of any kind. The commiseration of the citizens was excited, and by an appropriation by the Legislature and the liberal gifts of the citizens the sum of sixteen thousand dollars was speedily raised, with which goods were purchased and placed in the willing hands of the women of New Orleans. Within a week these were converted by them into blankets, garments, and bedding. The men constituted capital raw material for soldiers, and they were very soon prepared for efficient service.

Packenham was disheartened, but by no means despaired of success. He conceived the bold and hazardous plan of carrying Jackson's lines on both sides of the river by storm. Those on the right bank had been strengthened, but were feebly manned, and were under the chief command of General Morgan. Packenham resolved to send over fifteen hundred infantry, with some artillery, and, under the cover of night, attack Morgan, carry the works, occupy them, and from batteries there enfilade Jackson's line, while the main army should be engaged in storming it. The transportation of these men to the other side of the river was confided to Admiral Cochrane, who, in opposition to the opinions and wishes of the army officers, set the wearied soldiers and sailors at work widening and deepening and prolonging to the Mississippi Villere's Canal, for the purpose of bringing over boats from the Bayou Bienvenu, instead of dragging them on rollers as they had heavier cannon. The labor was completed on the 7th, when the army was in fine spirits because of the arrival, the day before, of a considerable body of reinforcements under Major-General John Lambert, a young officer of Wellington's army, who had sailed from England toward the close of October. Packenham's own regiment (Seventh Fusileers) was among them, and the army that confronted Jackson now consisted of ten thousand of the finest soldiers in the world. These were divided into three brigades, and placed under the respective commands of Generals Lambert, Gibbs, and Keane.

Packenham's plan of operations for the new attack was simple. Colonel Thornton was to cross the Mississippi on the night of the 7th, with the Eighty-fifth and one West India regiment, marines and sailors, and a corps of rocketeers, and fall upon the Americans before the dawn. The sound of his guns was to be the signal for General Gibbs, with the Forty-fourth, Twenty-first, and Fourth regiments, to storm the American left; while General Keane, with the Ninety-third, Ninety-fifth, and two light companies of the Seventh and Forty-third, with some West India troops, should threaten the



American right sufficient to draw their fire, and then rush upon them with the bayonet. Meanwhile the two British batteries near the Levee, which the Americans destroyed on the 1st, were to be rebuilt, well mounted, and employed in assailing the American right during Keane's operations. Keane's advance corps were furnished with fascines to fill the ditches, and scaling-ladders to mount the embankments. Such was the substance of Pakenham's General Order issued on the 7th of January, 1815.

Jackson penetrated Pakenham's design on the 6th, and prepared to meet and frustrate it. His line of defense, extending, as we have observed, from the Mississippi to an impassable cypress swamp, a mile and a half in length, along the line of the half-choked Rodriguez's Canal, was very irregular. In some places it was thin, in others thick; in some places the banks were high, in others very low. They had been cast up not by the soldiery alone, nor by the slaves, but by the hands of civilians from the city, including merchants and their clerks, lawyers and physicians and their students, and many young men who never before had turned a spadeful of earth. Along this line artillery was judiciously placed. On the edge of the river a redoubt was thrown up and mounted with cannon, so as to enfilade the ditch in front of the American lines. Besides this there were eight batteries placed at proper distances from each other, composed of thirteen guns carrying from 6 to 32 pound balls, a howitzer, and a carronade. Across the river was Patterson's marine battery for auxiliary service in the defense of this line, mounting nine guns; and the *Louisiana* was prepared to perform a part, if possible, in the drama about to open.

Jackson's infantry were disposed as follows: Lieutenant Ross, with a company of Peire's Seventh Regiment, guarded the redoubt on the extreme right, in which tents were pitched. Between Humphrey's battery and the river, on the right, Beale's New Orleans riflemen were stationed. From their left the Seventh Regiment extended so as to cover another battery, and connected with a part of Plauché's battalion, and the colored corps under Colonel La Coste, which filled the interval between batteries No. 3 and 4 (see Map), the guns of the latter being covered by D'Aquin's free men of color. Next to D'Aquin was the Forty-fourth Regiment, which extended to the rear of battery No. 5. The remainder of the line (full two-thirds of its entire length) was covered by the commands of Carroll and Coffee. The former had been reinforced that day (7th) by a thousand Kentuckians under General Adair, and with him, on the right of battery No. 7, were fifty marines under Lieutenant Bellevue. Coffee, with five hundred men, held the extreme left of the line on the edge of the swamp, where his men were compelled to stand in the water, and to sleep on floating logs which they lashed to the trees. Captain Ogden, with cavalry (Jackson's body-guard), was at head-quarters, yet at Macarté's

chateau; and on De Leroy's plantation, in the rear of it, Hinds was stationed with one hundred and fifty mounted men. Near Pierna's Canal a regiment of Louisiana militia, under Colonel Young, were encamped as reserves.

Jackson's whole force on the New Orleans side of the river, on the 7th, was about five thousand in number, and of these only three thousand two hundred were at his line. Only eight hundred of the latter were regulars, and most of them were new recruits commanded by young officers. His army was formed in two divisions, the right commanded by Colonel Ross, acting as Brigadier, and the left by Generals Carroll and Coffee, the former as Major-General and the latter as Brigadier-General. A mile and a half in the rear of his main line another intrenchment had been thrown up, behind which the weaker members of his army were stationed with pickaxes and spades. This line was prepared for a rallying point in the event of disaster following the impending conflict. Jackson also established a third line at the lower edge of the city. General Morgan, on the opposite side of the river, prepared to defend his lines with only eight hundred men, all militia and indifferently armed. On his left were two 6-pounders in charge of Adjutant Nixon of the Louisiana militia, and a 12-pounder under Lieutenant Philibert of the navy. Patterson's battery in Morgan's rear could render him no service, for its guns were turned so as to command the plain of Chalmette in front of Jackson's line.

Such was the strength and position of the two armies on the night of the memorable 7th of January, 1815, preparatory to the great conflict on the following day.

It was not until the afternoon of the 7th that Jackson could determine, with any certainty, whether the enemy would first attack his own or Morgan's line. Then from the gallery of head-quarters, with his telescope, he could see such preparations by the foe as convinced him that his own lines would first feel the shock of battle; and when the darkness of night fell he could distinctly hear the sounds of labor in reconstructing the British batteries which the Americans had destroyed. His pickets and sentinels were strengthened, and sleepless vigilance marked a large portion of the troops behind his intrenchments that night. The chief lay down to rest on a sofa after a day of great fatigue, surrounded by his aids, and was slumbering sweetly when, at little past midnight, he was awakened by the entrance of an aid of Commodore Patterson (Mr. R. D. Shepherd), who had been sent to inform the General that there seemed to be positive indications in the British camp that Morgan was to be first attacked, and that he needed more troops to maintain his position. "Hurry back," said Jackson, "and tell General Morgan that he is mistaken. The main attack will be on this side. He must maintain his position at all hazards." Then looking at his watch he spoke aloud to his aids,





"Gentlemen, we have slept long enough. Arise! for the enemy will be upon us in a few minutes. I must go and see General Coffee." One of his first orders was for General Adair to send over five hundred Kentuckians to reinforce Morgan.

Let us observe the movements in the British camp on that memorable night.

According to the plan already mentioned Colonel Thornton proceeded to cross the Mississippi for the purpose of attacking Morgan. He marched to the Levee, at the end of the newly-cut canal in extension of Villere's, and there waited with the greatest impatience the arrival of the boats that were to carry him and his troops over. The banks of the ditch had caved in in some places, and the falling of the water in the river had made that of the canal so shallow that the sailors were compelled to drag the boats through thick mud in many places. It was three o'clock in the morning before even a sufficient number of vessels to convey one-half of the detachment had arrived. Further delay would be fatal to the enterprise, so, with Pakenham's sanction, Thornton dis-

missed half of his force, embarked the remainder, and crossed the river in a flotilla commanded by Captain Roberts of the Royal Navy. Ignorant of the fact that the Mississippi was flowing with a quiet, powerful current, at the rate of five miles an hour, and making no provisions for this obstacle to a quick and direct passage, they were landed, after great fatigue, at least a mile and a half below their intended point of debarkation. Before they had all left the boats the day dawned, and the roar of cannon was heard on the plain of Chalmette.

Pakenham and his officers had passed an almost sleepless night, and at the time when Jackson aroused his slumbering staff the divisions of Gibbs and Keane were called up, formed into line, and advanced to within four hundred and fifty yards of the American intrenchments. Lambert's division was left behind as a reserve. There stood the British soldiers in the darkness and the chilly morning air, enveloped in a thick fog, and anxiously listening for the booming of Thornton's guns in his attack on Morgan. He was yet battling with the current of the Mississippi. Tediously



the minutes and the hours passed, and yet that signal-gun remained silent.

Day dawned and the mist began to disperse, and as the dull red line of the British host was dimly seen in the early morning light through the veil of moisture, Lieutenant Spotts, of battery No. 7, opened one of his heavy guns upon it. It was the signal for battle. As the fog rolled away the British line was seen stretching two-thirds across the plain of Chalmette. From its extreme left and right rockets shot high in air, and like a dissolving view that red line almost disappeared as it was broken into columns by companies.

Gibbs now advanced obliquely toward the wooded swamp, with the Forty-fourth in front, followed by the Twenty-first and Fourth, terribly pelted by the storm that came from batteries Nos. 6, 7, and 8, and vainly sought shelter behind a bulging projection of the swamp into the plain. These batteries poured round and grape shot incessantly into Gibbs's line, making lanes through them, and producing some confusion. This was heightened by the fact that the Forty-fourth, with whom had been intrusted fascines and scaling-ladders, had advanced without them. To wait for these to be brought up was impossible in the focus of that cannonade. So Gibbs ordered them forward, the Twenty-first and Fourth, in solid and compact column, covered in front by blazing rockets, and cheered by their own loud huzzas. Whole platoons were prostrated, when their places were instantly filled by others; and the column pressed on without pause or recoil toward the batteries on the left and the long and weaker line, covered by the Tennesseans and Kentuckians.

By this time all the American batteries, including Patterson's on the right bank of the river, were in full play. Yet steadily on marched Wellington's veterans, stepping firmly over the dead bodies of their slain comrades until they had reached a point within two hundred yards of the American line, behind which, concealed from the view of the invaders, lay the Tennesseans and Kentuckians four columns deep. Suddenly the clear voice of General Carroll rang out *Fire!* on the morning air. His Tennesseans arose from cover, and each man taking sure aim delivered a most destructive volley on the foe, their bullets cutting down scores of the gallant British soldiery. The storm ceased not for a moment; for when the Tennesseans had fired they fell back and the Kentuckians took their places, and so the four columns, one after another, participated in the conflict. At the same time round, grape, and chain shot went crashing through the ranks of the British, making awful gaps, and appalling the stoutest hearts. The line began to waver, and would have broken but for the cool courage and untiring energy of their officers, and the inspiring cry, "Here comes the Forty-fourth with the fascines and ladders!"

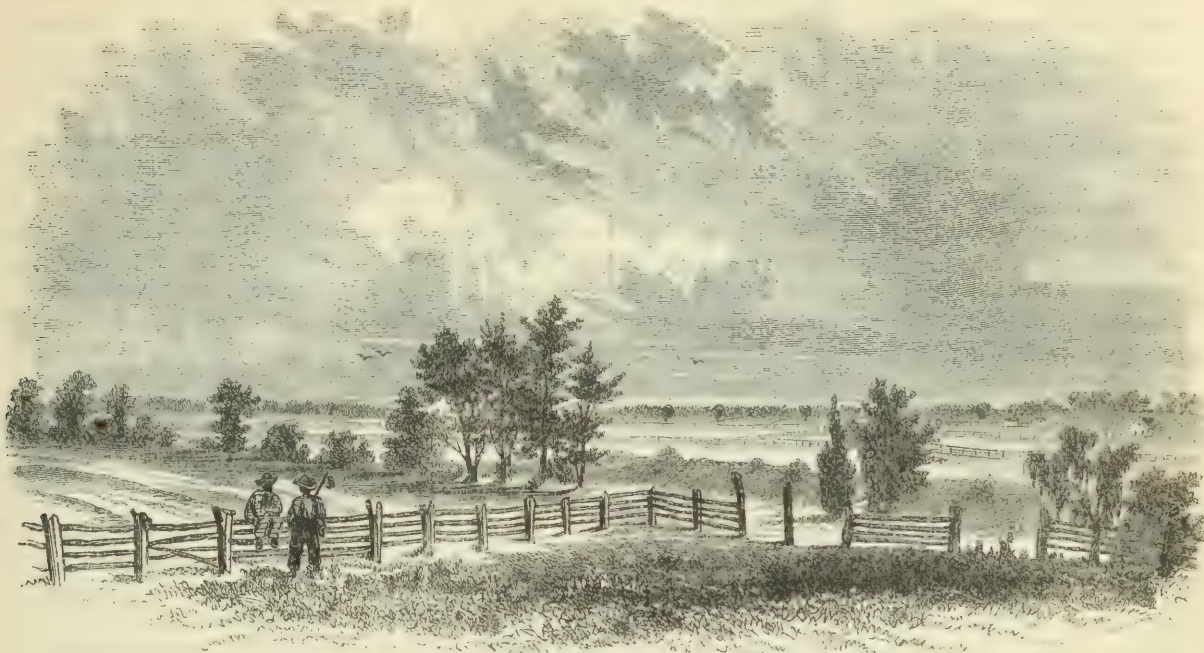
A detachment of the Forty-fourth had indeed come with scaling implements and Packenham

at their head, who encouraged them by stirring words and bold deeds for a few minutes, when his bridle-arm was made powerless by a bullet, and his horse was shot under him. He at once mounted the black Creole pony of his favorite aid, the now venerable Sir Duncan Macdougall of London. Other officers fell until there were not enough to command, and the column began to break up into detachments, a greater part of them falling back to the shelter of the projecting swamp. There they were rallied, and throwing away their knapsacks, they rushed forward to scale and carry the works in front of Carroll and his sharp-shooters. At the same time Keane, contrary to instructions but with zealous concern for the cause, wheeled his column into line and led a portion of them to the assistance of the right wing. They were terribly scourged by the enfilading fire of the American batteries as they strode across the plain. Among them was the Ninety-third Regiment, composed of nine hundred sinewy Highlanders, who had won victories on many a field in Continental Europe, and were unmoved by the storm that poured in such fury upon them. Their presence and example encouraged the broken column of the right, who, with these Highlanders, rushed into the very heart of the tempest from Carroll's rifles, having Gibbs on their right, and Packenham on their left. In a few minutes the right arm of the latter was disabled by a bullet, and as he was riding to the rear on the led pony, shouting huzzas to the troops, there came a terrible crashing through the ranks of round and grape shot that scattered dead men all around him. One of the balls passed through the General's thigh, killed his horse, and brought both to the ground. Packenham was caught in the arms of his faithful aid, Captain M'Dougall, who had performed a similar service for General Ross when he fell, mortally wounded, near Baltimore a few months before. The commander was conveyed to the rear in a dying condition, and placed under a venerable live-oak tree, which disappeared only a few years ago. There he soon expired in the arms of M'Dougall.

General Gibbs was also mortally wounded, and died the next day; and Keane was so severely shot through the neck that he was compelled to leave the field. The command was then assumed by Major Wilkinson, the officer of highest grade left in the saddle. Under his leadership the broken battalions endeavored to scale the breast-works. They were repulsed, and Wilkinson fell on the parapet mortally wounded. His discomfited men fell back, and all of the assailants withdrew in wild confusion. Of the gallant nine hundred Highlanders, with twenty-five officers, of the Ninety-third Regiment who went into the fight, only one hundred and thirty men and nine officers could be mustered at its close. The Twenty-first Regiment lost five hundred men, and every company came out of the terrible conflict a mere skeleton in numbers.

While this sanguinary work was in progress





PLAIN OF CHALMETTE.—BATTLE-GROUND, JANUARY 8, 1815.

on the British right a more successful movement, for a time, was made by them on their left. Keane's whole division moved when he led the Highlanders to the right. Nearly a thousand men, under the active Colonel Rennie, composed of the Ninety-fifth Rifles, companies of the Seventh, Ninety-third, and Forty-third Infantry, and some West India troops, had pushed rapidly forward near the river in two columns, one on the road, and the other nearer the water under shelter of the Levee, and driving in the American pickets, succeeded in taking possession of the unfinished redoubt on Jackson's extreme right. They drove out the Americans, but they did not hold it long. The invaders on the road were terribly smitten by Humphrey's batteries and the Seventh Regiment, and were kept in check. At the same time Rennie led the column along the water's edge, where they were terribly annoyed by Patterson's battery, and with several other officers scaled the parapet of the American redoubt. The New Orleans rifles, under Beale, now poured upon these officers and the inmates of the redoubt such a terrible fire that nearly every man was killed or mortally wounded. Rennie had just exclaimed, "Hurrah, boys, the day is ours!" when he fell to rise no more.

This attacking column also fell back in great disorder under cover of the Levee, and, like those on the British right, sought shelter from the terrible storm that came from Jackson's lines in the plantation ditches. General Lambert, with his reserves, had come forward on hearing of the disasters to Packenham, Gibbs, and Keane; but he was in time only to cover the retreat of the battered and flying columns, and not to retrieve the fortunes of the day. The fire of the musketry had ceased by half after eight in the morning, but the artillery kept up their fire until about two o'clock in the afternoon. It is worthy

of note that, from the flight of the first signal rocket of the British to the close of the contest, the New Orleans band, stationed near the centre of the line where the American standard was kept flying during the struggle, played incessantly, cheering the troops with national and military airs. The British, on the contrary, had no other musical instrument than a bugle, and as their columns advanced, no drum was heard in their lines, nor even the stirring tones of the trumpet. From their first landing at the Fisherman's Village the experience of that army had been almost unbroken dreariness.

Let us now turn our attention to the movements on the right bank of the Mississippi.

We left Colonel Thornton and his men just debarked after battling with the current of the Mississippi for some time. Morgan had sent forward his advance of less than three hundred men (one-third of whom were Arnaud's Louisiana militia) under Major Tessier, and the remainder fatigued and poorly-armed Kentuckians under Colonel Davis, chosen from those sent over on the 7th by General Adair. They were directed to take position on Mahew's Canal, near which it was supposed the British would land. The line which this small force was expected to hold extended from the river to the swamp, a distance of a mile, and required at least a thousand men and several pieces of artillery to give it respectable strength. Davis's raw troops were placed on the left, resting on the Levee, and Tessier's were on his right, extending to the swamp, and both watched vigilantly for signs of the coming of the invaders. Their vigilance was vain, for Thornton landed a mile below them under cover of three gun-boats, each armed with a carronade in the bow, under the command of Captain Roberts.

Pushing rapidly up the road Thornton encountered Morgan's advance, when he divided



his superior force, sending a part to attack Tessier, while with the remainder, and aided by Roberts's carronades, he assailed Davis. Both commands were soon put to flight, and fell back in confusion on Morgan's line. Tessier's men could not gain the road, and many of them took refuge in the swamps, where they suffered much for several hours.

When Thornton gained the open fields in front of Morgan's lines, he extended his force, and with the sailors in column on the road, and the marines placed as a reserve, he advanced upon the American works under cover of a flight of rockets, and with the aid of Captain Roberts's carronades. As the sailors rushed forward they were met by volleys of grape-shot from Philibert which made them recoil. Seeing this, Thornton dashed forward with the Eighty-fifth, and handling the men with great skill and celerity, soon put the Kentuckians to flight, who ran in wild confusion, and could not be rallied. Following up this advantage, Thornton soon drove the Louisianians from the intrenchments, and gained possession of Morgan's line after that General had spiked his cannon and cast them into the river. He next made for Patterson's battery, three hundred yards in the rear of Morgan's lines. Its guns, which had been playing effectually on the British in front of Jackson's lines, were now trailed on the near foe on the river road. But Patterson, threatened by a flank movement, was compelled to give way; so he spiked his guns, and fled on board the *Louisiana*, while his sailors assisted in getting her into the stream out of the reach of the enemy.

A large number of the troops were rallied and formed on the bank of the Boisgervais Canal, and prepared to make a stand there. But the British did not advance beyond Patterson's battery. There Thornton was informed of the terrible disasters on the opposite side of the river, and soon afterward received orders from General Lambert to rejoin the main army. Jackson, in the mean time having heard of Morgan's disaster, sent over General Humbert (a gallant Frenchman who was acting as a volunteer) with four hundred men to reinforce him. Their services were not needed. Thornton had withdrawn, and at twilight re-embarked his troops. That night the Americans repossessed their works, and before morning Patterson had restored his battery in a better position, and announced the fact to Jackson at dawn by discharges of heavy cannon at the British outposts at Bienvenu's. The loss of the enemy on this occasion, in killed and wounded, was a little more than one hundred. The Americans lost one man killed and five wounded. On that side of the Mississippi the British acquired their sole trophy during their efforts to capture New Orleans. It was a small flag. It now hangs conspicuously among other war trophies in Whitehall, London, with the inscription: "Taken at the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815."

Let us now observe what occurred at Jackson's lines after the conflict had ceased.

The commander, accompanied by his staff, passed slowly along his whole line, addressing words of congratulation and praise to the officers and men every where. Then the band struck up "Hail Columbia," and cheer after cheer for the hero went up from every part of the line. It was echoed from the lips of excited citizens who had been watching the battle at a distance with the greatest anxiety. Then the soldiers, after partaking of some refreshments, turned to the performance of the sad duty of caring for the wounded and the bodies of the dead, which thickly strewed the plain of Chalmette for a quarter of a mile back from the front of Jackson's lines. These were the maimed and slain of the British army. No less than twenty-six hundred were lost to the enemy in that terrible battle, of whom seven hundred were killed, fourteen hundred were wounded, and five hundred were made prisoners. The Americans lost only eight killed and thirteen wounded! The history of human warfare presents no parallel to this disparity in loss. The Americans were thoroughly protected by their breast-works, while the British fought in front of them in an open level plain.

After the battle General Lambert sent a flag of truce asking for an armistice in order to bury his dead. Jackson granted it on the condition that it should not be extended to operations on the right bank of the river. The result of this exception was, as we have observed, the immediate withdrawal of Thornton from Morgan's lines. On the following morning detachments from both armies were drawn up three hundred yards in front of the American lines, when the dead bodies between that point and the intrenchments were carried and delivered to the British by the Kentuckians and Tennesseans on the very scaling-ladders left by the enemy when driven back. The British then carried their dead to a designated spot on Bienvenu's plantation which had been marked out as the cemetery of "The Army of Louisiana." There they were buried; and to this day that consecrated "God's Acre" has never been disturbed. It is distinguished in the landscape by a grove of small cypress-trees, and is a spot regarded with superstitious awe by the negroes in that neighborhood. The wounded, who were made prisoners, were carefully conveyed to New Orleans, where they were placed in the barracks, and tenderly cared for by the citizens.

The bodies of the dead British officers were carried to Villeré's, the head-quarters, in whose garden some of them were buried by torch-light that night with solemn ceremonies. Those of Packenham, Gibbs, Rennie, and one or two other officers, were disemboweled, placed in casks of rum, and sent to their friends in England. Their viscera were buried beneath a stately pecan-tree which, with another quite as stately, yet stands in vigorous health, on the lawn a few yards from Villeré's house. It is said to be a remarkable fact that this tree, fruitful before its branches were made to overshadow the re-



mains of the invaders, has been barren ever since.

While these events after the battle were occurring on the field of strife the British were seeking to secure the free navigation of the Mississippi below New Orleans, for themselves, by capturing Fort St. Philip, at a bend of the stream, seventy or eighty miles below the city in a direct line, and which was considered by both parties as the key of Louisiana. It contained, at that time, a garrison of three hundred and sixty-six men, under Major Overton of the rifle corps, and the crew of a gun-boat which had been warped into the bayou at its side. On the morning of the 9th, at about the time when disposition was being made of the British dead in front of Jackson's lines, a little squadron of five hostile vessels appeared near the fort. They consisted of a sloop of war, a gun-brig, and a schooner (*Herald*, *Sophia*, and *Tender*), and two bomb vessels. They anchored out of range of the heavy guns of the fort, the bomb vessels with their broadsides toward St. Philip. At three o'clock in the afternoon they opened fire, and finding they had the range of the fort, continued the bombardment, with little interruption, until daybreak of the 18th, casting more than a thousand shells with the expenditure of twenty thousand pounds of powder, besides many round and grape shot. For nine days the Americans were in their battery; five of them without shelter, exposed to cold rain part of the time. The proceeds of this expenditure secured by the British consisted of two Americans killed and seven wounded. They withdrew on the 18th without gaining either the fort, spoils, or glory.

On the 18th of January, in accordance with an arrangement made the previous day, a general exchange of prisoners took place; and on the 19th the British, under Lambert, were wholly withdrawn from the Mississippi, having stolen noiselessly away under cover of darkness the previous night. They reached Lake Borgne at dawn on the 19th, but they were yet sixty miles from their fleet, exposed to quite keen wintry air, and considerably annoyed by mounted men under Colonel de la Ronde, who hung upon their rear. There they remained until the 27th, when they embarked, and two days afterward reached the fleet in the deep-water between Cat and Ship Islands. The vigilant Jackson, in the mean time, had made such disposition of his forces as to guard every approach to the city; for he thought the foiled enemy, enraged by disappointment, might attempt to strike a sudden blow in some other quarter.

On the 21st of January, Jackson, with the main body of his army, entered New Orleans. They were met in the suburbs by almost the entire population of all ages and sexes, who greeted the victors as their saviours; and they entered the town in triumphal procession, with far more honest pride than ever swelled the bosoms of victorious conquerors or emperors of other centuries of time.

Two days afterward (23d) New Orleans was

the theatre of a most imposing spectacle. At the request of Jackson, the Abbé du Bourg, Apostolic Prefect for Louisiana, appointed that a day for the public offering of thanks to Almighty God for his interposition in behalf of the American people and nationality. The dawn was greeted by the booming of cannon. It was a bright and beautiful winter morning on the verge of the tropics. The religious ceremonies were to be held in the old Spanish Cathedral, which was decorated with evergreens for the occasion.

In the centre of the public square, in front of the Cathedral, where the equestrian statue of Jackson now stands, was erected a temporary triumphal arch, supported by six Corinthian columns and festooned with flowers and evergreens. Beneath the arch stood two beautiful little girls, each upon a pedestal and holding in her hand a civic crown of laurel. Near them stood two damsels, one personifying *Liberty* and the other *Justice*. From the arch to the church, arranged in two rows, stood beautiful girls, all dressed in white, and each covered with a blue gauze veil and bearing a silver star on her brow. These personified the several States and Territories of the Union. Each carried a flag with the name of the State which she represented upon it. Each also carried a small basket trimmed with blue ribbon and filled with flowers; and behind each was a lance stuck in the ground bearing a shield on which was inscribed the name and legend of the State or Territory which she represented. These were linked by evergreen festoons that extended from the arch to the door of the cathedral.

At the appointed time General Jackson, accompanied by the officers of his staff, passed through the gate of the Grand Square fronting the river, amidst the roar of artillery, and was conducted between lines of Planché's New Orleans battalion of Creoles to the raised floor of the arch. As he stepped upon it the two little girls leaned gently forward and placed the laurel crown upon his head. At the same moment a charming Creole girl (Miss Kerr), as the representative of Louisiana, stepped forward, and with modesty supreme in voice and manner addressed a few congratulatory words to the chief, eloquent with expressions of the most profound gratitude. To these words Jackson made a brief reply, and then passed on toward the church, his pathway strewn with flowers by the sweet representatives of the States.

At the cathedral entrance the honored hero was met by the Abbé du Bourg in his pontifical robes, and supported by a college of priests in their sacerdotal garments. The Abbé addressed the General with eloquent and patriotic discourse, after which the chief was conducted to a conspicuous seat near the great altar, in the Cathedral, when the *Te Deum Laudamus* was chanted by the choir and people. When the imposing pageant was over the General retired to his quarters to resume the stern duties of a soldier; and that night the city of New Orleans blazed with a general illumination.





OLD COURT-HOUSE, 269 ROYAL STREET.

A few weeks later New Orleans became the theatre of another great popular demonstration, of a far different kind, when General Jackson appeared, not as a coroneted hero and almost an object of adoration beneath the roof of the old Cathedral, but as a culprit arraigned at the bar of justice in the old Spanish Court-house yet standing on Royal Street. The story may be told in a few words. In the Legislature of Louisiana was a powerful faction personally opposed to Jackson—so powerful that, when the officers and troops were thanked by that body on the 2d of February, the name of their chief leader was omitted. This conduct highly incensed the people. Their indignation was intensified by a seditious publication, put forth by one of the members of the Legislature, which was intended to produce disaffection in the army. This was a public matter, and Jackson felt bound to notice it. He ordered the arrest of the author and his trial by martial law. Judge Dominique Hall, of the Supreme Court of the United States, issued a writ of *habeas corpus* in favor of the offender. Jackson considered this a violation of martial law, and ordered the arrest of the Judge and his expulsion beyond the limits of the city. The Judge, in turn, when the military law was revoked on the 13th of March, in consequence of the official proclamation of peace, required Jackson to appear before him and show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of court. He cheerfully obeyed the summons, and entered the crowded court-room in citizen's dress. He had almost reached the bar before he was recognized, when he was greeted with huzzas by a thousand voices. The Judge was alarmed, and hesitated. Jackson stepped upon a bench, procured silence, and then turning to the trembling Judge, said: "There is no danger here—there shall be none. The same hand that protected

this city from outrage against the invaders of the country will shield and protect this court, or perish in the effort. Proceed with your sentence." With quivering lips the Judge pronounced him guilty of contempt of court, and fined him a thousand dollars. The act was greeted by a storm of hisses. Jackson immediately drew a check for the amount, handed it to the Marshal, and then made his way for the court-house door. The excitement of the peo-

ple was intense. They lifted Jackson upon their shoulders, bore him to the street, and then the immense crowd sent up a shout that blanched the cheeks of Judge Hall, and gave evidence of the unbounded popularity of the heroic soldier who was so prompt in his obedience to the mandates of the civil law. He was placed in a carriage, from which the people released the horses and dragged it themselves to Maspero's house, where he addressed the populace, urging them to show their appreciation of the blessings of liberty and free government by a willing submission to the authorities of their country.

The news of the gallant defense of New Orleans produced a thrill of intense joy throughout the land. State Legislatures and other public bodies thanked the hero who commanded the victorious little army; a small commemorative medal was struck and extensively circulated among the people, and the National Congress then signified their approval by voting him a gold medal, and thirty years afterward by refunding to him the amount of the fine imposed by Judge Hall. Peace came immediately afterward; and Jackson retired to his home, a rude log-house in the forest—the dwelling of an accomplished wife whom he tenderly loved—from which he had been drawn by the urgent calls of his country. That home stood there in rude loneliness an eloquent witness of Andrew Jackson's moral heroism. His generous hand had aided a young relative of his wife in an unsuccessful mercantile adventure. To meet the obligations of the insolvent, Jackson sold the improved portion of his estate, and took up his abode in the woods to begin a new farm and establish a new home.

The battle of New Orleans was fought just half a century ago, a fortnight after the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent.





[Scene at a Fancy Ball.]

THEY tell me you want to become, my dear,  
A Sister of Charity;  
But before you set off from home, my dear,  
Let your mission begin with me!

E'en the world with its cares and strifes, my dear,  
Is a school it is easy to see,  
And if vows you would make for your life, my dear,  
Pr'ythee make them at once to me!

Whenever you wish to "confess," my dear,  
Be this tender heart your shrine;  
For you never will find, I guess, my dear,  
So loving a heart as mine!

If indulgences ever you need, my dear,  
You have only how many to say,  
And if blessings your bliss can speed, my dear,  
You'll be happy by night and by day!



## TOM'S EDUCATION.

I HAD lost my place—perhaps I should say situation. What kind of a situation, do you ask? Civil? “Contrairy quite,” as Mrs. Gamp says; and hardly military, though I dealt with infantry, and taught the young ideas how to shoot.

What a tide of life surged through the streets that day! The slow, steady tramp of soldiers resounded here and there; martial music throbbed in the air, and found its echo in thousands of anxious, throbbing hearts. A national fort had been stormed and taken by traitor hands. Each man felt as if his own hearth-stone had been shattered, his own fire-side invaded and desecrated. But I did not take the national grief into my heart. The struggle far away on Carolina's coast was a dead and distant thing to me compared with the battle I had waged that day, and the new fields for toil that still lay before me. A genial April sun sent its bars of dusky gold through the car window and laid them on my hands—a mocking shadow that could not be coined or used—a phantom of a substantial good. “Oh, golden light,” I sighed, “golden youth, golden love! what are ye to the gold with which we buy and sell?” But when I recalled the multitudinous blessings of light, the rich promise of youth, and the glorious vision of true love, I thought, “Oh,

‘Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
Beaten or hammered, coined or rolled,’

what art thou without God's sunshine, hope, and love, which thou canst neither buy nor sell?”

But still, I had lost my place, and what was to become of Tom's education?

I was glad to see the little brown dépôt, and to hear the well-known name, “Fonthill Station,” shouted by some one. I had yet a walk before me, for Fonthill proper reposes snugly a long half-mile away from the shriek of the locomotive. It was still light; a fresh breeze began to whisper among the leaves; a few passengers were walking the same way; and presently a tall, slender young man, with a cigar in his mouth, passed by. The smoke curled and wreathed itself backward like a thing of life. I was startled. Surely that step was familiar; surely that form was an accustomed sight—that cigar, or one like it, a household incense, as well as a source of incensing the household generally with the stale flavor of smoke that pervaded every thing. At last, when the young gentleman began to whistle a tune, I could doubt no longer. I stepped forward quickly and called out, in an assured voice,

“Tom!”

The young man swallowed the rest of his tune and turned his head. I felt my heart sink. It was Tom.

“Why, hallo! Mill, is that you?”

“What are you doing at home—college does not break up till July?”

“And what are *you* doing at home, Miss?

You were to stay two months longer, as I understood it,” answered Tom, laughing.

But I was too anxious and unhappy to enjoy the joke.

“Tell me, Tom, are they all well at home?”

“Oh yes—‘reasonably convalescent.’ I am, at least. Father looks thinner; but then he wears himself out with work-service every day and special honors to the saints. He's dreadful busy now about something that's to come off to-morrow;” and Tom hummed, gayly,

“To-morrow's the feast of St. Alecampagne,  
Apostle and martyr by heretics slain,  
Will you come to the altar I've shaded for you?”

I was so preoccupied that I had no rebuke for Tom's levity.

“And what kind of a scrape have you had in college, Tom?”

“I don't mind telling you, I'm sure, Mill,” answered Tom. “You see I went away stuffed as full as a sausage with good advice from father and you; and I really meant well. I intended to keep it all and profit by it, highly seasoned as it was. For a couple of months I studied like a brick—like a regular brick, you know.”

Here Tom paused to give effect to his statement. I was silent, though I did not comprehend the style in which a brick conducts his studies.

“But it was so precious dull, so slow, you see,” continued Tom, “that I was obliged to get acquainted with some fellows who were faster. We had rich scenes; but I must admit I began to be stumped in lessons about that time, and now and then made a blue fizzle.”

“A what?” I asked, rather confounded at these inexplicable terms.

“A fizzle. Oh! I forgot you're not one of the fellows. A ‘stump’ is when you miss a question, and ‘the blue fizzle’ when you miss the whole lesson.”

“So the blue fizzle became frequent. Oh, Tom!”

“Yes, 'pon my word. I don't see how it was, for I studied; but you see I've got such a head, like a sieve, I think—the more knowledge you put in the more it ain't there. Well, so I went on till one of the Proffs caught us in a midnight spree. I never was appreciated afterward.”

“Oh, Tom, are you expelled?” I cried, in sudden agony.

“No; only sent to rusticate for my health,” he answered, laughing.

His laugh smote me to the heart like a blow sudden and sharp, and left a dull pain aching there. Could he laugh at his own disgrace—did he feel no shame? Had he no greater object in life but to enjoy? I feared not. I was glad to see the lights twinkling here and there before me, and to know that home was near. I quickened my steps. My heart beat fuller and faster as I saw the brown-stone church tower with turrets clearly defined against a pale evening sky. “The same, the same!” I murmured, in a choking voice, as though I had feared some miraculous change in its familiar aspect.



The little study looked bright as ever, with its clear astral lamp shedding a mild light over my father's face. He sat at the table with an ancient-looking volume in his hand when I entered, but looked terrified and bewildered when he saw me.

"What brings you home, Milly? Are you sick?"

"Oh no," I answered. "Do I look like an invalid? I am well and happy now that I am with you all once more."

When Rose came bounding into the room, with overwhelming kisses and questions about fashions and flounces, I was fain to excuse her flirty frivolous little ways as I looked at her blooming, brilliant face. Was it not enough if she only occupied a niche in life like a beautiful statue, or framed herself in your visions a rosy, blooming picture, or sang carelessly as a bird might do? She was "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," my dear little sister Rose.

"What will you have for supper?" asked Rose, when the first ebullition of joy was over. "You can't think what a good housekeeper I make. I compound the daintiest little dishes."

"She gives her mind to it," said Tom, laughing.

"Well, I know you enjoy it, old fellow! and papa says I make a much better cook than Mildred."

"Did I—did I say that?" asked her father.

"Why, yes, papa, you certainly did, after you had enjoyed a pudding of my own invention. You said it must be called the 'Rosamunda.' Now, Mildred, just tell me did you ever originate a pudding?"

"No, never."

"Take out a patent, Rose," cried Tom. "To originate a pudding is much better than to originate a poem."

"Much more useful, I should think," answered Rose, tossing back her blond curls with an air of pique. "Now, Mildred, you know, always went about with an absent air, and had Schiller or some other dreadful book behind the baking-board, and while she waited results she was marching up and down repeating terrific German words that sounded like a witch's incantation."

"Words that would 'splinter the teeth of a crocodile.' They need to be boiled before they are fit for use," interrupted Tom.

"Well, the cakes used to burn sometimes," finished Rose.

"Yes—I confess," said I, laughing. "I hope you will be far more practical and useful than I have ever been, Rose. Dreamers have no business in life—it is the doers who are needed. If we can't provide the dinners or cook them, of what use are we?"

"Don't say that," exclaimed our father. "What would the world be without the thinkers—the great minds whose words stir us to great deeds?"

"Do you remember that picture in *Harper's* of a training-school for such things?" said Tom

—"one girl is calling out, 'Please, Sir, I know this omelet;' and another is salting her lesson with tears, while she dolefully says, 'I never can learn this plum-pudding.'"

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Rose, "if one could only eat the lessons when learned."

"That would be truly stimulating to your ambition, Rose. I'm afraid you would get into a high fever with the intensity of your duties," laughed Tom.

When they went out the gay talk ceased. I recounted a little of my bitter experience. Then I tried to banish all troublesome thoughts. For a brief moment the door of care was barred—the future, with its untried perplexities—the past, with its known trials, were forgotten—only the serene present shed its atmosphere of peace around me. But even in looking at that dear face care seemed to mock me with a returning glance. Was it the silvery light of the lamp which made the ground glass-shade look like an illumined pearl?—that showed so many gleams of white in his hair, and made his cheek so pallid? Looking up into that face, and reading it as an open book, I could not help doing as we do with a too pathetic tale. I turned away to hide the tears.

Time passed on, and I began once more to look over the papers for a situation. Not long could I enjoy the shelter of the home-nest. It was not a favorable time of year, and the few that offered seemed to require such marvels of intellect that they must be like the century plant, and only blossom once in a hundred years from the tree of knowledge. Tom made some faint objection.

"But I want you to start fair for college next fall."

He was silent. In fact he looked rather disgusted at the continual harping on such a mouldered string. He cared little about going back to college—I saw that plainly. He would willingly float on uselessly as a straw on the current of life; but I could easier give up home-love and comfort than my ambitious plans for him, our only brother—so handsome and really gifted!

He saw my serious look, and said, "Don't be afraid for me, Mill. I'll work like a regular tramp at my invention this summer. I don't say much about it for fear of being forestalled; but you'll see."

I turned away impatiently. I had little faith in Tom's inventions, except that they were the very best patents ever taken out for wasting time.

Some time after Tom grew gloomy. I remembered that his grave mood began with the reception of a letter. One bright afternoon—the sunshine looked so genial—the young birches in the garden waved their branches, wreathed with tender green, in the soft air—the tulips nodded their gay heads, turbaned like princesses of the East—the green borders were starred with creamy-hued crocus all alight with buds—here and there the apple blossoms lay rosy white on the grass,



a mosaic more lovely than the Florentine. There was a gleam of water in the distance, and toward this I walked. The sunshine that fell on my path gave no hint of marsh or swamp—no shadow of dread disease in its golden beams. It paved a way of light amidst emerald grasses, along which I walked gayly as if it were the road to happiness, and the far-famed temple of earthly felicity stood at the end.

But I found something else at the end—namely, Tom. Yes! there he was, stretched out under a huge tree, smoking a cigar. He held something crumpled in his hand. I walked straight up to him.

"Well, Tom, you didn't invite me to join your excursion, but here I am."

No answer.

"You seem to be having a good time here."

"A —— [something like an oath] dull time." I was shocked, but not repelled.

"Is it not a lovely afternoon?"

"Is it?"

"Yes—can't you see?"

Tom puffed vigorously away at his cigar till he grew dim in the smoke.

I sat down beside him. The river rapidly floating on, here and there flecked with a white sail—the waves sun-steeped and sparkling—the blue sky, with slow-sailing floats of pearly cloud—all whispered "Peace," like the voice of the Master, to any tempest that might rage in the soul. But these voices seemed silent to Tom. He only glowered fiercely at Nature, as if he wondered what business she had to look gay when he was gloomy and discontented. Presently he tossed something white toward me. I picked up the crumpled note, and somewhat curiously smoothed it out and read:

"DEAR TOM,—I regret that I am forced to remind you of a claim I have against you. I go to Washington in a few weeks, or I should wait. I wish, if possible, that you would let me have the sum I lent you before that time. If I thought it would be the last imprudence, I would gladly lose it for the sake of your reform. As it is, I claim it that you may learn the value of money; also that I may use it for some of my brave fellows. Yours ever,

"BERTRAND MERRION."

I felt my face flush with shame for Tom, and a little indignation at the tone of the note.

"Isn't he a prig?" exclaimed Tom, savagely.

"Rather cool in his tone," I answered, with a sadly troubled heart.

"Yet, you'd hardly believe it—he's a splendid fellow!" said Tom again.

"Is he?"

"Yes; offered it of his own accord when he overheard me telling my difficulties. Blame it, how was I to know what Champagne suppers would cost? When the bills came in—whew!"

"Oh! Tom, how could you?" I exclaimed, quite appalled at the magnitude of his folly.

"Well, I tell you I was astonished!" answered Tom, in an angry tone, as if that was a sufficient expiation for any fault. "Bertrand Merrion was one of the grave and reverend Seniors, but he gave me the money with a large pill of advice—sugar-coated. I have an invention

now that will be worth a mint if it only succeeds."

"If you do not find that your invention has been invented before, as is generally the case with your discoveries. You are always busy with toys, Tom—from the time you invented silk-reels that never would wind, to this hour, when some impossible scheme takes your mind from all possible good—from all self-culture—from all scientific knowledge, which would show you the untrodden paths of new invention—and where the *ignes fatui* glimmer only to lead astray."

"In the mean time Bertrand Merrion—"

"Will hardly wait for your invention to be patented," I answered, gravely. "Our father must know nothing of this, Tom."

"Of course not," answered Tom, moodily. "Never mind, I can go as clerk in a dry-goods store. It would go against the grain confoundedly, but I might earn something; or I don't know but I should prefer a dose of laudanum."

Tom stood listlessly enough, skipping stones in the water as he spoke. He looked very little like accomplishing either suggestion just then: erect in the pride of youth; his slender figure, his handsome face crowned with well-trimmed curls; his quick hazel eyes, now a little moody and roving in their glance; his smooth white forehead, too broad and smooth for intellectual development; his features altogether too regular to denote strength of character. All these traits I marked as I examined him with a keener glance than ever before, and they gave me the impression of one who might do many a foolish deed, but never a daring one.

"I have some money, Tom," I said, "but it must be kept for your education; for this debt I have nothing."

At this moment the sunshine, glinting through the boughs, fell on a diamond ring that shone on my hand. The light seemed to radiate from the stone till it sparkled and gleamed like a tiny sun itself. It seemed to light a way out of the difficulty.

"I will give you this, Tom," I said, with a painful effort. "You can pawn it, and I can afford to make up the rest."

Even Tom was moved to some faint objection. "Our mother's ring," he said, in a low tone. "You must not—I can never allow that."

"If it only proves a talisman to save you from future folly. Oh, Tom, promise me that you will go back with the strong determination to make the best use of all the opportunities not so easily earned I can tell you. You have idled too long."

"I'll promise any thing for your sake, Milly," answered Tom, quite gayly, now that the temporary pressure of the debt was removed. "You are the best sister that an 'unfortunate cove' ever owned."

He could throw off a burden so easily, careless about who took them up; he promised so gayly, I could hardly feel satisfied with a tone which had no depth to indicate resolve, no earn-



estness of will, no strong purpose of accomplishing in its expression. I rose from my seat, moss-cushioned and daisy-tapestried as it was, with a faint and weary feeling, as though life with its numerous calls and duties was already a burden. The glory of the day had departed, though sunset clouds began to golden, though purple curtains began to fall before the fading light. I felt a chill in the balmy air, and saw behind Fonthill the misty giants rising and wavering in the steps of the dying day. They seemed to beckon me with their vaporous arms, and to fan my brow with their chill damp breath till I reached the rectory door.

About a week afterward, as I passed, equipped for a walk, Tom called me into his room. He presented a rather curious spectacle at the moment, as if ready for execution, though the oil-skin cap which he wore to protect his glossy brown curls from dust and danger was not drawn far enough down. He never forgot in his most absorbing occupation what he considered the chief duty of man—to look as handsome as possible, and enjoy himself. Besides this cap, which gave him somewhat the appearance of a peeled onion, Tom sported a most remarkable dressing-gown. It had once been a gorgeous Cashmere strewn with Oriental palms; but it was now so spattered and smeared with various chemical substances that the original tints had left in dismay, and the palms had run riot into a most fantastic vegetation, one yawning chasm being burned therein by sulphuric acid. Small explosions were frequently heard in Tom's room, and fearfully pungent odors made their way through the keyhole, and diffused their baneful presence through the house. His genius not being of the common order, which presents but one object to the soaring mind, he gave himself to many schemes, and felt equal to achieving greatness in either. Mechanics, art, and science alike tempted him from the beaten path of duty with their seductive blandishments, and all were represented in the various lumber that crowded the room. His brain teemed with great ideas—perhaps impossible to embody, or already in use amidst the votaries of science.

"Just come in and wait a minute, and I'll walk with you," he said. "I don't mind your seeing every thing, as it isn't likely you'll get any idea of my invention, and have the affair patented before me."

"Well, what's the invention now?" I asked, rather impatiently, as I made my way with difficulty amidst chips and shavings and dislodged a bottle of ether from the only chair.

"Oh, I've got half a dozen," Tom answered, laughing. "If it was only *one* I might succeed. Now your common minds can only contain one idea. My brain is over-fertile. I really can't tell which to take up, for either would make me famous."

"I wish, Tom, that you could only invent something that would make you prudent and diligent at your studies: such an invention would be truly invaluable. Your mind seems

to be vividly portrayed by the condition of this room—so choked up with useless trash that one must almost go on a voyage of discovery to find the useful articles of furniture."

"Ah, but what sublime order genius can evoke out of chaos!" Tom answered, carelessly, as he put on his coat. "The only trouble is, which of my grand schemes shall I astonish the world with developing."

"Say, rather, which kind of nonsense will you waste your summer upon," I answered, in an unsympathizing tone. "You ought to be studying now for an advanced class. As you have lost all the opportunities of this term by your own folly, I should think you would feel bound to make it up."

"And so I will, Milly," he answered, as we left the room. "Can't you understand a fellow's devotion to a great idea and yet studying too? I mean to study, of course."

"And if you would only hear little Frank St. Clair's lessons," I went on, eagerly, "you might have something laid up against the fall."

"Now, Milly, that's a little too much," answered Tom, with quite an injured air. "Do you think I'm adapted to teaching stupid little brats? Do you think I could spend my time hammering ideas into a wooden-headed youngster. No, I thank you. I would rather measure ribbons, if you please; it is far more entertaining and easy."

"And yet, Tom," I answered, with a throb of pain at my heart, "I have this to do. I have to retrace all the dusty and dry paths of elementary knowledge that you think so terrible."

"Ah yes!" answered Tom, conceitedly; "but you are a woman, and women somehow adapt themselves so easily to circumstances. Now I have not the least adaptation to such things. I'd rather hang myself than be a school-teacher."

I was silent. I knew a better name than adaptation to apply to that readiness with which a true woman assumes burdens that a stalwart man would find intolerable. It was self-sacrifice.

Tom was silent a moment, and then said,

"I say, Milly, I haven't written to Merrion yet. How are we going to arrange it?"

It was rather odd that Tom should say "we," as though he had the remotest share in the arrangement. He accepted favors in a lordly style, and was generally too well-bred to allude to them at all. His gratitude might be defined as "a lively sense of benefits to come."

"You had better go to New York at once," I said. "You can see Mr. Merrion and settle it."

So Tom's mind being fully relieved he strayed off to some lounging acquaintance on the river-bank, and seemed to become oblivious to my presence. I hastened home, for a chill, mist-like rain began to fall. Into this vaporous gulf Tom disappeared a few hours later, with a buoyancy and exhilaration of spirit at the prospect of his trip, in nowise dampened by the rain.

All the next day dull and leaden clouds



moved heavily over the sky. At last, in the afternoon, the dome of cloud-granite was riven and a glory glimmered through. The elms in the garden shone dewy bright, like the resplendent trees of a fairy tale, where every leaf is a jewel. Far off the misty Titans were rolling up their ponderous bulks before the king of day. I watched the earth and sky with a restless feeling that I could not define, and at last I took up a book for relief. Perhaps because my life was full of effort, self-sacrifice, and trial, I turned to "The Lotus-Eater," which chants the luxury of dreamful ease, with the vexing refrain, "Why should life all labor be?" It shut out for a time the work-day world with its ever-encroaching materialism, and gave me glimpses of a glorious land filled with repose—a land of glancing streams falling in sheets of foam—a land flushed with unfading sunset—a charmed sun that lingered ever with a rosy flame—a land where all things remained the same, nor submitted to the laborious law of change.

But I was suddenly recalled to the actual by the opening of the garden gate and the entrance of Rose, who held up a letter toward me. Slowly I stepped down the aerial spaces from the cloudy sphere of fantasy. At the same time I walked down the material stairs of the house—took the letter, opened, and read:

"I can see your eyes dilate with surprise, dear Milly, when you open this epistle. I left Fonthill with the full expectation of returning to the paternal fold to-day. I made many resolutions on the way of being *such* a good boy, in hopes that I might some time find a plum in the pie of my future, like little Jacky Horner of Mother Goose memory; but I shall never have my finger in *that* pie, I am sure. 'There is a tide in the affairs of man,' you know, Milly, the rest may be found in Shakspeare—haul over the book, and when found make a note on't. Well, I met the tide just as I turned Fulton Street, and Bertrand Merrion sailing on it with the serene composure of a clam at high-water. There was so much martial music in the air, so many star-spangled banners about, that somehow patriotism seemed to be infectious—I found I was 'Hail Columbia' all over, though I never thought of it before; but Bertrand Merrion, he's overflowing, you know, he looks daggers and talks nothing smaller than grape-shot—he's a regular steam-boiler, full of indignation and national pride, ready to explode at a touch—none of your conservatives like father, but a real out-and-outer. He's my Captain, Milly, for I enlisted at once. We're off to the Capital to-morrow. Break it to them at home as gently as possible. You know I'm twenty, and if I don't go now, I should certainly one day be 'grafted into the army.' Don't fret about my education, Milly. I'm in the right school now. I'm Second Lieutenant to begin with, and shall graduate in a higher class. I couldn't take a more honorable degree than U.S.V. in Uncle Sam's noble army of volunteers. Don't fear I shall cover myself with 'glory.' Lock my room so that no enterprising genius may put his inquisitive nose in and smell out my new invention. Good-by. I'll send your diamond back by Express. Bertrand won't listen to any payment now. Love to all.

TOM KEITH."

That was all. So ended my work and the need of it—I might stay at home now in inglorious ease—as far as related to Tom. My father was brought back to the actual by his son's departure. He laid aside the early Fathers and sought the latest newspaper. He became more alive to the present—to the great drama which was enacted around him—more a man of the time,

with a hearty interest in passing events—than when he had spent his life in groping among the bones of a dead past. Even Rose forgot some favorite finery in reading aloud stirring editorials on the war, or writing long letters to Tom, which he perused eagerly by the camp-fire with a warmth about his heart never felt before. He had suffered some privation, and borne it like a man; but it made him value his humble home more than ever, and any token from that charmed spot grew doubly precious. He learned to suffer and be strong; and it seemed to me that to some the war was a great educator, terrible in its lessons, but thereby enduring. It took men away from selfish or wasted lives, and gave them a noble principle for which to suffer or even die. It drew into its vast training-school even the sickly Sybarites of fashion, and taught them that "to do and to suffer" was better than simply "to be." It gave a worthy object to objectless lives; it made people read who never read before; it struck out sparks of sympathy and benevolence from cold and niggardly hearts. It lighted the fires of philanthropy and universal love to the suffering; it called out self-devoted women who had never found their true life-work till they stood with ministering hands by the sick and dying. Ah! I thought there is good as well as evil in the war; and I followed my young soldier in thought on his weary marches, and by the flaming camp-fire, even to the battle-field, where the "ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound."

The nation trembled on the eve of a great battle. Hearts turned sick and cheeks blanched at the prospect. "We must win," said the national voice; but deep throbbing in the national heart the question rankled like a poisoned arrow, "What—what if we should lose?" Restless feet trod the streets of Fonthill, and anxious groups talked at the corners. At the Rectory we talked little; even Rose's merry laugh was hushed. With bated breath and aching hearts we waited till toward twilight, when the evening paper usually came. Then a nervous and impatient anxiety sent us out to meet the news rather than await its coming. We met it at last. Terribly the tide of disaster swept by—on every side we heard the muttered thunder of the fearful storm. "Great defeat; terrible repulse; frightful loss of life; utter demoralization of the army; strange panic," etc. No need to repeat the bitter story; for what American can ever forget the first battle of Bull Run? I seized the paper, and tried to pick out something more from the meagre but fearful sentences; but there was nothing—no word of comfort—no retrieval of utter loss. Where was Tom?

We found his name in the newspaper list, three days after, "Seriously wounded."

We went at once to Washington. Rose, sobered by sorrow, presided at home with the sedateness of a matron, and made ready for the expected invalid. The parishioners were full



of kindness. A new tie seemed to bind them to the Rector's family—now that we were tried by the same fiery ordeal through which many of their hearts had passed and grown tenderer by the trial. When, after weeks of weary waiting by the bedside, we brought back a pale attenuated figure, who looked out from hollow, cavernous eyes with an eager glance to catch the first glimpse of his beloved home, it was hard to recognize in this worn and wasted man the handsome, careless Tom. Even the coldest critics among our people melted into sincere sympathy at the sight; for some of them had loved ones in the army, who might one day be struck with the same withering blight, or—woeful thought!—receive the cold and deadly bullet into their young hearts, and be left to the brief, fierce agony of the death-struggle alone.

But deeper than the mere physical was the change in Tom. The ghastly pallor that replaced the flush of health, the wasted hollows where all was firmly rounded, the weakened limbs bereft of their athlete strength, were not more changed than the self-pleasing disposition, the careless demands on the time of others, the indifferent acceptance of any sacrifice that had marked him when in health. Short and severe as the schooling had been, it had effected more than the quiet training of years. He had found that "knowledge by suffering entereth;" for never till he had suffered himself had he felt a care for others. All through the languid August days he lay and thought. Now that he must lie there supine and indolent he felt the nobility of work; he was tortured with schemes of helpful action. One day he said:

"Milly, as soon as I am well enough I shall burn that new invention."

"Yes, Tom."

"I've been a confounded drag to you all, Milly. If I should go now you would all do better."

"Oh, Tom!" I cried, with a sudden burst of tears, "you are getting better; don't talk in that way."

"You are worn out with watching me; you have lost your roses in taking care of me. You must go out every day now, or I shall rebel and not take my medicine."

When had Tom cared for my comfort before, or considered any one but self? It was so sweet and unusual that I could not speak.

"If I get well, Milly—and I hope I shall, that I may reverse the order of things and do something worthy of living—I shall take care of you all. Merrion says I'm sure to be promoted for gallant conduct in the hour of battle: so you shall have every comfort. You needn't leave your home now for strangers. I despise myself that I ever allowed it."

"It was my own choice," I interrupted; "you shall not blame yourself for that."

"Well, I'm burning to do something for you. I should like to sacrifice myself in some way," said Tom, with a faint smile. "When you get married I shall give you the jolliest blow-out!"

"Is that elegant expression part of your late college course?"

"I'm afraid the dialect of the army is not quite as choice as might have been heard in the groves of Athens," answered Tom. "But I can tell you I've learned something better than choice phrases. When a fellow's cast away in the sea of a large army, isolated and homesick, he's apt to remember home care and affection, and to value the sympathy which he once took with as much indifference as his daily bread and butter. I thought of many a thing, Milly, in the lonely night-watches by the camp-fire; and my past life, so useless and aimless, often came up before me as it does before drowning people. Strange how different it all looks in that light!"

"Well, Tom, you're young enough to begin anew; sponge out the old record and try again."

Tom was silent for a while, and then he said: "Milly, do you know that being with Bertrand Merrion was one thing that brought me to my senses. His active, manly life, so full of energy and purpose, was a constant rebuke to my own self-indulgence. You saw how he visited the hospital—how he wore himself out for those men. He could hardly sleep at night; he had the whole company on his mind."

"I should think they might have proved something of a nightmare."

"But I needn't sound his praises to you," said Tom, slyly; "for I think you know all about it. Once I told him what a good sister you were, and how you gave me the diamond-ring on his account."

"Did you tell him that, Tom?"

"Why don't you ask me what he said?"

"Well, what did he say?"

"That if you would give me the hand on his account he would be the happiest of men. I saw as soon as you came that it was love at first sight."

I could not answer. I looked out of the open window where the sultry August sun streamed over the landscape like a pallid flame. Tree and shrub drooped in its fierce ray, and there was not breeze enough to stir the languid grass.

"You have given me so much, could you not give me your hand for my best friend?"

"No, Tom."

"Why," exclaimed Tom, with some of his old petulance, "there never was a better fellow."

"Because I have already given it to himself," I answered, as I ran out of the room.

Then Tom was happy. Serene and contented in heart, he grew rapidly better. He was filled with longing once more to be on the foe-man's ground. He was ready to give up home comforts so lately precious, and home love more truly estimated than ever, for the tented field and the fierce strife of battle. But not before the frost had given its sharp but healthful blessing to the enervating Southern air did he go. Then with proudly-beating heart he received the deserved and expected promotion, and took a higher rank in the wondrous training-school of the army.





### THE LIFE OF FLOWERS.

SEE—on the cold damp flags,  
Wherever my lady flits—  
A flower-girl, huddled up in her rags,  
Fallen asleep where she sits!  
Well may your ladyship stop,  
The sight has a wild, weird charm—  
Look in the basket ready to drop  
Down from the listless arm.

Near;—yet how far apart!  
View them, oh, pitying Powers—  
Each with her tender woman's heart—  
Each with her life of flowers:—  
Flowers—strewn in one's happy path,  
Garlands for waist and for head:—  
Tell me what to the other, I pray!  
Things not for beauty but bread!

Under the flaring lamp,  
Out in the midnight street,  
Where the air is stilly, chilly, and damp,  
Look at the two, how they meet!  
How many meet so—and part:—  
Here in this world of ours,  
Each with her tender woman's heart,  
Each with her life of flowers!



## SHERIDAN'S BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

ON the morning of the 19th of September, 1864, I was marching at the head of my company along the narrow and wooded gorge through which the Berryville and Winchester pike winds between the Opequan Creek and the town of Winchester. My regiment belonged to the Second Brigade of the First Division of the Nineteenth Army Corps, and formed a fraction of the army of Major-General Philip Sheridan, which, at two o'clock that morning, had quitted its intrenched position near Berryville.

For a month Sheridan had been watching his opportunity. He had advanced to Front Royal, and retreated to Halltown; he had manœuvred in face of a superior enemy with curious and happy dexterity; he had guarded himself, where it was necessary to make a stand, with miles of field-fortifications; he had parried Early's threatened second raid upon Washington and Pennsylvania; and now, when his antagonist was weakened by the departure of Kershaw's division, he promptly resumed the offensive.

The army at this moment was engaged in the perilous movement of filing through a narrow gorge and deploying in face of a strongly-posted and veteran enemy. The road was crowded with artillery, ammunition-wagons, and ambulances, all hurrying forward. On each side of it a line of infantry in column of march stumbled over the rocky, guttered ground, and struggled through the underbrush. The multitudes of men who belong to an army, yet who do not fight—the cooks, the musicians, the hospital attendants, the quarter-masters' and commissaries' people, the sick, and the skulkers—sat on every rock and under every bush, watching us pass. Here, too, were jammed the troopers of the cavalry advance, who, for the present, had finished their fighting, having cleared the passage of the Opequan Creek, and opened the way thus far for the infantry and artillery. Presently we met litters loaded with pale sufferers, and passed a hospital-tent, inside of which I saw surgeons surrounding a table, and amputated limbs and pools of blood underneath it. The stern and sad business of the day had evidently begun in front, although the sound of it was not yet audible to us, excepting an occasional boom of cannon, deadened to a dull *pum pum* by the woods and the distance.

The battle of Winchester was fought on this plan: A narrow ravine, winding among hills so steep and thickly wooded as to be impassable for any troops but light infantry, debouches into an irregular, undulating valley, faced on the south by an amphitheatre of stony heights, laid, with regard to each other, like detached fortifications. The object of Sheridan was to pass through this ravine, deploy in the valley, amuse the enemy's right, fight his centre vigorously, turn and force his left. The object of Early was to allow us to deploy up to a certain extent; then to beat in our attacking columns

and throw them back in confusion on our line of advance; lastly, to ruin us by pushing his strong left through our right, and reaching the mouth of the gorge so as to cut off our retreat. To effect this final purpose his army was not drawn up at right angles to the pike, but diagonally to it, so as to bring his left nearer to our vital debouching point. And this fatal stroke he attempted early in the day, with a strong column, pushed with remarkable vigor, and for a time with terrible promise of success.

At about ten o'clock the head of the Sixth Corps emerged from the ravine, took ground rapidly to the left, and advanced in two lines, the first of which presently carried a rifle-pit and wood that formed the outwork of the enemy's right. This right being refused, or held aloof, our extreme left had throughout the day, so far as I could learn, no very serious fighting. The opening struggle of supreme importance came in the centre, where it was necessary, firstly, to gain ground enough to bring up our second line; and, secondly, to hold the approaches to the ravine at no matter what cost of slaughter. I beg the reader to remark that if this was not done our striking right could not be deployed, and our retreat could not be secured; that if this was not done there could be no victory, and there must be—if the enemy pushed us with energy—calamitous defeat. Upon the Nineteenth Corps and upon Rickett's Division of the Sixth Corps devolved this bloody task. They were to sustain the principal burden of the battle during the long hours which would be necessary to let the Eighth Corps sweep around on its more enviable and brilliant mission of turning the hostile position. How the Nineteenth Corps performed its portion of the task is shown by its list of killed and wounded. Swept by musketry and artillery from the front, enfiladed by artillery from the right, pressed violently by the one grand column of attack which Early massed to decide the battle, it bled, but it stood, and, after hours of suffering, advanced.

Closely following the Sixth Corps—lapping its rear, indeed—Grover's Division emerged from the defile at a little before eleven o'clock, and forming in two lines, each consisting of two brigades, moved promptly forward in superb order. Steep hills and a thick wood, impracticable for artillery until engineered, rendered it necessary for the infantry to open the contest without the support of cannon. In face of a vigorous shelling the column swept over the hills, struggled through the wood, and emerged upon a broad stretch of rolling fields, on the other side of which lay the rebel force, supported by another wood and by a ledge of rocks, which answered the purpose of a fortification, with the semicircular heights of Winchester in the rear, as a final rallying base. As the lines of advance from the gorge were divergent, opening outward like the blades of a fan, General Emory found it necessary, in order to keep up a connection with the Sixth Corps, to hurry Molineux's brigade from the rear to the front. This was



done at a double-quick, in face of the hostile musketry, without checking the general advance. And now the division quickened its pace into a charge of unusual and unintended impetuosity, the officers being dragged on by the eagerness of the men, the skirmishers firing as they ran, and the brigades following at a right-shoulder-shift, with deafening yells. Birge's men carried the detached wood with a rush: they were ordered to halt there and lie down, but it was impossible to stop them; they hurried on, pell-mell, and drove the enemy three hundred yards beyond. The rebel General Rhodes was killed while placing a battery in position. Three colonels taken by Sharpe's Brigade were sent back to Emory as prisoners. Early's first line in the centre was every where thrown back in confusion.

But an advance as vehement as this is liable to sudden reverse when the attacked party has a strong second line well in hand, as was the case on the present occasion. It is possible even that Grover's opening success changed the plans of Early, and forced him quicker than he had intended into decisive action. At all events he suddenly developed at this early stage of the battle the greatest mass of troops that he showed at any period of the day. From the position where it had been lying sheltered a force estimated at two divisions of infantry rose up, poured in a stunning volley, followed by a steady file-fire, and moved forward against the ranks of Grover and Ricketts, already disordered by their rapid push. Artillery on a height near Winchester, firing over the heads of the rebel troops, and other artillery on a height far to our right, enfilading our line, supported the movement with shell, grape, and canister. For a while this powerful and well-timed advance was fearfully successful, and threatened Sheridan with repulse, if not with serious disaster. Rickett's Division was forced, after a bloody though brief struggle, up the Berryville and Winchester pike toward the mouth of that gorge which was so vital to our army. Grover's line fought for a time at close quarters; for instance his extreme left regiment, the One Hundred and Fifty-Sixth New York (Lieutenant-Colonel Neafie), faced a rebel regiment at thirty yards distance; and around the colors of the latter not more than forty men remained, the rest having fled or fallen. But now the One Hundred and Fifty-Sixth, and presently the entire brigade, was exposed to a fatal fire from the left flank as well as from the front. Neafie's loss of one hundred and fifteen men nearly all occurred at this time and within a few minutes. Colonel Sharpe, commanding the brigade, and all the regimental commanders except one, were disabled. To attempt to hold the position longer was to be slaughtered uselessly or to be taken prisoners. The order to retire was given, and passed rapidly down the division line from left to right, being obeyed by each brigade in succession. The bloody but victorious advance was changed into a bloody and ominous retreat.

And here let me beg the reader to conceive

the inevitable circumstances of hopeless, unre-sisting slaughter which attend the withdrawal of troops from the immediate presence of a powerful enemy. There is no inspiring return of blow for blow; there is no possibility of quelling the hostile fire by an answering fire; the soldier marches gloomily in his file, imagining that his foe is ever gaining on him; the ranks are rapidly thinned, and the organization of the companies shattered; and thus, from both physical and moral causes, the bravest battalions go to pieces. Rarely does it happen, if ever, that a force is extricated from this fearful trial without breaking. Grover's and Rickett's commands reached the base from which they had advanced in a state of confusion which threatened wide-spread disaster. Sixth Corps men and Nineteenth Corps men were crowding together up the line of the Berryville pike, while to the right and left of it the fields were dotted with fugitives, great numbers of them wounded, bursting out of the retiring ranks and rushing toward the cover of the forest. Some regiments disappeared for a time as organizations. Early's veterans advanced steadily, with yells of triumph and a constant rollof murderous musketry, threatening to sweep away our centre and render our struggle a defeat almost before it had become a battle. It was the bloodiest, the darkest, the most picturesque, the most dramatic, the only desperate moment of the day. General Emory and General Grover, with every brigade commander and every staff officer present, rode hither and thither through the fire, endeavoring by threats, commands, and entreaties to halt and re-form the panic-stricken stragglers.

"Halt here, men," Emory cried to group after group. "Here is good cover. Halt and form a line here."

"I am looking for my own regiment," was the usual reply.

"Never mind your own regiments. Never mind if you belong to fifty regiments. Make a regiment here."

Pointing out other groups to this and that officer of his staff, he would say, "My God! look at these men; ride over to them, and bring them up here."

Captain Yorke of the staff seized a regimental flag and bore it forward, shouting, "Men, don't desert your colors," when a spent ball struck him in the throat, paralyzing him for a time and causing him to drop his burden. Of the other staff officers Captain Wilkinson had his horse killed under him. Captain Coley had a bullet pass through his coat collar, and Major Walker received a spent shot in the shoulder.

One instance of coolness and discipline, which contrasted curiously with the general panic, was noticed by Captain Bradbury of the First Maine Battery, now Major and Chief of Artillery on General Emory's staff. Through the midst of the confusion came a captain of infantry, Rigby of the Twenty-fourth Iowa, leading a sergeant and twelve men, all marching as composedly as if returning from drill.



"Captain, you are not going to retreat any further, I hope?" said Bradbury.

"Certainly not," was the reply. "Halt; front. Three cheers, men; hip, hip, hurrah!"

The little band cheered lustily. It was the first note of defiance that broke the desperate monotony of the panic; it gave heart to every one who heard it, and made an end of retreat in that part of the field. In a few minutes the platoon swelled to a battalion composed of men from half a dozen regiments.

"Bradbury," said General Grover, "you must push a section into that gap. We *must* show a front there."

Under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery two pieces galloped into the open, under the charge of Bradbury himself, and, unsupported by infantry, commenced a cannonade which assisted greatly in checking the rebel advance and encouraging our men to rally. A Confederate line which attempted to carry these pieces was repulsed in a somewhat singular manner. General Emory had personally aided in rallying the One Hundred and Thirty-first New York, and had posted it in a narrow grove projecting from the wood which now formed Grover's base of resistance. The charging rebels were allowed to pass this point, and then a volley was poured into their backs. As they staggered under the unexpected shock a fire was opened upon their front by another rallied line, and breaking ranks, they fled pell-mell across the fields to cover.

Thus piece by piece our shattered first line was picked up and reunited. The rebel attack was checked, and a large portion of the lost ground recovered. On the left Neafie, now commanding the Third Brigade, made a second charge nearly up to his original position, while on the right Molineux pushed a line to within two hundred yards of the isolated wood which Birge had carried and lost. And now came into action the famous First Division of the Nineteenth Corps—a division that had never been put to shame on any field of battle, the division that under Weitzel had triumphed at Camp Bisland and Port Hudson, that under Emory had prevented defeat at Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill. From this moment my story of the battle will become to some extent a record of personal observation.

We of the First Division were already out of the defile, and drawn up in two columns behind Grover, when the failure of his attack became evident. The difficulty was, not that we were not in hand, but that, as we had only two brigades present (the Third having been left at Halltown); we were hardly strong enough to face the enemy's left, which far outreached our right, and at the same time make head against the vehement attack which threatened our centre. It had been intended that we should remain in reserve until the time came for us to join the Eighth Corps, in the grand turning movement of the day. Now we must fill up gaps, run from one imperiled point to another, and, in short, be used as the urgency of circumstances required.

Lying in a hollow across which the rebel shell screamed harmlessly, I saw our First Brigade disappear over the crest of the hill in our front. Then we of the Second Brigade moved in column to the right, and halted on a lofty slope, where we could discover some parts of the field of battle, and where the earth was occasionally furrowed by the shot of hostile artillery. Far away to the left I saw a part of the Sixth Corps mount an acclivity and charge into a wood on its summit from which the smoke of musketry issued. I distinguished their distant cheer, and rejoiced in their gallantry and triumph. We knew nothing all this while of the disaster which had occurred in our front, and did not doubt that we should have our customary success. Presently we advanced into the wood, on the extreme verge of which Grover's men were rallying and resuming the conflict. We did not see them, but we plainly heard the incessant rattle of their musketry, and, not knowing the rolling nature of the ground, wondered that the bullets did not hum more frequently through our ranks. Soon we turned to the right again, and emerged into an opening from which we obtained our first clear view of the fighting. Nearly a quarter of a mile in advance of us we saw our First Brigade in line behind a rail-fence, the men kneeling or lying down and keeping up a violent file-firing. Two hundred yards beyond them was the wood which Early had retaken from Birge, a smoke of rebel musketry now rising from it, although not a rebel was visible. As we looked our men rose up, formed, faced about and came slowly toward us, the officers running hither and thither to check a momentary confusion in the ranks. The report flew along our line that they were ordered back to the fence where we stood, and that we were to relieve them; but while we watched the unaccomplished movement two of our four regiments, the Twelfth Connecticut and Eighth Vermont, were faced to the left and hurried back through the wood which we had just traversed. The last thing that I saw as I re-entered the covert was the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York facing about with a cheer and charging back to the fence. I afterward learned that the whole brigade followed it; that the line was a second time ordered back, and then again resumed its position. Here it was that the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York offered up its glorious sacrifice of one hundred and eighty-eight men and officers, being three-fifths of the number which it took into battle. After the engagement the position of the brigade was distinguishable by a long, straight line of dead and dying, here and there piled one upon another, the prostrate and bloody ranks telling with matchless eloquence how the American soldier can fight.

While the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York and Forty-seventh Pennsylvania remained to support the First Brigade and share its fatal honors my regiment and the Eighth Vermont moved back to the centre. We were apparently wanted in many places at once. Pressing and



contradictory orders repeatedly changed our direction and position. It was, "Forward!" and "About face!" "By the right flank!" and "By the left flank!" "Double quick!" and "Halt!" until our heads were half turned by the confusion. At last we came to the outskirt of the wood, and looked out upon Grover's field of battle. No ranks of enemies were visible athwart those undulating fields, but there were long light lines of smoke from musketry and great piles of smoke from batteries, while the rush and crash of shell tore through the forest. Bradbury was putting two of his pieces in position, and we lay down in their rear to support them. General Emory and General Dwight, mounted and surrounded by staff officers, were a little to the front surveying the position. "My God!" remarked the former as he saw men and horses falling around him, "this is a perfect slaughterhouse. It must be held; it is the key of the position. But tell Captain Bradbury to keep his people covered as much as possible."

Here fell one of the best and bravest gentlemen in the service, the only field-officer present with our regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Peck. He had just given the command, "Officers rectify the alignment," as we were about to move forward, when a shell burst among us, one piece of it shattering his knee and mortally mangling the arteries. A moment afterward the Eighth and Twelfth were ordered to move into the open, wheel to the right, and relieve a portion of Molineux's brigade, which lay about two hundred yards from the isolated wood. At a double quick we went nearly a quarter of a mile over gently-rolling fields, pulling up occasionally from pure lack of breath, and then hurrying on again, until we flung ourselves on the ground among the Fourteenth New Hampshire and One Hundred and Thirty-first New York. As the enemy were firing low we suffered very little in our advance; but we had not been in position five minutes before we felt how coolly and surely Lee's veterans could aim; for, stretched at full length as we all were, and completely concealed by tall grass, the bullets searched out our covert with fatal certainty. A groan here, a shriek of agony there, a dying convulsion, a plunge of some wounded wretch to the rear, showed from instant to instant how rapidly our men were being disabled. We lay on a gentle, very gentle slope, and aimed upward, so that our fire was probably even more fatal than that of our adversaries, an ascending range being more sure of its mark than a descending one. After a quarter of an hour here (what a Frenchman would call a *mauvais quart d'heure*), our commander, Captain Clarke, ordered a volley. With the usual cautionary commands from the officers of "Steady men!" "Wait for the word!" "Aim low!" the regiment rose up, closed its ranks, and poured in a splendid crash of musketry, dropping immediately that it was delivered. For a few minutes our antagonists were silenced. Perhaps we had slaughtered them; perhaps the venomous flight of hissing Miniés

had frightened them into taking cover; perhaps they simply saved their powder because they supposed that we were about to charge. But presently the steady file-firing was resumed. On each side the men fired low, fired slowly, fired calmly, knowing full well the hostile position, although able to discover no hostile sign except the light opposing line of musketry smoke. For two or more hours this tranquil, changeless, mortal contest continued. For two or more hours the bullets whizzed through the grass which scarcely concealed us, striking into our prostrate ranks so frequently that every one occasionally searched the branches of the trees in our front to discover the forms of hostile sharpshooters. It seemed impossible that they could strike so many of us, and yet not see us. Of the seventy men and officers whom our regiment lost during the day, at least sixty must have been hit on this line. But the enemy fired much more rapidly and continuously than we did. The word was repeatedly passed along our ranks to spare the cartridges, for we were a long way from our supports, or from any chance of replenishing ammunition, and it was necessary to save shots enough to repulse the rebels in case they should charge us with the bayonet. "Fire down to ten cartridges a piece, and then stop," was the order of our commander.

A curious change came over our men during this long trial. At first they were grave and anxious, but this passed away as they became accustomed to the position; at the last they laughed, jested, and recklessly exposed themselves. Corporal Gray, of Company C, dashed to the front, and with his shelter-tent beat out a flame which was kindling in the autumn grass, returning unhurt out of a frightful peril. "Here's one for Corporal Gray!" shouted several men, leaping up and pulling trigger. Then followed, "Here's one for Sheridan!" and "Here's one for Lincoln!" and "Here's one for M'Clellan, who'll pay us off in gold!" and "Here's one for Jeff Davis!" until the grim joke was played out for lack of cartridges.

All this time our dead and wounded lay among us, with the exception of a few of the latter who crawled a little to the rear, and found shelter in a ditch. Among us, too, were the dead and wounded of the regiments which we had relieved; and the ground in front of us was strewn with other sufferers who had fallen there when Birge met his reverse. The position of these last was horrible; the musketry of both sides passed over them in a constant stream; the balls of friend and foe added to their agony, or closed it in death. One of our men, Private Brown, of Company C, was mortally wounded while giving a drink of water to an officer of an Iowa regiment who lay within ten paces of us, pierced by three bullets. We could not carry away these children of suffering, not even our own, until the battle should be over. It was forbidden by orders; it was contrary to the regulations of the United States Army; it would have been simply an act of well-meant folly and



cruelty. We could not spare the men who would surely be killed or wounded in the attempt; or who, reaching the shelter of the rear with their dangerous burdens, would not find their way back again.

I have been thus minute in describing this experience of our regiment in close line-fighting, because it was a picture of what passed in every part of the field during the central period of the battle. Along the entire front each side clung to its own positions, too exhausted or too cautious to advance, and too obstinate to recede. The duty of the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps now was to hold the enemy desperately occupied until the Eighth Corps could execute the turning movement with which Sheridan meant to decide the combat.

At three o'clock the hour of defeat for Early struck. To our right, *where* precisely I could not see because of the rolling nature of the ground, but in the direction of the spot where our First Brigade was forming those prostrate and bloody ranks which I have previously mentioned, we heard a mighty battle-yell, which never ceased for ten minutes, telling us that Crook and his men were advancing. To meet this yell there arose from the farthest sweep of the isolated wood, where it rounded away toward the rebel rear, the most terrific, continuous wail of musketry that I ever heard. It was not a volley, nor a succession of volleys, but an uninterrupted explosion without a single break or tremor. As I listened to it I despaired of the success of the attack, for it did not seem to me possible that any troops could endure such a fire. The captain of our right company, who was so placed that he could see the advance, afterward described it to me as magnificent in its steadiness; the division which accomplished it moving across the open fields in a single line without visible supports, the ranks kept well dressed, in spite of the stream of dead and wounded which dropped to the rear, the pace being the ordinary quick-step, and the men firing at will, but coolly and rarely.

At this moment our whole army assumed the offensive. Looking back I saw General Emory's reserves emerging from the wood in our rear. And now occurred one of those happy dashes, almost spontaneous in their character, which so frequently aid in deciding a battle. At the first yell of Crook's charge our men reopened fire violently, exhausting their ammunition in five minutes; and then Colonel Thomas, of the Eighth Vermont, regardless of unloaded muskets and empty cartridge-boxes, led on his command at a double quick with the bayonet. General officers and staff officers, misunderstanding the orders of General Emory, which were to advance, came up at a gallop, telling us that we were to be relieved by the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, warning us to wait for our supports, and shouting, "Halt! Lie down!" But it was impossible to check the crowd of yelling, running madmen; a few would hesitate, and stare around at their advancing comrades, then

they would dash on with renewed speed to make up the lost distance. While the regiment thus wavered between discipline and impulse, a mounted officer belonging, as I afterward heard, to Sheridan's staff—a florid, dashing young fellow, in a gayly-embroidered blue shirt, with trowsers tucked into his long boots—galloped in front of us from the direction of the Eighth Corps, and pointed to the wood with his drawn sabre. It was the most chivalrous, the most picturesque equestrianism of battle that I ever saw. It was as fine as a painting of Horace Vernet or of Wouvermans. As a contrasting picture, let me introduce an infantry officer whom I noticed at the same moment, running breathless, twenty feet in advance of the line, his blanket-roll over his shoulders, and his sword sheathed, but waving his men forward with a large brier-wood pipe, for he was smoking when the charge was ordered. From the instant that that American St. George in the embroidered shirt appeared all hope of stopping us vanished. The men sprang out with a yell like wild beasts, and the wood was carried on a full run, while the rebels rushed out of it at the top of their speed, many of them throwing away their guns and accoutrements. As we came in from one side Crook's troops entered from another, the two commands converging, and for a moment mingling together in the tumultuous triumph.

Thus passed the crisis of the battle. Early had used up at least two divisions of infantry in retaking and endeavoring to hold this wood, which was so essential to him; firstly, as covering his centre, and secondly, as being his most favorable base whence to launch an attack against our course of retreat, the Berryville and Winchester Pike. The slaughter in and around the grove proved the importance which each party attached to the possession of it. Looking down the gentle slopes over which our troops had advanced, retreated, and again advanced, we saw piles and lines of dead and wounded which could hardly be estimated at less than fifteen hundred men. In the wood lay the slaughtered skirmishers of Birge's brigade, mingled with the dead and severely wounded of the rebels, who also dotted the fields beyond. I noticed that most of our slain here had been stripped of their clothing, probably to cover the backs of Early's ragged soldiers. Colonel Thomas observed one of our officers propped against a tree with a wounded rebel on each side of him.

"Courage, my friend," said he. "We will take care of you soon; but first we want to finish the enemy."

The sufferer waved his hand feebly, and answered in a low voice, "Colonel, you are doing it gloriously."

Thomas started, for he now recognized in this mortally wounded man his old companion in arms, the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Babcock, of the Seventy-fifth New York, formerly of our brigade.

"Don't trouble yourself about me now," said Babcock. "But when you have done your



fighting, will you spare me a couple of men to carry me away?"

Thomas promised, and followed his regiment. Colonel Babcock's watch and money had been taken by a rebel officer, probably with the intention of preserving them for him; but he had also been plundered in cruel earnest by the soldiers, who roughly dragged off his boots although one of his thighs was shattered by a musket-ball.

The Eighth Corps now moved against the heights, where Early made his final stand. The Eighth Vermont and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, in conjunction with Upton's men of the Sixth Corps, followed the troops who had been forced out of the wood, and, flanking them with a heavy enfilading fire, drove them successively from a rail-fence and a stone-wall, where they attempted to rally. Lieutenant-Colonel Van Petten, of the One Hundred and Sixtieth, already had a bullet through the thigh, but refused to give up the command of his regiment until the fighting was over. As he led off at the head of it General Emory said to him, "Colonel, you are going into a hot fire; you had better dismount."

"Can't walk, Sir," replied Van Petten, pointing to his bandaged thigh, and rode onward.

Our regiment halted in the grove, and waited for ammunition. Twice it wheeled into column of companies to give passage to Birge's and Molineux's brigades of Grover's Division, which were now pushed up as supports to the general advance. I could not see that these commands bore any trace of the repulse of the morning; the ranks moved steadily, and the air of the men was composed and resolute. It must be observed, however, that up to this time I did not know that our line had suffered any disaster. They had just passed when a mounted officer, followed by a single orderly, galloped up to us. As he reined in his horse a rebel shell, one of the many which were now tearing through the wood, burst within a few feet of him, actually seeming to crown his head with its deadly halo of smoke and humming fragments.

"That's all right, boys," he said, with a careless laugh. "No matter; we can lick them."

The men laughed; then a whisper ran along the ranks that it was Sheridan; then they burst into a spontaneous cheer.

"What regiment is this?" he asked, and dashed off toward the firing.

Presently we advanced, in support of a battery of artillery, over high ground lately occupied by Early's centre. Our close fighting was over, and for the rest of the day we were spectators. At the distance of half a mile from us, too far away to distinguish the heroism of individuals, but near enough to observe all the grand movements and results, the last scene of the victorious drama was acted out. Crook's column carried the heights and the fort which crowned them. We could see the long, dark

lines moving up the stony slopes; we could see and hear the smoke and clatter of musketry on the deadly summit; then we could hear our comrades' cheer of victory. Early's battle was rapidly reduced to a simple struggle to save himself from utter rout. His mounted force had been beaten as usual by Averill, Torbert, and Custer. His infantry, dreadfully weakened by killed, wounded, prisoners, and stragglers, was retreating in confusion, presenting no reliable line of resistance. And now, just in the nick of time, our cavalry formed its connection with the extreme right of our infantry, so that Sheridan was able to use it promptly to complete his victory. I saw a brigade of these gallant troopers gallop in a long, straight line along the crest of the hill, rush upon Early's rear, and break up and sweep away his disorganized regiments as easily, to all appearance, as a billow tosses its light burden of sea-weed. Seven hundred prisoners and two guns were the results of this well-timed and brilliant onslaught. It was, I believe, the most effective cavalry charge that has been delivered during the war; and it was certainly one of the most spirit-stirring and magnificent spectacles conceivable.

The victory was now won, and our infantry quietly bivouacked two miles beyond the field of battle, while the cavalry pushed on picking up materiel and prisoners.

The fruits of the battle, gathered on the spot or during the pursuit of the next day, were five cannon, fifteen flags, six or seven thousand small arms, and three thousand prisoners, besides two thousand wounded who were left on the field, or in the town of Winchester, or on the road between there and Strasburg. The entire loss of the enemy in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and in stragglers who did not again rejoin him, could not have been less than seven thousand men. But the results of this bloody and successful combat did not stop here. It thoroughly demoralized Early's remaining troops, thus rendering possible, indeed rendering easy, the extraordinary victory of Strasburg, which was but the sequel, the moral consequence, of that of Winchester.

Of the loss of our own army I can not speak with certainty for lack of official information. But the heaviest slaughter must have fallen, I think, upon the Nineteenth Corps, which had nineteen hundred and forty killed and wounded, besides losing some prisoners, most of whom, however, were recaptured.

It was the first battle of our corps in Virginia; and I must say that Lee's veterans somewhat disappointed us. They made desperate fighting, but not more desperate than we had been accustomed to see. They were neither better nor worse soldiers than the Texans, Louisianians, Arkansans, and Alabamians, whom we had met, and had beaten too, in the Department of the Gulf.



## NORA AND I.

"We were two daughters of one race;  
But she was fairest in the face."

THERE were only two of us—Nora and I. Our father had been dead five years, and we had been living all that time with our mother, on the farm—in the house which had been our home ever since we could remember. But life there had been such a different thing when father was alive. He was a lawyer, and, as country lawyers go, a successful one. Of course his profession, and not the farm, had supported us. When he was first married he had come to Eastbrook after having seen an advertisement of the farm for sale in the county paper. He had money enough to buy and stock it, to furnish his house prettily and substantially, and to live on, afterward, until he could get established in his profession. So the only question was whether they both liked it—he and my mother—for he had meant from the first to settle in the country, and he could practice law in Eastbrook as well as elsewhere.

He brought his bride with him to look at the place, and I like to think about them both, so young and so happy, walking together in that sunshine of youth and love, over the grounds which have always been my home—over the hill rising to the west, with the pine-grove on its summit—the pleasant meadow-lands at the eastward, sloping down to the green and white New England village lying below—the farm-lands stretching out northward, at the back of the house—and at the south, across the road, the pretty, pastoral landscape, which did not belong to us, but was none the less pleasant to our eyes.

They both liked it. Father was unconsciously the master-spirit, and whatever pleased him was pretty sure to find favor with mother, though he really thought that he always gave her her own way. But, indeed, the place was pretty enough to please any one—was, and is still. Of course there are grander scenes, more elegant grounds, statelier houses; but I think I have never seen a prettier or sunnier spot, or one more emphatically worthy of the name my mother gave it—"Home-nook." There they set up their household gods; and there, as time went on, in their own quiet way they prospered. Father did a good law-business, but neither from farm nor profession did he ever lay up much money. He had scholarly tastes. He loved art in a time when art was not fashionable; and he bought, now and then, a choice picture. He loved books; and he wanted his Coleridge, his Shelley, his gentle Elia, his genial Sir Walter, and the rest of his favorites, fitly clad. To a man not over rich, pictures, carved book-cases, and Russia-leather bindings are expensive luxuries. Yet they paid him good interest, I think, in actual enjoyment; for is not what we do and what we enjoy the sum of our living?

Then *we* came—I first, and two years afterward Nora; and as soon as we were old enough

we must be educated. When we were through school, father said, he would begin to lay up money and make provision for old age; but in the mean while we must be well taught. So, when we were old enough, he sent us to the best schools. I liked study, and progressed rapidly enough in all solid acquirements. But Nora was the family genius. She learned music and drawing almost by instinct. Of course such gifts must be cultivated, and my father spent all the money he could spare to procure her the best masters. He felt paid when she returned to him at eighteen.

I had been at home for a year before, and had fallen into the habit of relieving my mother, who was growing delicate, of much of the household care. I was the good, solid, practical daughter of the house. My name, Martha, bestowed on me in remembrance of my maternal grandmother, seemed to have been prophetic. I was not beautiful, or showy, or fascinating; though they loved me well at home, and, I believe, saw no lack in me. I had arranged every thing in honor of Nora's coming. I meant her arrival should be a little festival. How richly her thanks repaid me! In my life I have never seen any thing more lovely than my sister Nora was that night. I wish some artist could have painted her, and made that loveliness immortal. No matter; for me it will live always. When I close my eyes I can see her as she was then, with the bloom on her cheeks, the chestnut hair waving in soft richness about the bright young face, the dark eyes so full of soul, the straight, delicate features, and the short, round chin with its pretty dimple. The best of all was her perfect unconsciousness of her attractions. I do not believe she had ever thought that she was handsomer than I. There was not one particle of vanity about her. She had no longing for a wider theatre in which to display her charms. She could not have been more bewitching in a ball-room than she was in our little home-circle. How well I remember the fond pride with which my father's eyes followed her! How he listened to her singing! how he watched her motions! how he rejoiced over her—as well he might—as over a pearl of great price! That night, I remember, he said, cheerfully,

"Now, girls, I have you both educated to my mind. Heaven has surely prospered me. Here is your mother, still by my side, as fair and as loving as when I brought her here first, twenty-three years ago. I have this sunny, happy home; my books and pictures; and you my two daughters, so dear and so different, cultivated so to my mind that, with you for companions, I shall envy no man his society. I ought to be contented, for I seem to have nothing left to wish for. Now I am going to turn economist. I shall be fifty next year; and I must provide in advance, for your sakes, against the time when I shall be too old to work."

Thus he talked, with my mother sitting on one side of him, myself on the other, and Nora



on a stool at his feet, looking up at him with those tender brown eyes, and that face bright with youth and hope. It was long before I saw it so bright again.

It was in the gray of the early dawning that something—no noise, but a vague impression of sorrow and terror—awoke me, where I lay with my arm round Nora. My mother stood in the door of our chamber, with a lamp in her hand, her face as white as the white robe she wore. Nora had awaked too, and we both looked at her in wordless apprehension.

"Girls," she said, in a voice so calm that its very stillness was unutterably frightful—"Girls, I think your father is dead."

Oh, Heaven! what a shriek that was of Nora's! I seem to hear it yet. My mother, as one whom death had frozen, looked at her silently, standing there, lamp in hand, waiting for us. We got up, both of us, and went with her.

"I woke," she whispered, as we crossed the hall, in tones as low as if she still feared to disturb him—"I woke, and oh, he was so cold!"

We went into the room, and up to the bed. The lamplight flared across his set face. I felt at once that there was no hope. Yet we must try. I called to the girl, who slept in the attic, to come down and build a fire. Then I hurried on some clothes, and in five minutes more I had run down to the village and was knocking on Dr. Greene's door.

"Who is it?" he asked, with head out of the window.

"It is I, Sir, Martha Thompson; and we fear my father is dead."

I think it was not more than two minutes before he joined me; and I hurried him frantically up to the house. The fire was burning brightly now, and more lamps were lit; but they shone upon a pale, dead face, and two women as still, almost as pale, as the form by which they sat so silently. Dr. Greene bent for a few moments over the bed, touched the cold hands, the pulseless breast, the rigid limbs. Then he turned to us with pitying eyes.

"There is nothing I can do," he said. "I think he must have been dead for two hours or more. It was heart disease, probably."

We had all known and felt from the first that there was no hope, yet the assurance from Dr. Greene's lips seemed to bring us a new pang. Only the night before and he had been so happy, looking forward so hopefully into the future, planning for the coming years, and rejoicing over the blessings with which he was surrounded. Now he was gone from us. We should never more hear his kindly voice or meet his approving smiles. Three lonely, sorrow-stricken women, we must go on, without our stay, our guide, our strong arm of defense. Did *he* know it? Was his soul standing by and looking at us with heavenly pity? Did he know it when, after Dr. Greene was gone, my mother crept close to him, and laid her head down on that broad, loving breast, which had been her

rest and her shelter for so many years? Its icy coldness had no terror for her. "Oh, Mark! Mark!" we heard her cry; and then we stole out of the room, Nora and I, and left her alone with him. Her right there was nearer and more sacred than ours.

As we stood in the next room, clinging to each other like two children, the September morning rose; the sun broke through the autumn haze, and bathed fields and trees, still glittering with the heavy dew, in prismatic splendor. Yesterday *he* had rejoiced in the glory of just such a morning, and called me to look at it with him. Now—I turned away from the scene, choking with sudden tears. Should I ever be able to look again on any fair and pleasant sight without remembering him and quivering to the old pain, as a reed bent by the wind?

I must not linger over those days when the house was so deathly still—and *he* lay in the darkened room waiting for his burial. I have not strength even now to speak of them. My mother sat beside him to the last. While he was there we could not persuade her to leave him. She would wet his forehead, brush back his hair, or arrange some fold of the drapery, as if it were a mournful satisfaction to feel herself still of use to him. Sometimes, when she was alone with him, we heard her talking to him as if he could hear her still. Her low voice would steal out to us from the darkness, and holding each other close we would weep to hear her call him her love, her darling, and tell him how good and tender he had been to her all the years of their life—saying thus to the dead those last words fate had not given her time to utter to the living.

At last he was buried. We thought then that mother would break down utterly. She went alone to her own room when we came back from his grave—the room she had shared with him so many happy years. She would not let either of us go with her. We sat alone all through the twilight mingling our sorrow for our great loss with our anxiety about her. She had been so delicate of late—it had taken so little to exhaust her. Then her nature was so clinging and dependent—how could she bear this great blow? Would she not be stricken by it to the earth? At last we lit the lamps and tried to make the room cheerful. We heard Nancy getting tea out in the kitchen. Soon she would bring it in. I thought that I would call my mother. It could do no harm. So I went out into the entry; but I met her on the stairs.

"I was coming down, Matty," she said, gently. "I did not mean to leave my children alone."

When she came into the sitting-room, and the lamplight shone upon her face, it seemed to me like the face of one who had been holding communion with Heaven. A strange, glorified look it wore, more exalted than sorrow, purer and brighter than joy. Just then tea came in, and she sat down with us to the table



and tried to be cheerful. We all drank some tea, and made a pretense of eating; then we sent the things away, and gathered round the fire—we three, so sorrowful and bereft, and so united in our woe. Mother was the first to speak.

"We have got to begin a new life, girls," she said, trying to keep her voice steady. "Your father has always taken such care of us that we have not known hitherto any of the sorrows or privations of life. But he is gone now, and we must learn to depend on ourselves. There is very little property besides the farm. When your educations were finished we meant to have laid up something; but it has been expensive living hitherto:"—this with a deprecating air, as if she feared we might possibly blame him. Then with a pitiful sort of smile—"If my two girls now were two boys, they could carry on the farm and perhaps make a nice living from it. As it is, I see no way but to let out the land on shares, and live as well as we can on the part we receive. Of course Nancy must go: we must be our own servants now, and we must do our best to bear little privations cheerfully."

She was right, of course. We began at once to follow her plans. Contrary to our expectations she did not give way. She seemed determined to live for our sakes. What she suffered in the long nights, during which she would never let either of us bear her company, we could not know; but through the daytimes she was cheerful, and bore every little inconvenience and deprivation with a fortitude that would have shamed us if we had ever been tempted to complain.

That was the beginning; and after that five years went on—five years of experimenting on the capacities of a very little money to make three full-grown human beings comfortable. There would be something ludicrous, if it were not pathetic, in the very memory of those years. Our income was barely enough to keep us warmed and fed. When things wore out we had no money with which to renew them. We darned our table-cloths carefully, and when china broke we stuck the pieces together with white cement and tender care. We turned our dresses, and made them over; and after a year's wear turned them back, and made them over again.

At last it seemed as if five years had brought things to a crisis—as if some new resource must be discovered, or, indeed, we could keep up appearances no longer. We said so to each other one day when the dear mother was up stairs taking her after-dinner nap. It began with Nora's saying that she *must* have a new dress this winter: she had made over, and made over, to the uttermost limit of possibility.

"And I am twenty-five," I said, "and you are twenty-three, and neither of us ever yet earned a dollar. If I had been John instead of Martha, and you had been James instead of Nora, we should have been nicely in business by this time, and there would have been no lack of comforts at home."

"I wonder," Nora answered, thoughtfully, "why we never *have* done any thing as it is."

"We have—you know—woman's work. We have kept the house and made our clothes—"

"Made over," she interrupted; "you know there hasn't been any thing to make this many a year. But all this has never brought a dollar into the exchequer. Now I think of it, Mat, I am ashamed. We must go to work."

"Yes, beyond a doubt we must; at least one of us. I have been coming to that conclusion myself. One of us, you know, would have to stay at home and manage affairs here. That, I think, should be you. You have never had much experience of the world's rough paths. Yes, you must be the one to stay at home, and I will go out into the world and seek our fortune."

"Don't make your plans so positively, Mat. I am just as capable of going out into the world as you. I could teach as well—for that is what it comes to—it is all either of us could do for a living. I am not sure that I *should* be good for as much here. You have always been housekeeper, you know. Still I won't be hard on you—you shall have your chance. We will draw lots, and that will be a fair way to decide it."

"But, Nora, you are so young."

"Twenty-three, Mat. No one but you would think that such a very juvenile epoch," she interrupted.

"And so pretty," I went on. "The fact is, Nora, I don't want to have you go. It will be no such pleasant thing as you seem to imagine for a girl used, as we are, to home love, and home retirement, to make her way among strangers."

"The fact is, Mat, we will, as I said, draw lots. It's the only fair way. Let fate settle it. Then I shall be satisfied, and you can't complain."

As usual she had her way. We drew lots, and it fell to her lot to go. She laughed, with a pretty air of triumph, and asked me if I had any more faith in her wisdom, now fate had indorsed it. She looked so young, and bright, and winsome that I felt more than ever vexed at the idea of letting her go alone into untried paths. But she called me Mother Hubbard, and teased me about being fussy and frumpy, and envying her her chance to see the world, until she made me laugh, and then I had to give up my point.

When mother came down we told her our intentions, or rather Nora did. She remonstrated at first, but Nora brought out what she called her best gown, and exhibited its deficiencies at seams and elbows in such a moving way that by-and-by mother was won over to her views, and admitted that, since old things would not last forever, and there was no money to buy new ones, she did not see what other course there was than to try and earn some. We all sat for a few moments after this conclusion in the grave silence of a Quaker meeting; each of



us, I suppose, ruminating about ways and means. At last mother said, rather disconsolately,

"I don't see how you are going to make a beginning. You have no influential friends. How are you to get a situation if you are ever so willing to take it?"

"I am going to make a beginning to-day," Nora answered, nothing daunted, "by going over to Squire Roscoe's."

We listened, mother and I, in profoundest wonder. Squire Roscoe was the great man of the town. No one knew *how* rich he was—we imagined it to be a sum past computation. In my father's day, however, he had come to see us not infrequently. He was a man past forty, and I suppose my sister and I had always seemed to him like children. He could remember us in our days of pantalets and pinafores, himself a rich man of business even then. He had never married, and rumor accounted for this in a dozen different ways. He was considered haughty; still every one gave him credit for being kind-hearted, and he was certainly influential. After all, Nora's plan of consulting him was not so bad.

She went up stairs, and came down presently in her well-preserved black silk, her sole dress for state occasions. She wore a bright-colored, fall-like shawl, and a simple straw-hat, with a black lace veil, through which dark eyes and bright cheeks shone bewitchingly. If she had had unlimited milliner's bills she could have looked no prettier. We watched her proudly, mother and I, as she walked down the path. She was the joy and grace of our lives, and no wonder.

Squire Roscoe's great, stately house was quite the other side of the village from ours. It also stood upon a hill, overlooking the village between us. It was built of gray stone, with a tower and high-arched windows—a gem of architectural beauty. It might have had a somewhat sombre effect, perhaps, but for the brilliant autumn flowers with which the lawn was gay. Nora was cool enough to pause and admire the vivid tints of the geraniums and verbenas as she walked up the avenue. She rang the bell, and inquired for Mr. Roscoe with as much self-possession as if her visit were a matter of everyday occurrence.

Fortunately he was at home, and she had not long to wait. He entered with interest into all her plans; and when they had discussed matters thoroughly, and she started to go, he walked back with her through the village to Home-nook. He came into the sitting-room, with the cordial air of an old friend, without making any apologies for the length of time since he had been there before.

"I have been telling Miss Nora," he said, addressing mother, "that it seems to me quite unnecessary for her to leave home. We are to have a new teacher in the academy next term, and there is a prospect of a number of new pupils; so many, in fact, that an assistant will be needed, and I undertook, several weeks since, to procure one. I had not as yet been able to

suit myself, and I have offered the situation to her. The pay is not large, but a small salary at home may be better than a larger one away. She thinks she will accept the post. I have also a proposition to make to you. The new preceptor is a connection of my own, and has commissioned me to procure him a boarding-place. I thought you might possibly be willing to take him. He would pay six dollars a week. That is what Mr. Gibson has been paying at the hotel. The new-comer, Mr. Aytoun, much prefers to become an inmate of some private family. I will leave you to consider the matter, and call again to-morrow to ascertain your decision."

After he was gone we discussed it pro and con. Mother was the *con*, and both of us girls were decidedly *pro*. We thought it would be pleasant. It would enable us to have a servant again—it would help us in so many ways. We should scarcely feel the difference in providing, so much of our living came from the farm. We brought mother round to our way of thinking after a while, and the next day when Squire Roscoe called we made the bargain.

There were only a few days in which to get ready. Next week the term would begin—Mr. Aytoun would make his appearance—Nora would commence her new work. She was in a flutter of excitement. She had never been more charming, however. She made light of all difficulties and discouragements, and displayed a capacity to make old things look new quite beyond belief. Squire Roscoe seemed to take a real interest in our arrangements, for he came over almost every day. He got to be on such friendly and familiar footing that we did not mind when he caught us darning, and we even asked him to stay to tea, which he did, and moreover seemed to enjoy it. We began to like him very much, all of us. He was so thoroughly good and sensible, so truly a gentleman. To be sure he was no longer young. At twenty-five, perhaps, I was not youthful enough to have a right to consider a man of forty-two as altogether beyond the hopes and ambitions of youth—but I confess he did seem so to me. There was something, I thought, really paternal in his bland manner; and I admired the condescension with which he listened to and answered Nora's gay sallies, while I wondered at her audacity in talking to him so familiarly.

Punctually with the appointed day came Mr. Ralph Aytoun, the new teacher. As Squire Roscoe was an old friend of his we had invited him to accompany our new inmate and help us to make his acquaintance. I remember well the contrast between the two men as they sat that evening in our little parlor. Mr. Aytoun was about twenty-six, perhaps; of medium height, with form slender but well-knit, and full of muscular fibre and strength. His head was well-set, and cast in a mould of power and grace. He had dark eyes, full of a kindly brightness; clearly-cut features; and a heavy brown beard. He was certainly fine-looking, if not altogether handsome, with a certain bright



charm of buoyant life and ambitious youth, which made me think at the moment how well he would suit Nora, and wonder what would be the consequence of his coming to Home-nook.

From him I glanced to Squire Roscoe. I saw a strongly-built man, no longer young, or slender, or particularly graceful; but with a kind, manly face; steadfast, authoritative eyes; a slightly autocratic air—evidently a man of power. I recognized in him the triumph of a resolute will over the difficulties and perplexities of life—over the temptations of his own nature as well. I respected him thoroughly, but he did not seem to me fascinating. When I looked at him his eyes were fixed on Nora, and something in their expression made it occur to me for the first time that it was possible he might not be quite so insensible to her attractions as I thought his forty-two years demanded. “It was very injudicious of you, if you had any such idea, Mr. Roscoe, to bring that young man here by way of contrast,” I said to myself.

Nora was bewitching that evening. Her spirits rose with the evening brightness and the two guests she had to entertain. She sang, she talked, she flashed witty little speeches at Mr. Roscoe, and made us all, even my mother, merry and happy. What a blessing it was, I often thought, that the dear child could be so cheery always! In our darkest hours she had ever been hopeful, and I think her smiling front in gloomy times had done more to keep up heart of grace in us than all other things put together.

At last Squire Roscoe went away; Mr. Aytoun took possession of his own room; and we gathered round the fire, which it was our habit to have kindled for the early September evenings, to talk them over, women fashion. We were all agreed in heartily liking Mr. Aytoun, and thinking he would be a pleasant inmate. Altogether life had begun to look brighter than it had for a long time. Nora’s salary, and the weekly stipend for our boarder, would put us quite in funds. A new merino dress apiece began to come into my calculations, and “yards and yards” of pink and blue ribbons into Nora’s. At last the fire burned out, and mother sent us to bed. The morrow would be Nora’s first school-day, and she must get well rested in advance.

She must have had a natural gift for teaching, or else her natural gift for being agreeable every where stood her in good stead in the school-room, and made all her pupils love her. Quite unused to regular tasks though she was, it did not wear on her in the least. She seemed to grow brighter and more winsome every day. Indeed we were becoming a very cheerful household. For my mother’s life, indeed, no sun could ever rise like the one that set above my father’s grave; but she cherished her sorrow as an angel visitant, whose only outward token was a fonder love, a care more tender for us who were left her. Her quiet, serene face, with its beauty pale and gracious as moonlight, never saddened or reproached us. Mr. Aytoun made himself genial and help-

ful as a son or brother. Squire Roscoe, either for our sake or our boarder’s, continued to be a frequent visitor, and our long winter evenings, with mother sitting serenely in her corner by the household hearth, the two gentlemen talking, and Nora singing, laughing, jesting, galvanizing us all into new life, passed blithesomely. It was a new experience to me. I took up the broken thread of youth where I had left it, and began to feel like a girl again.

At last came holiday-time. Mr. Aytoun was to stay with us through the two weeks’ vacation, and we planned to have a merry Christmas-eve. We had a veritable pine-tree from the grove on the hill-top, and we adorned it as gayly as we could. It was the first time for years that we had been able to make presents, and we enjoyed the luxury thoroughly. After the tree had been decorated with candles and bonbons it fell to mother’s lot to put on the gifts. We smuggled them in to her by Nancy—our own old Nancy, who had come back to us—and then awaited her summons. After a while she called us. The effect was beautiful. The little parlor was all aglow with warmth and brightness, and in one corner stood the tree, with all its candles lighted and its boughs heavy with promise. Nora looked like a queen, I thought, as she walked in and stood in the bright glow. A wreath of holly, shaped like a coronet, with shining green leaves and bright red berries, crowned her stately head. She wore a crimson skirt, which gave out warm flashes of color where the light struck it, and a black velvet jacket fitting daintily to her slender waist. Of course Squire Roscoe was of our party—he was too much a *habitué* to be left out on any festive occasion. I saw him look at Nora with undisguised admiration. After a while, when most of the gifts had been distributed, I saw him take from some secret repository a little box, a dainty, sparkling thing of pearl and silver, and hand it to her, under cover of the talking. I felt sure neither mother nor Mr. Aytoun observed the movement—they were occupied with a set of stereoscopic views just then. I watched the by-play. As Nora opened the box something glittered brilliantly, and I saw a burning flush rise to my sister’s cheek. Then I heard Squire Roscoe say, in a low tone,

“If you wear it I shall know what it means?”

Nora held it a moment thoughtfully—then flashed a sudden look at his face, and with a resolved air put on the jewel. It was a ring, a single diamond, glittering in solitary splendor in a quaint setting of black enamel. For an instant Mr. Roscoe’s hand closed over hers with the ring on it; then quietly, as if nothing had happened, he crossed over to the table and began talking about the views.

The evening passed away merrily. We had a Christmas cake and some mulled wine. The presents were duly admired, and there was plenty of mirth and music and friendly warmth. But the time seemed long to me until I was in our own room, with Nora to myself.



"Well?" I said, inquiringly.

She flashed at me the Roscoe diamond.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"Marriage, I suppose," she said, with composure.

"And you mean to marry Lloyd Roscoe?"

"Why not, if he does me the honor of asking me?"

I thought she was sacrificing herself. I was afflicted with a duty to do. I would be kind, cautious, gentle; but the duty must be done. As a preparatory step I put both arms round her and kissed her. Then I said, trying to be gently reproachful,

"I did not think *you* could be mercenary, Nora!"

She smiled that beaming, brilliant smile of hers. She always had the sweetest temper in the world.

"So you think, Mat, that I am going to marry Lloyd Roscoe because of the position and the wealth he can give me—that I am bitten with social ambition, and want to see myself reigning in state in the great gray-stone house?"

I blushed for her, or myself, or both, but I did not answer her question. Then she smiled again and kissed me.

"Mat," she said, "you look tired. Let us go to sleep."

I read determination in her eyes, heard it in her tones. I knew I could have no influence just then, and I *was* tired.

The next afternoon Mr. Aytoun came into the parlor, where I happened to be sitting quite alone. Mother had gone out, and Nora was driving with Mr. Roscoe. I had a duty to do in Ralph Aytoun's behalf also, and now was my time. I felt sure that he had loved Nora, and in my heart I thought that Nora loved him also, only was determined to be mistress of the Roscoe fortune. It was my duty clearly to let him know how things were going. Gently as I could I hinted at Nora's probable destiny. He kept his face turned away from me, so that I could not see its expression. But his voice sounded unnaturally clear and distinct. I thought, as he asked—

"Then you really think she will marry Mr. Roscoe?"

"Yes," I cried, "unless some one has the will and the courage to prevent it."

"But why prevent it?" His tone was provokingly cool. "It seems to me matter of congratulation rather than of despair. I can imagine Miss Nora queening it royally in that old stone palace of his."

"A queen crowned with thorns," I cried, driven to desperation. "You know what Nora is. Can you imagine her happy in a marriage without love?"

"No," very quietly; and then, a moment after, he said, "I hope she will teach with me next term, we get on so well together. If she will wait till spring I shall be through then, and the new preceptor can find himself a new assistant."

So he meant to leave us in the spring. The prospect was not cheerful. I could imagine Home-nook quite a different place without him, and, with Nora gone also, I did not care to picture it. Just then, interrupting my gloomy reverie, Mr. Roscoe's carriage stopped at the gate, and its owner handed my sister out and came in with her. Well he might be proud of her, that creature "of spirit, and fire, and dew," with the gem-like sparkle in her eyes, the vivid tints of cheek and lip. She made him send the carriage away, and kept him for the evening. Soon mother came back. Mr. Aytoun roused himself from his abstraction, for which I, guessing the effort it must have cost him, honored him proportionately, and we were a cheery company. That night, in our own room, Nora flashed the Roscoe diamond in my face again with a saucy, defiant smile.

"Your fetter," I said, a little tartly; for her manner vexed me.

"Yes, my fetter—worn willingly though."

Then she came up to me and laid her head against my shoulder, not laughing now, but with a sweet, serious tenderness heightening the beauty of the face upturned to my own.

"I would not tell you last night, Mat," she whispered, "because I had not told him; but—I love him."

"Love him!" I cried, astounded; "love Lloyd Roscoe!"

"Yes. Is it so strange to you? To me he seems worthy of all love."

"And you are sure—sure it is not the stone-house, or the carriage, or the gold and silver?"

Her eyes were full of strange earnestness, almost reproachful, as she answered me:

"*You* must not misunderstand me, Mat. All the rest of the world may misjudge me, but not my sister. I love Lloyd Roscoe himself *for* himself. I honor him beyond any man I have ever known. If he were landless, penniless, I would marry him still. The nineteen years between his age and mine are no bugbear; just as he is he suits me. He would not suit me the less if he were without a dollar; yet wealth is pleasant, and I shall like to be mistress of the stone-house all the same."

I could not after that doubt or mistake her. There was truth in her eyes. I knew that her heart had chosen, and, if the choice seemed strange to me, it was none the less honest and genuine. I kissed her then with a real, heart-some kiss of congratulation; and then I thought how I should miss her, and cried over her as heartily as I had kissed her.

The next day I saw Mr. Aytoun alone a moment, and I snatched it to do my sister justice in his estimation.

"She loves him," I said.

"So I supposed," he answered, imperturbably.

Certainly he bore his disappointment with heroic fortitude.

Nora declared her intention of teaching next term, as she had agreed. Mr. Roscoe remon-



strated a little, but when he found she was resolved yielded the point with a good grace. I asked her why she persisted, and she told me she wanted to have time to grow familiar with the thought of her new position; to know her lover better, and understand his tastes and ways more thoroughly. Besides, she wanted her next term's wages to buy a fitting wardrobe; and she would not be married till the white roses blossomed—she meant to wear them in her hair.

So all things went on much as before, save that every evening brought Squire Roscoe with it. Nora was infinitely bewitching and full of variety. She showed her betrothed all sides of her nature. She jested with him, teased him, laughed at him, and now and then sang him some tender song, that made his pulses thrill to a strange, delicious rhythm, or said some sentence to him so low that no one else heard it, or let him gaze through her dark eyes into the depths of her maiden heart. Mother was thoroughly pleased. Just at first, I confess, she had shared my apprehensions; but when she found how real Nora's love was, she was satisfied.

Mr. Aytoun alone seemed changed. At least he withdrew himself a little from our society. He was with us often, and always at such times as lively and pleasant as ever; but he passed a great deal of the time which he used to devote to us alone. He accounted for this by the demands his legal studies made upon him. He was reading law diligently, and hoped to be admitted to the bar in the spring—whether he should practice in Eastbrook or elsewhere being an unsettled question. I accepted this reasonable excuse for his absence—it was true, doubtless—still I could not divest myself of the idea that this reluctance to see my sister and Mr. Roscoe together had something to do with his seclusion.

At last the winter term was out—spring came—Nora and Mr. Aytoun alike hung their shepherd's crooks upon the willows, and abandoned to their own devices the young lambs of the Eastbrook academy. In the month of roses Nora was to become Mrs. Roscoe, and preparations were going on with all diligence. In the mean time Mr. Aytoun passed his legal Rubicon, and was ready to commence practice. One day he asked me to walk out with him. I tied on my hat with a vague foreboding. He could bear his grief no longer in silence, I imagined; at last it must find expression. As we walked along under the trees, odorous with May-time blossoms, he began the subject.

"I have not been insensible to your sympathy for me, Martha. You have been very sorry for me all winter, I know. I have read it every day in those kind eyes of yours. But I want you to tell me what first made you think I loved Nora."

I tried to think, but the chief reason I could call to mind was the inevitable necessity, as it seemed to me, that any one brought within the sphere of Nora's attractions must be subdued by them. He went on, gravely:

"Was it any especial attention to her, or was it loss of appetite, or did I keep you awake nights by restless paces to and fro? Those are the symptoms, are they not?"

I saw he was laughing, and it vexed me.

"As if I could give you a reason," I cried. "Do not women always know things by intuition? I'm sure I can't tell *how* I knew it—I only know—"

"That Nora is irresistible?" he interrupted me. "To most, perhaps, but not to me. Martha, I never saw one moment in which I wanted to marry your sister Nora."

So I had been wasting my sympathy all winter!

"Why not?" I said, a little sharply; "isn't she lovely and winning? Don't you *like* her?"

"Yes, but I don't *love* her. Did it ever occur to you as possible that any one should love *you*?"

"Not where Nora was," I answered, honestly.

"And yet, Martha, seeing you both, it was you I loved, and not Nora. She might dazzle me, but she never would suit me as you could. She is too high-pitched. I am commonplace, perhaps. At any rate, I understand myself and my own wants. I *want* you. It is for you to determine whether you can love me. You must decide whether I settle here, in Eastbrook, or go away, never to see any of you again."

I stood still a moment and tried to understand myself. Never until then had the first thought of his loving me crossed my mind. What did I feel for him? Why had I thought it so impossible that Nora should not have chosen him? Did I want him to stay or go? With the thought of not seeing him any more—of never again hearing that cheery voice or meeting those kindly eyes—a strange pang pierced me, a thrust which brought self-knowledge.

"Stay in Eastbrook," I said. "Mother would miss you sadly."

He smiled. I presume it was as much of an admission as he expected.

So we were married on the same day, Nora and I. I do not know which bride was the happier. We were both suited entirely. Our differing destinies were just what they should have been. It suited Nora to reign in her stately mansion, to wear diamonds, and glisten in silken raiment. Those things seemed to belong to her, as the bright tints to a humming-bird. They never detracted one particle from the true womanliness of her nature, or mingled one grain of alloy with the pure gold of her love for her husband.

But it pleased me better to live with Ralph on the farm—just such a quiet life as my father and mother had lived before us. Only Ralph is a more practical man than my father ever was. At fifty his future will not be unprovided for. My mother lives with us. Nora and I, dearly as we love her, are no longer in *need* of her; and sometimes I think she is getting ready to leave us—to go where *he* waits whose presence makes her home.



## THE SUNBEAM.

A SUNBEAM burst through the clouds in the sky,  
 Golden far than the goldenest wine,  
 Warm with the fire of the sun's bright eye,  
 And it burned in the tangled leaves of the vine,  
 And kindled a glow in the clustering grapes,  
 Which seemed in their color and perfect shapes  
 Like crystal globes of wine.

It fell on the leaves of the open book,  
 And flooded the pages I read with gold,  
 It lay like a smile on the face of the brook  
 Kissing its dimples, then grew more bold  
 With the village maid who was crossing there,  
 And wove in her tresses of auburn hair  
 A web of the richest gold.

Swift as an arrow it sped through the wood;  
 The bluebird lifted his azure wing,  
 And wherever the golden orchards stood  
 There the robin began to chirp and sing;  
 And away in the distance it chased the frown  
 From the mountain's brow, where it shone like a crown  
 On the forehead of a king.

Oh, beautiful sunbeam, haste not away!  
 What do you there where the diamond shines,  
 Hidden far down from the glory of day  
 In the depths of Golconda's glittering mines?  
 It is said that your light, imprisoned, lives  
 In the fair gems scintillant cells, and gives  
 The splendor with which it shines.

I have read in old tales of the buried past  
 Of two armies, which met on the battle-plain,  
 Roman and Cymric, in numbers vast;  
 How they fought till the field was heaped with slain,  
 And how all through the day the crimson tide  
 Of battle favored the Cymric side,  
 Though their dead bestrewed the plain.

Till at length from out of the clouded skies  
 A sunbeam darted across the world,  
 Blinding the Cymbrian warriors' eyes,  
 And backward their conquering hosts were hurled—  
 And thus in the record of years is told  
 How a sunbeam, back in the days of old,  
 Decided the fate of the world.

## JANIE THOMPSON'S LOVERS.

SINCE becoming the historian of "Peggoty Plimpton's Choir" I have been the recipient of some half-dozen pleasant notes telling of interest in the good old town of Q—, and complaining that the story broke off too abruptly. One, in the hand of a lady, wishes to know if Henry Foster went to Mildie Faunce's wedding; another asks if Peggoty Plimpton is still living. When I sat down to write of Peggoty's choir there were in my mind *two* very striking events that had happened in the village, and for the life of me I could not then easily decide which to write of. It finally fell to write of the concert; I will now write of the other.

Mildie Faunce and John Graham were married up in Deacon Faunce's great gabled man-

sion in the early October sunset. For full four weeks the old house had groaned in spirit at the drubbing and scrubbing it had been compelled to go through. Hardly a speck of good old-fashioned cobweb but had been irreverently swept by the merciless broom from its cozy corner; and soap-suds and soda and whitewash had been so outrageously spirited and dashed and swashed into its very face and eyes that the good old mansion hardly knew itself as the fine mouldy, red and white, begrimed and rusty dignity of so many years. Rachel Watkins, the housekeeper of fifty years' standing, when she heard the day set for the wedding, was seen to sink on the threshold of the kitchen in an attitude of despair, then suddenly to untie her apron, and, binding it around her head, rush wildly to the barrels of soft soap in the wash-house, exclaiming beneath her breath, "Lord a massy, four weeks and no white sand!" The small panes of glass looked like mirrors after the polishing they received at the hands of the housemaids, and blinked merrily in the sunlight as though conscious of the jolly times to come. The old set of India china was dusted off, the tassels of the window-shades untied from their fat little baggy coverings, the furniture rubbed down and waxed, and the hall floor scrubbed till you would have thought a small snow-storm had fallen—so white and glistening it looked. And through all the bustle and preparation Mildie moved quietly and briskly, putting in a word here and there about pet arrangements, and her good old father smiling and approving all, wishing only one wish to make all perfectly happy—that his honored wife was yet alive to see the happy bustle.

Mildie appeared even more truly to hold the palm as "the belle of the Village" on the eventful evening than ever before; and as she stood in the centre of the old back parlor leaning on her husband's stalwart arm, receiving the congratulations of her friends, she really looked like a little fairy. A quiet white muslin dress and gracefully-hanging veil, fastened with white rose-buds, made up all her wedding finery; and I question if it occurred to any in the room that rustle of satin or glitter of jewels were wanting to make more beautiful the effect. It certainly did not to John Graham, who looked down on his young wife with as proud a look as though "he had all the riches of the *Indians*," as Goody Collins expressed it. For you must know Goody Collins was there. In deference to John's wishes some of the "second stratum" had passed the social barrier, and were shining in the room in all the glory of regularly received invitations. First and foremost among the beauties, blushing deep-red as she grasped Mildie's hand, was Janie Thompson, dimpled and sparkling as ever with the gay autumn leaves hanging from her dark hair over her white shoulders, and with her was no less a personage than our old friend Ik Bryson, who could hardly look the bride in the face, his eyes were so fully occupied in admiration of his own companion. And Peggoty Plimpton,



too, with her good-humored face, wishing "Mrs. John. Graham" "all the happiness on earth," and whispering in John's ear, as she passed to make room for others, "'twas a right good stroke that carried you into a *singing* regiment!"

And Mrs. Thompson (except once when she was heard to murmur under her breath, with her eyes fixed on the bride, "Two tucks and no gores") replied nothing but "Yes" to every thing that was said to her till she was asked by Ik Bryson in joke "if it really was her *hundredth* birthday?" when she suddenly came to her senses and talked like other people. And sitting over in one corner was old Dame Graham, with quiet happiness beaming over every feature, saying to her various well-wishers, "Ah! yes, and I kenned well he was a true lad if he *was* oftentimes forward a wee bit."

All went smoothly till the first dance, when Henry Foster, to the astonishment of all, asked Janie Thompson to be his partner. Janie colored, and said something simply enough about Ik Bryson, but took his proffered hand.

A moment later Ik looked about the room, and started visibly when he saw his partner standing up with Henry Foster. He walked over to the spot where they stood and asked Janie if this was not *his* dance.

"Well—yes—but won't the next do, Ik?" faltered the young girl, but rather coquettishly.

"No," said Ik, bluntly.

"Then I'm afraid it will have to," replied Miss Thompson, bridling up.

Ik took his hat, and, bidding the bride good-night, went home; and the party soon after broke up, hardly any one noticing the occurrence. But any one who knew Ik Bryson knew that, though a rough farmer boy, he could feel a slight as keenly as any one, and in his thoughts, as he walked home through the cool October night, was a feeling that prompted him to knock off every mullen-head he met with a smart blow of his stick, muttering "I wish 'twere Foster's head!"

And Janie Thompson, as she laid her head on her pillow, felt she had not done just the right thing by her old fast friend Ik; for Janie, uninfluenced by these upper stratum attentions, was as good and warm-hearted a girl as there was for many a mile around. But the attentions of young Squire Foster she was hardly proof against, for she well knew she would be the envy of her whole set for days after, only for this little occurrence.

But nothing more was heard of the matter, and Q—— settled down into its usual winter quiet. But early in the spring, among the other village gossip, young Foster's attention to Janie Thompson was again a fruitful topic. I think it was started about the time of John Graham's "barn-raising."

The Deacon had given John a fine plot of ground down near the Falls, and he had at once broken ground for his new home. His house, snug and pretty, was nearly completed, and his barn was only awaiting the kind strength of his

neighbors to assume its upright form. A "barn-raising" in Q—— was quite a little circumstance. When a frame for a new building was all ready to join together the neighbors were invited one and all to the "raising," and one's own work was always left to help the friend with his new structure. At John Graham's barn-raising the neighbors turned out pretty generally, and after every joint had been fitted, and the usual number of axe-heads knocked off and spoiled, John brought out his great pitchers of cider, loaves of gingerbread, and pail of crackers and cheese.

"What's this tongue-wagging about the Thompson lass and young Foster?" John had asked, as grouped together on the smooth grass they sat eating and drinking.

"I dunno," said old Farmer Bryson; "but Ik says there's no good coming out on it. The gal is flustered by the young man's shining up to *her*!"

"I like to see folk stick to their own class," broke in Farmer Squires.

"As for that I can't blame the girl," said John, "if Foster is to be trusted; but I haven't a very high opinion of him."

"Oh! it's all wrong, John," said Ik Bryson, coloring a little; "it makes me mad to see such things. Janie don't mean wrong, and Foster is only a-fooling her."

"I'd speak to him, Ik, then—you like the girl so much—and ask him what he means."

"I couldn't trust my tongue, I'm afeard," replied Ik; "but if he comes in my way I think myself there'll be a breeze."

Nothing more about it was said; but that same afternoon Ik Bryson sauntering slowly down the road, when near the gate of Mrs. Thompson's house, to his astonishment who should he see coming out but Henry Foster!

Ik stopped short, and Harry as he passed bowed good-naturedly.

"A fine afternoon, Bryson," and passed on.

"Very," muttered Ik, and stood still, looking after him.

Suddenly he seemed struck with a sudden impulse, and followed him.

"Mr. Foster, are you in a hurry?" called Ik.

Henry Foster turned, and replied he was not.

"Then let's have a word or two," said Ik, and quite firmly too. "I want to ask a little about the girl in yonder house. Do you think you like her as well as I do?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Harry, smiling.

"Then, do you think you like her as *truly* as I do?" continued Ik, looking him straight in the face.

"How do you mean, Bryson?" said Foster.

"I mean, do you like her more than any other person under the heavens, as I do? Would you marry her?"

Foster hesitated and looked down the road.

"Come, Mr. Foster, I want an answer from you about this here. I don't believe you or any other man can plow two furrows at the same time and with different teams. *Your* sweet-



heart is not here, if report don't lie, and mine is."

"Well, Ik, don't worry yourself. I don't mean to marry the girl, but I do like to see her once in a while."

Bryson's teeth came together tightly.

"Yes; and, Mr. Foster, by those same words," said he, "you are doing what no gentleman should do. You care little for her, but you don't know how *she* may feel. You know as well as I do what power that glib tongue of yours has."

Henry Foster felt the blood tingling at his finger tips, but he kept his temper down. He well knew that Ik Bryson could hoe as true a row, or plow as firm a furrow, or break as wild a colt, or knock a man down as easily as any boy in the village, and that there on the roadway, with but six feet of space between them, it behooved him to be careful what words he said.

"Well, Bryson, you must know this is very strange of you. I certainly can go where I will without consulting you."

"So you can, Mr. Foster, and do *right*. Into that there house and do wrong you can't. I mean to marry Janie Thompson."

"Indeed!—with her will or no?"

Ik's answer was slow and very deliberate:

"You know what I mean. Her will is all right, if not spoiled by you, and I don't wish it tried. I tell you now, Mr. Foster, once for all, and I mean it, you and I can't go through that there gate in future *both*, and I mean to. You understand. Good-night!"

Ik passed on; and Mr. Harry Foster felt sure that his impression was right when that impression told him that he had had altogether the worst of the controversy. But he whistled a bright air as he moved up the road, seemingly dismissing it all from his mind.

It was not very long after this that the village received their pleasant invitations to John Graham's "house-warming." The day he had chosen had broken clear and beautiful, and at evening the moonlight was brilliant as could be wished.

By early twilight the company began to arrive, some in teams, many walking. All our old acquaintances, Emma Sharp, and Jennie Keyes, and Ned Brice, and all came merrily in, a little awed at first to be the guests of Mildie Faunce, but soon assured by the easy welcome they received. Henry Foster was there too, and Janie Thompson, and Ik Bryson; and every one seemed bent on enjoying themselves.

The new clock was just nearing the small hours when Mildie was asked to favor them with one of her songs. She readily complied, and her sweet voice was just dwelling on the last words when, suddenly, with the room as still as still could be, all the company were startled by a heavy thunder-clap, that made the windows rattle and seemingly the whole house to shake to its foundations. Those sitting leaped to their feet, and for a moment or two it seemed as though the house itself was struck. Those near-

est the door opened it and looked out. The moon in the middle sky just gilded the edge of an inky-black thunder-cloud that was fast filling the heavens, while the lightning ever and anon shot across the dull blackness in quick, pulsating gleams, and the whirl of the wind could be distinctly heard on the neighboring hills. There was a seeming dullness in the air too, that, with the sobbing moan of the distant wind, apparently weighed you down with a consciousness of near catastrophe.

As the cloud covered the moon another deafening crash and lurid flash made all start. Graham and some of the others as quickly as possible put such teams as were exposed under the best cover he had; but it was hardly a moment ere the rain came pouring down in torrents. The company, snug indoors, were rather inclined to joke than otherwise on the change of surroundings, and John was just rallying his wife as to the accommodations the new house afforded in way of beds for weather-beaten guests, when, all of a sudden, as though by common impulse, a quick whisper went around the room, "Where's Janie Thompson?" With the deafening peals sounding outside, the lightning flashing fearfully across the window-panes, while the moaning of the wind filled the hills, such a question was a startling one. Mrs. Graham was seen to leave the room, and soon returned, looking pale.

"Janie is nowhere in the house," said she; "where can she be?"

"And where the devil's Foster?" suddenly exclaimed Ik Bryson. "By Heaven, there's something wrong!"

The guests looked at each other in silence. At this moment a staggering blow sounded on the door, and Henry Foster, with drenched clothes, no hat, and with hair streaming with water, pale, even, as poor Mrs. Thompson, speechless in her chair, reeled into the room. All pressed around him, while he gazed vacantly upon them.

"Stand off, friends," said John Graham, "and give him space to breathe. Where's Janie Thompson, Foster?"

"O God! Graham, don't ask me," he replied, with difficulty, speaking almost in a whisper, and passing his hands hurriedly across his eyes. "The bridge has gone down stream in the roar, and we were 'mong the timbers when the crash came."

"Hush!—not so loud!" said Graham, quickly glancing at Mrs. Thompson. "Mildie, dear, some of you get her up stairs—any where, out of hearing."

With white frightened faces enough some of the women helped poor Mrs. Thompson out of the room. She was quite passive, apparently having lost all consciousness of what was going on.

"Now, for Heaven's sake, tell us all!" broke in Ik Bryson, in a strange, sepulchral voice, while the great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead.



Foster struggled to speak, but the words came with difficulty.

"Janie and I were on the bridge; we were out—her whim for the moonlight—a quick ride—when flash—in our very eyes—and wagon, Prince, timbers, all went out of sight. I grasped her, but lost her, and Prince dragged me out by the reins tangled round me. O God! but—"

"Did you see her or hear her after you lost your grasp?" broke in Ik.

"No—*hear!* why the river's running mountains!" gasped Foster.

"Lanterns, quick! Come, men, perhaps the dam's choked. Janie's a brave girl, and there may be hope yet. Quick's the word!" and Ik Bryson vanished in the darkness.

Leaving Foster, who, shivering in his wet clothes, seemed entirely unnerved, to the care of some of the women, the men hastily followed. By the time they reached the river bank the black cloud darkened and muttered in the east, and the moon was breaking through the thin after-drift of the storm. The bridge was not all swept away, but what remained threatened every moment to go down in the whirl of waters that, seething, hissing, and foaming, dashed wildly along.

Ik Bryson with straining eyes scanned the whirling mass of water. Suddenly seizing John Graham's arm, so tightly that he almost cringed, and pointing along midway to where the flood leaped the dam, he said, under his breath,

"Look!—right in the very middle. Don't you see something white, John?"

"There's timber caught there, Ik; and I guess it's the white birch you see glistening."

Ik cast his eyes upward.

"One minnit, and we'll have a second of the moon clear."

A few moments, and the moon rode out unclouded.

"By Heaven, it's Janie, sure as I'm a sinner!" cried Ik.

"I think it's her, sure!" said Farmer Squires. "By all that's merciful, men, quick, and let's have as big a fire-pile as wood can make!"

It was not long—for ready hearts and ready hands were now at work—ere a glowing, lurid flame shot up on the river bank. Brush and old boards—any thing that could be found to add to the glow were cast upon the flaming heap, and soon flood and shore glowed alike as light as noonday. And by the first strong vivid glare the men saw how matters stood. It was a fearful sight, indeed, that met their eyes! Out midway in the whirl a huge *débris* of tree trunks and drift had grounded on the well-known shallow just opposite the centre of the dam; and half sitting on, half clinging to, an immense old stump that had stuck its long roots far down and "jammed," was Janie Thompson.

And, brave girl that she was, as the fire illumined the waste, she untied her white kerchief from her neck, and waved it to them—waved it almost with an air of joy. She had evidently gone down the stream, striking the

matted, tangled mass, and, clinging for dear life, had finally found a temporary resting-place. But what a situation! and what a scene! The waters foamed and leaped by her wildly, dashing almost above her head; and just beyond her uncertain hold yawned the deep down abyss, with the awful leap to the rocks below, sending the foam quivering into mid air, and sounding to the ears of those on shore like the mocking thunder of a very hell! And the fire-light reddening each surging murderous wave and the faces of the hurrying helpers, and the dark black swaying woods up above frowning down upon the scene!

"Men, hearken you to what I say," now said John Graham; "the girl can be saved yet, if the river don't rise more and carry over the drift. The tree she's on is stranded heavily. But we must lose no time. Quick some of you to Squires's stake above, and bring his boat down!"

"It went over hours ago, John," said Squires; "the water's a good two foot over the dock."

"Then quick to Foster's barn, and down here with the big skiff. That's the shape, come to think of it."

Several started at the work, when Ik Bryson's ringing voice was heard:

"Stop!—how can you cross that tumbling mass? You forget the bridge is gone!"

What was to be done?

"Is there no boat this side?" asked Graham.

"Not one," said Ik, hurriedly—"we must raft it."

"How would it do to try a floating bridge to her?" asked Deacon Faunce, who, with coat off, was as active as the youngest.

"I fear it's the only way left," answered Graham. "Quick, lads, any thing in the way of plank and rope."

Just below where the bridge had crossed the river took a bend before it reached the dam, and a sharp point of rock ran out into the stream where had once stood a sort of wash-house. From this point (where were heavy bolts sunk in the rock) all with a will set to work.

"Lash firm—and some of you keep the fire bright, and we may reach her yet," said Graham, who seemed the master-spirit of them all. The plan, as my readers probably have seen, was to lash plank to plank down the stream to reach the dam. The undertaking would have been a hazardous one in a smooth, swift stream, but here the great heaving surges made the heavy timber roll as though but the tiniest twigs, and their hearts sunk within them as they saw how fruitless this endeavor was.

"It's no use, boys," said Ik Bryson, standing with drenched clothes looking at the surges, "no one could go down that crazy thing."

"Look out down there! By the gracious God— Poor Janie!" suddenly ejaculated Squires; and borne amidst a seething mass of foam and whirling spray, a giant tree came thundering past them. Lapping over the part of their trembling bridge that extended out into the main course, the fastenings on shore snapped



like whip-cord, and bridge and tree went plunging toward the dam. All held their breath in terror. Ik Bryson, with straining eyes, sunk on one knee, holding his clasped hands beseechingly toward the awful object. The women on the bank above wrung their hands or hid their pale faces. Janie saw it coming, and cowering lower, grasped more firmly the poor support she clung to. One long moment—then, as though directed by a merciful Providence, the plunging wreck shot by the stranded drift, and leaping high in air, went thundering down upon the rocks below.

All breathed freer;—but what was now to be done? The fire burned high, and through the curling smoke the early daybreak was now faintly glimmering. The brave girl shifted her position once and a while, at times waving her scarf. It seemed savagely cruel that you could not even make your voice heard over that small intervening space from shore to where she clung, to tell her she should yet be saved. Half-sitting half-clinging there, surrounded by the hissing, seething, hungry waters, death staring her in her face, and yet no help!

Suddenly Ik Bryson strode out before us, and throwing off his outer shirt, said, quite calmly,

"Men, I haven't the heart to stand this longer. Something must be done, or she'll go over before our eyes, for I think the stream's rising. Father, choose out the best coil of rope!"

All started.

"Why, Ik, what are you going to do?" anxiously asked old Bryson.

A strange light shone in Ik's eyes as he answered,

"*I am going down through the flood to her, father. I want firm hands to pay out, and strong ones to drag back; and you'll need quick eyes. But we haven't a minnit to lose—the river is rising fast!*"

They all saw by the expression on his face Ik's mind was made up. But it was as though he was throwing his life away as you looked at the angry river.

"Under my arms, and over the shoulders, and across—that's it," said Ik, firmly. "Heavens! no, not *that* knot; here—this! I want breath, you know. There, pad the shoulders—'twill help the strain. And now, mark me! Pay out the rope as I go down just so fast, and no faster, or it will swag and carry me under. Follow down shore with me, and if I miss her haul to land for life! If I strike right, and can stay, hold taut and wait my beck, for I'll want breath. If I strike right, and all goes over by my weight, haul then for dear life again. You mark me, boys! Graham, s'pose you head the crowd."

Such were the words Ik Bryson said as he stood with the rope about him calmly looking out at the river's sweep. The day was just

breaking. John Graham organized the men who held the rope into proper position, telling them how much depended on them. They did not need such caution.

And then, without any word of farewell or other—for there seemed none needed as each *looked* his good-by—Ik Bryson walked out to the further edge of the Point, and flung himself far out into the hurrying flood. There was a deep murmur among the throng on shore for a moment, all eyes watching where he sunk. He came up far out amidst the surges, striking out boldly for the middle, well knowing the importance of not missing his object by being carried along near shore. The torrent bore him along resistlessly, hurling him again and again out of sight, and hurrying him swiftly toward the dam. The line of men on shore, with Graham at their head, payed out the long line of rope carefully, and as smoothly as possible. Janie Thompson, from her perilous position, saw the movement, and half-rising half-crouching midst the roar, watched her rescuer intently.

"Careful, careful, for God's sake, boys!" said Graham, in a shrill whisper. "He's gained the middle, and he'll strike right. Heaven grant it! Keep your eyes open, and if the drift goes down with the two—for I think it will, the river's rising so—haul as though your own lives were on it!"

And now on a great curling leap of water Ik was borne straight down upon the stump. And as he struck—one second—and all eyes saw his arms clasp firmly, tightly around Janie; then, with a wild bound, drift and tree and all went out of sight.

"Now, steady, boys!—quick, but steady!" rung out John Graham's voice, in stentorian tones. "Up-stream—*up! up!*"—and the line of men went up the bank with a rush. Graham was the first at the water's-edge as the brave fellow, with his arms locked tightly around poor Janie Thompson, came through the foam. Strong and tender arms received them. Janie was insensible, but restoratives and thoughtful care revived her. Ik looked about him, putting his hand to his head when they unbound the rope, staring at the cheering crowd most vacantly. But gradually his memory came back, and his first words were, "And is she really safe?" Poor, brave, heroic, half-drowned Ik! Did he not deserve to be told she was!

And so, my readers, this fearful night passed away. A new bridge fills the place where the old one went down, and the green water-moss is beginning to gather on its piers; and Q—River falls with its accustomed deep voice over the same dam, adown upon the sharp rocks far below. But any of the villagers can tell you of the scene as though it was but last night's moon that looked upon it; and the little children point out just the spot where Janie *Bryson* clung till saved, when she was Janie Thompson.



## A R M A D A L E.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE MYSTERY OF OZIAS MIDWINTER.

ON a warm May night, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the Reverend Decimus Brock—at that time a visitor to the Isle of Man—retired to his bedroom, at Castletown, with a serious personal responsibility in close pursuit of him, and with no distinct idea of the means by which he might relieve himself from the pressure of his present circumstances.

The clergyman had reached that mature period of human life at which a sensible man learns to decline (as often as his temper will let him) all useless conflict with the tyranny of his own troubles. Abandoning any further effort to reach a decision in the emergency that now beset him, Mr. Brock sat down placidly in his shirt-sleeves on the side of his bed, and applied his mind to consider next, whether the emergency itself was as serious as he had hitherto been inclined to think it. Following this new way out of his perplexities, Mr. Brock found himself unexpectedly traveling to the end in view, by the least inspiring of all human journeys—a journey through the past years of his own life.

One by one the events of those years—all connected with the same little group of characters, and all more or less answerable for the anxiety which was now intruding itself between the clergyman and his night's rest—rose, in progressive series, on Mr. Brock's memory. The first of the series took him back through a period of fourteen years, to his own rectory on the Somersetshire shores of the Bristol Channel, and closeted him at a private interview with a lady who had paid him a visit in the character of a total stranger to the parson and the place.

The lady's complexion was fair, the lady's figure was well-preserved; she was still a young woman, and she looked even younger than her age. There was a shade of melancholy in her expression, and an under-tone of suffering in her voice—enough in each case to indicate that she had known trouble, but not enough to obtrude that trouble on the notice of others. She brought with her a fine fair-haired boy of eight years old, whom she presented as her son, and who was sent out of the way at the beginning of the interview to amuse himself in the rectory garden. Her card had preceded her entrance into the study, and had announced her under the name of "Mrs. Armadale." Mr. Brock began to feel interested in her before she had opened her lips; and when the son had been dismissed he waited with some anxiety to hear what the mother had to say to him.

Mrs. Armadale began by informing the rector

that she was a widow. Her husband had perished by shipwreck, a short time after their union, on the voyage from Madeira to Lisbon. She had been brought to England after her affliction under her father's protection; and her child—a posthumous son—had been born on the family estate in Norfolk. Her father's death shortly afterward had deprived her of her only surviving parent, and had exposed her to neglect and misconstruction on the part of her remaining relatives (two brothers), which had estranged her from them, she feared, for the rest of her days. For some time past she had lived in the neighboring county of Devonshire, devoting herself to the education of her boy—who had now reached an age at which he required other than his mother's teaching. Leaving out of the question her own unwillingness to part with him in her solitary position, she was especially anxious that he should not be thrown among strangers by being sent to school. Her darling project was to bring him up privately at home, and to keep him, as he advanced in years, from all contact with the temptations and the dangers of the world. With these objects in view her longer sojourn in her own locality (where the services of the resident clergyman in the capacity of tutor were not obtainable) must come to an end. She had made inquiries, had heard of a house that would suit her in Mr. Brock's neighborhood, and had also been told that Mr. Brock himself had formerly been in the habit of taking pupils. Possessed of this information she had ventured to present herself with references that vouched for her respectability, but without a formal introduction; and she had now to ask whether (in the event of her residing in the neighborhood) any terms that could be offered would induce Mr. Brock to open his doors once more to a pupil, and to allow that pupil to be her son.

If Mrs. Armadale had been a woman of no personal attractions, or if Mr. Brock had been provided with an intrenchment to fight behind, in the shape of a wife, it is probable that the widow's journey might have been taken in vain. As things really were, the rector examined the references which were offered to him, and asked time for consideration. When the time had expired he did what Mrs. Armadale wished him to do—he offered his back to the burden, and let the mother load him with the responsibility of the son.

This was the first event of the series, the date of it being the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven. Mr. Brock's memory, traveling forward toward the present from that point, picked up the second event in its turn, and stopped next at the year eighteen hundred and forty-five.

The fishing village on the Somersetshire coast





THE WIFE'S QUESTION.—[SEE NUMBER FOR DECEMBER, PAGE 83.]

was still the scene, and the characters were once again Mrs. Armadale and her son. Through the eight years that had passed Mr. Brock's responsibility had rested on him lightly enough. The boy had given his mother and his tutor but little trouble. He was certainly slow over his books, but more from a constitutional inability to fix his attention on his tasks than from want of capacity to understand them. His temperament, it could not be denied, was heedless to

the last degree: he acted recklessly on his first impulses, and rushed blindfold at all his conclusions. On the other hand, it was to be said in his favor that his disposition was open as the day; a more generous, affectionate, sweet-tempered lad it would have been hard to find any where. A certain quaint originality of character, and a natural healthiness in all his tastes, carried him free of most of the dangers to which his mother's system of education inev-



itably exposed him. He had a thoroughly English love of the sea and of all that belongs to it; and, as he grew in years, there was no luring him away from the water-side, and no keeping him out of the boat-builder's yard. In course of time his mother caught him actually working there, to her infinite annoyance and surprise, as a volunteer. He acknowledged that his whole future ambition was to have a yard of his own, and that his one present object was to learn to build a boat for himself. Wisely foreseeing that such a pursuit as this for his leisure hours was exactly what was wanted to reconcile the lad to a position of isolation from companions of his own rank and age, Mr. Brock prevailed on Mrs. Armadale, with no small difficulty, to let her son have his way. At the period of that second event in the clergyman's life with his pupil, which is now to be related, young Armadale had practiced long enough in the builder's yard to have reached the summit of his wishes, by laying with his own hands the keel of his own boat.

Late on a certain summer day, not long after Allan had completed his sixteenth year, Mr. Brock left his pupil hard at work in the yard, and went to spend the evening with Mrs. Armadale, taking the *Times* newspaper with him in his hand.

The years that had passed since they had first met had long since regulated the lives of the clergyman and his neighbor. The first advances which Mr. Brock's growing admiration for the widow had led him to make, in the early days of their intercourse, had been met, on her side, by an appeal to his forbearance which had closed his lips for the future. She had satisfied him, at once and forever, that the one place in her heart which he could hope to occupy was the place of a friend. He loved her well enough to take what she would give him: friends they became, and friends they remained from that time forth. No jealous dread of another man's succeeding where he had failed embittered the clergyman's placid relations with the woman whom he loved. Of the few resident gentlemen in the neighborhood none were ever admitted by Mrs. Armadale to more than the merest acquaintance with her. Contentedly self-buried in her country retreat, she was proof against every social attraction that would have tempted other women in her position and at her age. Mr. Brock and his newspaper appearing with monotonous regularity at her tea-table three times a week told her all she knew, or cared to know, of the great outer world which circled round the narrow and changeless limits of her daily life.

On the evening in question Mr. Brock took the arm-chair in which he always sat, accepted the one cup of tea which he always drank, and opened the newspaper which he always read aloud to Mrs. Armadale, who invariably listened to him reclining on the same sofa, with the same sort of needle-work everlastingly in her hand.

"Bless my soul!" cried the rector, with his voice in a new octave, and his eyes fixed in astonishment on the first page of the newspaper.

No such introduction to the evening readings as this had ever happened before in all Mrs. Armadale's experience as a listener. She looked up from the sofa in a flutter of curiosity, and besought her reverend friend to favor her with an explanation.

"I can hardly believe my own eyes," said Mr. Brock. "Here is an advertisement, Mrs. Armadale, addressed to your son."

Without further preface he read the advertisement, as follows:

IF THIS should meet the eye of ALLAN ARMADALE, he is desired to communicate, either personally or by letter, with Messrs. Hammick and Ridge (Lincoln's Inn Fields, London), on business of importance which seriously concerns him. Any one capable of informing Messrs. H. and R. where the person herein advertised can be found, would confer a favor by doing the same. To prevent mistakes, it is further notified that the missing Allan Armadale is a youth aged fifteen years, and that this advertisement is inserted at the instance of his family and friends.

"Another family and other friends," said Mrs. Armadale. "The person whose name appears in that advertisement is not my son."

The tone in which she spoke surprised Mr. Brock. The change in her face when he looked up shocked him. Her delicate complexion had faded away to a dull white; her eyes were averted from her visitor with a strange mixture of confusion and alarm; she looked an older woman than she was by ten good years at least.

"The name is so very uncommon," said Mr. Brock, imagining he had offended her, and trying to excuse himself. "It really seemed impossible there could be two persons—"

"There *are* two," interposed Mrs. Armadale. "Allan, as you know, is sixteen years old. If you look back at the advertisement you will find the missing person described as being only fifteen. Although he bears the same surname and the same Christian name, he is, I thank God, in no way whatever related to my son. As long as I live it will be the object of my hopes and prayers that Allan may never see him, may never even hear of him. My kind friend, I see I surprise you; will you bear with me if I leave these strange circumstances unexplained? There is past misfortune and misery in my early life too painful for me to speak of even to *you*. Will you help me to bear the remembrance of it by never referring to this again? Will you do even more—will you promise not to speak of it to Allan, and not to let that newspaper fall in his way?"

Mr. Brock gave the pledge required of him, and considerably left her to herself.

The rector had been too long and too truly attached to Mrs. Armadale to be capable of regarding her with any unworthy distrust. But it would be idle to deny that he felt disappointed by her want of confidence in him, and that he looked inquisitively at the advertisement more than once on his way back to his own house. It was clear enough now that Mrs. Armadale's



motive for burying her son as well as herself in the seclusion of a remote country village was not so much to keep him under her own eye as to keep him from discovery by his namesake. Why did she dread the idea of their ever meeting? Was it a dread for herself, or a dread for her son? Mr. Brock's loyal belief in his friend rejected any solution of the difficulty which pointed at some past misconduct of Mrs. Armadale's, and which associated it with those painful remembrances to which she had alluded, or with the estrangement from her brothers which had now kept her parted for years from her relatives and her home. That night he destroyed the advertisement with his own hand; that night he resolved that the subject should never be suffered to enter his mind again. There was another Allan Armadale about the world, a stranger to his pupil's blood, and a vagabond advertised in the public newspapers. So much accident had revealed to him. More, for Mrs. Armadale's sake, he had no wish to discover—and more he would never seek to know.

This was the second in the series of events which dated from the rector's connection with Mrs. Armadale and her son. Mr. Brock's memory, traveling on nearer and nearer to present circumstances, reached the third stage of its journey through the by-gone time, and stopped at the year eighteen hundred and fifty next.

The five years that had passed had made little if any change in Allan's character. He had simply developed (to use his tutor's own expression) from a boy of sixteen to a boy of twenty-one. He was just as easy and open in his disposition as ever; just as quaintly and inveterately good-humored; just as heedless in following his own impulses, lead him where they might. His bias toward the sea had strengthened with his advance to the years of manhood. From building a boat, he had now got on—with two journeymen at work under him—to building a decked vessel of five-and-thirty tons. Mr. Brock had conscientiously tried to divert him to higher aspirations; had taken him to Oxford to see what college life was like; had taken him to London to expand his mind by the spectacle of the great metropolis. The change had diverted Allan, but had not altered him in the least. He was as impenetrably superior to all worldly ambition as Diogenes himself. "Which is best," asked this unconscious philosopher, "to find out the way to be happy for yourself, or to let other people try if they can find it out for you?" From that moment Mr. Brock permitted his pupil's character to grow at its own rate of development, and Allan went on uninterruptedly with the work of his yacht.

Time, which had wrought so little change in the son, had not passed harmless over the mother. Mrs. Armadale's health was breaking fast. As her strength failed her temper altered for the worse: she grew more and more fretful, more and more subject to morbid fears and fancies, more and more reluctant to leave her own

room. Since the appearance of the advertisement, five years since, nothing had happened to force her memory back to the painful associations connected with her early life. No word more on the forbidden topic had passed between the rector and herself; no suspicion had ever been raised in Allan's mind of the existence of his namesake; and yet, without the shadow of a reason for any special anxiety, Mrs. Armadale had become of late years obstinately and fretfully uneasy on the subject of her son. At one time she would congratulate herself on the fancy for yacht-building and sailing which kept him happy and occupied under her own eye. At another she spoke with horror of his trusting himself habitually to the treacherous ocean on which her husband had met his death. Now in one way, and now in another, she tried her son's forbearance as she had never tried it in her healthier and happier days. More than once Mr. Brock dreaded a serious disagreement between them; but Allan's natural sweetness of temper, fortified by his love for his mother, carried him triumphantly through all trials. Not a hard word or a harsh look ever escaped him in her presence; he was unchangeably loving and forbearing with her to the very last.

Such were the positions of the son, the mother, and the friend, when the next notable event happened in the lives of the three. On a dreary afternoon, early in the month of November, Mr. Brock was disturbed over the composition of his sermon by a visit from the landlord of the village inn.

After making his introductory apologies the landlord stated the urgent business on which he had come to the rectory clearly enough. A few hours since a young man had been brought to the inn by some farm-laborers in the neighborhood, who had found him wandering about one of their master's fields, in a disordered state of mind, which looked to their eyes like downright madness. The landlord had given the poor creature shelter while he sent for medical help; and the doctor, on seeing him, had pronounced that he was suffering from fever on the brain, and that his removal to the nearest town at which a hospital or a work-house infirmary could be found to receive him would, in all probability, be fatal to his chances of recovery. After hearing this expression of opinion, and after observing for himself that the stranger's only luggage consisted of a small carpet-bag which had been found in the field near him, the landlord had set off on the spot to consult the rector, and to ask, in this serious emergency, what course he was to take next.

Mr. Brock was the magistrate as well as the clergyman of the district, and the course to be taken, in the first instance, was to his mind clear enough. He put on his hat and accompanied the landlord back to the inn.

At the inn-door they were joined by Allan, who had heard the news through another channel, and who was waiting Mr. Brock's arrival to follow in the magistrate's train, and to see



what the stranger was like. The village surgeon joined them at the same moment, and the four went into the inn together.

They found the landlord's son on one side and the hostler on the other, holding the man down in his chair. Young, slim, and undersized, he was strong enough at that moment to make it a matter of difficulty for the two to master him. His tawny complexion, his large bright brown eyes, his black mustaches and beard, gave him something of a foreign look. His dress was a little worn, but his linen was clean. His dusky hands were wiry and nervous, and were vividly discolored in more places than one by the scars of old wounds. The toes of one of his feet, off which he had kicked the shoe, grasped at the chair-rail through his stocking, with the sensitive muscular action which is only seen in those who have been accustomed to go barefoot. In the frenzy that now possessed him it was impossible to notice, to any useful purpose, more than this. After a whispered consultation with Mr. Brock, the surgeon personally superintended the patient's removal to a quiet bedroom at the back of the house. Shortly afterward his clothes and his carpet-bag were sent down stairs, and were searched, on the chance of finding a clew by which to communicate with his friends, in the magistrate's presence.

The carpet-bag contained nothing but a change of clothing and two books—the *Plays of Sophocles*, in the original Greek, and the *"Faust"* of Goethe, in the original German. Both volumes were much worn by reading; and on the fly-leaf of each were inscribed the initials O. M. So much the bag revealed, and no more.

The clothes which the man wore when he was discovered in the field were tried next. A purse (containing a sovereign and a few shillings), a pipe, a tobacco-pouch, a handkerchief, and a little drinking-cup of horn, were produced in succession. The next object, and the last, was found crumpled up carelessly in the breast-pocket of the coat. It was a written testimonial to character, dated and signed, but without any address. So far as this document could tell it, the stranger's story was a sad one indeed. He had apparently been employed for a short time as usher at a school, and had been turned adrift in the world at the outset of his illness, from the fear that the fever might be infectious, and that the prosperity of the establishment might suffer accordingly. Not the slightest imputation of any misbehavior in his employment rested on him. On the contrary, the schoolmaster had great pleasure in testifying to his capacity and his character, and in expressing a fervent hope that he might (under Providence) succeed in recovering his health in somebody else's house.

The written testimonial which afforded this glimpse at the man's story served one purpose more—it connected him with the initials on the books, and identified him to the magistrate and

the landlord under the strangely uncouth name of Ozias Midwinter.

Mr. Brock laid aside the testimonial, suspecting that the schoolmaster had purposely abstained from writing his address on it, with the view of escaping all responsibility in the event of his usher's death. In any case it was manifestly useless, under existing circumstances, to think of tracing the poor wretch's friends—if friends he had. To the inn he had been brought, and, as a matter of common humanity, at the inn he must remain for the present. The difficulty about expenses, if it came to the worst, might possibly be met by charitable contributions from the neighbors, or by a collection after a sermon at church. Assuring the landlord that he would consider this part of the question, and would let him know the result, Mr. Brock quitted the inn, without noticing for the moment that he had left Allan there behind him.

Before he had got fifty yards from the house his pupil overtook him. Allan had been most uncharacteristically silent and serious all through the search at the inn, but he had now recovered his usual high spirits. A stranger would have set him down as wanting in common feeling.

"This is a sad business," said the rector. "I really don't know what to do for the best about that unfortunate man."

"You may make your mind quite easy, Sir," said young Armadale, in his offhand way. "I settled it all with the landlord a minute ago."

"You!" exclaimed Mr. Brock, in the utmost astonishment.

"I have merely given a few simple directions," pursued Allan. "Our friend the usher is to have every thing he requires, and is to be treated like a prince; and when the doctor and the landlord want their money they are to come to me."

"My dear Allan," Mr. Brock gently remonstrated. "When will you learn to think before you act on those generous impulses of yours? You are spending more money already on your yacht-building than you can afford—"

"Only think! we laid the first planks of the deck the day before yesterday," said Allan, flying off to the new subject in his usual bird-witted way. "There's just enough of it done to walk on, if you don't feel giddy. I'll help you up the ladder, Mr. Brock, if you'll only come and try."

"Listen to me," persisted the rector; "I'm not talking about the yacht now. That is to say, I am only referring to the yacht as an illustration—"

"And a very pretty illustration too," remarked the incorrigible Allan. "Find me a smarter little vessel of her size in all England and I'll give up yacht-building to-morrow. Whereabouts were we in our conversation, Sir? I'm rather afraid we have lost ourselves somehow."

"I am rather afraid one of us is in the habit of losing himself every time he opens his lips," retorted Mr. Brock. "Come, come, Allan, this



is serious. You have been rendering yourself liable for expenses which you may not be able to pay. Mind, I am far from blaming you for your kind feeling toward this poor friendless man—"

"Don't be low-spirited about him, Sir. He'll get over it—he'll be all right again in a week or so. A capital fellow, I have not the least doubt!" continued Allan, whose habit it was to believe in every body and to despair of nothing. "Suppose you ask him to dinner when he gets well, Mr. Brock? I should like to find out (when we are all three snug and friendly together over our wine, you know) how he came by that extraordinary name of his. Ozias Midwinter! Upon my life, his father ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Will you answer me one question before I go in?" said the rector, stopping in despair at his own gate. "This man's bill for lodging and medical attendance may mount to twenty or thirty pounds before he gets well again, if he ever does get well. How are you to pay it?"

"What's that the Chancellor of the Exchequer says when he finds himself in a mess with his accounts, and doesn't see his way out again?" asked Allan. "He always tells his honorable friend he's quite willing to leave a something or other—"

"A margin?" suggested Mr. Brock.

"That's it," said Allan. "I'm like the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I'm quite willing to leave a margin. The yacht (bless her heart!) doesn't eat up every thing. If I'm short by a pound or two, don't be afraid, Sir. There's no pride about me. I'll go round with the hat, and get the balance in the neighborhood. Deuce take the pounds, shillings, and pence! I wish they could all three get rid of themselves like the Bedouin brothers at the show. Don't you remember the Bedouin brothers, Mr. Brock? 'Ali will take a lighted torch, and jump down the throat of his brother Muli—Muli will take a lighted torch, and jump down the throat of his brother Hassan—and Hassan, taking a third lighted torch, will conclude the performances by jumping down his own throat, and leaving the spectators in total darkness.' Wonderfully good that—what I call real wit, with a fine strong flavor about it. Wait a minute! Where are we? We have lost ourselves again. Oh, I remember—money. What I can't beat into my thick head," concluded Allan, quite unconscious that he was preaching socialist doctrines to a clergyman, "is the meaning of the fuss that's made about giving money away. Why can't the people who have got money to spare give it to the people who haven't got money to spare, and make things pleasant and comfortable all the world over in that way? You're always telling me to cultivate ideas, Mr. Brock. There's an idea, and, upon my life, I don't think it's a bad one."

Mr. Brock gave his pupil a good-humored poke with the end of his stick. "Go back to your yacht," he said. "All the little discre-

tion you have got in that flighty head of yours is left on board in your tool-chest. How that lad will end," pursued the rector when he was left by himself, "is more than any human being can say. I almost wish I had never taken the responsibility of him on my shoulders."

Three weeks passed before the stranger with the uncouth name was pronounced to be at last on the way to recovery. During this period Allan had made regular inquiries at the inn, and as soon as the sick man was allowed to see visitors Allan was the first who appeared at his bedside. So far Mr. Brock's pupil had shown no more than a natural interest in one of the few romantic circumstances which had varied the monotony of the village life: he had committed no imprudence, and he had exposed himself to no blame. But as the days passed young Armadale's visits to the inn began to lengthen considerably, and the surgeon (a cautious elderly man) gave the rector a private hint to bestir himself. Mr. Brock acted on the hint immediately, and discovered that Allan had followed his usual impulses in his usual headlong way. He had taken a violent fancy to the castaway usher; and had invited Ozias Midwinter to reside permanently in the neighborhood, in the new and interesting character of his bosom friend.

Before Mr. Brock could make up his mind how to act in this emergency he received a note from Allan's mother, begging him to use his privilege as an old friend, and to pay her a visit in her room. He found Mrs. Armadale suffering under violent nervous agitation, caused entirely by a recent interview with her son. Allan had been sitting with her all the morning, and had talked of nothing but his new friend. The man with the horrible name (as poor Mrs. Armadale described him) had questioned Allan in a singularly inquisitive manner on the subject of himself and his family, but had kept his own personal history entirely in the dark. At some former period of his life he had been accustomed to the sea and to sailing. Allan had, unfortunately, found this out, and a bond of union between them was formed on the spot. With a merciless distrust of the stranger—simply *because* he was a stranger—which appeared rather unreasonable to Mr. Brock, Mrs. Armadale besought the rector to go to the inn without a moment's loss of time, and never to rest until he had made the man give a proper account of himself. "Find out every thing about his father and mother!" she said, in her vehement, female way. "Make sure before you leave him that he is not a vagabond roaming the country under an assumed name."

"My dear lady," remonstrated the rector, obediently taking his hat, "whatever else we may doubt, I really think we may feel sure about the man's name! It is so remarkably ugly that it must be genuine. No sane human being would *assume* such a name as Ozias Midwinter."

"You may be quite right, and I may be quite



wrong; but pray go and see him," persisted Mrs. Armadale. "Go, and don't spare him, Mr. Brock. How do we know that this illness of his may not have been put on for a purpose?"

It was useless to reason with her. The whole College of Physicians might have certified to the man's illness, and, in her present frame of mind, Mrs. Armadale would have disbelieved the College, one and all, from the president downward. Mr. Brock took the wise way out of the difficulty—he said no more, and he set off for the inn immediately.

Ozias Midwinter, recovering from brain-fever, was a startling object to contemplate on a first view of him. His shaven head, tied up roughly in an old yellow silk handkerchief; his tawny, haggard cheeks; his bright brown eyes, preternaturally large and wild; his tangled black beard; his long, supple, sinewy fingers, wasted by suffering till they looked like claws—all tended to discompose the rector at the outset of the interview. When the first feeling of surprise had worn off the impression that followed it was not an agreeable one. Mr. Brock could not conceal from himself that the stranger's manner was against him. The general opinion has settled that if a man is honest he is bound to assert it by looking straight at his fellow-creatures when he speaks to them. If this man was honest his eyes showed a singular perversity in looking away and denying it. Possibly they were affected in some degree by a nervous restlessness in his organization, which appeared to pervade every fibre in his lean, lithe body. The rector's healthy Anglo-Saxon flesh crept responsively at every casual movement of the usher's supple brown fingers, and every passing distortion of the usher's haggard, yellow face. "God forgive me!" thought Mr. Brock, with his mind running on Allan and Allan's mother, "I wish I could see my way to turning Ozias Midwinter adrift in the world again!"

The conversation which ensued between the two was a very guarded one. Mr. Brock felt his way gently, and found himself, try where he might, always kept politely, more or less, in the dark. From first to last the man's real character shrank back with a savage shyness from the rector's touch. He started by an assertion which it was impossible to look at him and believe—he declared that he was only twenty years of age. All he could be persuaded to say on the subject of the school was, that the bare recollection of it was horrible to him. He had only filled the usher's situation for ten days when the first appearance of his illness caused his dismissal. How he had reached the field in which he had been found was more than he could say. He remembered traveling a long distance by railway, with a purpose (if he had a purpose) which it was now impossible to recall, and then wandering coastward on foot all through the day, or all through the night—he was not sure which. The sea kept running in his mind when his mind began to give way. He had been employed on the sea as a lad. He had left it, and had

filled a situation at a bookseller's in a country town. He had left the bookseller's and had tried the school. Now the school had turned him out he must try something else. It mattered little what he tried—failure (for which nobody was ever to blame but himself) was sure to be the end of it sooner or later. Friends to assist him, he had none to apply to; and as for relations, he wished to be excused from speaking of them. For all he knew they might be dead, and for all *they* knew *he* might be dead. That was a melancholy acknowledgment to make at his time of life, there was no denying it. It might tell against him in the opinions of others; and it did tell against him, no doubt, in the opinion of the gentleman who was talking to him at that moment.

These strange answers were given in a tone and manner far removed from bitterness on the one side, or from indifference on the other. Ozias Midwinter at twenty spoke of his life as Ozias Midwinter at seventy might have spoken, with a long weariness of years on him which he had learned to bear patiently.

Two circumstances pleaded strongly against the distrust with which, in sheer perplexity of mind, Mr. Brock blindly regarded him. He had written to a savings-bank in a distant part of England, had drawn his money, and had paid the doctor and the landlord. A man of vulgar mind, after acting in this manner, would have treated his obligations lightly when he had settled his bills. Ozias Midwinter spoke of his obligations—and especially of his obligation to Allan—with a fervor of thankfulness which it was not surprising only, but absolutely painful to witness. He showed a horrible sincerity of astonishment at having been treated with common Christian kindness in a Christian land. He spoke of Allan's having become answerable for all the expenses of sheltering, nursing, and curing him, with a savage rapture of gratitude and surprise, which burst out of him like a flash of lightning. "So help me God!" cried the cast-away usher, "I never met with the like of him; I never heard of the like of him before!" In the next instant the one glimpse of light which the man had let in on his own passionate nature was quenched again in darkness. His wandering eyes, returning to their old trick, looked uneasily away from Mr. Brock; and his voice dropped back once more into its unnatural steadiness and quietness of tone. "I beg your pardon, Sir," he said. "I have been used to be hunted, and cheated, and starved. Every thing else comes strange to me." Half-attracted by the man, half-repelled by him, Mr. Brock, on rising to take leave, impulsively offered his hand, and then, with a sudden misgiving, confusedly drew it back again. "You meant that kindly, Sir," said Ozias Midwinter, with his own hands crossed resolutely behind him. "I don't complain of your thinking better of it. A man who can't give a proper account of himself is not a man for a gentleman in your position to take by the hand."



Mr. Brock left the inn thoroughly puzzled. Before returning to Mrs. Armadale he sent for her son. The chances were that the guard had been off the stranger's tongue when he spoke to Allan; and with Allan's frankness, there was no fear of his concealing any thing that had passed between them from the rector's knowledge.

Here, again, Mr. Brock's diplomacy achieved no useful results. Once started on the subject of Ozias Midwinter, Allan rattled on about his new friend in his usual easy, light-hearted way. But he had really nothing of importance to tell—for nothing of importance had been revealed to him. They had talked about boat-building and sailing by the hour together; and Allan had got some valuable hints. They had discussed (with diagrams to assist them, and with more valuable hints for Allan) the serious impending question of the launch of the yacht. On other occasions they had diverged to other subjects—to more of them than Allan could remember on the spur of the moment. Had Midwinter said nothing about his relations in the flow of all this friendly talk? Nothing, except that they had not behaved well to him—hang his relations! Was he at all sensitive on the subject of his own odd name? Not the least in the world; he had set the example, like a sensible fellow, of laughing at it himself: deuce take his name, it did very well when you were used to it. What had Allan seen in him to take such a fancy to? Allan had seen in him what he didn't see in people in general. He wasn't like all the other fellows in the neighborhood. All the other fellows were cut out on the same pattern. Every man of them was equally healthy, muscular, loud, hard-headed, clean-skinned, and rough; every man of them drank the same draughts of beer, smoked the same short pipes all day long, rode the best horse, shot over the best dog, and put the best bottle of wine in England on his table at night; every man of them sponged himself every morning in the same sort of tub of cold water, and bragged about it in frosty weather in the same sort of way; every man of them thought getting into debt a capital joke, and betting on horse-races one of the most meritorious actions that a human being can perform. They were no doubt excellent fellows in their way; but the worst of them was, they were all exactly alike. It was a perfect godsend to meet with a man like Midwinter—a man who was not cut out on the regular local pattern, and whose way in the world had the one great merit (in those parts) of being a way of his own.

Leaving all remonstrances for a fitter opportunity the rector went back to Mrs. Armadale. He could not disguise from himself that Allan's mother was the person really answerable for Allan's present indiscretion. If the lad had seen a little less of the small gentry in the neighborhood, and a little more of the great outside world at home and abroad, the pleasure of cultivating Ozias Midwinter's society might have had fewer attractions for him.

Conscious of the unsatisfactory result of his visit to the inn, Mr. Brock felt some anxiety about the reception of his report when he found himself once more in Mrs. Armadale's presence. His forebodings were soon realized. Try as he might to make the best of it, Mrs. Armadale seized on the one suspicious fact of the usher's silence about himself, as justifying the strongest measures that could be taken to separate him from her son. If the rector refused to interfere, she declared her intention of writing to Ozias Midwinter with her own hand: Remonstrance irritated her to such a pitch that she astounded Mr. Brock by reverting to the forbidden subject of five years since, and referring him to the conversation which had passed between them when the advertisement had been discovered in the newspaper. She passionately declared that the vagabond Armadale of that advertisement, and the vagabond Midwinter at the village inn, might, for all she knew to the contrary, be one and the same. The rector vainly reiterated his conviction that the name was the very last in the world that any man (and a young man especially) would be likely to assume. Nothing quieted Mrs. Armadale but absolute submission to her will. Dreading the consequences if he still resisted her in her feeble state of health, and foreboding a serious disagreement between the mother and son, if the mother interfered, Mr. Brock undertook to see Midwinter again, and to tell him plainly that he must give a proper account of himself, or that his intimacy with Allan must cease. The two concessions which he exacted from Mrs. Armadale in return, were, that she should wait patiently until the doctor reported the man fit to travel, and that she should be careful in the interval not to mention the matter in any way to her son.

In a week's time Midwinter was able to drive out (with Allan for his coachman) in the pony-chaise belonging to the inn; and in ten days the doctor privately reported him as fit to travel. Toward the close of that tenth day Mr. Brock met Allan and his new friend enjoying the last gleams of wintry sunshine in one of the inland lanes. He waited until the two had separated, and then followed the usher on his way back to the inn.

The rector's resolution to speak pitilessly to the purpose was in some danger of failing him, as he drew nearer and nearer to the friendless man, and saw how feebly he still walked, how loosely his worn coat hung about him, and how heavily he leaned on his cheap clumsy stick. Humanely reluctant to say the decisive words too precipitately, Mr. Brock tried him first with a little compliment on the range of his reading, as shown by the volume of Sophocles and the volume of Goethe which had been found in his bag, and asked how long he had been acquainted with German and Greek. The quick ear of Midwinter detected something wrong in the tone of Mr. Brock's voice. He turned in the darkening twilight and looked suddenly and suspiciously in the rector's face.



"You have something to say to me," he answered; "and it is not what you are saying now."

There was no help for it but to accept the challenge. Very delicately, with many preparatory words, to which the other listened in unbroken silence, Mr. Brock came little by little nearer and nearer to the point. Long before he had really reached it—long before a man of no more than ordinary sensibility would have felt what was coming—Ozias Midwinter stood still in the lane, and told the rector than he need say no more.

"I understand you, Sir," said the usher. "Mr. Armadale has an ascertained position in the world; Mr. Armadale has nothing to conceal, and nothing to be ashamed of. I agree with you that I am not a fit companion for him. The best return I can make for his kindness is to presume on it no longer. You may depend on my leaving this place to-morrow morning."

He spoke no word more; he would hear no word more. With a self-control which, at his years and with his temperament, was nothing less than marvelous, he civilly took off his hat, bowed, and returned to the inn by himself.

Mr. Brock slept badly that night. The issue of the interview in the lane had made the problem of Ozias Midwinter a harder problem to solve than ever.

Early the next morning a letter was brought to the rector from the inn, and the messenger announced that the strange gentleman had taken his departure. The letter inclosed an open note addressed to Allan, and requested Allan's tutor (after first reading it himself) to forward it or not at his own sole discretion. The note was a startlingly short one: it began and ended in a dozen words: "Don't blame Mr. Brock; Mr. Brock is right. Thank you, and good-by. O. M."

The rector forwarded the note to its proper destination, as a matter of course; and sent a few lines to Mrs. Armadale at the same time, to quiet her anxiety by the news of the usher's departure. This done, he waited the visit from his pupil, which would probably follow the delivery of the note, in no very tranquil frame of mind. There might or might not be some deep motive at the bottom of Midwinter's conduct; but, thus far, it was impossible to deny that he had behaved in such a manner as to rebuke the rector's distrust and to justify Allan's good opinion of him.

The morning wore on, and young Armadale never appeared. After looking for him vainly in the yard where the yacht was building, Mr. Brock went to Mrs. Armadale's house, and there heard news from the servant which turned his steps in the direction of the inn. The landlord at once acknowledged the truth—young Mr. Armadale had come there with an open letter in his hand, and had insisted on being informed of the road which his friend had taken. For the first time in the landlord's experience of him the young gentleman was out of temper; and

the girl who waited on the customers had stupidly mentioned a circumstance which had added fuel to the fire. She had acknowledged having heard Mr. Midwinter lock himself into his room overnight, and burst into a violent fit of crying. That trifling particular had set Mr. Armadale's face all of a flame; he had shouted and sworn; he had rushed into the stables; had forced the hostler to saddle him a horse, and had set off at full gallop on the road that Ozias Midwinter had taken before him.

After cautioning the landlord to keep Allan's conduct a secret, if any of Mrs. Armadale's servants came that morning to the inn, Mr. Brock went home again, and waited anxiously to see what the day would bring forth.

To his infinite relief his pupil appeared at the rectory late in the afternoon. Allan looked and spoke with a dogged determination which was quite new in his old friend's experience of him. Without waiting to be questioned he told his story in his usual straightforward way. He had overtaken Midwinter on the road, and after trying vainly, first to induce him to return, then to find out where he was going to, had threatened to keep company with him for the rest of the day, and had so extorted the confession that he was going to try his luck in London. Having gained this point Allan had asked next for his friend's address in London; had been entreated by the other not to press his request; had pressed it, nevertheless, with all his might, and had got the address at last, by making an appeal to Midwinter's gratitude, for which (feeling heartily ashamed of himself) he had afterward asked Midwinter's pardon. "I like the poor fellow, and I won't give him up," concluded Allan, bringing his clenched fist down with a thump on the rectory table. "Don't be afraid of my vexing my mother; I'll leave you to speak to her, Mr. Brock, at your own time and in your own way; and I'll just say this much more by way of bringing the thing to an end. Here is the address safe in my pocket-book, and here am I, standing firm, for once, on a resolution of my own. I'll give you and my mother time to reconsider this; and when the time is up, if my friend Midwinter doesn't come to me, I'll go to my friend Midwinter!"

So the matter rested for the present; and such was the result of turning the castaway usher adrift in the world again.

A month passed, and brought in the new year—'51. Overleaping that short lapse of time, Mr. Brock paused, with a heavy heart, at the next event; to his mind the one mournful, the one memorable event of the series—Mrs. Armadale's death.

The first warning of the affliction that was near at hand had followed close on the usher's departure in December, and had arisen out of a circumstance which dwelt painfully on the rector's memory from that time forth.

But three days after Midwinter had left for London Mr. Brock was accosted in the village



by a neatly-dressed woman, wearing a gown and bonnet of black silk and a red Paisley shawl, who was a total stranger to him, and who inquired the way to Mrs. Armadale's house. She put the question without raising the thick black veil that hung over her face. Mr. Brock, in giving her the necessary directions, observed that she was a remarkably elegant and graceful woman, and looked after her as she bowed and left him, wondering who Mrs. Armadale's visitor could possibly be.

A quarter of an hour later the lady, still veiled as before, passed Mr. Brock again close to the inn. She entered the house and spoke to the landlady. Seeing the landlord shortly afterward hurrying round to the stables, Mr. Brock asked him if the lady was going away. Yes; she had come from the railway in the omnibus, but she was going back again more creditably in a carriage of her own hiring, supplied by the inn.

The rector proceeded on his walk, rather surprised to find his thoughts running inquisitively on a woman who was a stranger to him. When he got home again he found the village surgeon waiting his return, with an urgent message from Allan's mother. About an hour since the surgeon had been sent for in great haste to see Mrs. Armadale. He had found her suffering from an alarming nervous attack, brought on (as the servants suspected) by an unexpected, and, possibly, an unwelcome visitor, who had called that morning. The surgeon had done all that was needful, and had no apprehension of any dangerous results. Finding his patient eagerly desirous, on recovering herself, to see Mr. Brock immediately, he had thought it important to humor her, and had readily undertaken to call at the rectory with a message to that effect.

Looking at Mrs. Armadale with a far deeper interest in her than the surgeon's interest, Mr. Brock saw enough in her face, when it turned toward him on his entering the room, to justify instant and serious alarm. She allowed him no opportunity of soothing her; she heeded none of his inquiries. Answers to certain questions of her own were what she wanted, and what she was determined to have:—Had Mr. Brock seen the woman who had presumed to visit her that morning? Yes. Had Allan seen her? No: Allan had been at work since breakfast, and was at work still, in his yard by the water-side. This latter reply appeared to quiet Mrs. Armadale for the moment: she put her next question—the most extraordinary question of the three—more composedly. Did the rector think Allan would object to leaving his vessel for the present, and to accompanying his mother on a journey to look out for a new house in some other part of England? In the greatest amazement Mr. Brock asked what reason there could possibly be for leaving her present residence. Mrs. Armadale's reason, when she gave it, only added to his surprise. The woman's first visit might be followed by a second; and rather than see her again, rather than run the risk of Allan's

seeing her and speaking to her, Mrs. Armadale would leave England if necessary, and end her days in a foreign land. Taking counsel of his experience as a magistrate, Mr. Brock inquired if the woman had come to ask for money. Yes: respectably as she was dressed, she had described herself as being "in distress;" had asked for money, and had got it—but the money was of no importance; the one thing needful was to get away before the woman came again. More and more surprised, Mr. Brock ventured on another question. Was it long since Mrs. Armadale and her visitor had last met? Yes; as long as all Allan's lifetime—as long as one-and-twenty years.

At that reply the rector shifted his ground, and took counsel next of his experience as a friend.

"Is this person," he asked, "connected in any way with the painful remembrances of your early life?"

"Yes, with the painful remembrance of the time when I was married," said Mrs. Armadale. "She was associated, as a mere child, with a circumstance which I must think of with shame and sorrow to my dying day."

Mr. Brock noticed the altered tone in which his old friend spoke, and the unwillingness with which she gave her answer.

"Can you tell me more about her without referring to yourself?" he went on. "I am sure I can protect you, if you will only help me a little. Her name, for instance; you can tell me her name?"

Mrs. Armadale shook her head. "The name I knew her by," she said, "would be of no use to you. She has been married since then; she told me so herself."

"And without telling you her married name?"

"She refused to tell it."

"Do you know any thing of her friends?"

"Only of her friends when she was a child. They called themselves her uncle and aunt. They were low people, and they deserted her at the school on my father's estate. We never heard any more of them."

"Did she remain under your father's care?"

"She remained under my care—that is to say, she traveled with us. We were leaving England just at that time for Madeira. I had my father's leave to take her with me, and to train the wretch to be my maid—"

At those words Mrs. Armadale stopped confusedly. Mr. Brock tried gently to lead her on. It was useless; she started up in violent agitation, and walked excitedly backward and forward in the room.

"Don't ask me any more!" she cried out, in loud, angry tones. "I parted with her when she was a girl of twelve years old. I never saw her again, I never heard of her again, from that time to this. I don't know how she has discovered me, after all the years that have passed; I only know that she *has* discovered me. She will find her way to Allan next; she will poison my son's mind against me. Help me to get



away from her! help me to take Allan away before she comes back!"

The rector asked no more questions; it would have been cruel to press her farther. The first necessity was to compose her by promising compliance with all that she desired. The second was to induce her to see another medical man. Mr. Brock contrived to reach his end harmlessly in this latter case by reminding her that she wanted strength to travel, and that her own medical attendant might restore her all the more speedily to herself if he were assisted by the best professional advice. Having overcome her habitual reluctance to seeing strangers by this means, the rector at once went to Allan, and, delicately concealing what Mrs. Armadale had said at the interview, broke the news to him that his mother was seriously ill. Allan would hear of no messengers being sent for assistance: he drove off on the spot to the railway, and telegraphed himself to Bristol for medical help.

On the next morning the help came, and Mr. Brock's worst fears were confirmed. The village surgeon had fatally misunderstood the case from the first, and the time was past now at which his errors of treatment might have been set right. The shock of the previous morning had completed the mischief. Mrs. Armadale's days were numbered.

The son who dearly loved her, the old friend to whom her life was precious, hoped vainly to the last. In a month from the physician's visit all hope was over; and Allan shed the first bitter tears of his life at his mother's grave.

She had died more peacefully than Mr. Brock had dared to hope; leaving all her little fortune to her son, and committing him solemnly to the care of her one friend on earth. The rector had entreated her to let him write and try to reconcile her brothers with her before it was too late. She had only answered sadly that it was too late already. But one reference escaped her in her last illness to those early sorrows which had weighed heavily on all her after-life, and which had passed thrice already; like shadows of evil, between the rector and herself. Even on her death-bed she had shrunk from letting the light fall clearly on the story of the past. She had looked at Allan kneeling by the bedside, and had whispered to Mr. Brock: "*Never let his Namesake come near him! Never let that Woman find him out!*" No word more fell from her that touched on the misfortunes which had tried her in the past, or on the dangers which she dreaded in the future. The secret which she had kept from her son and from her friend was a secret which she carried with her to the grave.

When the last offices of affection and respect had been performed, Mr. Brock felt it his duty, as executor to the deceased lady, to write to her brothers, and to give them information of her death. Believing that he had to deal with two men who would probably misinterpret his motives if he left Allan's position unexplained, he was careful to remind them that Mrs. Arma-

dale's son was well provided for, and that the object of his letter was simply to communicate the news of her sister's decease. The two letters were dispatched toward the middle of January, and by return of post the answers were received. The first which the rector opened was written, not by the elder brother, but by the elder brother's only son. The young man had succeeded to the estates in Norfolk on his father's death some little time since. He wrote in a frank and friendly spirit, assuring Mr. Brock that, however strongly his father might have been prejudiced against Mrs. Armadale, the hostile feeling had never extended to her son. For himself, he had only to add that he would be sincerely happy to welcome his cousin to Thorpe-Ambrose, whenever his cousin came that way.

The second letter was a far less agreeable reply to receive than the first. The younger brother was still alive, and still resolute neither to forget nor forgive. He informed Mr. Brock that his deceased sister's choice of a husband, and her conduct to her father at the time of her marriage, had made any relations of affection or esteem impossible on his side from that time forth. Holding the opinions he did, it would be equally painful to his nephew and himself if any personal intercourse took place between them. He had adverted, as generally as possible, to the nature of the differences which had kept him apart from his late sister, in order to satisfy Mr. Brock's mind that a personal acquaintance with young Mr. Armadale was, as a matter of delicacy, quite out of the question, and having done this, he would beg leave to close the correspondence.

Mr. Brock wisely destroyed the second letter on the spot, and, after showing Allan his cousin's invitation, suggested that he should go to Thorpe-Ambrose as soon as he felt fit to present himself to strangers. Allan listened to the advice patiently enough; but he declined to profit by it. "I will shake hands with my cousin willingly if I ever meet him," he said; "but I will visit no family and be a guest in no house in which my mother has been badly treated." Mr. Brock remonstrated gently, and tried to put matters in their proper light. Even at that time—even while he was still ignorant of events which were then impending—Allan's strangely isolated position in the world was a subject of serious anxiety to his old friend and tutor. The proposed visit to Thorpe-Ambrose opened the very prospect of his making friends and connections suited to him in rank and age which Mr. Brock most desired to see—but Allan was not to be persuaded; he was obstinate and unreasonable; and the rector had no alternative but to drop the subject.

One on another the weeks passed monotonously; and Allan showed but little of the elasticity of his age and character in bearing the affliction that had made him motherless. He finished and launched his yacht; but his own journeymen remarked that the work seemed to have lost its interest for him. It was not natural to



the young man to brood over his solitude and his grief as he was brooding now. As the spring advanced, Mr. Brock began to feel uneasy about the future if Allan was not roused at once by change of scene. After much pondering the rector decided on trying a trip to Paris, and on extending the journey southward if his companion showed an interest in continental traveling. Allan's reception of the proposal made atonement for his obstinacy in refusing to cultivate his cousin's acquaintance—he was willing to go with Mr. Brock wherever Mr. Brock pleased. The rector took him at his word, and in the middle of March the two strangely assorted companions left for London on their way to Paris.

Arrived in London, Mr. Brock found himself unexpectedly face to face with a new anxiety. The unwelcome subject of Ozias Midwinter, which had been buried in peace since the beginning of December, rose to the surface again, and confronted the rector at the very outset of his travels more unmanageably than ever.

Mr. Brock's position, in dealing with this difficult matter, had been hard enough to maintain when he had first meddled with it. He now found himself with no vantage-ground left to stand on. Events had so ordered it, that the difference of opinion between Allan and his mother on the subject of the usher was entirely disassociated with the agitation which had hastened Mrs. Armadale's death. Allan's resolution to say no irritating words, and Mr. Brock's reluctance to touch on a disagreeable topic, had kept them both silent about Midwinter in Mrs. Armadale's presence, during the three days which had intervened between that person's departure and the appearance of the strange woman in the village. In the period of suspense and suffering that had followed no recurrence to the subject of the usher had been possible, and none had taken place. Free from all mental disquietude on this score, Allan had stoutly preserved his perverse interest in his new friend. He had written to tell Midwinter of his affliction, and he now proposed (unless the rector formally objected to it) paying a visit to his friend before he started for Paris the next morning. What was Mr. Brock to do? There was no denying that Midwinter's conduct had pleaded unanswerably against poor Mrs. Armadale's unfounded distrust of him. If the rector, with no convincing reason to allege against it, and with no right to interfere but the right which Allan's courtesy gave him, declined to sanction the proposed visit, then farewell to all the old sociability and confidence between tutor and pupil on the contemplated tour. Environed by difficulties, which might have been possibly worsted by a less just and a less kind-hearted man, Mr. Brock said a cautious word or two at parting; and (with more confidence in Midwinter's discretion and self-denial than he quite liked to acknowledge even to himself) left Allan free to take his own way.

After whiling away an hour, during the interval of his pupil's absence, by a walk in the

streets, the rector returned to his hotel; and finding the newspaper disengaged in the coffee-room, sat down absently to look over it. His eye, resting idly on the title-page, was startled into instant attention by the very first advertisement that it chanced to light on at the head of the column. There was Allan's mysterious namesake again, figuring in capital letters, and associated this time (in the character of a dead man) with the offer of a pecuniary reward! Thus it ran:

**SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.**—To parish clerks, sextons, and others. Twenty Pounds Reward will be paid to any person who can produce evidence of the death of ALLAN ARMADALE, only son of the late Allan Armadale, of Barbadoes, and born in that island in the year 1830. Further particulars on application to Messrs. Hamrick and Ridge, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

Even Mr. Brock's essentially unimaginative mind began to stagger superstitiously in the dark as he laid the newspaper down again. Little by little a vague suspicion took possession of him that the whole series of events which had followed the first appearance of Allan's namesake in the newspapers, six years since, were held together by some mysterious connection, and were tending steadily to some unimaginable end. Without knowing why, he began to feel uneasy at Allan's absence. Without knowing why, he became impatient to get his pupil away from England before any thing else happened between night and morning.

In an hour more the rector was relieved of all immediate anxiety by Allan's return to the hotel. The young man was vexed and out of spirits. He had discovered Midwinter's lodgings, but he had failed to find Midwinter himself. The only account his landlady could give of him was that he had gone out at his customary time to get his dinner at the nearest eating-house, and that he had not returned, in accordance with his usual regular habits, at his usual regular hour. Allan had therefore gone to inquire at the eating-house, and had found, on describing him, that Midwinter was well known there. It was his custom, on other days, to take a frugal dinner, and to sit half an hour afterward reading the newspaper. On this occasion, after dining, he had taken up the paper as usual, had suddenly thrown it aside again, and had gone, nobody knew where, in a violent hurry. No further information being attainable, Allan had left a note at the lodgings, giving his address at the hotel, and begging Midwinter to come and say good-bye before his departure for Paris.

The evening passed, and Allan's invisible friend never appeared. The morning came, bringing no obstacles with it, and Mr. Brock and his pupil left London. So far fortune had declared herself at last on the rector's side. Ozias Midwinter, after intrusively rising to the surface, had conveniently dropped out of sight again. What was to happen next?

Advancing once more, by three weeks only, from past to present, Mr. Brock's memory took up the next event on the seventh of April. To



all appearance the chain was now broken at last. The new event had no recognizable connection (either to his mind or to Allan's) with any of the persons who had appeared, or any of the circumstances that had happened, in the by-gone time.

The travelers had as yet got no farther than Paris. Allan's spirits had risen with the change; and he had been made all the readier to enjoy the novelty of the scene around him by receiving a letter from Midwinter, containing news which Mr. Brock himself acknowledged promised fairly for the future. The ex-usher had been away on business when Allan had called at his lodgings, having been led by an accidental circumstance to open communications with his relatives on that day. The result had taken him entirely by surprise—it had unexpectedly secured to him a little income of his own for the rest of his life. His future plans, now that this piece of good fortune had fallen to his share, were still unsettled. But if Allan wished to hear what he ultimately decided on, his agent in London (whose direction he inclosed) would receive communications for him, and would furnish Mr. Armadale at all future times with his address.

On receipt of this letter Allan had seized the pen in his usual headlong way and had insisted on Midwinter's immediately joining Mr. Brock and himself on their travels. The last days of March passed and no answer to the proposal was received. The first days of April came, and on the seventh of the month there was a letter for Allan at last on the breakfast-table. He snatched it up, looked at the address, and threw the letter down again impatiently. The handwriting was not Midwinter's. Allan finished his breakfast before he cared to read what his correspondent had to say to him.

The meal over young Armadale lazily opened the letter. He began it with an expression of supreme indifference. He finished it with a sudden leap out of his chair and a loud shout of astonishment. Wondering, as he well might, at this extraordinary outbreak, Mr. Brock took up the letter, which Allan had tossed across the table to him. Before he had come to the end of it his hands dropped helplessly on his knees and the blank bewilderment of his pupil's expression was accurately reflected on his own face.

If ever two men had good cause for being thrown completely off their balance Allan and the rector were those two. The letter which had struck them both with the same shock of astonishment did, beyond all question, contain an announcement which, on a first discovery of it, was simply incredible. The news was from Norfolk, and was to this effect. In little more than one week's time, death had mown down no less than three lives in the family at Thorpe-Ambrose—and Allan Armadale was at that moment heir to an estate of eight thousand a year!

A second perusal of the letter enabled the rector and his companion to master the details which had escaped them on a first reading. The

writer was the family lawyer at Thorpe-Ambrose. After announcing to Allan the deaths of his cousin Arthur, at the age of twenty-five; of his uncle Henry, at the age of forty-eight; and of his cousin John, at the age of twenty-one, the lawyer proceeded to give a brief abstract of the terms of the elder Mr. Blanchard's will. The claims of male issue were, as is not unusual in such cases, preferred to the claims of female issue. Failing Arthur, and his issue male, the estate was left to Henry and his issue male. Failing them, it went to the issue male of Henry's sister; and, in default of such issue, to the next heir male. As events had happened the two young men, Arthur and John, had died unmarried, and Henry Blanchard had died, leaving no surviving child but a daughter. Under these circumstances, Allan was the next heir male pointed at by the will, and was now legally successor to the Thorpe-Ambrose estate. Having made this extraordinary announcement, the lawyer requested to be favored with Mr. Armadale's instructions, and added, in conclusion, that he would be happy to furnish any further particulars that were desired.

It was useless to waste time in wondering at an event which neither Allan nor his mother had ever thought of as even remotely possible. The only thing to be done was to go back to England at once. The next day found the travelers installed once more in their London hotel, and the day after the affair was placed in the proper professional hands. The inevitable corresponding and consulting ensued; and one by one the all-important particulars flowed in until the measure of information was pronounced to be full.

This was the strange story of the three deaths.

At the time when Mr. Brock had written to Mrs. Armadale's relatives to announce the news of her decease (that is to say, in the middle of the month of January), the family at Thorpe-Ambrose numbered five persons—Arthur Blanchard (in possession of the estate), living in the great house with his mother; and Henry Blanchard, the uncle, living in the neighborhood, a widower with two children, a son and a daughter. To cement the family connection still more closely, Arthur Blanchard was engaged to be married to his cousin. The wedding was to be celebrated with great local rejoicings in the coming summer when the young lady had completed her twentieth year.

The month of February had brought changes with it in the family position. Observing signs of delicacy in the health of his son, Mr. Henry Blanchard left Norfolk, taking the young man with him, under medical advice, to try the climate of Italy. Early in the ensuing month of March, Arthur Blanchard also left Thorpe-Ambrose, for a few days only, on business which required his presence in London. The business took him into the City. Annoyed by the endless impediments in the streets, he returned westward by one of the river steamers; and, so returning, met his death.



As the steamer left the wharf he noticed a woman near him who had shown a singular hesitation in embarking, and who had been the last of the passengers to take her place in the vessel. She was neatly dressed in black silk, with a red Paisley shawl over her shoulders, and she kept her face hidden behind a thick veil. Arthur Blanchard was struck by the rare grace and elegance of her figure, and he felt a young man's passing curiosity to see her face. She neither lifted her veil nor turned her head his way. After taking a few steps hesitatingly backward and forward on the deck, she walked away on a sudden to the stern of the vessel. In a minute more there was a cry of alarm from the man at the helm, and the engines were stopped immediately. The woman had thrown herself overboard.

The passengers all rushed to the side of the vessel to look. Arthur Blanchard alone, without an instant's hesitation, jumped into the river. He was an excellent swimmer, and he reached the woman as she rose again to the surface after sinking for the first time. Help was at hand, and they were both brought safely ashore. The woman was taken to the nearest police-station, and was soon restored to her senses; her preserver giving his name and address, as usual in such cases, to the inspector on duty, who wisely recommended him to get into a warm bath, and to send to his lodgings for dry clothes. Arthur Blanchard, who had never known an hour's illness since he was a child, laughed at the caution, and went back in a cab. The next day he was too ill to attend the examination before the magistrate. A fortnight afterward he was a dead man.

The news of the calamity reached Henry Blanchard and his son at Milan; and within an hour of the time when they received it they were on their way back to England. The snow on the Alps had loosened earlier than usual that year, and the passes were notoriously dangerous. The father and son, traveling in their own carriage, were met on the mountain by the mail returning, after sending the letters on by hand. Warnings which would have produced their effect under any ordinary circumstances were now vainly addressed to the two Englishmen. Their impatience to be at home again, after the catastrophe which had befallen their family, brooked no delay. Bribes lavishly offered to the postillions tempted them to go on. The carriage pursued its way, and was lost to view in the mist. When it was seen again it was disinterred from the bottom of a precipice—the men, the horses, and the vehicle all crushed together under the wreck and ruin of an avalanche.

So the three lives were mown down by death. So, in a clear sequence of events, a woman's suicide-leap into a river had opened to Allan Armadale the succession to the Thorpe-Ambrose estates.

Who was the woman? The man who saved her life never knew. The magistrate who re-

manded her, the chaplain who exhorted her, the reporter who exhibited her in print—never knew. It was recorded of her with surprise that, though most respectably dressed, she had nevertheless described herself as being "in distress." She had expressed the deepest contrition, but had persisted in giving a name which was on the face of it a false one; in telling a commonplace story which was manifestly an invention; and in refusing to the last to furnish any clew to her friends. A lady connected with a charitable institution ("interested by her extreme elegance and beauty") had volunteered to take charge of her, and to bring her into a better frame of mind. The first day's experience of the penitent had been far from cheering, and the second day's experience had been conclusive. She had left the institution by stealth; and—though the visiting clergyman, taking a special interest in the case, had caused special efforts to be made—all search after her from that time forth had proved fruitless.

While this useless investigation (undertaken at Allan's express desire) was in progress the lawyer had settled the preliminary formalities connected with the succession of the property. All that remained was for the new master of Thorpe-Ambrose to decide when he would personally establish himself on the estate of which he was now the legal possessor.

Left necessarily to his own guidance in this matter, Allan settled it for himself in his usual hot-headed, generous way. He positively declined to take possession until Mrs. Blanchard and her niece (who had been permitted, thus far, as a matter of courtesy, to remain in their old home) had recovered from the calamity that had befallen them, and were fit to decide for themselves what their future proceedings should be. A private correspondence followed this resolution, comprehending, on Allan's side, unlimited offers of every thing he had to give (in a house which he had not yet seen); and, on the ladies' side, a discreetly reluctant readiness to profit by the young gentleman's generosity in the matter of time. To the astonishment of his legal advisers, Allan entered their office one morning, accompanied by Mr. Brock, and announced, with perfect composure, that the ladies had been good enough to take his own arrangements off his hands, and that, in deference to their convenience, he meant to defer establishing himself at Thorpe-Ambrose till that day two months. The lawyers stared at Allan, and Allan, returning the compliment, stared at the lawyers.

"What on earth are you wondering at, gentlemen?" he inquired, with a boyish bewilderment in his good-humored blue eyes. "Why shouldn't I give the ladies their two months if the ladies want them? Let the poor things take their own time, and welcome. My rights? and my position? Oh, pooh! pooh! I'm in no hurry to be squire of the parish—it's not in my way. What do I mean to do for the two months? What I should have done any how, whether the



ladies had staid or not; I mean to go cruising at sea. That's what *I* like! I've got a new yacht at home in Somersetshire—a yacht of my own building. And I'll tell you what, Sir," continued Allan, seizing the head partner by the arm in the fervor of his friendly intentions, "you look sadly in want of a holiday in the fresh air, and you shall come along with me on the trial-trip of my new vessel. And your partners too, if they like. And the head clerk, who is the best fellow I ever met with in my life. Plenty of room—we'll all shake down together on the floor, and we'll give Mr. Brock a rug on the cabin table. Thorpe-Ambrose be hanged! Do you mean to say if you had built a vessel yourself (as I have) you would go to any estate in the three kingdoms, while your own little beauty was sitting like a duck on the water at home, and waiting for you to try her? You legal gentlemen are great hands at argument. What do you think of *that* argument? I think it's unanswerable—and I'm off to Somersetshire to-morrow."

With those words the new possessor of eight thousand a year dashed into the head clerk's office, and invited that functionary to a cruise on the high seas, with a smack on the shoulder which was heard distinctly by his masters in the next room. The Firm looked in interrogative wonder at Mr. Brock. A client who could see a position among the landed gentry of England waiting for him, without being in a hurry to occupy it at the earliest possible opportunity, was a client of whom they possessed no previous experience.

"He must have been very oddly brought up," said the lawyers to the rector.

"Very oddly," said the rector to the lawyers.

A last leap over one month more brought Mr. Brock to the present time—to the bedroom at Castletown, in which he was sitting thinking, and to the anxiety which was obstinately intruding itself between him and his night's rest. That anxiety was no unfamiliar enemy to the rector's peace of mind. It had first found him out in Somersetshire six months since, and it had now followed him to the Isle of Man under the inveterately-obtrusive form of Ozias Midwinter.

The change in Allan's future prospects had worked no corresponding alteration in his perverse fancy for the castaway at the village inn. In the midst of the consultations with the lawyers he had found time to visit Midwinter; and on the journey back with the rector there was Allan's friend in the carriage, returning with them to Somersetshire by Allan's own invitation. The ex-usher's hair had grown again on his shaven skull, and his dress showed the renovating influence of an accession of pecuniary means; but in all other respects the man was unchanged. He met Mr. Brock's distrust with the old uncomplaining resignation to it; he maintained the same suspicious silence on the subject of his relatives and his early life; he spoke of Allan's

kindness to him with the same undisciplined fervor of gratitude and surprise. "I have done what I could, Sir," he said to Mr. Brock, while Allan was asleep in the railway carriage. "I have kept out of Mr. Armadale's way, and I have not even answered his last letter to me. More than that is more than I can do. I don't ask you to consider my own feeling toward the only human creature who has never suspected and never ill-treated me. I can resist my own feeling, but I can't resist the young gentleman himself. There's not another like him in the world. If we are to be parted again, it must be his doing or yours—not mine. The dog's master has whistled," said this strange man, with a momentary outburst of the hidden passion in him, and a sudden springing of angry tears in his wild brown eyes: "and it's hard, Sir, to blame the dog when the dog comes."

Once more Mr. Brock's humanity got the better of Mr. Brock's caution. He determined to wait, and see what the coming days of social intercourse might bring forth.

The days passed; the yacht was rigged and fitted for sea; a cruise was arranged to the Welsh coast—and Midwinter the Secret was the same Midwinter still. Confinement on board a little vessel of five-and-thirty tons offered no great attraction to a man of Mr. Brock's time of life. But he sailed on the trial trip of the yacht nevertheless, rather than trust Allan alone with his new friend.

Would the close companionship of the three on their cruise tempt the man into talking of his own affairs? No; he was ready enough on other subjects, especially if Allan led the way to them. But not a word escaped him about himself. Mr. Brock tried him with questions about his recent inheritance, and was answered as he had been answered once already at the Somersetshire inn. It was a curious coincidence, Midwinter admitted, that Mr. Armadale's prospects and his own prospects should both have unexpectedly changed for the better about the same time. But there the resemblance ended. It was no large fortune that had fallen into his lap, though it was enough for his wants. It had not reconciled him with his relations, for the money had not come to him as a matter of kindness but as a matter of right. As for the circumstance which had led to his communicating with his family it was not worth mentioning, seeing that the temporary renewal of intercourse which had followed had produced no friendly results. Nothing had come of it but the money—and, with the money, an anxiety which troubled him sometimes, when he woke in the small hours of the morning.

At those last words he became suddenly silent, as if, for once, his well-guarded tongue had betrayed him. Mr. Brock seized the opportunity, and bluntly asked him what the nature of the anxiety might be. Did it relate to money? No; it related to a Letter which had been waiting for him for many years. Had he received the letter? Not yet; it had been left under



charge of one of the partners in the firm which had managed the business of his inheritance for him; the partner had been absent from England; and the letter, locked up among his own private papers, could not be got at till he returned. He was expected back toward the latter part of that present May, and if Midwinter could be sure where the cruise would take them to at the close of the month, he thought he would write and have the letter forwarded. Had he any family reasons to be anxious about it? None that he knew of; he was curious to see what had been waiting for him for many years, and that was all. So he answered the rector's questions, with his tawny face turned away over the low bulwark of the yacht, and his fishing-line dragging in his supple brown hands.

Favored by wind and weather, the little vessel had done wonders on her trial-trip. Before the period fixed for the duration of the cruise had half expired the yacht was as high up on the Welsh coast as Holyhead; and Allan, eager for adventure in unknown regions, had declared boldly for an extension of the voyage northward to the Isle of Man. Having ascertained from reliable authority that the weather really promised well for a cruise in that quarter, and that, in the event of any unforeseen necessity for return, the railway was accessible by the steamer from Douglas to Liverpool, Mr. Brock agreed to his pupil's proposal. By that night's post he wrote to Allan's lawyers and to his own rectory, indicating Douglas in the Isle of Man as the next address to which letters might be forwarded. At the post-office he met Midwinter, who had just dropped a letter into the box. Remembering what he had said on board the yacht, Mr. Brock concluded that they had both taken the same precaution, and had ordered their correspondence to be forwarded to the same place.

Late the next day they set sail for the Isle of Man. For a few hours all went well; but sunset brought with it the signs of a coming change. With the darkness the wind rose to a gale; and the question whether Allan and his journeymen had, or had not, built a stout sea-boat was seriously tested for the first time. All that night, after trying vainly to bear up for Holyhead, the little vessel kept the sea, and stood her trial bravely. The next morning the Isle of Man was in view, and the yacht was safe at Castletown. A survey by daylight of hull and rigging showed that all the damage done might be set right again in a week's time. The cruising party had accordingly remained at Castletown; Allan being occupied in superintending the repairs, Mr. Brock in exploring the neighborhood, and Midwinter in making daily pilgrimages on foot, to Douglas and back, to inquire for letters.

The first of the cruising party who received a letter was Allan. "More worries from those everlasting lawyers," was all he said, when he had read the letter, and had crumpled it up in his pocket. The rector's turn came next before the week's sojourn at Castletown had expired.

On the fifth day he found a letter from Somersetshire waiting for him at the hotel. It had been brought there by Midwinter, and it contained news which entirely overthrew all Mr. Brock's holiday plans. The clergyman who had undertaken to do duty for him in his absence had been unexpectedly summoned home again; and Mr. Brock had no choice (the day of the week being Friday) but to cross the next morning from Douglas to Liverpool, and get back by railway on Saturday night in time for Sunday's service.

Having read his letter, and resigned himself to his altered circumstances as patiently as he might, the rector passed next to a question that pressed for serious consideration in its turn. Burdened with his heavy responsibility toward Allan, and conscious of his own undiminished distrust of Allan's new friend, how was he to act in the emergency that now beset him toward the two young men who had been his companions on the cruise?

Mr. Brock had first asked himself that awkward question the Friday afternoon; and he was still trying, vainly, to answer it, alone in his own room, at one o'clock on the Saturday morning. It was then only the end of May, and the residence of the ladies at Thorpe-Ambrose (unless they chose to shorten it of their own accord) would not expire till the middle of June. Even if the repairs of the yacht had been completed (which was not the case), there was no possible pretense for hurrying Allan back to Somersetshire. But one other alternative remained—to leave him where he was. In other words, to leave him, at the turning-point of his life, under the sole influence of a man whom he had first met with as a castaway at a village inn, and who was still, to all practical purposes, a total stranger to him.

In despair of obtaining any better means of enlightenment to guide his decision, Mr. Brock reverted to the impression which Midwinter had produced on his own mind in the familiarity of the cruise.

Young as he was the ex-usher had evidently lived a wild and varied life. He had seen and observed more than most of men of twice his age; his talk showed a strange mixture of sense and absurdity—of vehement earnestness at one time, and fantastic humor at another. He could speak of books like a man who had really enjoyed them; he could take his turn at the helm like a sailor who knew his duty; he could sing, and tell stories, and cook, and climb the rigging, and lay the cloth for dinner, with an odd satirical delight in the exhibition of his own dexterity. The display of these, and other qualities like them, as his spirits rose with the cruise, had revealed the secret of his attraction for Allan plainly enough. But had all disclosures rested there? Had the man let no chance light in on his character in the rector's presence? Very little; and that little did not set him forth in a morally alluring aspect. His way in the world had lain evidently in doubtful



places; familiarity with the small villainies of vagabonds peeped out of him now and then; words occasionally slipped off his tongue with an unpleasantly strong flavor about them; and, more significant still, he habitually slept the light suspicious sleep of a man who has been accustomed to close his eyes in doubt of the company under the same roof with him. Down to the very latest moment of the rector's experience of him—down to that present Friday night—his conduct had been persistently secret and unaccountable to the very last. After bringing Mr. Brock's letter to the hotel, he had mysteriously disappeared from the house without leaving any message for his companions, and without letting any body see whether he had, or had not, received a letter himself. At nightfall he had come back stealthily in the darkness—had been caught on the stairs by Allan, eager to tell him of the change in the rector's plans—had listened to the news without a word of remark—and had ended by sulkily locking himself into his own room. What was there in his favor to set against such revelations of his character as these—against his wandering eyes, his obstinate reserve with the rector, his ominous silence on the subject of family and friends? Little or nothing: the sum of all his merits began and ended with his gratitude to Allan.

Mr. Brock left his seat on the side of the bed, trimmed his candle, and, still lost in his own thoughts, looked out absently at the night. The change of place brought no new ideas with it. His retrospect over his own past life had amply satisfied him that his present sense of responsibility rested on no merely fanciful grounds; and having brought him to that point, had left him there, standing at the window, and seeing nothing but the total darkness in his own mind faithfully reflected by the total darkness of the night.

"If I only had a friend to apply to!" thought the rector. "If I could only find some one to help me in this miserable place!"

At the moment when the aspiration crossed his mind it was suddenly answered by a low knock at the door, and a voice said softly in the passage outside, "Let me come in."

After an instant's pause to steady his nerves Mr. Brock opened the door, and found himself at one o'clock in the morning standing face to face on the threshold of his own bedroom with Ozias Midwinter.

"Are you ill?" asked the rector, as soon as his astonishment would allow him to speak.

"I have come here to make a clean breast of it!" was the strange answer. "Will you let me in?"

With those words he walked into the room—his eyes on the ground, his lips ashy pale, and his hand holding something hidden behind him.

"I saw the light under your door," he went on, without looking up, and without moving his hand; "and I know the trouble on your mind which is keeping you from your rest. You are going away to-morrow morning, and you don't

like leaving Mr. Armadale alone with a stranger like me."

Startled as he was, Mr. Brock saw the serious necessity of being plain with a man who had come at that time, and had said those words to him.

"You have guessed right," he answered. "I stand in the place of a father to Allan Armadale, and I am naturally unwilling to leave him, at his age, with a man whom I don't know."

Ozias Midwinter took a step forward to the table. His wandering eyes rested on the rector's New Testament, which was one of the objects lying on it.

"You have read that Book, in the years of a long life, to many congregations," he said. "Has it taught you mercy to your miserable fellow-creatures?"

Without waiting to be answered, he looked Mr. Brock in the face for the first time, and brought his hidden hand slowly into view.

"Read that," he said; "and, for Christ's sake, pity me when you know who I am."

He laid a letter of many pages on the table. It was the letter that Mr. Neal had posted at Wildbad nineteen years since.

## AN AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND.

THE boy's vague dream of foreign adventure had passed away; my purpose was of a tamer and more practical cast; it was resolved to this problem: "How could I travel abroad and pay my expenses?"

Evidently no money could be made by home correspondence. The new order of journals had no charity for fine moral descriptions of church steeples, ruined castles, and picture galleries; I knew too little of foreign politics to give the republic its semi-weekly "sensation;" and exchange was too high at the depreciated value of currency to yield me even a tolerable reward. But might I not reverse the policy of the peripatetics, and, instead of turning my European experiences into American gold, make my knowledge of America a bill of credit for England?

What capital had I for this essay? I was twenty-one years of age; the last three years of my minority had been passed among the newspapers; I knew indifferently well the distribution of parties, the theory of the government, the personalities of public men, the causes of the great civil strife. And I had mounted to my saddle in the beginning of the war, and followed the armies of McClellan and Pope over their sanguinary battle-fields. The possibility thrilled me, like a novel discovery, that the old world might be willing to hear of the new as I could depict it, fresh from the theatre of action. At great expense foreign correspondents had been sent to our shores whose ignorance and confidence had led them into egregious blunders; for their traveling outlay merely, I would have guaranteed thrice the information, and my sanguine conceit half persuaded me that I could



present it as acceptably. I did not wait to ponder upon this suggestion. The guns of the second action of Bull Run growled a farewell to me as I resigned my horse and equipments to a successor. With a trifle more money than that with which Bayard Taylor set out, I took passage on a steamer, and landed at Liverpool on the 1st of October, 1862.

Among my acquaintances upon the ship had been a semi-literary adventurer from New England. I surmised that his funds were not more considerable than my own; and indeed, when he comprehended my plans, he confessed as much, and proposed to join enterprises with me.

"Did you ever make a public lecture?" he asked.

Now I had certain blushing recollections of having entertained a suburban congregation, long before, with didactic critiques upon Byron, Keats, and the popular poets. I replied, therefore, misgivingly, in the affirmative, and Hipp, the interrogator, exclaimed at once:

"Let us make a lecturing tour in England, and divide the expenses and the work; you will describe the war, and I will act as your agent."

With true Yankee persistence Hipp developed his idea, and I consented to try the experiment, though with grave scruples. It would require much nerve to talk to strange people upon an excitable topic; and a camp fever, which among other things I had gained on the Chickahominy, had enfeebled me to the last degree.

However, I went to work at once, inditing the pages in a snug parlor of a modest Liverpool inn, while Hipp sounded the patrons and landlord as to the probable success of our adventure. Opinions differed; public lectures in the old world had been generally gratuitous, except in rare cases, but the genial Irish proprietor of the *Post* advised me to go on without hesitation.

We selected for the initial night a Lancashire sea-side town, a summer resort for the people of Liverpool, and filled at that time with invalids and pleasure-seekers. Hipp, who was a sort of American Crichton, managed the business details with consummate tact. I was announced as the eye-witness and participator of a hundred actions, fresh from the bloodiest fields and still smelling of saltpetre. My horse had been shot as I carried a General's orders under the fire of a score of batteries, and I was connected with journals whose reputations were world-wide. Disease had compelled me to forsake the scenes of my heroism, and I had consented to enlighten the Lancashire public, through the solicitation of the nobility and gentry. Some of the latter had indeed honored the affair with their patronage.

We secured the three village newspapers by writing them descriptive letters. The parish rector and the dissenting preachers were waited upon and presented with family tickets; while we placarded the town till it was scarcely recognizable to the oldest inhabitant.

On the morning of the eventful day I arrived in the place. The best room of the best inn

had been engaged for me, and waiters in white aprons, standing in rows, bowed me over the portal. The servant girls and gossips had fugitive peeps at me through the cracks of my door, and I felt for the first time all the oppressiveness of greatness. As I walked on the quay where the crowds were strolling, looking out upon the misty sea, at the donkeys on the beach, and at the fishing smacks huddled under the far-reaching pier, I saw my name in huge letters borne on the banner of a bill-poster, and all the people stopping to read as he wound in and out among them.

How few thought the thin, sallow young man, in wide breeches and square-toed boots, who shambled by them so shamefacedly, to be the veritable Mentor who had crossed the ocean for their benefit. Indeed the embarrassing responsibility I had assumed now appeared to me in all its vividness.

My confidence sensibly declined; my sensitiveness amounted to nervousness; I had half a mind to run away and leave the show entirely to Hipp. But when I saw that child of the Mayflower stolidly, shrewdly going about his business, working the wires like an old operator, making the largest amount of thunder from so small a cloud, I was rebuked of my faint-heartedness. In truth, not the least of my misgivings was Hipp's extraordinary zeal. He gave the townsmen to understand that I was a prodigy of oratory, whose battle-sketches would harrow up their souls and thrill them like a martial summons. It brought the blush to my face to see him talking to knots of old men after the fashion of a town-crier at a puppet-booth, and I wondered whether I occupied a more reputable rank, after all, than a strolling gymnast, giant, or dwarf.

As the twilight came on my position became ludicrously unenviable. The lights in the town-hall were lit. I passed pallidly twice or thrice, and would have given half my fortune if the whole thing had been over. But the minutes went on; the interval diminished: I faced the crisis at last and entered the arena.

There sat Hipp, taking money at the head of the stairs, with piles of tickets before him; and as he rose, gravely respectful, the janitor and some loiterers took off their hats while I passed. I entered the little bare dressing-room; my throat was parched as fever, my hands were hot and tremulous; I felt my heart sag. How the rumble of expectant feet in the audience-room shook me! I called myself a poltroon, and fingered my neck-tie, and smoothed my hair before the mirror. Another burst of impatient expectation made me start: I opened the door, and stood before my destiny.

The place was about one-third filled with a representative English audience, the males preponderating in number. They watched me intently as I mounted the steps of the rostrum and arranged my port-folio upon a musical tripod; then I seated myself for a moment, and tried to still the beating of my foolish heart.



How strangely acute were my perceptions of every thing before me! I looked from face to face and analyzed the expressions, counted the lines down the corduroy pantaloons, measured the heavily-shod English feet, numbered the rows of benches and the tubes of the chandeliers, and figured up the losing receipts from this unremunerative audience.

Then I rose, coughed, held the house for the last time in severe review, and repeated:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—A grand contest agitates America and the world. The people of the two sections of the great North American Republic having progressed in harmony for almost a century, and become a formidable power among the nations, are now divided and at enmity; they have consecrated with blood their fairest fields, and built monuments of bones in their most beautiful valleys," etc.

For perhaps five minutes every thing went on smoothly. I was pleased with the clearness of my voice; then, as I referred to the origin of the war, and denounced the traitorous conspiracy to disrupt the republic, faint mutterings arose, amounting to interruptions at last. The sympathies of my audience were in the main with the secession. There were cheers and counter cheers; storms of "Hear, hear," and "No, no," until a certain youth, in a sort of legal monkey-jacket and with ponderously professional gold seals, so distinguished himself by exclamations that I singled him out as a mark for my bitterest periods.

But while I was thus the main actor in this curious scene, a strange, startling consciousness grew apace upon me; the room was growing dark; my voice replied to me like a far, hollow echo: I knew—I knew that I was losing my consciousness—that I was about to faint! Words can not describe my humiliation at this discovery. I set my lips hard and straightened my limbs; raised my voice to a shrill, defiant pitch, and struggled in the dimming horror to select my adversary in the monkey-jacket and overwhelm him with bitter apostrophes. In vain! The novelty, the excitement, the enervation of that long, consuming fever mastered my overtaxed physique. I knew that if I did not cease I should fall senseless to the floor. Only in the last bitter instant did I confess my disability with the best grace I could assume.

"My friends," I said, gaspingly, "this is my first appearance in your country, and I am but just convalescent; my head is a little weak. Will you kindly bear with me a moment while the janitor gets me a glass of water?"

A hearty burst of applause took the sting from my mortification. A bald old gentleman in the front row gravely rose and said, "Let me send for a drop of brandy for our young guest." They waited patiently and kindly till my faintness passed away, and when I rose a genuine English cheer shook the place.

I often hear it again when, here in my own country, I would speak bitterly of Englishmen, and it softens the harshness of my condemnation.

But I now addressed myself feverishly to my task, and my disgrace made me vehement and combative. I glared upon the individual in the monkey-jacket as if he had been Mr. Jefferson Davis himself, and read him a scathing indictment. The man in the monkey-jacket was not to be scathed. He retorted more frequently than before; he was guilty of the most hardy contempt of court. He was determined not to agree with me, and said so.

"Sir," I exclaimed at last, "pray reserve your remarks till the end of the lecture, and you shall have the platform."

"I shall be quite willing, I am sure," said the man in the monkey-jacket with imperturbable effrontery.

Then, as I continued, the contest grew interesting; explosions of "No, no" were interrupted with volleys of "Ay, ay" from my adherents. Hipp, who had squared accounts, made all the applause in his power, standing in the main threshold, and the little auditory became a ringing arena, where we fought without flinching, standing foot to foot and drawing fire for fire. The man in the monkey-jacket broke his word: silence was not his forte; he hurled denials and counter-charges vociferously; he was full of gall and bitterness, and when I closed the last page and resumed my chair he sprang from his place to claim the platform.

"Stop," cried Hipp, in his hard nasal tone, striding forward; "you have interrupted the lecturer after giving your parole; we recall our promise, as you have not stood by yours. Janitor, put out the lights!"

The bald old gentleman quietly rose. "In England," he said, "we give everybody fair play; tokens of assent and dissent are commonly made in all our public meetings; let us have a hearing for our townsman."

"Certainly," I replied, giving him my hand at the top of the stairs; "nothing would afford me more pleasure."

The man in the monkey-jacket then made a sweeping speech, full of loose charges against the Americans, and expressive of sympathy with the rebellion; but, at the finishing, he proposed, as the sentiment of the meeting, a vote of thanks to me, which was amended by another to include himself. Many of the people shook hands with me at the door, and the bald old gentleman led me to his wife and daughter, whose benignities were almost parental.

"Poor young man!" said the old lady; "a must take care of 'is 'ealth; will a come hoom wi' Tummas and me and drink a bit o' tea?"

I strolled about the place for twenty-four hours on good terms with many townsmen, while Hipp, full of pluck and business, was posting me against all the dead walls of a farther village. Again and again I sketched the war-episodes I had followed, gaining fluency and confidence as by degrees my itinerant profession lost its novelty, but we as steadily lost money. The houses were invariably bad; we had the same fiery discussions every evening, but the same meagre re-



ceipts, and in every market town of northwestern Lancashire we buried a portion of our little capital, till once, after talking myself hoarse to a respectable audience of empty benches, Hipp and I looked blankly into each other's faces and silently put our last gold pieces upon the table. We were three thousand miles from home, and the possessors of ten sovereigns apiece. I reached out my hand with a pale smile:

"Old fellow," I said, "let us comfort ourselves by the assurance that we have deserved success. The time has come to say good-by."

"As you will," said Hipp; "it is all the fault of this pig-headed nation. Now I dare say if we had brought a panorama of the war along it would have been a stunning success; but standing upon high literary and forensic ground, of course they can't appreciate us. Confound 'em!"

I think that Hipp has since had but two notions—the exhibition of that panorama, or, in the event of its failure, a declaration of war against the British people. He followed me to Liverpool, and bade me adieu at Birkenhead, I going Londonward with scarcely enough money to pay my passage, and he to start next day for Belfast, to lecture upon his own hook, or, failing (as he afterward did), to recross the Atlantic in the steerage of a ship.

My feelings, as the train bore me steadily through the Welsh border, by the clustering smoke-stacks of Birmingham, by the castled tower of Warwick, and along the head waters of the Thames and Avon, were not of the most enthusiastic description. I had no money and no friends; I had sent to America for a remittance, but in the interval of six weeks required for a reply, must eat and drink and lodge, and London was wide and pitiless, even if I dared stoop to beg assistance.

Let no young man be tempted to put the sea between his home and himself, how seductive soever be the experiences of book-makers and poetic pedestrians. One hour's contemplation of poverty in foreign lands will line the boy's face with the wrinkles of years, and burn into his soul that withering dependency which will rankle long after his privations are forgotten.

In truth my circumstances were so awkward that my very desperation kept me calm. I had a formal letter to one English publisher, but not any friendly line whatever to any body; and as the possibilities of sickness, debt, enemies, came to mind, I felt that I was no longer the hero of a romance, but face to face with a hard, practical, terrible reality. It was night when I landed at the Paddington Station, and taking an omnibus for Charing Cross, watched the long lines of lamps on Oxford Street, and the glitter of the Haymarket theatres, and at last the hard splash of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, with the stony statues grouped so rigidly about the column to Nelson.

I walked down Strand with my carpet-bags in my hands, through Fleet Street and under Temple Bar, till, weary at last of sheer exercise,

I dropped into a little ale-house under a great, grinning lantern which said, in the crisp tone of patronage, the one word, "beds." They put me under the tiles, with the chimney-stacks for my neighbors, and I lay awake all night meditating expedients for the morrow; so far from regret or foreboding, I longed for the daylight to come that I might commence my task, confident that I could not fail where so many had succeeded. They were, indeed, inspirations which looked in upon me at the dawn. The dome of St. Paul's guarding Paternoster Row, with Milton's school in the back-ground, and hard by the Player's Court, where, in lieu of Shakspeare's company, the American presses of the *Times* shook the kingdom and the continent. I thought of Johnson as I passed Bolt Alley, of Chatterton at Shoe Lane, of Goldsmith as I put my foot upon his grave under the eaves of the Temple.

The public has nothing to do with the sacrifices by which my private embarrassment received temporary relief. Though half the race of authors had been in similar straits, I would not, for all their success, undergo again such self-humiliation. It is enough to say that I obtained lodgings in Islington, close to the home of Charles Lamb, and near Irving's Canterbury tower; and that between writing articles on the American war, and strategic efforts to pay my board, two weeks of feverish loneliness drifted away.

I made but one friend: a young Englishman of radical proclivities, who had passed some years in America among books and newspapers, and was now editing the foreign column of the *Illustrated London News*. He was a brave, needy fellow, full of heart, but burdened with a wife and children, and too honestly impolitic to gain money with his fine abilities by writing down his own unpopular sentiments. He helped me with advice and otherwise.

"If you mean to work for the journals," he said, "I fear you will be disappointed. I have tried six years to get upon some daily London paper. The editorial positions are always filled; you know too little of the geography and society of the town to be a reporter, and such miscellaneous recollections of the war as you possess will not be available for a mere newspaper. But the magazines are always ready to purchase if you can get access to them. In that quarter you might do well."

I found that the serials to which my friend recommended me shared his own advanced sentiments, but were unfortunately without money. So I made my way to the counter of the Messrs. Chambers, and left for its junior partner an introductory note. The reply was to this effect. I violate no confidence, I think, in reproducing it:

"SIR,—I shall be glad to see any friend of ———, and may be found," etc., etc. "I fear that articles upon the American war, written by an American, will not, however, be acceptable in this journal, as the public here take a widely different view of the contest from that entertained in your own country, and the feeling of horror is deepening fast."



Undeterred by this frank avowal I waited upon the publisher at the appointed time—a fine, athletic, white-haired Scotchman, whose name is known where that of greater authors can not reach, and who has written with his own hand as much as Dumas *père*. He met me with warm cordiality, rare to Englishmen, and when I said,

“Sir, I do not wish the use of your paper to circulate my opinions—only my experiences,” he took me at once to his editor, and gave me a personal introduction. Fortunately I had brought with me a paper which I submitted on the spot; it was entitled, “Literature of the American War,” collated from such campaign ballads as I could remember, eked out with my own, and strung together with explanatory and critical paragraphs. The third day following I received this announcement in shockingly bad handwriting:

“D’r Sir,

“Yr article will suit us.

“The ed. C. J.”

For every word in this communication I afterward obtained a guinea. The money not being due till after the appearance of the article, I anticipated it with various sketches, stories, etc., all of which were largely fanciful or descriptive, and contained no paragraph which I wish to recall. In other directions I was less successful. Of two daily journals to which I offered my services, one declined to answer my letter, and the other demanded a quarto of credentials.

So I lived a fugitive existence, a practical illustration of Irving’s “Poor Devil Author,” looking as often into pastry-shop windows, testing all manner of cheap Pickwickian veal-pies, breakfasting upon a chop, and supping upon a herring in my suburban residence, but keeping up pluck and *chique* so deceptively that nobody in the place suspected me of poverty.

I went for some American inventors to a rifle ground, and explained to the Lords of the Admiralty the merits of a new projectile; wrote letters to all the Continental sovereigns for an itinerant and independent ambassador, and was at last so poor that my only writing papers were a druggist’s waste bill-heads. An article with no other “backing” than this was fortunate enough to stray into the *Cornhill Magazine*. I found that its proprietor kept a banking-house in Pall Mall, and doubtful of my welcome on Cornhill, ventured one day in my unique American costume—slouched hat, wide garments, and square-toed boots—to send to him directly my card. He probably thought from its face that a relative of Mr. Mason’s was about to open an extensive account with him. As it was, once admitted to his presence, he could not escape me. The manuscript lay in his hands before he fully comprehended my purpose. He was a fine specimen of the English publisher—robust, ruddy, good-naturedly acute—and as he said with a smile that he would waive routine and take charge of my copy, I knew that the same hands

had fastened upon the crude pages of Jane Eyre, and the best labors of Hazlitt, Ruskin, Leigh Hunt, and Thackeray.

Two more weary weeks elapsed; I found it pleasant to work, but very trying to wait. At the end my courage very nearly failed. I reached the era of self-accusation; to make myself forget myself I took long, ardent marches into the open country; followed the authors I had worshiped through the localities they had made reverend; lost myself in dreaminesses—those precursors of death in the snow—and wished myself back in the ranks of the North, to go down in the frenzy, rather than thus drag out a life of civil indigence, robbing at once my brains and my stomach.

One morning as I sat in my little Islington parlor, wishing that the chop I had just eaten had gone farther, and taking a melancholy inventory of the threadbare carpet and rheumatic chairs, the door-knocker fell; there were steps in the hall; my name was mentioned.

A tall young gentleman approached me with a letter: I received him with a strange nervousness; was there any crime in my record, I asked fitfully, for which I had been traced to this obscure suburb for condign arrest and decapitation? Ha! ha! it was my heart, not my lips, that laughed. I could have cried out like Enoch Arden in his dying apostrophe:

“A sail! a sail!

I am saved!”

for the note in the publisher’s own handwriting said this, and more:

“DEAR SIR,—I shall be glad to send you fifteen guineas immediately in return for your article on General Pope’s Campaign, if the price will suit you.”

But I suppressed my enthusiasm. I spoke patronizingly to the young gentleman. Dr. Johnson at the brewer’s vendue could not have been more learnedly sonorous.

“You may say in return, Sir, that the sum named will remunerate me.”

At the same time the instinct was intense to seize the youth by the throat and tell him that if the remittance was delayed beyond the morning I would have his heart’s-blood! I should have liked to thrust him into the coal-hole as a hostage for its prompt arrival, or send one of his ears to the publishing house with a warning, after the manner of the Neapolitan brigands.

That afternoon I walked all the way to Edmonton, over John Gilpin’s route, and boldly invested two-pence in beer at the time-honored Bell Inn. I disdained to ride back upon the omnibus for the sum of three-pence, but returned on foot the entire eight miles, and thought it only a league. Next day my check came duly to hand—a very formidable check, with two pen-marks drawn across its face. I carried it to Threadneedle Street by the unfrequented routes, to avoid having my pockets picked, and presented it to the cashier, wondering if he knew me to be a foreign gentleman who had written for the *Cornhill Magazine*. The cashier looked rather contemptuous, I thought, being evident-



ly a soulless character with no literary affinities.

"Sir," he said, curtly, "this check is crossed."

"Sir!"

"We can't cash the check; it is crossed."

"What do you mean by crossed?"

"Just present it where you got it, and you will find out."

The cashier regarded me as if I had offered a ticket of leave rather than an order for the considerable amount of seventy-five dollars. I left that banking house a broken man, and stopped with a long, long face at a broker's to ask for an explanation.

"Yesh, yesh," said the little man, whose German silver spectacles sat upon a bulbously Oriental nose; "ze monish ish never paid on a croshed sheque. If one hash a bank-account, you know, zat ish different. Ze gentleman who gif you dis sheque had no bishness to crosh it if you have no banker."

I was too vain to go back to Cornhill and confess that I had neither purse nor purser; so I satisfied the broker that the affair was correct, and he cashed the bill for five shillings.

That was the end of my necessities; money came from home, from this and that serial; my published articles were favorably noticed, and opened the market to me. Whatever I penned found sale; and some correspondence that I had leisure to fulfill for America brought me steady receipts.

Had I been prudent with my means, and prompt to advantage myself of opportunities, I might have obtained access to the best literary society, and sold my compositions for correspondingly higher prices. Social standing in English literature is of equal consequence with genius. The poor Irish governess can not find a publisher, but Lady Morgan takes both critics and readers by storm. A duchess's name on the title-page protects the fool in the letter-press; irreverent republicanism is not yet so great a respecter of persons. I was often invited out to dinner, and went to the expense of a dress-coat and kids, without which one passes the genteel British portal at his peril; but found that both the expense and the stateliness of "society" were onerous. In this department I had no perseverance; but when one evening I sat with the author of "Vanity Fair" in the concert rooms at Covent Garden, as Colonel Newcome and Clive had done before me, and took my beer and mutton with those kindly eyes measuring me through their spectacles, I felt that such grand companionship lifted me from the errantry of my career into the dignity of a renowned art.

I moved my lodgings after three months to a pleasant square of the West End, where I had for associates, among others, several American artists. Strange men were they to be so far from home; but I have since found that the poorer one is the farther he travels, and the majority of these were quite destitute. Two of them only had permanent employment; a few,

now and then, sold a design to a magazine; the mass went out sketching to kill time, and trusted to Providence for dinner. But they were good fellows for the most part, kindly to one another, and meeting in their lodgings, where their tenure was uncertain, to score Millais, or praise Rossetti, or overwhelm Frith.

My own life meantime passed smoothly. I had no rivals of my own nationality; though one expatriated person, whose name I have not heard, was writing a series of prejudiced articles for *Fraser*, which he signed "A White Republican." I thought him a very dirty white. One or two English travelers at the same time were making amusingly stupid notices of America in some of the second-rate monthlies; and Maxwell, a bustling Irishman, who owns *Temple Bar*, the *Saint James*, and *Sixpenny Magazine*, and some half dozen other serials, was employing a man to invent all varieties of rubbish upon a country which he had never beheld nor comprehended.

After a few months the passages of the war with which I was cognizant lost their interest by reason of later occurrences. I found myself, so to speak, wedged out of the market by new literary importations. The enforcement of the draft brought to Europe many naturalized countrymen of mine, whose dislike of America was not lessened by their unceremonious mode of departure from it; and it is to these, the mass of whom are familiarly known in the journals of this country, that we owe the most insidious, because the best informed, detraction of us. *Macmillan's Magazine* did us sterling service through the papers of Edward Dicey, the best literary *feuilletonist* in England; and Professor Newman, J. Stuart Mill, and others, gave us the limited influence of the *Westminster Review*. The *Cornhill* was neutral; *Chambers's* respectfully inimical; *Bentley* and *Colburn* antagonistically flat; Maxwell's tri-visaged publications grinningly abusive; *Good Words* had neither good nor bad words for us; *Once a Week* and *All the Year Round* gave us a shot now and then. *Blackwood* and *Fraser* disliked our form of government and all its manifestations. The rest of the Reviews, as far as I could see, pitied and berated us pompously. It was more than once suggested to me to write an experimental paper upon the failure of republicanism; but I knew only one American—a New York correspondent—who lent himself to a systematic abuse of the Government which permitted him to reside in it. He obtained a newsboy's fame, and, I suspect, earned considerable. He is dead: let any who love him shorten his biography by three years.

However, I at last concluded a book—if I may so call what never resulted in a volume—at which, from the first, I had been pegging away. I called it "The War Correspondent," and made it the literal record of my adventures in the saddle. When some six hundred MS. pages were done I sent it to a publisher; he politely sent it back. I forwarded it to a rival



house; in this respect only both houses were agreed. Having some dim recollection of the early trials of authors I perseveringly gave that copy the freedom of the city; the verdict upon it was marvelously identical, but the manner of declension was always soothing. They separately advised me not to be content with one refusal, but to try some other house, though I came at last to think, by the regularity of its transit to and fro, that one house only had been its recipient from the first.

At last, assured of its positive failure, I took what seemed to be the most philosophic course—neither tossing it into the Thames, after the fashion of a famous novelist, nor littering my floor with its fragments, and dying amidst them like a *chiffonnier* in his den: I cut the best paragraphs out of it, strung them together, and published it by separate articles in the serials. My name failed to be added to the British Museum Catalogue; but that circumstance is, at the present time, a matter of no regret whatever.

When done with the war I took to story-writing, using many half-forgotten incidents of American police-reporting, of border warfare, of the development of civilization among the pioneers, of thralldom in the South, and the gold search on the Pacific. The majority of these traveled across the water, and were republished. And when America, in the garb of either fact or fiction, lost novelty, I entered the wide field of miscellaneous literature among a thousand competitors.

An author's ticket to the British Museum Reading-room put the whole world so close around me that I could touch it every where. I never entered the noble rotunda of that vast collection without an emotion of littleness and awe. Lit only from the roof, it reminded me of the Roman Pantheon; and truly all the gods whom I had worshiped sat, not in statue, but in substance, along its radiating tables, or trod its noiseless floors. Half the literature of our language flows from thence. One may see at a glance grave naturalists knee-deep in ichthyological tomes, or buzzing over entomology; pale zealots copying Arabic characters, with the end to rebuild Bethlehem or the ruins of Mecca; biographers gloating over some rare original letter; periodical writers filching from two centuries ago for their next "new" article. The Marquis of Lansdown is dead: you may see the *Times* reporter yonder running down the events of his career. Poland is in arms again, and the clever compiler farther on means to make twenty pounds out of it by summing up her past risings and ruins. The bruisers King and Mace fought yesterday, and the plodding person close by from *Bell's Life* is gleaning their antecedents. Half the *litterati* of our age do but like these bind the present to the past. A great library diminishes the number of thinkers; the grand fountains of philosophy and science ran before types were so facile or letters became a trade.

The novelty of this life soon wore away, and I

found myself the creature of no romance, but plodding along a prosy road with very practical people.

I carried my MSS. into Paternoster Row like any body's book-keeper, and accused the world of no particular ingratitude that it could not read my name with my articles, and that it gave itself no concern to discover me. Yet there was a private pleasure in the congeniality of my labor, and in the consciousness that I could float upon my quill even in this vast London sea. Once or twice my articles went across the Channel and returned in foreign dress. I wonder if I shall ever again feel the thrill of that first recognition of my offspring coming to my knee with their strange French prattle.

I was not uniformly successful, but, if rejected, my MSS. were courteously returned, with a note from the editor. As a sample I give the following. The original is a lithographed facsimile of the handwriting of Mr. Dickens, printed in blue ink, the date and the title of the manuscript being in another handwriting:

OFFICE OF "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26 WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W. C.

January 27, 1863.

Mr. Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled "A Battle Sunday" for having done him the favor to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however, that it is not suited to the requirements of "All the Year Round."

The manuscript will be returned, under cover, if applied for as above.

The prices of miscellaneous articles in London are remunerative. Twenty-four shillings a magazine page is the common valuation; but specially interesting papers rate higher. Literature as a profession, in England, is more certain and more progressive than with us. It is not debased with the heavy leaven of journalism. Among the many serial publications of London, ability, tact, and industry should always find a liberal market. There is less of the vagrancy of letters—Bohemianism, Mohicanism, or what not—in London than in either New York or Paris.

I think we have the cleverer fugitive writers in America, but those of England seemed to me to have more self-respect and conscientiousness. The soul of the scribe need never be in pledge if there are many masters.

While a good writer in any department can find work across the water, I would advise no one to go abroad with this assurance solely. My success—if so that can be called which yielded me life, not profit—was circumstantial, and can not be repeated. I should be loth to try it again upon purely literary merits.

After nine months of experiment I bade the insular metropolis adieu, and returned no more. The Continent was close and beckoning; I heard the confusion of her tongues, and saw the shafts of her Gothic Babels probing the clouds, and for another year I roamed among her cities, as ardent and errant as when I went afield on my pony to win the spurs of a War Correspondent.





RIAH'S GUESTS.—[SEE DECEMBER NUMBER, PAGE 112.]

## OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE SECOND. BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

### CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH A FRIENDLY MOVE IS ORIGINATED.

THE arrangement between Mr. Boffin and his literary man, Mr. Silas Wegg, so far altered with the altered habits of Mr. Boffin's life, as that the Roman Empire usually declined in the morning and in the eminently aristocratic family mansion, rather than in the evening, as of yore, and in Boffin's Bower. There were occasions, however, when Mr. Boffin, seeking a brief refuge from the blandishments of fashion, would

present himself at the Bower after dark, to anticipate the next sallying forth of Wegg, and would there, on the old settle, pursue the downward fortunes of those enervated and corrupted masters of the world who were by this time on their last legs. If Wegg had been worse paid for his office, or better qualified to discharge it, he would have considered these visits complimentary and agreeable; but, holding the position of a handsomely-remunerated humbug, he resented them. This was quite according to rule, for the incompetent servant, by whomsoever



FORMING THE DOMESTIC VIRTUES.—[SEE DECEMBER NUMBER, PAGE 116.]



er employed, is always against his employer. Even those born governors, noble and right honorable creatures, who have been the most imbecile in high places, have uniformly shown themselves the most opposed (sometimes in belying distrust, sometimes in vapid insolence) to *their* employer. What is in such wise true of the public master and servant, is equally true of the private master and servant all the world over.

When Mr. Silas Wegg did at last obtain free access to "Our House," as he had been wont to call the mansion outside which he had sat shel-

terless so long, and when he did at last find it in all particulars as different from his mental plans of it as according to the nature of things it well could be, that far-seeing and far-reaching character, by way of asserting himself and making out a case for compensation, affected to fall into a melancholy strain of musing over the mournful past; as if the house and he had had a fall in life together.

"And this, Sir," Silas would say to his patron, sadly nodding his head and musing, "was once Our House! This, Sir, is the building from



which I have so often seen those great creatures, Miss Elizabeth, Master George, Aunt Jane, and Uncle Parker"—whose very names were of his own inventing—"pass and repass! And has it come to this, indeed! Ah dear me, dear me!"

So tender were his lamentations, that the kindly Mr. Boffin was quite sorry for him, and almost felt mistrustful that in buying the house he had done him an irreparable injury.

Two or three diplomatic interviews, the result of great subtlety on Mr. Wegg's part, but assuming the mask of careless yielding to a fortuitous combination of circumstances, impelling him toward Clerkenwell, had enabled him to complete his bargain with Mr. Venus.

"Bring me round to the Bower," said Silas, when the bargain was closed, "next Saturday evening, and if a sociable glass of old Jamaikay warm should meet your views, I am not the man to begrudge it."

"You are aware of my being poor company, Sir," replied Mr. Venus, "but be it so."

It being so, here is Saturday evening come, and here is Mr. Venus come, and ringing at the Bower-gate.

Mr. Wegg opens the gate, descries a sort of brown paper truncheon under Mr. Venus's arm, and remarks, in a dry tone: "Oh! I thought perhaps you might have come in a cab."

"No, Mr. Wegg," replies Venus. "I am not above a parcel."

"Above a parcel! No!" says Wegg, with some dissatisfaction. But does not openly growl, "a certain sort of parcel might be above you."

"Here is your purchase, Mr. Wegg," says Venus, politely handing it over, "and I am glad to restore it to the source from whence it—flowed."

"Thankee," says Wegg. "Now this affair is concluded, I may mention to you in a friendly way that I've my doubts whether, if I had consulted a lawyer, you could have kept this article back from me. I only throw it out as a legal point."

"Do you think so, Mr. Wegg? I bought you in open contract."

"You can't buy human flesh and blood in this country, Sir; not alive, you can't," says Wegg, shaking his head. "Then query, bone?"

"As a legal point?" asks Venus.

"As a legal point."

"I am not competent to speak upon that, Mr. Wegg," says Venus, reddening and growing something louder; "but upon a point of fact I think myself competent to speak; and as a point of fact I would have seen you—will you allow me to say, further?"

"I wouldn't say more than further, if I was you," Mr. Wegg suggests, pacifically.

"—Before I'd have given that packet into your hand without being paid my price for it. I don't pretend to know how the point of law may stand, but I'm thoroughly confident upon the point of fact."

As Mr. Venus is irritable (no doubt owing to

his disappointment in love), and as it is not the cue of Mr. Wegg to have him out of temper, the latter gentleman soothingly remarks, "I only put it as a little case; I only put it ha'porthetically."

"Then I'd rather, Mr. Wegg, you put it another time, penn'orthetically," is Mr. Venus's retort, "for I tell you candidly I don't like your little cases."

Arrived by this time in Mr. Wegg's sitting-room, made bright on the chilly evening by gas-light and fire, Mr. Venus softens and compliments him on his abode; profiting by the occasion to remind Wegg that he (Venus) told him he had got into a good thing.

"Tolerable," Wegg rejoins. "But bear in mind, Mr. Venus, that there's no gold without its alloy. Mix for yourself and take a seat in the chimbley-corner. Will you perform upon a pipe, Sir?"

"I am but an indifferent performer, Sir," returns the other; "but I'll accompany you with a whiff or two at intervals."

So, Mr. Venus mixes, and Wegg mixes; and Mr. Venus lights and puffs, and Wegg lights and puffs.

"And there's alloy even in this metal of yours, Mr. Wegg, you was remarking?"

"Mystery," returns Wegg. "I don't like it, Mr. Venus. I don't like to have the life knocked out of former inhabitants of this house, in the gloomy dark, and not know who did it."

"Might you have any suspicions, Mr. Wegg?"

"No," returns that gentleman. "I know who profits by it. But I've no suspicions."

Having said which, Mr. Wegg smokes and looks at the fire with a most determined expression of Charity; as if he had caught that cardinal virtue by the skirts as she felt it her painful duty to depart from him, and held her by main force.

"Similarly," resumes Wegg, "I have observations as I can offer upon certain points and parties; but I make no objections, Mr. Venus. Here is an immense fortune drops from the clouds upon a person that shall be nameless. Here is a weekly allowance, with a certain weight of coals, drops from the clouds upon me. Which of us is the better man? Not the person that shall be nameless. That's an observation of mine, but I don't make it an objection. I take my allowance and my certain weight of coals. He takes his fortune. That's the way it works."

"It would be a good thing for me if I could see things in the calm light you do, Mr. Wegg."

"Again look here," pursues Silas, with an oratorical flourish of his pipe and his wooden leg: the latter having an undignified tendency to tilt him back in his chair; "here's another observation, Mr. Venus, unaccompanied with an objection. Him that shall be nameless is liable to be talked over. He gets talked over. Him that shall be nameless, having me at his right hand, naturally looking to be promoted higher, and you may perhaps say meriting to be promoted higher—"



(Mr. Venus murmurs that he does say so.)

"—Him that shall be nameless, under such circumstances passes me by, and puts a talking-over stranger above my head. Which of us two is the better man? Which of us two can repeat most poetry? Which of us two has, in the service of him that shall be nameless, tackled the Romans, both civil and military, till he has got as husky as if he'd been weaned and ever since brought up on saw-dust? Not the talking-over stranger. Yet the house is as free to him as if it was his, and he has his room, and is put upon a footing, and draws about a thousand a year. I am banished to the Bower, to be found in it like a piece of furniture whenever wanted. Merit, therefore, don't win. That's the way it works. I observe it, because I can't help observing it, being accustomed to take a powerful sight of notice; but I don't object. Ever here before, Mr. Venus?"

"Not inside the gate, Mr. Wegg."

"You've been as far as the gate then, Mr. Venus?"

"Yes, Mr. Wegg, and peeped in from curiosity."

"Did you see any thing?"

"Nothing but the dust-yard."

Mr. Wegg rolls his eyes all round the room, in that ever unsatisfied quest of his, and then rolls his eyes all round Mr. Venus; as if suspicious of his having something about him to be found out.

"And yet, Sir," he pursues, "being acquainted with old Mr. Harmon, one would have thought it might have been polite in you, too, to give him a call. And you're naturally of a polite disposition, you are." This last clause as a softening compliment to Mr. Venus.

"It is true, Sir," replies Venus, winking his weak eyes, and running his fingers through his dusty shock of hair, "that I was so, before a certain observation soured me. You understand to what I allude, Mr. Wegg? To a certain written statement respecting not wishing to be regarded in a certain light. Since that all is fled, save gall."

"Not all," says Mr. Wegg, in a tone of sentimental condolence.

"Yes, Sir," returns Venus, "all! The world may deem it harsh, but I'd quite as soon pitch into my best friend as not. Indeed, I'd sooner!"

Involuntarily making a pass with his wooden leg to guard himself as Mr. Venus springs up in the emphasis of this unsociable declaration, Mr. Wegg tilts over on his back, chair and all, and is rescued by that harmless misanthrope, in a disjointed state and ruefully rubbing his head.

"Why, you lost your balance, Mr. Wegg," says Venus, handing him his pipe.

"And about time to do it," grumbles Silas, "when a man's visitors, without a word of notice, conduct themselves with the sudden viciousness of Jacks-in-boxes! Don't come flying out of your chair like that, Mr. Venus!"

"I ask your pardon, Mr. Wegg. I am so soured."

"Yes, but hang it," says Wegg, argumentatively, "a well-governed mind can be soured sitting! And as to being regarded in lights, there's bumpey lights as well as bony. *In which*," again rubbing his head, "I object to regard myself."

"I'll bear it in memory, Sir."

"If you'll be so good." Mr. Wegg slowly subdues his ironical tone and his lingering irritation, and resumes his pipe. "We were talking of old Mr. Harmon being a friend of yours."

"Not a friend, Mr. Wegg. Only known to speak to, and to have a little deal with now and then. A very inquisitive character, Mr. Wegg, regarding what was found in the dust. As inquisitive as secret."

"Ah! You found him secret?" returns Wegg, with a greedy relish.

"He had always the look of it, and the manner of it."

"Ah!" with another roll of his eyes. "As to what was found in the dust now. Did you ever hear him mention how he found it, my dear friend? Living on the mysterious premises, one would like to know. For instance, where he found things? Or, for instance, how he set about it? Whether he began at the top of the mounds, or whether he began at the bottom. Whether he prodded;" Mr. Wegg's pantomime is skillful and expressive here; "or whether he scooped? Should you say scooped, my dear Mr. Venus; or should you—as a man—say prodded?"

"I should say neither, Mr. Wegg."

"As a fellow-man, Mr. Venus—mix again—why neither?"

"Because I suppose, Sir, that what was found, was found in the sorting and sifting. All the mounds are sorted and sifted?"

"You shall see 'em and pass your opinion. Mix again."

On each occasion of his saying "mix again," Mr. Wegg, with a hop on his wooden leg, hitches his chair a little nearer; more as if he were proposing that himself and Mr. Venus should mix again, than that they should replenish their glasses.

"Living (as I said before) on the mysterious premises," says Wegg when the other has acted on his hospitable entreaty, "one likes to know. Would you be inclined to say now—as a brother—that he ever hid things in the dust, as well as found 'em?"

"Mr. Wegg, on the whole I should say he might."

Mr. Wegg claps on his spectacles, and admiringly surveys Mr. Venus from head to foot.

"As a mortal equally with myself, whose hand I take in mine for the first time this day, having unaccountably overlooked that act so full of boundless confidence binding a fellow-creetur to a fellow-creetur," says Wegg, holding Mr. Venus's palm out, flat and ready for smiting,



and now smiting it; "as such—and no other—for I scorn all lowlier ties betwixt myself and the man walking with his face erect that alone I call my Twin—regarded and regarding in this trustful bond—what do you think he might have hid?"

"It is but a supposition, Mr. Wegg."

"As a Being with his hand upon his heart," cries Wegg; and the apostrophe is not the less impressive for the Being's hand being actually upon his rum and water; "put your supposition into language, and bring it out, Mr. Venus!"

"He was the species of old gentleman, Sir," slowly returns that practical anatomist, after drinking, "that I should judge likely to take such opportunities as this place offered, of stowing away money, valuables, maybe papers."

"As one that was ever an ornament to human life," says Mr. Wegg, again holding out Mr. Venus's palm as if he were going to tell his fortune by chiromancy, and holding his own up ready for smiting it when the time should come; "as one that the poet might have had his eye on, in writing the national naval words:

Helm a-weather, now lay her close,  
Yard arm and yard arm she lies;  
Again, cried I, Mr. Venus, give her t'other dose,  
Man shrouds and grapple, Sir, or she flies!

—that is to say, regarded in the light of true British Oak, for such you are—explain, Mr. Venus, the expression 'papers'!"

"Seeing that the old gentleman was generally cutting off some near relation, or blocking out some natural affection," Mr. Venus rejoins, "he most likely made a good many wills and codicils."

The palm of Silas Wegg descends with a sounding smack upon the palm of Venus, and Wegg lavishly exclaims, "Twin in opinion equally with feeling! Mix a little more!"

Having now hitched his wooden leg and his chair close in front of Mr. Venus, Mr. Wegg rapidly mixes for both, gives his visitor his glass, touches its rim with the rim of his own, puts his own to his lips, puts it down, and spreading his hands on his visitor's knees thus addresses him:

"Mr. Venus. It ain't that I object to being passed over for a stranger, though I regard the stranger as a more than doubtful customer. It ain't for the sake of making money, though money is ever welcome. It ain't for myself, though I am not so haughty as to be above doing myself a good turn. It's for the cause of the right."

Mr. Venus, passively winking his weak eyes both at once, demands: "What is, Mr. Wegg?"

"The friendly move, Sir, that I now propose. You see the move, Sir?"

"Till you have pointed it out, Mr. Wegg, I can't say whether I do or not."

"If there is any thing to be found on these premises, let us find it together. Let us make the friendly move of agreeing to look for it together. Let us make the friendly move of agreeing to share the profits of it equally betwixt us.

In the cause of the right." Thus Silas assuming a noble air.

"Then," says Mr. Venus, looking up, after meditating with his hair held in his hands, as if he could only fix his attention by fixing his head; "if any thing was to be unburied from under the dust, it would be kept a secret by you and me? Would that be it, Mr. Wegg?"

"That would depend upon what it was, Mr. Venus. Say it was money, or plate, or jewelry, it would be as much ours as any body else's."

Mr. Venus rubs an eyebrow, interrogatively.

"In the cause of the right it would. Because it would be unknowingly sold with the mounds else, and the buyer would get what he was never meant to have, and never bought. And what would that be, Mr. Venus, but the cause of the wrong?"

"Say it was papers," Mr. Venus propounds.

"According to what they contained we should offer to dispose of 'em to the parties most interested," replies Wegg, promptly.

"In the cause of the right, Mr. Wegg?"

"Always so, Mr. Venus. If the parties should use them in the cause of the wrong, that would be their act and deed. Mr. Venus. I have an opinion of you, Sir, to which it is not easy to give mouth. Since I called upon you that evening when you were, as I may say, floating your powerful mind in tea, I have felt that you required to be roused with an object. In this friendly move, Sir, you will have a glorious object to rouse you."

Mr. Wegg then goes on to enlarge upon what throughout has been uppermost in his crafty mind:—the qualifications of Mr. Venus for such a search. He expatiates on Mr. Venus's patient habits and delicate manipulation; on his skill in piecing little things together; on his knowledge of various tissues and textures; on the likelihood of small indications leading him on to the discovery of great concealments. "While as to myself," says Wegg, "I am not good at it. Whether I gave myself up to prodding, or whether I gave myself up to scooping, I couldn't do it with that delicate touch so as not to show that I was disturbing the mounds. Quite different with you, going to work (as you would) in the light of a fellow-man, holily pledged in a friendly move to his brother man." Mr. Wegg next modestly remarks on the want of adaptation in a wooden leg to ladders and such like airy perches, and also hints at an inherent tendency in that timber fiction, when called into action for the purposes of a promenade on an ashy slope, to stick itself into the yielding foothold, and peg its owner to one spot. Then, leaving this part of the subject, he remarks on the special phenomenon that before his installation in the Bower, it was from Mr. Venus that he first heard of the legend of hidden wealth in the Mounds: "which," he observes with a vaguely pious air, "was surely never meant for nothing." Lastly, he returns to the cause of the right, gloomily foreshadowing the possibility of something being unearthed



to criminate Mr. Boffin (of whom he once more candidly admits it can not be denied that he profits by a murder), and anticipating his denunciation by the friendly movers to avenging justice. And this, Mr. Wegg expressly points out, not at all for the sake of the reward—though it would be a want of principle not to take it.

To all this, Mr. Venus, with his shock of dusty hair cocked after the manner of a terrier's ears, attends profoundly. When Mr. Wegg, having finished, opens his arms wide, as if to show Mr. Venus how bare his breast is, and then folds them pending a reply, Mr. Venus winks at him with both eyes some little time before speaking.

"I see you have tried it by yourself, Mr. Wegg," he says when he does speak. "You have found out the difficulties by experience."

"No, it can hardly be said that I have tried it," replies Wegg, a little dashed by the hint. "I have just skimmed it. Skimmed it."

"And found nothing besides the difficulties?"

Wegg shakes his head.

"I scarcely know what to say to this, Mr. Wegg," observes Venus, after ruminating for a while.

"Say yes," Wegg naturally urges.

"If I wasn't soured, my answer would be no. But being soured, Mr. Wegg, and driven to reckless madness and desperation, I suppose it's Yes."

Wegg joyfully reproduces the two glasses, repeats the ceremony of clinking their rims, and inwardly drinks with great heartiness to the health and success in life of the young lady who has reduced Mr. Venus to his present convenient state of mind.

The articles of the friendly move are then severally recited and agreed upon. They are but secrecy, fidelity, and perseverance. The Bower to be always free of access to Mr. Venus for his researches, and every precaution to be taken against their attracting observation in the neighborhood.

"There's a footstep!" exclaims Venus.

"Where?" cries Wegg, starting.

"Outside. St!"

They are in the act of ratifying the treaty of friendly move, by shaking hands upon it. They softly break off, light their pipes which have gone out, and lean back in their chairs. No doubt, a footstep. It approaches the window, and a hand taps at the glass. "Come in!" calls Wegg; meaning come round by the door. But the heavy old-fashioned sash is slowly raised, and a head slowly looks in out of the dark back-ground of night.

"Pray is Mr. Silas Wegg here? Oh! I see him!"

The friendly movers might not have been quite at their ease, even though the visitor had entered in the usual manner. But, leaning on the breast-high window, and staring in out of the darkness, they find the visitor extremely embarrassing. Especially Mr. Venus: who removes his pipe, draws back his head, and stares

at the starrer, as if it were his own Hindoo baby come to fetch him home.

"Good-evening, Mr. Wegg. The yard gate-lock should be looked to, if you please; it don't catch."

"Is it Mr. Rokesmith?" falters Wegg.

"It is Mr. Rokesmith. Don't let me disturb you. I am not coming in. I have only a message for you, which I undertook to deliver on my way home to my lodgings. I was in two minds about coming beyond the gate without ringing: not knowing but you might have a dog about."

"I wish I had," mutters Wegg, with his back turned as he rose from his chair. "St! Hush! The talking-over stranger, Mr. Venus."

"Is that any one I know?" inquires the staring Secretary.

"No, Mr. Rokesmith. Friend of mine. Passing the evening with me."

"Oh! I beg his pardon. Mr. Boffin wishes you to know that he does not expect you to stay at home any evening, on the chance of his coming. It has occurred to him that he may, without intending it, have been a tie upon you. In future, if he should come without notice, he will take his chance of finding you, and it will be all the same to him if he does not. I undertook to tell you on my way. That's all."

With that, and "Good-night," the Secretary lowers the window, and disappears. They listen, and hear his footsteps go back to the gate, and hear the gate close after him.

"And for that individual, Mr. Venus," remarks Wegg, when he is fully gone, "I have been passed over! Let me ask you what you think of him?"

Apparently, Mr. Venus does not know what to think of him, for he makes sundry efforts to reply, without delivering himself of any other articulate utterance than that he has "a singular look."

"A double look, you mean, Sir," rejoins Wegg, playing bitterly upon the word. "That's *his* look. Any amount of singular look for me, but not a double look! That's an underhanded mind, Sir."

"Do you say there's something against him?" Venus asks.

"Something against him?" repeats Wegg. "Something? What would the relief be to my feelings—as a fellow-man—if I wasn't the slave of truth, and didn't feel myself compelled to answer, Every thing!"

See into what wonderful maudlin refuges featherless ostriches plunge their heads! It is such unspeakable moral compensation to Wegg to be overcome by the consideration that Mr. Rokesmith has an underhanded mind!

"On this starlight night, Mr. Venus," he remarks, when he is showing that friendly mover out across the yard, and both are something the worse for mixing again and again: "on this starlight night to think that talking-over strangers, and underhanded minds, can go walk-



ing home under the sky, as if they was all square!"

"The spectacle of those orbs," says Mr. Venus, gazing upward with his hat tumbling off, "brings heavy on me her crushing words that she did not wish to regard herself nor yet to be regarded in that—"

"I know! I know! You needn't repeat 'em," says Wegg, pressing his hand. "But think how those stars steady me in the cause of the right against some that shall be nameless. It isn't that I bear malice. But see how they glisten with old remembrances! Old remembrances of what, Sir?"

Mr. Venus begins drearily replying, "Of her words, in her own handwriting, that she does not wish to regard herself, nor yet—" when Silas cuts him short with dignity.

"No, Sir! Remembrances of Our House, of Master George, of Aunt Jane, of Uncle Parker, all laid waste! All offered up sacrifices to the minion of fortune and the worm of the hour!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IN WHICH AN INNOCENT ELOPEMENT OCCURS.

THE minion of fortune and the worm of the hour, or in less cutting language, Nicodemus Boffin, Esquire, the Golden Dustman, had become as much at home in his eminently aristocratic family mansion as he was likely ever to be. He could not but feel that, like an eminently aristocratic family cheese, it was much too large for his wants, and bred an infinite amount of parasites; but he was content to regard this drawback on his property as a sort of perpetual Legacy Duty. He felt the more resigned to it, forasmuch as Mrs. Boffin enjoyed herself completely, and Miss Bella was delighted.

That young lady was, no doubt, an acquisition to the Boffins. She was far too pretty to be unattractive any where, and far too quick of perception to be below the tone of her new career. Whether it improved her heart might be a matter of taste that was open to question; but as touching another matter of taste, its improvement of her appearance and manner, there could be no question whatever.

And thus it soon came about that Miss Bella began to set Mrs. Boffin right; and even further, that Miss Bella began to feel ill at ease, and as it were responsible, when she saw Mrs. Boffin going wrong. Not that so sweet a disposition and so sound a nature could ever go very wrong even among the great visiting authorities who agreed that the Boffins were "charmingly vulgar" (which for certain was not their own case in saying so), but that when she made a slip on the social ice on which all the children of Podsnappery, with genteel souls to be saved, are required to skate in circles, or to slide in long rows, she inevitably tripped Miss Bella up (so

that young lady felt), and caused her to experience great confusion under the glances of the more skillful performers engaged in those ice-exercises.

At Miss Bella's time of life it was not to be expected that she should examine herself very closely on the congruity or stability of her position in Mr. Boffin's house. And as she had never been sparing of complaints of her old home when she had no other to compare it with, so there was no novelty of ingratitude or disdain in her very much preferring her new one.

"An invaluable man is Rokesmith," said Mr. Boffin, after some two or three months. "But I can't quite make him out."

Neither could Bella, so she found the subject rather interesting.

"He takes more care of my affairs, morning, noon, and night," said Mr. Boffin, "than fifty other men put together either could or would; and yet he has ways of his own that are like tying a scaffolding pole right across the road, and bringing me up short when I am almost a-walking arm in arm with him."

"May I ask how so, Sir?" inquired Bella.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Boffin, "he won't meet any company here but you. When we have visitors, I should wish him to have his regular place at the table like ourselves; but no, he won't take it."

"If he considers himself above it," said Miss Bella, with an airy toss of her head, "I should leave him alone."

"It ain't that, my dear," replied Mr. Boffin, thinking it over. "He don't consider himself above it."

"Perhaps he considers himself beneath it," suggested Bella. "If so, he ought to know best."

"No, my dear; nor it ain't that, neither. No," repeated Mr. Boffin, with a shake of his head, after again thinking it over: "Rokesmith's a modest man, but he don't consider himself beneath it."

"Then what does he consider it, Sir?" asked Bella.

"Dashed if I know!" said Mr. Boffin. "It seemed at first as if it was only Lightwood that he objected to meet. And now it seems to be every body, except you."

"Oho!" thought Miss Bella. "In-deed! That's it, is it!" For Mr. Mortimer Lightwood had dined there two or three times, and she had met him elsewhere, and he had shown her some attention. "Rather cool in a Secretary—and Pa's lodger—to make me the subject of his jealousy!"

That Pa's daughter should be so contemptuous of Pa's lodger was odd; but there were odder anomalies than that in the mind of the spoilt girl: the doubly spoilt girl: spoilt first by poverty, and then by wealth. Be it this history's part, however, to leave them to unravel themselves.



"A little too much, I think," Miss Bella reflected scornfully, "to have Pa's lodger laying claim to me, and keeping eligible people off! A little too much, indeed, to have the opportunities opened to me by Mr. and Mrs. Boffin appropriated by a mere Secretary and Pa's lodger!"

Yet it was not so very long ago that Bella had been fluttered by the discovery that this same Secretary and lodger seemed to like her. Ah! but the eminently aristocratic mansion and Mrs. Boffin's dress-maker had not come into play then.

In spite of his seemingly retiring manners a very intrusive person, this Secretary and lodger, in Miss Bella's opinion. Always a light in his office-room when we came home from the play or Opera, and he always at the carriage-door to hand us out. Always a provoking radiance too on Mrs. Boffin's face, and an abominably cheerful reception of him, as if it were possible seriously to approve what the man had in his mind!

"You never charge me, Miss Wilfer," said the Secretary, encountering her by chance alone in the great drawing-room, "with commissions for home: I shall always be happy to execute any commands you may have in that direction."

"Pray what may you mean, Mr. Rokesmith?" inquired Miss Bella, with languidly drooping eyelids.

"By home? I mean your father's house at Holloway."

She colored under the retort—so skillfully thrust, that the words seemed to be merely a plain answer, given in plain good faith—and said, rather more emphatically and sharply:

"What commissions and commands are you speaking of?"

"Only such little words of remembrance as I assume you send somehow or other," replied the Secretary with his former air. "It would be a pleasure to me if you would make me the bearer of them. As you know, I come and go between the two houses every day."

"You needn't remind me of that, Sir."

She was too quick in this petulant sally against "Pa's lodger;" and she felt that she had been so when she met his quiet look.

"They don't send many—what was your expression?—words of remembrance to *me*," said Bella, making haste to take refuge in ill-usage.

"They frequently ask me about you, and I give them such slight intelligence as I can."

"I hope it's truly given," exclaimed Bella.

"I hope you can not doubt it, for it would be very much against you, if you could."

"No, I do not doubt it. I deserve the reproach, which is very just indeed. I beg your pardon, Mr. Rokesmith."

"I should beg you not to do so, but that it shows you to such admirable advantage," he replied with earnestness. "Forgive me; I could not help saying that. To return to what I have digressed from, let me add that perhaps they think I report them to you, deliver little messages, and the like. But I forbear to trouble you, as you never ask me."

"I am going, Sir," said Bella, looking at him as if he had reproved her, "to see them to-morrow."

"Is that," he asked, hesitating, "said to me, or to them?"

"To which you please."

"To both? Shall I make it a message?"

"You can if you like, Mr. Rokesmith. Message or no message, I am going to see them to-morrow."

"Then I will tell them so."

He lingered a moment, as though to give her the opportunity of prolonging the conversation if she wished. As she remained silent, he left her. Two incidents of the little interview were felt by Miss Bella herself, when alone again, to be very curious. The first was, that he unquestionably left her with a penitent air upon her, and a penitent feeling in her heart. The second was, that she had not had an intention or a thought of going home until she had announced it to him as a settled design.

"What can I mean by it, or what can he mean by it?" was her mental inquiry: "He has no right to any power over me, and how do I come to mind him when I don't care for him?"

Mrs. Boffin, insisting that Bella should make to-morrow's expedition in the chariot, she went home in great grandeur. Mrs. Wilfer and Miss Lavinia had speculated much on the probabilities and improbabilities of her coming in this gorgeous state, and, on beholding the chariot from the window at which they were secreted to look out for it, agreed that it must be detained at the door as long as possible, for the mortification and confusion of the neighbors. Then they repaired to the usual family room, to receive Miss Bella with a becoming show of indifference.

The family room looked very small, and very mean, and the downward staircase by which it was attained looked very narrow and very crooked. The little house and all its arrangements were a poor contrast to the eminently aristocratic dwelling. "I can hardly believe," thought Bella, "that I ever did endure life in this place!"

Gloomy majesty on the part of Mrs. Wilfer, and native pertness on the part of Lavvy, did not mend the matter. Bella really stood in natural need of a little help, and she got none.

"This," said Mrs. Wilfer, presenting a cheek to be kissed, as sympathetic and responsive as the back of the bowl of a spoon, "is quite an honor! You will probably find your sister Lavvy grown, Bella."

"Ma," Miss Lavinia interposed, "there can be no objection to your being aggravating, because Bella richly deserves it; but I really must request that you will not drag in such ridiculous nonsense as my having grown when I am past the growing age."

"I grew, myself," Mrs. Wilfer sternly proclaimed, "after I was married."

"Very well, Ma," returned Lavvy, "then I think you had much better have left it alone."



The lofty glare with which the majestic woman received this answer might have embarrassed a less pert opponent, but it had no effect upon Lavinia: who, leaving her parent to the enjoyment of any amount of glaring that she might deem desirable under the circumstances, accosted her sister, undismayed.

"I suppose you won't consider yourself quite disgraced, Bella, if I give you a kiss? Well! And how do you do, Bella? And how are your Boffins?"

"Peace!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilfer. "Hold! I will not suffer this tone of levity."

"My goodness me! How are your Spoffins, then?" said Lavvy, "since Ma so very much objects to your Boffins."

"Impertinent girl! Minx!" said Mrs. Wilfer, with dread severity.

"I don't care whether I am a Minx or a Sphinx," returned Lavinia, coolly, tossing her head; "it's exactly the same thing to me, and I'd every bit as soon be one as the other; but I know this—I'll not grow after I am married!"

"You will not? You will not?" repeated Mrs. Wilfer, solemnly.

"No, Ma, I will not. Nothing shall induce me."

Mrs. Wilfer, having waved her gloves, became loftily pathetic. "But it was to be expected;" thus she spake. "A child of mine deserts me for the proud and prosperous, and another child of mine despises me. It is quite fitting."

"Ma," Bella struck in, "Mr. and Mrs. Boffin are prosperous, no doubt; but you have no right to say they are proud. You must know very well that they are not."

"In short, Ma," said Lavvy, bouncing over to the enemy without a word of notice, "you must know very well—or if you don't, more shame for you!—that Mr. and Mrs. Boffin are just absolute perfection."

"Truly," returned Mrs. Wilfer, courteously receiving the deserter, "it would seem that we are required to think so. And this, Lavinia, is my reason for objecting to a tone of levity. Mrs. Boffin (of whose physiognomy I can never speak with the composure I would desire to preserve) and your mother are not on terms of intimacy. It is not for a moment to be supposed that she and her husband dare to presume to speak of this family as the Wilfers. I can not therefore condescend to speak of them as the Boffins. No; for such a tone—call it familiarity, levity, equality, or what you will—would imply those social interchanges which do not exist. Do I render myself intelligible?"

Without taking the least notice of this inquiry, albeit delivered in an imposing and forensic manner, Lavinia reminded her sister, "After all, you know, Bella, you haven't told us how your Whatshisnames are."

"I don't want to speak of them here," replied Bella, suppressing indignation, and tapping her foot on the floor. "They are much too kind

and too good to be drawn into these discussions."

"Why put it so?" demanded Mrs. Wilfer, with biting sarcasm. "Why adopt a circuitous form of speech? It is polite and it is obliging; but why do it? Why not openly say that they are much too kind and too good for *us*? We understand the allusion. Why disguise the phrase?"

"Ma," said Bella, with one beat of her foot, "you are enough to drive a saint mad, and so is Lavvy."

"Unfortunate Lavvy!" cried Mrs. Wilfer, in a tone of commiseration. "She always comes in for it. My poor child!" But Lavvy, with the suddenness of her former desertion, now bounced over to the other enemy: very sharply remarking, "Don't patronize *me*, Ma, because I can take care of myself."

"I only wonder," resumed Mrs. Wilfer, directing her observations to her elder daughter, as safer on the whole than her utterly unmanageable younger, "that you found time and inclination to tear yourself from Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, and come to see us at all. I only wonder that our claims, contending against the superior claims of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, had any weight. I feel I ought to be thankful for gaining so much, in competition with Mr. and Mrs. Boffin." (The good lady bitterly emphasized the first letter of the word Boffin, as if it represented her chief objection to the owners of that name, and as if she could have borne Doffin, Moffin, or Poffin much better.)

"Ma," said Bella, angrily, "you force me to say that I am truly sorry I did come home, and that I never will come home again, except when poor dear Pa is here. For, Pa is too magnanimous to feel envy and spite toward my generous friends, and Pa is delicate enough and gentle enough to remember the sort of little claim they thought I had upon them and the unusually trying position in which, through no act of my own, I had been placed. And I always did love poor dear Pa better than all the rest of you put together, and I always do and I always shall!"

Here Bella, deriving no comfort from her charming bonnet and her elegant dress, burst into tears.

"I think, R. W.," cried Mrs. Wilfer, lifting up her eyes and apostrophizing the air, "that if you were present, it would be a trial to your feelings to hear your wife and the mother of your family depreciated in your name. But Fate has spared you this, R. W., whatever it may have thought proper to inflict upon her!"

Here Mrs. Wilfer burst into tears.

"I hate the Boffins!" protested Miss Lavinia. "I don't care who objects to their being called the Boffins. I WILL call 'em the Boffins. The Boffins, the Boffins, the Boffins! And I say they are mischief-making Boffins, and I say the Boffins have set Bella against me, and I tell the Boffins to their faces:" which was not strictly the fact, but the young lady was excited: "that



they are detestable Boffins, disreputable Boffins, odious Boffins, beastly Boffins. There!"

Here Miss Lavinia burst into tears.

The front garden-gate clanked, and the Secretary was seen coming at a brisk pace up the steps. "Leave Me to open the door to him," said Mrs. Wilfer, rising with stately resignation as she shook her head and dried her eyes; "we have at present no stipendiary girl to do so. We have nothing to conceal. If he sees these traces of emotion on our cheeks, let him construe them as he may."

With those words she stalked out. In a few moments she stalked in again, proclaiming in her heraldic manner, "Mr. Rokesmith is the bearer of a packet for Miss Bella Wilfer."

Mr. Rokesmith followed close upon his name, and of course saw what was amiss. But he discreetly affected to see nothing, and addressed Miss Bella.

"Mr. Boffin intended to have placed this in the carriage for you this morning. He wished you to have it, as a little keepsake he had prepared—it is only a purse, Miss Wilfer—but as he was disappointed in his fancy, I volunteered to come after you with it."

Bella took it in her hand, and thanked him.

"We have been quarreling here a little, Mr. Rokesmith, but not more than we used; you know our agreeable ways among ourselves. You find me just going. Good-by, mamma. Good-by, Lavvy!" And with a kiss for each Miss Bella turned to the door. The Secretary would have attended her, but Mrs. Wilfer advancing and saying with dignity, "Pardon me! Permit me to assert my natural right to escort my child to the equipage which is in waiting for her," he begged pardon and gave place. It was a very magnificent spectacle indeed, to see Mrs. Wilfer throw open the house-door, and loudly demand with extended gloves, "The male domestic of Mrs. Boffin!" To whom presenting himself, she delivered the brief but majestic charge, "Miss Wilfer. Coming out!" and so delivered her over, like a female Lieutenant of the Tower relinquishing a State Prisoner. The effect of this ceremonial was for some quarter of an hour afterward perfectly paralyzing on the neighbors, and was much enhanced by the worthy lady airing herself for that term in a kind of splendidly serene trance on the top step.

When Bella was seated in the carriage, she opened the little packet in her hand. It contained a pretty purse, and the purse contained a bank-note for fifty pounds. "This shall be a joyful surprise for poor dear Pa," said Bella, "and I'll take it myself into the City!"

As she was uninformed respecting the exact locality of the place of business of Chicksey Veneering and Stobbles, but knew it to be near Mincing Lane, she directed herself to be driven to the corner of that darksome spot. Thence she dispatched "the male domestic of Mrs. Boffin" in search of the counting-house of Chicksey Veneering and Stobbles, with a message import-

ing that if R. Wilfer could come out, there was a lady waiting who would be glad to speak with him. The delivery of these mysterious words from the mouth of a footman caused so great an excitement in the counting-house that a youthful scout was instantly appointed to follow Rumty, observe the lady, and come in with his report. Nor was the agitation by any means diminished when the scout rushed back with the intelligence that the lady was "a slap-up gal in a bang-up chariot."

Rumty himself, with his pen behind his ear under his rusty hat, arrived at the carriage-door in a breathless condition, and had been fairly lugged into the vehicle by his cravat and embraced almost unto choking, before he recognized his daughter. "My dear child!" he then panted, incoherently. "Good gracious me! What a lovely woman you are! I thought you had been unkind and forgotten your mother and sister."

"I have just been to see them, Pa dear."

"Oh! and how—how did you find your mother?" asked R. W., dubiously.

"Very disagreeable, Pa, and so was Lavvy."

"They are sometimes a little liable to it," observed the patient cherub; "but I hope you made allowances, Bella, my dear?"

"No. I was disagreeable too, Pa; we were all of us disagreeable together. But I want you to come and dine with me somewhere, Pa."

"Why, my dear, I have already partaken of a—if one might mention such an article in this superb chariot—of a—Saveloy," replied R. Wilfer, modestly dropping his voice on the word, as he eyed the canary-colored fittings.

"Oh! That's nothing, Pa."

"Truly, it ain't as much as one could sometimes wish it to be, my dear," he admitted, drawing his hand across his mouth. "Still, when circumstances over which you have no control interpose obstacles between yourself and Small Germans, you can't do better than bring a contented mind to bear on"—again dropping his voice in deference to the chariot—"Save-loys!"

"You poor good Pa! Pa do, I beg and pray, get leave for the rest of the day, and come and pass it with me!"

"Well, my dear, I'll cut back and ask for leave."

"But before you cut back," said Bella, who had already taken him by the chin, pulled his hat off, and begun to stick up his hair in her old way, "do say that you are sure I am giddy and inconsiderate, but have never really slighted you, Pa."

"My dear, I say it with all my heart. And might I likewise observe," her father delicately hinted, with a glance out at window, "that perhaps it might be calculated to attract attention, having one's hair publicly done by a lovely woman in an elegant turn-out in Fenchurch Street?"

Bella laughed and put on his hat again. But when his boyish figure bobbed away, its shabbi-



ness and cheerful patience smote the tears out of her eyes. "I hate that Secretary for thinking it of me," she said to herself, "and yet it seems half true!"

Back came her father, more like a boy than ever, in his release from school. "All right, my dear. Leave given at once. Really very handsomely done!"

"Now where can we find some quiet place, Pa, in which I can wait for you while you go on an errand for me, if I send the carriage away?"

It demanded cogitation. "You see, my dear," he explained, "you really have become such a very lovely woman, that it ought to be a very quiet place." At length he suggested, "Near the garden up by the Trinity House on Tower Hill." So they were driven there, and Bella dismissed the chariot; sending a penciled note by it to Mrs. Boffin, that she was with her father.

"Now, Pa, attend to what I am going to say, and promise and vow to be obedient."

"I promise and vow, my dear."

"You ask no questions. You take this purse; you go to the nearest place where they keep every thing of the very very best, ready made; you buy and put on the most beautiful suit of clothes, the most beautiful hat, and the most beautiful pair of bright boots (patent leather, Pa, mind!) that are to be got for money; and you come back to me."

"But, my dear Bella—"

"Take care, Pa!" pointing her forefinger at him, merrily. "You have promised and vowed. It's perjury, you know."

There was water in the foolish little fellow's eyes, but she kissed them dry (though her own were wet), and he bobbed away again. After half an hour he came back, so brilliantly transformed, that Bella was obliged to walk round him in ecstatic admiration twenty times, before she could draw her arm through his, and delightedly squeeze it.

"Now, Pa," said Bella, hugging him close, "take this lovely woman out to dinner."

"Where shall we go, my dear?"

"Greenwich!" said Bella, valiantly. "And be sure you treat this lovely woman with every thing of the best."

While they were going along to take boat, "Don't you wish, my dear," said R. W., timidly, "that your mother was here?"

"No, I don't, Pa, for I like to have you all to myself to-day. I was always your little favorite at home, and you were always mine. We have run away together often, before now; haven't we, Pa?"

"Ah, to be sure we have! Many a Sunday when your mother was—was a little liable to it," repeating his former delicate expression after pausing to cough.

"Yes, and I am afraid I was seldom or never as good as I ought to have been, Pa. I made you carry me, over and over again, when you should have made me walk; and I often drove

you in harness, when you would much rather have sat down and read your newspaper: didn't I?"

"Sometimes, sometimes. But Lor, what a child you were! What a companion you were!"

"Companion? That's just what I want to be to-day, Pa."

"You are safe to succeed, my love. Your brothers and sisters have all in their turns been companions to me, to a certain extent, but only to a certain extent. Your mother has, throughout life, been a companion that any man might—might look up to—and—and commit the sayings of, to memory—and—form himself upon—if he—"

"If he liked the model?" suggested Bella.

"We-ell, ye-es," he returned, thinking about it, not quite satisfied with the phrase: "or perhaps I might say, if it was in him. Supposing, for instance, that a man wanted to be always marching, he would find your mother an inestimable companion. But if he had any taste for walking, or should wish at any time to break into a trot, he might sometimes find it a little difficult to keep step with your mother. Or take it this way, Bella," he added, after a moment's reflection: "Supposing that a man had to go through life, we won't say with a companion, but we'll say to a tune. Very good. Supposing that the tune allotted to him was the Dead March in Saul. Well. It would be a very suitable tune for particular occasions—none better—but it would be difficult to keep time with in the ordinary run of domestic transactions. For instance, if he took his supper after a hard day to the Dead March in Saul, his food might be likely to sit heavy on him. Or, if he was at any time inclined to relieve his mind by singing a comic song or dancing a horn-pipe, and was obliged to do it to the Dead March in Saul, he might find himself put out in the execution of his lively intentions."

"Poor Pa!" thought Bella, as she hung upon his arm.

"Now, what I will say for you, my dear," the cherub pursued mildly and without a notion of complaining, "is, that you are so adaptable. So adaptable."

"Indeed I am afraid I have shown a wretched temper, Pa. I am afraid I have been very complaining, and very capricious. I seldom or never thought of it before. But when I sat in the carriage just now and saw you coming along the pavement, I reproached myself."

"Not at all, my dear. Don't speak of such a thing."

A happy and a chatty man was Pa in his new clothes that day. Take it for all in all, it was perhaps the happiest day he had ever known in his life; not even excepting that on which his heroic partner had approached the nuptial altar to the tune of the Dead March in Saul.

The little expedition down the river was delightful, and the little room overlooking the river into which they were shown for dinner



was delightful. Every thing was delightful. The park was delightful, the punch was delightful, the dishes of fish were delightful, the wine was delightful. Bella was more delightful than any other item in the festival; drawing Pa out in the gayest manner; making a point of always mentioning herself as the lovely woman; stimulating Pa to order things, by declaring that the lovely woman insisted on being treated with them; and in short causing Pa to be quite enraptured with the consideration that he *was* the Pa of such a charming daughter.

And then, as they sat looking at the ships and steamboats making their way to the sea with the tide that was running down, the lovely woman imagined all sorts of voyages for herself and Pa. Now, Pa, in the character of owner of a lumbering square-sailed collier, was tacking away to Newcastle, to fetch black diamonds to make his fortune with; now, Pa was going to China in that handsome three-masted ship, to bring home opium, with which he would forever cut out Chicksey Veneering and Stobbles, and to bring home silks and shawls without end for the decoration of his charming daughter. Now, John Harmon's disastrous fate was all a dream, and he had come home and found the lovely woman just the article for him, and the lovely woman had found him just the article for her, and they were going away on a trip, in their gallant bark, to look after their vines, with streamers flying at all points, a band playing on deck, and Pa established in the great cabin. Now, John Harmon was consigned to his grave again; and a merchant of immense wealth (name unknown) had courted and married the lovely woman, and he was so enormously rich that every thing you saw upon the river sailing or steaming belonged to him, and he kept a perfect fleet of yachts for pleasure, and that little impudent yacht which you saw over there, with the great white sail, was called *The Bella*, in honor of his wife, and she held her state aboard when it pleased her, like a modern Cleopatra. Anon, there would embark in that troop-ship when she got to Gravesend, a mighty general, of large property (name also unknown), who wouldn't hear of going to victory without his wife, and whose wife was the lovely woman, and she was destined to become the idol of all the red coats and blue jackets afloat and aloft. And then again: you saw that ship being towed out by a steam-tug? Well! where did you suppose she was going to? She was going among the coral reefs and cocoa-nuts and all that sort of thing, and she was chartered for a fortunate individual of the name of Pa (himself on board, and much respected by all hands), and she was going, for his sole profit and advantage, to fetch a cargo of sweet-smelling woods, the most beautiful that ever were seen, and the most profitable that never were heard of, and her cargo would be a great fortune, as indeed it ought to be: the lovely woman who had purchased her and fitted her expressly for this voyage being married to an

Indian Prince, who was a Something-or-Other, and who wore Cashmere shawls all over himself, and diamonds and emeralds blazing in his turban, and was beautifully coffee-colored and excessively devoted, though a little too jealous. Thus Bella ran on merrily, in a manner perfectly enchanting to Pa, who was as willing to put his head into the Sultan's tub of water as the beggar-boys below the window were to put *their* heads in the mud.

"I suppose, my dear," said Pa after dinner, "we may come to the conclusion at home that we have lost you for good?"

Bella shook her head. Didn't know. Couldn't say. All she was able to report was, that she was most handsomely supplied with every thing she could possibly want, and that whenever she hinted at leaving Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, they wouldn't hear of it.

"And now, Pa," pursued Bella, "I'll make a confession to you. I am the most mercenary little wretch that ever lived in the world."

"I should hardly have thought it of you, my dear," returned her father, first glancing at himself, and then at the dessert.

"I understand what you mean, Pa, but it's not that. It's not that I care for money to keep as money, but I do care so much for what it will buy!"

"Really I think most of us do," returned R. W.

"But not to the dreadful extent that I do, Pa. O-o!" cried Bella, screwing the exclamation out of herself with a twist of her dimpled chin. "I AM so mercenary!"

With a wistful glance R. W. said, in default of having any thing better to say: "About when did you begin to feel it coming on, my dear?"

"That's it, Pa. That's the terrible part of it. When I was at home, and only knew what it was to be poor, I grumbled but didn't so much mind. When I was at home expecting to be rich, I thought vaguely of all the great things I would do. But when I had been disappointed of my splendid fortune, and came to see it from day to day in other hands, and to have before my eyes what it could really do, then I became the mercenary little wretch I am."

"It's your fancy, my dear."

"I can assure you it's nothing of the sort, Pa!" said Bella, nodding at him, with her very pretty eyebrows raised as high as they would go, and looking comically frightened. "It's a fact. I am always avariciously scheming."

"Lor! But how?"

"I'll tell you, Pa. I don't mind telling *you*, because we have always been favorites of each other's, and because you are not like a Pa, but more like a sort of a younger brother with a dear venerable chubbiness on him. And besides," added Bella, laughing as she pointed a rallying finger at his face, "because I have got you in my power. This is a secret expedition. If ever you tell of me, I'll tell of you. I'll tell Ma that you dined at Greenwich."

"Well; seriously, my dear," observed R. W.,



with some trepidation of manner, "it might be as well not to mention it."

"Aha!" laughed Bella. "I knew you wouldn't like it, Sir! So you keep my confidence, and I'll keep yours. But betray the lovely woman, and you shall find her a serpent. Now, you may give me a kiss, Pa, and I should like to give your hair a turn, because it has been dreadfully neglected in my absence."

R. W. submitted his head to the operator, and the operator went on talking; at the same time putting separate locks of his hair through a curious process of being smartly rolled over her two revolving forefingers, which were then suddenly pulled out of it in opposite lateral directions. On each of these occasions the patient winced and winked.

"I have made up my mind that I must have money, Pa. I feel that I can't beg it, borrow it, or steal it; and so I have resolved that I must marry it."

R. W. cast up his eyes toward her, as well as he could under the operating circumstances, and said in a tone of remonstrance, "My de-ar Bella!"

"Have resolved, I say, Pa, that to get money I must marry money. In consequence of which, I am always looking out for money to captivate."

"My de-a-r Bella!"

"Yes, Pa, that is the state of the case. If ever there was a mercenary plotter whose thoughts and designs were always in her mean occupation, I am the amiable creature. But I don't care. I hate and detest being poor, and I won't be poor if I can marry money. Now you are deliciously fluffy, Pa, and in a state to astonish the waiter and pay the bill."

"But, my dear Bella, this is quite alarming at your age."

"I told you so, Pa, but you wouldn't believe it," returned Bella, with a pleasant childish gravity. "Isn't it shocking?"

"It would be quite so, if you fully knew what you said, my dear, or meant it."

"Well, Pa, I can only tell you that I mean nothing else. Talk to me of love!" said Bella, contemptuously: though her face and figure certainly rendered the subject no incongruous one. "Talk to me of fiery dragons! But talk to me of poverty and wealth, and there indeed we touch upon realities."

"My De-ar, this is becoming Awful—" her father was emphatically beginning: when she stopped him.

"Pa, tell me. Did *you* marry money?"

"You know I didn't, my dear."

Bella hummed the Dead March in Saul, and said, after all it signified very little! But seeing him look grave and downcast, she took him round the neck and kissed him back to cheerfulness again.

"I didn't mean that last touch, Pa; it was only said in joke. Now mind! You are not to tell of me, and I'll not tell of you. And more than that; I promise to have no secrets from

you, Pa, and you may make certain that, whatever mercenary things go on, I shall always tell you all about them in strict confidence."

Fain to be satisfied with this concession from the lovely woman, R. W. rang the bell, and paid the bill. "Now, all the rest of this, Pa," said Bella, rolling up the purse when they were alone again, hammering it small with her little fist on the table, and cramming it into one of the pockets of his new waistcoat, "is for you, to buy presents with for them at home, and to pay bills with, and to divide as you like, and spend exactly as you think proper. Last of all take notice, Pa, that it's not the fruit of any avaricious scheme. Perhaps if it was, your little mercenary wretch of a daughter wouldn't make so free with it!"

After which, she tugged at his coat with both hands, and pulled him all askew in buttoning that garment over the precious waistcoat pocket, and then tied her dimples into her bonnet-strings in a very knowing way, and took him back to London. Arrived at Mr. Boffin's door, she set him with his back against it, tenderly took him by the ears as convenient handles for her purpose, and kissed him until he knocked muffled double knocks at the door with the back of his head. That done, she once more reminded him of their compact and gayly parted from him.

Not so gayly, however, but that tears filled her eyes as he went away down the dark street. Not so gayly, but that she several times said, "Ah, poor little Pa! Ah, poor dear struggling shabby little Pa!" before she took heart to knock at the door. Not so gayly, but that the brilliant furniture seemed to stare her out of countenance as if it insisted on being compared with the dingy furniture at home. Not so gayly, but that she fell into very low spirits sitting late in her own room, and very heartily wept, as she wished, now that the deceased old John Harmon had never made a will about her, now that the deceased young John Harmon had lived to marry her. "Contradictory things to wish," said Bella, "but my life and fortunes are so contradictory altogether, that what can I expect myself to be!"

## CHAPTER IX.

### IN WHICH THE ORPHAN MAKES HIS WILL.

THE Secretary, working in the Dismal Swamp betimes next morning, was informed that a youth waited in the hall who gave the name of Sloppy. The footman who communicated this intelligence made a decent pause before uttering the name, to express that it was forced on his reluctance by the youth in question, and that if the youth had had the good sense and good taste to inherit some other name it would have spared the feelings of him the bearer.

"Mrs. Boffin will be very well pleased," said the Secretary in a perfectly composed way. "Show him in."



Mr. Sloppy being introduced, remained close to the door: revealing in various parts of his form many surprising, confounding, and incomprehensible buttons.

"I am glad to see you," said John Rokesmith, in a cheerful tone of welcome. "I have been expecting you."

Sloppy explained that he had meant to come before, but that the Orphan (of whom he made mention as Our Johnny) had been ailing, and he had waited to report him well.

"Then he is well now?" said the Secretary.

"No he ain't," said Sloppy.

Mr. Sloppy having shaken his head to a considerable extent, proceeded to remark that he thought Johnny "must have took 'em from the Minders." Being asked what he meant, he answered, them that come out upon him and partickler his chest. Being requested to explain himself, he stated that there was some of 'em wot you couldn't kiver with a sixpence. Pressed to fall back upon a nominative case, he opined that they wos about as red as ever red could be. "But as long as they strikes out'ards, Sir," continued Sloppy, "they ain't so much. It's their striking in'ards that's to be kep off."

John Rokesmith hoped the child had had medical attendance? Oh yes, said Sloppy, he had been took to the doctor's shop once. And what did the doctor call it? Rokesmith asked him. After some perplexed reflection, Sloppy answered, brightening, "He called it something as wos wery long for spots." Rokesmith suggested measles. "No," said Sloppy, with confidence, "ever so much longer than *them*, Sir!" (Mr. Sloppy was elevated by this fact, and seemed to consider that it reflected credit on the poor little patient.)

"Mrs. Boffin will be sorry to hear this," said Rokesmith.

"Mrs. Higden said so, Sir, when she kep it from her, hoping as Our Johnny would work round."

"But I hope he will!" said Rokesmith, with a quick turn upon the messenger.

"I hope so," answered Sloppy. "It all depends on their striking in'ards." He then went on to say that whether Johnny had "took 'em" from the Minders, or whether the Minders had "took 'em" from Johnny, the Minders had been sent home and had "got 'em." Furthermore, that Mrs. Higden's days and nights being devoted to Our Johnny, who was never out of her lap, the whole of the mangling arrangements had devolved upon himself, and he had had "rather a tight time." The ungainly piece of honesty beamed and blushed as he said it, quite enraptured with the remembrance of having been serviceable.

"Last night," said Sloppy, "when I was a-turning at the wheel pretty late, the mangle seemed to go like Our Johnny's breathing. It begun beautiful, then as it went out it shook a little and got unsteady, then as it took the turn to come home it had a rattle-like and lumbered a bit, then it come smooth, and so it went on till

I scarce know'd which was mangle and which was Our Johnny. Nor Our Johnny, he scarce know'd either, for sometimes when the mangle lumbers he says, 'Me choking, Granny!' and Mrs. Higden holds him up in her lap and says to me, 'Bide a bit, Sloppy,' and we all stops together. And when our Johnny gets his breathing again, I turns again, and we all goes on together."

Sloppy had gradually expanded with his description into a stare and a vacant grin. He now contracted, being silent, into a half-repressed gush of tears, and, under pretense of being heated, drew the under part of his sleeve across his eyes with a singularly awkward, laborious, and roundabout smear.

"This is unfortunate," said Rokesmith. "I must go and break it to Mrs. Boffin. Stay you here, Sloppy."

Sloppy staid there, staring at the pattern of the paper on the wall, until the Secretary and Mrs. Boffin came back together. And with Mrs. Boffin was a young lady (Miss Bella Wilfer by name) who was better worth staring at, it occurred to Sloppy, than the best of wall-papering.

"Ah, my poor dear pretty little John Harmon!" exclaimed Mrs. Boffin.

"Yes, mum," said the sympathetic Sloppy.

"You don't think he is in a very, very bad way, do you?" asked the pleasant creature with her wholesome cordiality.

Put upon his good faith, and finding it in collision with his inclinations, Sloppy threw back his head and uttered a mellifluous howl, rounded off with a sniff.

"So bad as that!" cried Mrs. Boffin. "And Betty Higden not to tell me of it sooner!"

"I think she might have been mistrustful, mum," answered Sloppy, hesitating.

"Of what, for Heaven's sake?"

"I think she might have been mistrustful, mum," returned Sloppy, with submission, "of standing in Our Johnny's light. There's so much trouble in illness, and so much expense, and she's seen such a lot of its being objected to."

"But she never can have thought," said Mrs. Boffin, "that I would grudge the dear child any thing?"

"No, mum, but she might have thought (as a habit-like) of its standing in Johnny's light, and might have tried to bring him through it unbeknownst."

Sloppy knew his ground well. To conceal herself in sickness, like a lower animal; to creep out of sight and coil herself away and die, had become this woman's instinct. To catch up in her arms the sick child who was dear to her, and hide it as if it were a criminal, and keep off all ministration but such as her own ignorant tenderness and patience could supply, had become this woman's idea of maternal love, fidelity, and duty. The shameful accounts we read, every week in the Christian year, my lords and gen-



tle men and honorable boards, the infamous records of small official inhumanity, do not pass by the people as they pass by us. And hence these irrational, blind, and obstinate prejudices, so astonishing to our magnificence, and having no more reason in them—God save the Queen and Con-found their politics—no, than smoke has in coming from fire!

"It's not a right place for the poor child to stay in," said Mrs. Boffin. "Tell us, dear Mr. Rokesmith, what to do for the best."

He had already thought what to do, and the consultation was very short. He could pave the way, he said, in half an hour, and then they would go down to Brentford. "Pray take me," said Bella. Therefore a carriage was ordered, of capacity to take them all, and in the mean time Sloppy was regaled, feasting alone in the Secretary's room, with a complete realization of that fairy vision—meat, beer, vegetables, and pudding. In consequence of which his buttons became more importunate of public notice than before, with the exception of two or three about the region of the waistband, which modestly withdrew into a creasy retirement.

Punctual to the time appeared the carriage and the Secretary. He sat on the box, and Mr. Sloppy graced the rumble. So, to the Three Magpies as before: where Mrs. Boffin and Miss Bella were handed out, and whence they all went on foot to Mrs. Betty Higden's.

But, on the way down, they had stopped at a toy-shop, and had bought that noble charger, a description of whose points and trappings had on the last occasion conciliated the then worldly-minded orphan, and also a Noah's ark, and also a yellow bird with an artificial voice in him, and also a military doll so well dressed that if he had only been of life-size his brother-officers in the Guards might never have found him out. Bearing these gifts, they raised the latch of Betty Higden's door, and saw her sitting in the dimmest and furthest corner with poor Johnny in her lap.

"And how's my boy, Betty?" asked Mrs. Boffin, sitting down beside her.

"He's bad! he's bad!" said Betty. "I begin to be afeard he'll not be yours any more than mine. All others belonging to him have gone to the Power and the Glory, and I have a mind that they're drawing him to them—leading him away."

"No, no, no," said Mrs. Boffin.

"I don't know why else he clenches his little hand as if it had hold of a finger that I can't see. Look at it," said Betty, opening the wrappers in which the flushed child lay, and showing his small right hand lying closed upon his breast. "It's always so. It don't mind me."

"Is he asleep?"

"No, I think not. You're not asleep, my Johnny?"

"No," said Johnny, with a quiet air of pity for himself, and without opening his eyes.

"Here's the lady, Johnny. And the horse."

Johnny could bear the lady with complete indifference, but not the horse. Opening his heavy eyes, he slowly broke into a smile on beholding that splendid phenomenon, and wanted to take it in his arms. As it was much too big, it was put upon a chair where he could hold it by the mane and contemplate it. Which he soon forgot to do.

But, Johnny murmuring something with his eyes closed, and Mrs. Boffin not knowing what, old Betty bent her ear to listen and took pains to understand. Being asked by her to repeat what he had said, he did so two or three times, and then it came out that he must have seen more than they supposed when he looked up to see the horse, for the murmur was, "Who is the boofer lady?" Now, the boofer, or beautiful, lady was Bella; and whereas this notice from the poor baby would have touched her of itself, it was rendered more pathetic by the late melting of her heart to her poor little father, and their joke about the lovely woman. So, Bella's behavior was very tender and very natural when she kneeled on the brick floor to clasp the child, and when the child, with a child's admiration of what is young and pretty, fondled the boofer lady.

"Now, my good dear Betty," said Mrs. Boffin, hoping that she saw her opportunity, and laying her hand persuasively on her arm; "we have come to remove Johnny from this cottage to where he can be taken better care of."

Instantly, and before another word could be spoken, the old woman started up with blazing eyes, and rushed at the door with the sick child.

"Stand away from me every one of ye!" she cried out wildly. "I see what ye mean now. Let me go my way, all of ye. I'd sooner kill the Pretty, and kill myself!"

"Stay, stay!" said Rokesmith, soothing her. "You don't understand."

"I understand too well. I know too much about it, Sir. I've run from it too many a year. No! Never for me, nor for the child, while there's water enough in England to cover us!"

The terror, the shame, the passion of horror and repugnance, firing the worn face and perfectly maddening it, would have been a quite terrible sight, if embodied in one old fellow-creature alone. Yet it "crops up"—as our slang goes—my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, in other fellow-creatures, rather frequently!

"It's been chasing me all my life, but it shall never take me nor mine alive!" cried old Betty. "I've done with ye. I'd have fastened door and window and starved out, afore I'd ever have let ye in, if I had known what ye came for!"

But, catching sight of Mrs. Boffin's wholesome face, she relented, and crouching down by the door and bending over her burden to hush it, said humbly: "Maybe my fears has put me wrong. If they have so, tell me, and the good Lord forgive me! I'm quick to take this fright,



I know, and my head is summ'at light with wearying and watching."

"There, there, there!" returned Mrs. Boffin. "Come, come! Say no more of it, Betty. It was a mistake, a mistake. Any one of us might have made it in your place, and felt just as you do."

"The Lord bless ye!" said the old woman, stretching out her hand.

"Now, see, Betty," pursued the sweet compassionate soul, holding the hand kindly, "what I really did mean, and what I should have begun by saying out, if I had only been a little wiser and handier. We want to move Johnny to a place where there are none but children; a place set up on purpose for sick children; where the good doctors and nurses pass their lives with children, talk to none but children, touch none but children, comfort and cure none but children."

"Is there really such a place?" asked the old woman, with a gaze of wonder.

"Yes, Betty, on my word, and you shall see it. If my home was a better place for the dear boy I'd take him to it; but indeed indeed it's not."

"You shall take him," returned Betty, fervently kissing the comforting hand, "where you will, my deary. I am not so hard but that I believe your face and voice, and I will, as long as I can see and hear."

This victory gained, Rokesmith made haste to profit by it, for he saw how woefully time had been lost. He dispatched Sloppy to bring the carriage to the door; caused the child to be carefully wrapped up; bade old Betty get her bonnet on; collected the toys, enabling the little fellow to comprehend that his treasures were to be transported with him; and had all things prepared so easily that they were ready for the carriage as soon as it appeared, and in a minute afterward were on their way. Sloppy they left behind, relieving his overcharged breast with a paroxysm of mangling.

At the Children's Hospital the gallant steed, the Noah's ark, the yellow bird, and the officer in the Guards, were made as welcome as their child-owner. But the doctor said aside to Rokesmith. "This should have been days ago. Too late!"

However, they were all carried up into a fresh airy room, and there Johnny came to himself, out of a sleep or a swoon or whatever it was, to find himself lying in a little quiet bed, with a little platform over his breast, on which were already arranged, to give him heart and urge him to cheer up, the Noah's ark, the noble steed, and the yellow bird; with the officer in the Guards doing duty over the whole, quite as much to the satisfaction of his country as if he had been upon Parade. And at the bed's head was a colored picture beautiful to see, representing as it were another Johnny seated on the knee of some Angel surely who loved little children. And, marvelous fact, to lie and stare at: John-

ny had become one of a little family, all in little quiet beds (except two playing dominoes in little arm-chairs at a little table on the hearth): and on all the little beds were little platforms whereon were to be seen dolls' houses, woolly dogs with mechanical barks in them not very dissimilar from the artificial voice pervading the bowels of the yellow bird, tin armies, Moorish tumblers, wooden tea-things, and the riches of the earth.

As Johnny murmured something in his placid admiration, the ministering women at his bed's head asked him what he said. It seemed that he wanted to know whether all these were brothers and sisters of his? So they told him yes. It seemed then that he wanted to know whether God had brought them all together there? So they told him yes again. They made out then that he wanted to know whether they would all get out of pain? So they answered yes to that question likewise, and made him understand that the reply included himself.

Johnny's powers of sustaining conversation were as yet so very imperfectly developed, even in a state of health, that in sickness they were little more than monosyllabic. But he had to be washed and tended, and remedies were applied, and though those offices were far, far more skillfully and lightly done than ever any thing had been done for him in his little life, so rough and short, they would have hurt and tired him but for an amazing circumstance which laid hold of his attention. This was no less than the appearance on his own little platform in pairs, of All Creation, on its way into his own particular ark: the elephant leading, and the fly, with a diffident sense of its size, politely bringing up the rear. A very little brother lying in the next bed with a broken leg, was so enchanted by this spectacle that his delight exalted its enthralling interest; and so came rest and sleep.

"I see you are not afraid to leave the dear child here, Betty," whispered Mrs. Boffin.

"No, ma'am. Most willingly, most thankfully, with all my heart and soul."

So they kissed him, and left him there, and old Betty was to come back early in the morning, and nobody but Rokesmith knew for certain how that the doctor had said "This should have been days ago. Too late!"

But, Rokesmith knowing it, and knowing that his bearing it in mind would be acceptable thereafter to that good woman who had been the only light in the childhood of desolate John Harmon dead and gone, resolved that late at night he would go back to the bedside of John Harmon's namesake, and see how it fared with him.

The family whom God had brought together were not all asleep, but were all quiet. From bed to bed a light womanly tread and a pleasant fresh face passed in the silence of the night. A little head would lift itself up into the softened light here and there, to be kissed as the face went by—for these little patients are very loving—and would then submit itself to be composed



to rest again. The mite with the broken leg was restless, and moaned; but after a while turned his face toward Johnny's bed, to fortify himself with a view of the ark, and fell asleep. Over most of the beds the toys were yet grouped as the children had left them when they last laid themselves down, and, in their innocent grotesqueness and incongruity, they might have stood for the children's dreams.

The doctor came in too, to see how it fared with Johnny. And he and Rokesmith stood together, looking down with compassion on him.

"What is it, Johnny?" Rokesmith was the questioner, and put an arm round the poor baby as he made a struggle.

"Him!" said the little fellow. "Those!"

The doctor was quick to understand children, and, taking the horse, the ark, the yellow bird, and the man in the Guards, from Johnny's bed, softly placed them on that of his next neighbor, the mite with the broken leg.

With a weary and yet a pleased smile, and with an action as if he stretched his little finger out to rest, the child heaved his body on the sustaining arm, and seeking Rokesmith's face with his lips, said:

"A kiss for the boofer lady."

Having now bequeathed all he had to dispose of, and arranged his affairs in this world, Johnny, thus speaking, left it.

## CHAPTER X.

### A SUCCESSOR.

SOME of the Reverend Frank Milvey's brethren had found themselves exceedingly uncomfortable in their minds, because they were required to bury the dead too hopefully. But, the Reverend Frank, inclining to the belief that they were required to do one or two other things (say out of nine-and-thirty) calculated to trouble their consciences rather more if they would think as much about them, held his peace.

Indeed, the Reverend Frank Milvey was a forbearing man, who noticed many sad warps and blights in the vineyard wherein he worked, and did not profess that they made him savagely wise. He only learned that the more he himself knew, in his little limited human way, the better he could distantly imagine what Omniscience might know.

Wherefore, if the Reverend Frank had had to read the words that troubled some of his brethren, and profitably touched innumerable hearts, in a worse case than Johnny's, he would have done so out of the pity and humility of his soul. Reading them over Johnny, he thought of his own six children, but not of his poverty, and read them with dimmed eyes. And very seriously did he and his bright little wife, who had been listening, look down into the small grave and walk home arm-in-arm.

There was grief in the aristocratic house, and

there was joy in the Bower. Mr. Wegg argued, if an orphan were wanted, was he not an orphan himself, and could a better be desired? And why go beating about Brentford bushes, seeking orphans forsooth who had established no claims upon you and made no sacrifices for you, when here was an orphan ready to your hand who had given up in your cause Miss Elizabeth, Master George, Aunt Jane, and Uncle Parker?

Mr. Wegg chuckled, consequently, when he heard the tidings. Nay, it was afterward affirmed by a witness who shall at present be nameless, that in the seclusion of the Bower he poked out his wooden leg, in the stage-ballet manner, and executed a taunting or triumphant pirouette on the genuine leg remaining to him.

John Rokesmith's manner toward Mrs. Boffin at this time was more the manner of a young man toward a mother than that of a Secretary toward his employer's wife. It had always been marked by a subdued affectionate deference that seemed to have sprung up on the very day of his engagement; whatever was odd in her dress or her ways had seemed to have no oddity for him; he had sometimes borne a quietly-amused face in her company, but still it had seemed as if the pleasure her genial temper and radiant nature yielded him could have been quite as naturally expressed in a tear as in a smile. The completeness of his sympathy with her fancy for having a little John Harmon to protect and rear, he had shown in every act and word, and now that the kind fancy was disappointed, he treated it with a manly tenderness and respect for which she could hardly thank him enough.

"But I do thank you, Mr. Rokesmith," said Mrs. Boffin, "and I thank you most kindly. You love children."

"I hope every body does."

"They ought," said Mrs. Boffin; "but we don't all of us do what we ought; do us?"

John Rokesmith replied, "Some among us supply the shortcomings of the rest. You have loved children well, Mr. Boffin has told me."

"Not a bit better than he has, but that's his way; he puts all the good upon me. You speak rather sadly, Mr. Rokesmith."

"Do I?"

"It sounds to me so. Were you one of many children?"

He shook his head.

"An only child?"

"No, there was another. Dead long ago."

"Father or mother alive?"

"Dead."

"And the rest of your relations?"

"Dead—if I ever had any living. I never heard of any."

At this point of the dialogue Bella came in with a light step. She paused at the door a moment, hesitating whether to remain or retire; perplexed by finding that she was not observed.

"Now, don't mind an old lady's talk," said Mrs. Boffin, "but tell me. Are you quite sure,



Mr. Rokesmith, that you have never had a disappointment in love?"

"Quite sure. Why do you ask me?"

"Why, for this reason. Sometimes you have a kind of kept-down manner with you, which is not like your age. You can't be thirty?"

"I am not yet thirty."

Deeming it high time to make her presence known, Bella coughed here to attract attention, begged pardon, and said she would go, fearing that she interrupted some matter of business.

"No, don't go," rejoined Mrs. Boffin, "because we are coming to business, instead of having begun it, and you belong to it as much now, my dear Bella, as I do. But I want my Noddy to consult with us. Would somebody be so good as find my Noddy for me?"

Rokesmith departed on that errand, and presently returned accompanied by Mr. Boffin at his jog-trot. Bella felt a little vague trepidation as to the subject-matter of this same consultation, until Mrs. Boffin announced it.

"Now, you come and sit by me, my dear," said that worthy soul, taking her comfortable place on a large ottoman in the centre of the room, and drawing her arm through Bella's; "and Noddy, you sit here, and Mr. Rokesmith you sit there. Now, you see, what I want to talk about, is this. Mr. and Mrs. Milvey have sent me the kindest note possible (which Mr. Rokesmith just now read to me out loud, for I ain't good at handwritings), offering to find me another little child to name and educate and bring up. Well. This has set me thinking."

("And she is a steam-ingen at it," murmured Mr. Boffin, in an admiring parenthesis, "when she once begins. It mayn't be so easy to start her; but once started, she's a ingen.")

"—This has set me thinking, I say," repeated Mrs. Boffin, cordially beaming under the influence of her husband's compliment, "and I have thought two things. First of all, that I have grown timid of reviving John Harmon's name. It's an unfortunate name, and I fancy I should reproach myself if I gave it to another dear child, and it proved again unlucky."

"Now, whether," said Mr. Boffin, gravely propounding a case for his Secretary's opinion; "whether one might call that a superstition?"

"It is a matter of feeling with Mrs. Boffin," said Rokesmith, gently. "The name has always been unfortunate. It has now this new unfortunate association connected with it. The name has died out. Why revive it? Might I ask Miss Wilfer what she thinks?"

"It has not been a fortunate name for me," said Bella, coloring—"or at least it was not, until it led to my being here—but that is not the point in my thoughts. As we had given the name to the poor child, and as the poor child took so lovingly to me, I think I should feel jealous of calling another child by it. I think I should feel as if the name had become endeared to me, and I had no right to use it so."

"And that's your opinion?" remarked Mr.

Boffin, observant of the Secretary's face and again addressing him.

"I say again, it is a matter of feeling," returned the Secretary. "I think Miss Wilfer's feeling very womanly and pretty."

"Now, give us your opinion, Noddy," said Mrs. Boffin.

"My opinion, old lady," returned the Golden Dustman, "is your opinion."

"Then," said Mrs. Boffin, "we agree not to revive John Harmon's name, but to let it rest in the grave. It is, as Mr. Rokesmith says, a matter of feeling, but Lor how many matters *are* matters of feeling! Well; and so I come to the second thing I have thought of. You must know, Bella, my dear, and Mr. Rokesmith, that when I first named to my husband my thoughts of adopting a little orphan boy in remembrance of John Harmon, I further named to my husband that it was comforting to think that how the poor boy would be benefited by John's own money, and protected from John's own forlornness."

"Hear, hear!" cried Mr. Boffin. "So she did. Ancoar!"

"No, not Ancoar, Noddy, my dear," returned Mrs. Boffin, "because I am going to say something else. I meant that, I am sure, as much as I still mean it. But this little death has made me ask myself the question, seriously, whether I wasn't too bent upon pleasing myself. Else why did I seek out so much for a pretty child, and a child quite to my liking? Wanting to do good, why not do it for its own sake, and put my tastes and likings by?"

"Perhaps," said Bella; and perhaps she said it with some little sensitiveness arising out of those old curious relations of hers toward the murdered man; "perhaps, in reviving the name, you would not have liked to give it to a less interesting child than the original. He interested you very much."

"Well, my dear," returned Mrs. Boffin, giving her a squeeze, "it's kind of you to find that reason out, and I hope it may have been so, and indeed to a certain extent I believe it was so, but I am afraid not to the whole extent. However, that don't come in question now, because we have done with the name."

"Laid it up as a remembrance," suggested Bella, musingly.

"Much better said, my dear; laid it up as a remembrance. Well then: I have been thinking if I take any orphan to provide for, let it not be a pet and a plaything for me, but a creature to be helped for its own sake."

"Not pretty then?" said Bella.

"No," returned Mrs. Boffin, stoutly.

"Nor prepossessing then?" said Bella.

"No," returned Mrs. Boffin. "Not necessarily so. That's as it may happen. A well-disposed boy comes in my way who may be even a little wanting in such advantages for getting on in life, but is honest and industrious and requires a helping hand and deserves it. If I am very



much in earnest and quite determined to be unselfish, let me take care of *him*."

Here the footman whose feelings had been hurt on the former occasion appeared, and crossing to Rokesmith apologetically announced the objectionable Sloppy.

The four members of Council looked at one another, and paused. "Shall he be brought here, ma'am?" asked Rokesmith.

"Yes," said Mrs. Boffin. Whereupon the footman disappeared, reappeared presenting Sloppy, and retired much disgusted.

The consideration of Mrs. Boffin had clothed Mr. Sloppy in a suit of black, on which the tailor had received personal directions from Rokesmith to expend the utmost cunning of his art, with a view to the concealment of the cohering and sustaining buttons. But, so much more powerful were the frailties of Sloppy's form than the strongest resources of tailoring science, that he now stood before the Council a perfect Argus in the way of buttons: shining and winking and gleaming and twinkling out of a hundred of those eyes of bright metal, at the dazzled spectators. The artistic taste of some unknown hatter had furnished him with a hat-band of wholesale capacity, which was fluted behind, from the crown of his hat to the brim, and terminated in a black bunch, from which the imagination shrunk discomfited and the reason revolted. Some special powers with which his legs were endowed had already hitched up his glossy trowsers at the ankles and bagged them at the knees; while similar gifts in his arms had raised his coat-sleeves from his wrists and accumulated them at his elbows. Thus set forth, with the additional embellishments of a very little tail to his coat, and a yawning gulf at his waistband, Sloppy stood confessed.

"And how is Betty, my good fellow?" Mrs. Boffin asked him.

"Thankee, mum," said Sloppy, "she do pretty nicely, and sending her dooty and many thanks for the tea and all faviors, and wishing to know the family's healths."

"Have you just come, Sloppy?"

"Yes, mum."

"Then you have not had your dinner yet?"

"No, mum. But I mean to it. For I ain't forgotten your handsome orders that I was never to go away without having had a good 'un off of meat and beer and pudding—no: there was four of 'em, for I reckoned 'em up when I had 'em; meat one, beer two, vegetables three, and which was four?—Why, pudding, *he* was four!" Here Sloppy threw his head back, opened his mouth wide, and laughed rapturously.

"How are the two poor little Minders?" asked Mrs. Boffin.

"Striking right out, mum, and coming round beautiful."

Mrs. Boffin looked on the other three members of Council, and then said, beckoning with her finger:

"Sloppy."

"Yes, mum."

"Come forward, Sloppy. Should you like to dine here every day?"

"Off of all four on 'em, mum? Oh, mum!" Sloppy's feelings obliged him to squeeze his hat, and contract one leg at the knee.

"Yes. And should you like to be always taken care of here, if you were industrious and deserving?"

"Oh, mum!—But there's Mrs. Higden," said Sloppy, checking himself in his raptures, drawing back, and shaking his head with very serious meaning. "There's Mrs. Higden. Mrs. Higden goes before all. None can ever be better friends to me, than Mrs. Higden's been. And she must be turned for, must Mrs. Higden. Where would Mrs. Higden be if she warn't turned for!" At the mere thought of Mrs. Higden in this inconceivable affliction, Mr. Sloppy's countenance became pale, and manifested the most distressful emotions.

"You are as right as right can be, Sloppy," said Mrs. Boffin, "and far be it from me to tell you otherwise. It shall be seen to. If Betty Higden can be turned for all the same, you shall come here and be taken care of for life, and be made able to keep her in other ways than the turning."

"Even as to that, mum," answered the ecstatic Sloppy, "the turning might be done in the night, don't you see? I could be here in the day, and turn in the night. I don't want no sleep, *I* don't. Or even if I any ways should want a wink or two," added Sloppy, after a moment's apologetic reflection, "I could take 'em turning. I've took 'em turning many a time, and enjoyed 'em wonderful!"

On the grateful impulse of the moment Mr. Sloppy kissed Mrs. Boffin's hand, and then detaching himself from that good creature that he might have room enough for his feelings, threw back his head, opened his mouth wide, and uttered a dismal howl. It was creditable to his tenderness of heart, but suggested that he might on occasion give some offense to the neighbors: the rather, as the footman looked in, and begged pardon, finding he was not wanted, but excused himself, on the ground "that he thought it was Cats."



# Monthly Record of Current Events.

## UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 26th of November. The Presidential election, held on the 8th, resulted in the complete triumph of the "Union" or Administration party over the "Democratic" or Opposition. General M'Clellan receives the electoral vote of Delaware (3), Kentucky (11), and New Jersey (7), 21 in all. Mr. Lincoln receives that of the remaining 22 States, 213 in all. Mr. Lincoln has the vote of all the States which he received in 1860, with the exception of the half vote of New Jersey, which was cast for him in consequence of a division in the Opposition party. Besides these he received the 7 electoral votes of Maryland, which in 1860 were cast for Mr. Breckinridge, the 11 votes of Missouri cast for Douglas, and the 11 votes of the new States of Kansas, West Virginia, and Nevada. In the States which voted at this election there was in 1860 a popular majority of about 100,000 against Mr. Lincoln; the popular majority in his favor now is about 300,000.

An act was passed March 25 to enable the people of Nevada to form a Constitution and State government, and providing for the admission of the State into the Union. The conditions having been complied with, the President, on the 31st of October, issued a proclamation declaring the State of Nevada to be "admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States." The number of loyal States is now 25. The State was organized into a Territory March 2, 1861, its name, in Spanish, signifies "Snowy." It lies immediately east of California and west of Utah, embracing all the region between the 115th parallel of longitude (west of Greenwich, the 38th west of Washington) and the eastern boundary of California, and between the 37th parallel of north latitude, and the 42d, which separates it from California. It contains about 83,500 square miles, being nearly equal to New York and Ohio. Its white population in 1863 was estimated at 40,000, but is now much greater. A considerable portion of the State is unsuited to agricultural purposes, but in mineral wealth it is probably the richest region in the world. The capital is Carson city, which, in 1863, had a population of 2500. The Constitution prohibits slavery or involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime, and establishes the supreme authority of the United States in every respect not incompatible with the rights secured to the State by its Constitution.

The constitutional election in Maryland, held on the 13th of October, resulted in the adoption of the new Constitution, prohibiting slavery, and declaring all slaves in the State to be free. On the home vote there was a majority of 1095 against the Constitution; but including the soldiers' vote there was an aggregate majority of 475 in its favor. The entire vote cast was about 60,000, being not quite two-thirds given at the Presidential election of 1860.

The military movements which have taken place during the month have not, in the East, been of a decisive nature. General Grant again moved October 27 against the Confederate right and left flank. An interval of just one month had occurred since his capture of Fort Harrison, and the extension of his right to the Darbytown Road. The armies of the James and the Potomac moved simultaneously. The Tenth Corps took up a position on the Darbytown Road, skirmishing all day with a portion of

the enemy which was in its immediate front and under cover of the woods. The Eighteenth Corps, with Kautz's Division of cavalry, advanced northward across the Charles City Road to find, and, if possible, to turn Lee's left flank. At 4 P.M. this column reached the Williamsburg Road in the neighborhood of the "Seven Pines" battle-field. Two brigades were ordered to assault a position which appeared to be imperfectly defended; in carrying out the order they were exposed to an unusually severe cross-fire and retired, having lost very heavily in prisoners. At the same time Holman's colored brigade, four miles farther in the advance, captured a redoubt mounting two guns. The entire command then withdrew to its intrenchments. The main attack took place on the right and was directed against the Southside Railroad. The Second, Fifth, and Ninth Corps were engaged. The Second Corps, with Gregg's cavalry, started at 2 P.M. on the 26th, leaving only Miles's Division in camp, and moved southwestwardly toward Hatcher's Run, followed by the Fifth and Ninth. The next morning Gregg, keeping away to the left, encountered Hampton's cavalry pickets at the bridge over the Run, and, skirmishing all the while, moved up into close connection with the Second Corps, which had reached the Boydton plank-road. This connection was established a little after noon. The Second Corps had encamped the previous night just west of the Weldon Railroad, and had started for the Boydton Road, Egan in the advance. The Run was crossed early in the morning, and Egan crossed directly westward to the Boydton Road. Mott soon after came up, having previously advanced up to the Run by the Duncan Road, and captured the rebel works at Armstrong's Mill. It was now past noon, and Grant and Meade were now on the ground. Here the enemy were strongly posted where the Boydton Road crossed the Run, at the bridge before mentioned. The line ran thus: Gregg on the extreme left, Mott just left of the road, and Egan on the right; the line facing northward toward the Hatcher's Run Bridge. The enemy had a battery bearing from the road in the rear. Egan's advanced brigade crossed the Run, and the line was disposed for a general advance against the enemy's works. The Fifth Corps was now expected on the right. It had marched down the Duncan Road to Armstrong's Mill, having during the forenoon, with the Ninth on its right, confronted the enemy's works on the Run from the northeast. They had not been able to carry these works; and mistaking its route, the Fifth also failed to connect with the right of the Second Corps. The enemy, taking advantage of this, attacked Mott's division about 4 P.M., while preparations were being made for an advance of the Second Corps. Mott was driven and Egan exposed. The latter, however, equal to the emergency, changed front and repulsed the enemy, who retreated, leaving nearly a thousand prisoners in our hands. Our loss in this day's fighting on the right had been about 1500; on the left, though we took a large number of prisoners, we suffered more severely than the enemy in killed and wounded. Meade's army then withdrew to its former position.

The opposing armies in the Shenandoah have had no serious engagement since October 19, when was fought the battle of Cedar Creek. After that battle Early fell back toward Newmarket, throwing



out strong bodies of cavalry northward toward Front Royal on the right and Mount Jackson on the left. Sheridan broke camp at Cedar Creek November 9, and fell back to Newtown, and on the 10th to Kearns town, four miles south of Winchester, the enemy's cavalry under Lomax pressing close upon his rear. Lomax attacked on the 12th and was repulsed; Powell's cavalry division pursued him beyond Front Royal, capturing two guns and 150 men. On the 21st a cavalry reconnaissance was undertaken by Custer, Powell, and Devin, the latter moving toward Front Royal and up the Luray Valley, while the two former advanced beyond Mount Jackson, encountering Early's main column at Rood's Hill, on the north fork of the Shenandoah. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which the Federal loss was about 60.

In the mean time General Breckinridge, relieving Echols in southwestern Virginia, had organized a strong force, and was able to make an extensive raid in that portion of the State. October 2 he encountered General Burbridge, who was advancing on the rebel works at Saltville, Virginia. The battle was fought on the banks of the Holston River, and lasted from 11 A.M. till 5 P.M. The enemy was intrenched, yet was driven some distance, but he was reinforced toward evening, and Burbridge, having a scanty supply of food and ammunition, withdrew at night. We next find Breckinridge in East Tennessee, where, about the middle of November, he joined Vaughan, who, a few days before, had been defeated by General Gillem at Morristown and driven 76 miles to Bristol. After this pursuit Gillem began to fall back on Bull's Gap, closely pressed in rear and flank by Breckinridge's and Vaughan's commands. The retreat was continued to Morristown, where, on the night of the 13th, his position was turned by the enemy, who attacked him at midnight on both flanks, at the same time piercing his centre. The enemy had a body of cavalry under Duke, which increased the panic among Gillem's men, who were surrounded and lost all their artillery. The routed army, under cover of darkness, succeeded in escaping to Strawberry Plains, where the passage across the Holston was strongly defended, and a check was given to the pursuit of the enemy. Gillem's loss was estimated at 400.

General Price has been driven out of Missouri. He avoided Jefferson City early in October, and moved westward to the Kansas border. Pleasanton, with 8000 cavalry, immediately started from Sedalia in pursuit, while the Kansas troops, under General Blunt, attacked from the North. Price then turned southward toward Fort Scott, making a stand at every stream, but in each instance being defeated with considerable loss in men and guns. By the 8th of November he had been driven south of the Arkansas River, and beyond the Federal posts at Fayetteville, Fort Gibson, and Fort Smith.

When Sherman took Atlanta, September 3, he had finished one campaign. He then proposed to rest his army and gather supplies, preparatory to extending his lines of occupation farther southward and eastward. But Hood forced him to postpone this advance by contesting with him the possession of the Chattanooga Railroad. Thus began a new campaign, planned by General Hood, which proved to be of short duration. Forrest crossed the Tennessee, took Athens, and attacked the railroads running from Nashville to Decatur and Chattanooga; Hood crossed the Chattahoochee and advanced against the railroad south of Chattanooga. Gen-

eral Thomas, with the Army of the Ohio, was dispatched to reinforce Rousseau and to confront Forrest, who was compelled to recross the Tennessee. Thus the branch of the railroad north of Chattanooga was secure against attack. In the mean time General Corse repulsed Hood at Allatoona, October 5, and saved the southern section of the road. Resaca was attacked on the 13th, and successfully defended by the Federal garrison under Colonel Weaver; Hood succeeded, however, in temporarily injuring the railroad between that post and Dalton. Sherman, leaving only Slocum's Corps at Atlanta, kept close in Hood's rear, and at length forced him westward into Northern Alabama. In the mean time the railroad was repaired before the end of October, and the supplies for which Sherman waited were soon shipped to Atlanta. Time had also been given to organize a force under General Thomas adequate, independently of Sherman's main column, for the defense of Western Tennessee. Hood had failed to accomplish the purpose of his campaign; but he still remained in Northern Alabama, on and near the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. General Beauregard assumed command of the Military Division of the West October 17.

General Sherman then began to leave Hood's rear and to move toward Atlanta, to pursue his original plan, which was now in a peculiar manner favored by the enemy's absence from his front. He issued his orders for the advance from Kingston November 9. The army was to march in two columns: the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps forming one column, under General Howard; and the Fourteenth and Twentieth another, under General Slocum. A column of 9000 cavalry accompanied the expedition. The march to be resumed every morning at seven o'clock, and fifteen miles to be made each day. No command ever to be without ten days' rations and three days' forage, and, so far as possible, the army to live off the country. No private property to be destroyed, except where the march is resisted. The advance was commenced on the 11th, toward Augusta, Georgia. While Slocum was preparing to evacuate Atlanta he was attacked by Iverson's cavalry, which was severely punished. Sherman destroyed the Chattanooga Railroad in his rear, and burned every thing which would be valuable to the enemy at Rome and Atlanta.

General Forrest, driven west of the Tennessee River, determined to occupy Johnsonville. A dispatch from Beauregard to Richmond, November 8, claims that on the 5th Forrest had destroyed four gun-boats, each mounting eight guns, at Johnsonville, besides fourteen steamers and twenty barges, with from 75,000 to 100,000 tons of quarter-masters' stores. The Federal garrison at that point being reinforced by 5000 men, Forrest withdrew.

On the night of October 27 Lieutenant Cushing, with a company of thirteen men, ascended the Roanoke River to Plymouth, and succeeded in destroying the ram *Albemarle*, the most formidable vessel which the enemy had in North Carolina waters, by means of a torpedo. His own launch was disabled at the same time, and the entire company, except himself and one other, were captured by the enemy on shore. Three days after this event four vessels of Admiral Porter's fleet went up Middle River, which connects with Roanoke River above Plymouth. When within range of the town they opened fire upon it, and the next morning, October 31, the regular attack was made, the fleet passing into and down the Roanoke in front of Plymouth.



After a short engagement the enemy abandoned the town. Washington also was abandoned November 9.

The Confederate privateer *Florida*, Captain Morris, was captured October 7 by the U. S. Steamer *Wachusett*, Captain Collins, at Bahia, in the Bay of St. Salvador, on the Brazilian coast. Captain Morris and a good portion of the crew were on shore at the time of the capture. The vessel was taken in Brazilian waters; but Captain Collins thought the act justified by the indulgence of the authorities at Bahia in allowing harborage to the *Florida*, which had in a number of instances burned American vessels within the limits of Brazilian jurisdiction.

The Confederate Congress reassembled at Richmond on the 7th of November. In the Senate 13 members were present, including three from Kentucky and Missouri. Mr. Stephens, the Vice-President, was absent, and the chair was occupied by Mr. Hunter. The House consists of 106 members, of whom 62 were present, including 15 from Missouri and Kentucky. Excluding these States, which are in no practical respect members of the Confederacy, hardly half of the members were present.—The Message of President Davis opened with a congratulatory review of the campaign of 1864. At the beginning of the year, he said, Texas was partially in the possession of the enemy; now no Federal soldiers were in the State except as prisoners. In Northwestern Louisiana a large Federal army and fleet had been defeated, and had only escaped with a loss of one-third of its numbers, and a large part of its munitions and vessels. Arkansas had been nearly recovered; and the Confederate forces had penetrated into Missouri. On the east of the Mississippi, in spite of some reverses, the Confederates had been on the whole successful; Northern and Western Mississippi, Northern Alabama, and Western Tennessee were in their possession. On the sea-coast the successes of the Federals had been confined to the capture of the outer defenses of Mobile Bay. Their armies had been defeated in different parts of Virginia; and after a series of defeats around Richmond, they were still engaged in the effort, commenced four months before, to capture Petersburg. The army of Sherman, though it had captured Atlanta, had gained no real advantage beyond the possession of a few fortified points which can be held only by large garrisons, and are menaced with recapture. The Confederacy, Mr. Davis said, has no vital points. If Richmond and Wilmington and Charleston and Savannah and Mobile were all captured, the Confederacy would remain as defiant as ever, and no peace would be made which did not recognize its independence.—In respect to the relations between the Confederacy and foreign nations there had been no change. European Powers had failed to do what might have been expected from them; and until they, by recognizing the independence of the South, declared that it was impossible for the Union to reduce the Confederacy, it could not be expected that the Union would do so.—Mr. Davis recommends the repeal of all laws granting exemption from military service. He says that “no position or pursuit should relieve any one who is able to do active duty from the enrollment in the army,” unless he can be more useful in another sphere, and this can not be the case with entire classes. The military authorities should have the power to exempt individuals only whose services may be more valuable in than out of the army.—In regard to the great question of the employment of

slaves in the army, Mr. Davis recommends that slaves to the number of 40,000 should be “acquired” by the General Government, who should be employed not merely as ordinary laborers, cooks, and teamsters, but as engineer and pioneer laborers. He recommends that these slaves should be liberated on their discharge after faithful service, rather than that they should be manumitted at once or retained in servitude. He is opposed, under present circumstances, to arming the slaves; but he adds, “The subject is to be viewed solely in the light of policy and our social economy. Should the alternative ever be presented of subjugation or of the employment of the slave as a soldier, there seems to be no reason to doubt what then should be our decision.”

The Report of Mr. Trenholm, the Confederate Secretary of the Treasury, presents the following essential points: Six dollars in specie is worth one hundred dollars in 6 per cent. bonds, or one hundred and thirty-five dollars in currency. The total domestic debt of the Confederacy on the 1st of October was \$1,147,976,000, besides bounty bonds due to soldiers, the amount of which is not given. Moreover, there is the foreign debt, put down at £2,200,000; this, when reduced to “currency,” amounts to about \$250,000,000; so that the entire public debt is really more than \$1,500,000,000. During the last six months the debt had increased at the rate of more than half a million of dollars a day. The Secretary presents an elaborate scheme for giving value to the currency. The essential features are: No more notes to be issued; one-fifth of the taxes to be pledged for the reduction of the outstanding notes until the amount of “currency” is reduced to \$150,000,000. The specific taxes which the Secretary recommends should be appropriated to the redemption of currency are the “tithes” levied upon cotton, wheat, and corn. Estimating cotton at 50 cents a pound, wheat at \$4 and corn at \$2 a bushel, these tithes will produce \$90,000,000 a year. This amount applied annually would redeem the outstanding notes in four or five years. “If Congress does not,” says Mr. Trenholm, “interpose to restore the currency by means of voluntary action, it will assuredly rectify itself by some violent and disastrous revulsion.”—The expenditures for the year beginning January 1, 1865, are estimated, “with an improved currency,” at \$774,000,000. To meet this the Secretary proposes taxation, including tax in kind of \$360,000,000; duties and miscellaneous receipts are estimated at \$5,000,000; the remaining \$409,000,000 to be derived from the sale of bonds and from certificates of indebtedness.

The Report of Mr. Seddon, the Confederate Secretary of War, details the military events of the year. It is absolutely necessary, he says, that the Confederacy should put its entire fighting population into the field; he therefore urges that all men between the ages of 18 and 45 capable of bearing arms “should, without distinction of occupation or profession, be subjected to service, and called to the field,” and that consequently “all exemptions, except of officers absolutely essential to the conduct of the Confederate and State governments, be abolished.” The slaves and the free population over or under military age, and those unfit by physical disability for actual service, he thinks will be able to furnish supplies for the armies and the people.—He discusses at length the question of arming the slaves, with its necessary adjunct, their emancipation. Any legislation for this purpose, he says,



must have the concurrence of the separate States. If this should become necessary he is in favor of it; but he adds, "It will not do, in my opinion, to risk our liberties and safety on the negro while the white man may be called to the sacred duty of defense. For the present it seems best to leave the subordinate labors of society to the negro, and to impose its highest, as now existing, on the superior class."

The steamer *Roanoke*, plying between New York and Havana, was seized on the 29th of September, when just out of Havana, by a party of Confederates, who had come on board as passengers. The vessel was taken off Bermuda, where her passengers were put on shore, and the steamer burned. The captors were commanded by Lieutenant Braine, who not long since seized in a similar manner the *Chesapeake* when just out of New York. The Confederates were arrested by the British authorities at Bermuda, but were set at liberty after a short detention.—The Confederate raiders who made the attack upon St. Albans have been demanded by the Governor of Vermont on charge of murder and robbery. Their leader, Lieutenant Young, produced a commission and orders from the Confederate Government authorizing and directing him to under-

take such an enterprise. The decision of the question of extradition has been postponed in order to enable the prisoners to procure testimony from Richmond.

An arrangement has been effected, after many delays, between the Union and Confederate authorities, involving the exchange of many thousands of prisoners. The arrangement has primary reference to the sick and disabled, all of whom are exchangeable man for man, each officer to be reckoned at a certain number of privates, according to a schedule agreed upon. It is supposed that from 8000 to 10,000 on each side will be accordingly exchanged. The Confederate prisoners are sent on board Union vessels to the entrance of the port of Savannah, where the Union prisoners are to be delivered.—By another special arrangement, entered into between Generals Lee and Grant, each belligerent is allowed to send necessary supplies and comforts to its prisoners in the hands of the other. Blankets and clothing being articles of immediate necessity for the Confederate prisoners, and these not being procurable at the South, and not from Europe in time to be of use, the Government is allowed to send cotton to the North to be sold, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of these articles.

## Literary Notices.

*Memoirs of Lieutenant-General Scott, LL.D. Written by Himself.* The career of Winfield Scott has been an honorable and singularly fortunate one. The two great disappointments of his political life—his superseding for the Presidential nomination by Taylor in 1848, and his defeat for the Presidency by Pierce in 1852—were blessings in disguise. For the ten years during which his public life lasted after the latter of these, no other man stood so high in the regard and esteem of his country. From first to last his record was pure. For half a century he has lived in the public eye, and no man dared charge him with a corrupt, and few with an injudicious act. He was born in 1786, near Petersburg, in Virginia. Left his own master at nineteen, with a moderate competency, he began the study of law; but the prospect of a war with England in 1808 induced him to change his profession for that of arms, and at the age of twenty-two he received a commission as Captain of Artillery. War having been declared in 1812, he was promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and sent to the Northern frontier. It was chiefly owing to him that the campaigns here were not a series of disasters. Desperately wounded at the Battle of Lundy's Lane—in all except the numbers engaged one of the great battles of history—he was borne half dead on a litter for more than seventy miles by the gentlemen of the country, who relieved each other at the edge of every town. Three months before he had reached the age of twenty-eight he was appointed Brigadier-General; and four months later he was promoted to Major-General, a rank which he has held for forty-one years. In 1849 he was named Lieutenant-General, a grade which had been vacant since the death of Washington. In 1861, broken with age and infirmity, he was compelled to retire from active service. But his mental vigor was unimpaired, and he has worthily devoted his well-won repose to writing the memoirs of his long and honorable life. History would be better and

more truly written if other men who have acted a great part in public affairs would narrate their actions as fairly and succinctly as General Scott has done. (Published by Sheldon and Company.)

*Margaret Denzil's History; annotated by her Husband,* issued anonymously in the "Cornhill Magazine," is the most original and powerful novel of the season. It contains plot and incident enough for half a score of "sensation tales," yet so skillfully are they managed that until the close the reader fails to perceive how masterly the skill was. It is a drama in which every event and episode is arranged from the first scene; the slightest circumstance, apparently incidental, or accidental, has a bearing upon all that follows. The characters, though mainly out of the common range of life, are artistically true, for all act throughout in perfect consistency with their natures. There are at least four characters which are absolutely fresh creations. These are John Denzil, the bluff, tender seaman, the annotator of his wife's sad story; Arthur Lamont, apparently so weak, yet really so strong, able and willing to bear the imputation of infamy rather than expose the infamy of others; Godfrey Wilmot, the pervading evil genius of the story—yet so far from being wholly evil—who never appears in person on the scene, but whose shadow is forever projected upon the wall; and, above all, Mercy, the "Torment" of poor John Denzil. The sombre conclusion of the story, which could not have been other than it is, will not please those who prefer the old stage ending of Lear to that devised by the perfect genius of Shakspeare. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*Webster's Dictionary.* It is too late to speak of the general merits of Webster's Dictionary. The completeness of its vocabulary, and the compactness and accuracy of its definitions, have long been acknowledged. The new edition, prepared under the supervision of Professors Goodrich and Porter, of Yale, with the co-operation of thirty or more



scholars in special departments, presents many features of great value. The most striking of these is the profuse introduction of pictorial illustrations, the number of which is stated at more than 3000. These are usually inserted in their appropriate place in the Vocabulary, and all of them are grouped together in an Appendix at the close, arranged according to subjects: those relating to Architecture, Botany, Natural History, etc., being placed together. The type adopted for the catch-words is such as to allow the diacritical marks indicating pronunciation and accentuation to be distinctly shown. The Vocabulary has been greatly enlarged, so as to keep up with the continual growth of a living language. The whole number of words given is now stated to be 114,000, being 10,000 more than are found in any other Dictionary of the language. The "apparatus" prefixed or appended to the Vocabulary presents, in addition to that contained in former editions, some entirely new articles. Professor Goodrich's Table of Synonyms has been distributed throughout the text in the appropriate places. An admirable outline History of the English Language, by Professor Hadley, forms a part of the Introduction. Mr. William G. Webster's collection of words and phrases which, without having become fairly English, are of frequent occurrence in books, is very full and satisfactory. The list of "Common English Christian Names," with an explanation of their significance, is exceedingly curious. An entirely new and very acceptable addition to this edition is Mr. Wheeler's "Vocabulary of the Names of Noted Fictitious Persons and Places." As a first attempt in this department the article is altogether remarkable. There is hardly a character, epithet, or place which has made its mark in literature, which is not here referred to author and work, with a brief descriptive note. We have touched only upon a few out of many of the merely incidental features which distinguish this new edition of Webster. The great essential characteristics, only more fully developed, are the same as in previous editions. Viewing it as a whole, we are confident that no other living language has a Dictionary which so fully and faithfully sets forth its present condition as this last edition of Webster does that of our spoken and written English tongue. (Published by G. and C. Merriam.)

*Under the Ban.* The popular literature of France at this day is "protestant," in the broadest literal sense of the word. No man can hope for a great audience unless he sets himself in fierce opposition to some of the forms in which society is organized. Thus Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" is a fierce protest against the whole frame-work and structure of French social life. Renan's "Life of Jesus" is a protest against the theology of the Catholic Church. "Under the Ban" is a vehement protest against and fierce attack upon the ecclesiastical system of France, and, by consequence, of all Catholic Europe. Under the guise of a story, the author sets forth the Jesuits as unscrupulous intriguers; the higher orders of the clergy as selfish hypocrites; the lower orders as illiterate and prejudiced, without liberty, even if they had the capacity, of thinking for themselves; abjectly subject to the civil powers, by whom they are paid, and with no protection from the tyranny of their spiritual chiefs. The work, under its French title of *Le Maudit*, "The Accursed," purports to be the biography of a priest who has fallen "under the ban" of ecclesiastical authority. It was put forth anonymously, merely purporting to have been writ-

ten by "M. l'Abbé \*\*\*." Its popularity was immense, and strenuous efforts have been made to discover the author, but hitherto without success. It has been acknowledged to be a heavy blow at the mixed civil and ecclesiastical system of France. One who reads it from a French stand-point and as a polemical work, will find it intensely interesting. Viewed simply as a novel—a delineation of incident and character—it is faulty, and in parts at least dull. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*From Dan to Beersheba*, by Rev. J. P. NEWMAN. In the compass of a single moderate volume Mr. Newman presents a graphic description of the Land of Promise, as it now appears, drawn from personal observation and a faithful study of the works of others. Its special purpose is, by describing Palestine as it now is, and comparing it with the accounts of its former condition given in the Scriptures, to illustrate the accuracy with which the sacred writers record the facts of their own day, and the truthfulness with which they foretell what was to come. The book is written in a glowing and animated style, which removes it from the mere dry detail of a guide-book, rendering it not only useful but interesting. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*Queens of Song*, by ELLEN CREATHORNE CLAYTON. This is a series of biographies of about forty of the most celebrated vocalists who have appeared on the lyric stage during the last two centuries, beginning with the early French singer, Marthe le Rochois, and ending with Teresa Tietjens, including such names as Anastasia Robinson (who became Countess of Peterborough), and Lavinia Fenton (who became Duchess of Bolton), Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Grisi, Garcia, Alboni, Jenny Lind, and Piccolomini. The "queens" have been selected with the two-fold object of including those who have won the highest renown in their art, and others who, less famous as artists, have had a career and fortunes which furnish an instructive moral. The circumstances into which famous actresses and singers are thrown render their histories the most perfect epitome of certain phases of the society and manners of their times; their lives, unlike those of great writers, abound in incident and anecdote. With such a subject, and with a reasonable amount of industry, it would be almost impossible to make a dull book. The author has made one emphatically readable. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*Idyls of Battle*, by LAURA C. REDDEN. Apart from the poetical merits of this little volume, it derives a special interest from the personality of the author. Since the age of eleven, now some fifteen years ago, she has been absolutely deaf. During all those long years she has not heard the sound of a human voice; yet under the *nom de plume* of "Howard Glyndon" she has won a respectable place in literature. It is certainly remarkable that her poems, composed under such disadvantages, should be faultless in rhyme and, with hardly an exception, accurate in rhythm. (Published by Hurd and Houghton.)

*Arctic Researches, and Life among the Esquimaux*, by CHARLES FRANCIS HALL. In former numbers of this Magazine we have given, from proof-sheets, a general view of the scope and character of this work. Now that it is completed, and we may look upon it as a whole, we need only repeat that, as regards both matter and manner, it takes place in the first rank of the records of travel and adventure for which the last fifteen years has been so prolific. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)



## Editor's Easy Chair.

GOOD-MORROW and a happy New Year to all kind friends! A grateful Easy Chair can not but wish it, and invoke a benediction on the generous readers who hail this Magazine with ardent monthly salutations.

And why should they not, indeed? For the Magazine has now become a cairn, a monument. It is of itself a library, and each new number a chapter in the valuable volume which every six numbers compose. If you have a set of this Magazine from the beginning, you have already, with the present issue, one hundred and seventy-six numbers, bound, if you choose, in thirty handsome volumes. And, for variety and interest of reading and copiousness of illustration, you will not easily find thirty other volumes superior to them. Indeed, if the Easy Chair were called upon to furnish, say a Western home upon the frontier, or a Maine farm-house, or any household any where with thirty books, not of reference merely, not only of useful knowledge, but thirty books that should appeal to the interest of the youngest and the oldest and the middle-aged, with the best stories of the best living authors, with the finest poems, the most rollicking passages of travel, histories, biographies, essays, sketches of inventions, discoveries, and manufactures, with humorous and characteristic anecdotes, he would certainly select the volumes of *Harper's Magazine* as the library desired.

Nor is this said to the prejudice of any of its contemporaries. "There is room enough for thee and me," quoth my Uncle Toby, as he dismissed the fly. Let it be so with us, O zealous brethren! and the Easy Chair and his companions between these gay covers will be either the fly or Uncle Toby, as you will.

See! The blithe cherub, ever young, who sits upon our crown and bestrides the globe, still blows his airy bubbles that float bright and perfect as ever. The flowers his brethren scatter, flowers of spring and summer, of autumn and winter, are they less fair and fresh and fragrant than when those lavish hands began the scattering fifteen years ago? The blossom-woven shafts still stand erect. The goodly tomes beneath are as solid and mysterious as ever. One day doubtless they will be opened and all their wisdom poured into these pages. Are these, then, the manuscript volumes of "a disappointed man?"

The conditions upon which the Magazine may be brought to your hands regularly and without trouble to yourselves are all recorded upon the last side of the cover. Upon that interesting page the Easy Chair is amazed to read that you may have the Monthly delivered at your post-office for four dollars and twenty-four cents a year. Think of it, noble brethren, who with the Easy Chair spread this monthly feast! The total result of our combined labor every month, the pampered and luxurious Public may enjoy for such a trifle! But if the sly Public choose to unite in clubs of five subscribers they can send twenty dollars and receive six copies, giving them one extra copy every month, the disposition of which may profitably create a generous rivalry. And this, dear brethren, as the good pastor says, this is the accepted time. The beginning of a new volume (it began last month) is a most favorable season for forming clubs. And in this game clubs are certainly trumps, and are sure to take the odd trick.

Among the especial attractions of the volume so

auspiciously begun is the new story "Armada," by Wilkie Collins, who, with Anthony Trollope and Charles Reade, forms the triumvirate of young English novelists, successors to Bulwer, Thackeray, and Dickens. Of these three Trollope is unsurpassed for photographic fidelity to the ordinary details of ordinary modern life; Reade is remarkable for a willful and sparkling power, and undeniable genius; while Wilkie Collins is superior to any English novelist for the interest and ingenuity of his plots. You know as you begin that he intends to inveigle your interest, and you are inveigled. You know that he is weaving a spell from the moment you begin to read, and you are consciously and delightfully entangled. So intense and remarkable is this interest, as, for instance, in "The Woman in White," that the characters themselves become subordinated to it, and are almost vague and shadowy, like passengers seen passing in an express railway train. It is the train and the rush, not the people, which the spectator sees.

The new story, "Armada," opens with unusual skill even for Wilkie Collins. When you have read the number you will be very sure to read every other number to the end. "How does it come out?" is the inevitable question as you lay it down. The contrast between the picturesque village groups in the little German village of Wildbad, gathered toward sunset of the first day of the season at the Baths to await the diligence, and the coming of the sick man with his terrible burden, which he throws off, and his life with it, in the village inn, is most artistically managed; and in the present number the wonder deepens as the mysterious figures glide across the stage.

Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend" has a most original character in Eugene Wrayburn, while there is a grotesque extravagance in such personages as Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lammle and Georgiana Podsnap. Yet the kind of life they represent is clearly indicated, and Podsnap himself is one of the creations of Dickens which enrich current conversation and literature with a new and expressive word.

Meanwhile, turning from the stories, the thousands of readers who recall the remarkable interest with which they pored over the pages of this Magazine which contained Abbott's "Life of Napoleon," will be glad to renew their monthly meetings with that author, as they will do in his "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," which is a series of sketches of the most striking and memorable events of the great war. The series began in the December number with the North Carolina expedition of the brave Burnside, one of the purest patriots and noblest men that the war has revealed.

Nor must a faithful Easy Chair forget to mention the "Tour through Arizona" of Ross Browne, whose fame is established as one of the most entertaining of living travelers who tell their travels. Mr. Browne's style is flavored by that of the frontier region in which he is so fond of wandering; and his quick, humorous eye, his undaunted patience, his familiarity with wild life and wild men, all combine to make his tales of adventure not only entertaining but valuable.

Is not a fond Easy Chair justified, then, in complacently congratulating itself upon its co-laborers, and the intelligent reader upon the literary rations provided for the Spring campaign? And those of which he has spoken are but a part of the noble



army to whose dress parade the vast Public is invited. Let the drums beat, therefore, and the trumpets call, as the one hundred and seventy-sixth column moves forward! Let the banners wave and the cymbals clash! We propose to move every month and very early upon the enemy's lines of dullness and dryness, and to demand an unconditional surrender of stupidity. With our bubbles sparkling and our flowers blooming, forward, gentlemen!

THE Eighth of November was one of the great historic days. It was not the occasion of a partisan triumph, for no party did triumph. It was the day upon which a nation deliberately resolved that it would live and not die; that neither foreign foe nor domestic traitor should compel it to surrender its independent power.

How simple was the method of expressing its will! It was at the ballot-box, which is the symbol of our Government, whose destruction is the end of our Government, and which, while the American people are unconquered, will be defended as the palladium of their liberties. Indeed, it is so precious that we have yet something to do before it is really secure.

Experience, as well as common sense, proves to us that the passions of men are so excited at a general election that they will exclude from the polls as many of their opponents as they can; and in some instances, where the majority is largely of one mind, the minority are allowed no right whatever. For instance, in the late election the Easy Chair knows of polls which the challengers of the minority were not suffered to approach, and where as many votes were cast as the majority chose to throw. In every instance this thing should be prevented if it took the whole army of the United States to do it. At every poll where such a crime against the nation has been once committed there should a force be stationed at the next election to defend at all hazards the right of each party to have its challengers at the stand, and to arrest beyond hope of rescue every man who offers to vote fraudulently.

There was a great deal of foolish twaddle during the late election about military interference. But not only was there no military interference, but every sane man knew that none was intended. And no man worthy to be an American citizen could object for a moment to the most ample preparation in a time of high excitement to preserve the public peace and to protect the sanctity of the ballot-box. If there were no occasion for such preparation so much the better, and so much the more honorable for us all. If there were occasion, what should be said of the Government that had not been ready for it? And we ask any man who knows the population of the city of New York, whether it was foolish, under the peculiar circumstances of this election, to be prepared for disturbances which the mere hand of the police, strong and true and tried as it is, might not have been able at once to overpower?

As it was, perfect peace was secured because it was known that disorder would be at once controlled, and at any price, as it ought always to be in a free country. But we have yet another step to take. We shall be false to ourselves until voting at the most doubtful and dangerous city polls is made as absolutely safe as it is in the quietest rural district. If we are not willing to make it so, we are not willing to trust our own system. But

whoever opposes securing this safety and impartiality at the polls is as much an enemy of this Government as Jefferson Davis. This Government is merely the will of the people constitutionally expressed; and if the people are so pusillanimous that they will not have their own laws enforced, their Government will not only be overthrown, but will deserve to be.

THE festival at the Century Club in this city, in honor of the seventieth birthday of Bryant, was one of the most interesting incidents of the year. It was a noble and illustrious company that met to honor him—not those only whose names are famous, but those also of no other than the friendly fame of the club. It was the homage of friendship as well as of admiration, and, *care compagni!* if some companion of yours, mayhap a luckless candidate, was speaking in a windy tent upon a plain, his heart was not unfaithful, and among the new and earnest friends did not forget the old.

The Easy Chair has gossiped of the Century before in these pages; and properly, for the Century is one of the places which are pleasantest in this great city, and one to which the genial and cultivated and refined of foreign parts and of other cities are pretty sure to find their way. The name, if it puzzles you, means, not the century in the sense of the impersonated spirit of the age, and final flower and fruit of time, as doubtless many modest members imagine—and as, indeed, it might properly be. No, it means only a century, or a hundred, of men. If you prefix the definite article and say the century of men—not a Centurion will quarrel with you.

But however fit and true the name might once have been—ten years since, let us say, in Clinton Place, Verplanck *consule*; or two or three years earlier in Broadway opposite what was Niblo's Garden—yet now there have been incursions and strange admissions. There are some melancholy rumors that even merely rich men have stolen in; men, that is to say, who have money merely, and no æsthetic geniality to redeem it. The original number is long since transcended; but let it increase never so largely it can not overpower that choice few who, as it were, were Centurions born, and who, amidst all the splendors of Sixteenth Street, smoke the placid pipe and drain the mild glass as in the homely days and nights over the milliner's shop in Broadway. How often now—not because the house is more splendid, but because they are no longer so young—how often, with that wild, passionate yearning, which draws the heart to what is past forever, are those ancient boys primed with the pathos of Béranger's wail—

"Dreams of my joyful youth! I'd freely give,  
Ere my life's close,  
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live  
For one of those!  
Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,  
Joys that befell,  
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt  
In attic cell?"

Béranger's own is not better than Prout's translation.

It is curious in turning the queer and sad volume of "Father Prout's Reliques" to come upon the picture at the beginning—the picture of "Our Contributors," from *Fraser's Magazine* of thirty years ago. For it is the picture of a club—of a literary club—of a kind of Century Club. The famous English writers of that time are represented as seated



at a table, with fruit and wine. The portraits are rude resemblances, but they are recognizable. The ox-eyed Coleridge is there; the terrible Carlyle; Southey, looking like a smug Bank of England director; Lockhart, with his classic flippancy of profile; Barry Cornwall, a perplexed Methodist minister; the young Thackeray, with the inquisitive and unavoidable glass in his eye, from which it never dropped; the "fashionable author," Theodore Hook; Father Prout himself, calling himself Frank Mahony, looking in the picture like a callow Parke Godwin; Allan Cunningham, chatting with the Pall Mall Apollo D'Orsay; Gleig, the chaplain; Irving, of many tongues; Ainsworth, a beatified barber's block of a head; Fraser himself, in a fearful swallow-tail coat of the period; Hogg, Jerdan, Crofton Croker, and a few more; and rising in the centre of the group over a trinity of decanters, and leaning upon his finger tips, Maginn—the head of a table at which Carlyle and Coleridge sit!—with the Celtic leer in his eye; Maginn, the man in whom his contemporaries felt a power of which his writings have such small trace that his name is already almost obliterated, except from the memories of those who personally knew him.

How often at the Century, on some memorable Saturday evening, the musing eye and heart have marked the men who sat at ease at the table or before the fire; and remembering their names, now see forever a picture in its kind like that we have just beheld in *Fraser*! The Easy Chair will not call the roll. They are names familiar to the Century, and known to the country and to the world. But among them all, as no head is more striking, so no name is more honored than that of Bryant. It was a noble and touching scene, the evening of the festival. Seen in fancy from the windy tent upon the plain it was so, how much more seen by the living eye! It is another illuminated passage in the history of the Century, which already shines like a royal missal. It was homage to a man as well as a poet:

"His love of truth, too warm, too strong  
For hope or fear to chain or chill,  
His hate of tyranny and wrong  
Burn in the breasts he kindled still."

A PLEASANT friend politely asks whether the "humbly lecturing business is not about run out?" Why this polite question should be put to an Easy Chair, which reposing quietly here in Franklin Square upon four good solid legs profoundly pities the "itinerants" as they go rushing about the land, is incomprehensible. "Itinerants" is the withering sarcasm hurled at the unfortunates by newspaper editors who, as the clergymen say, have no "call." "Itinerants"—the word has a sound of tin-peddler in it which is overpowering. These wretched "itinerants," who are paid a hundred dollars a night with their expenses, how pitiful their case must seem to the luxurious editor of the —, who gets home to bed at three o'clock in the morning!

However, the question is not itineracy, but lecturing. Why not then address your remarks to Demosthenes and Cicero, who are familiar with the whole matter, and suffer the Chair to remain Easy? Of course we have all been wondering when the public would tire of hearing certain people talk—prose, the wise it call—through an evening hour or two. Thackeray used to wonder in the same way. One evening he lectured in Philadelphia in a terrific

storm. He expected to find nobody in the hall. "But," said he, "I went, and lo! eight hundred mild maniacs awaited my coming!" The further he went the greater his amazement grew. "It is incredible," he exclaimed; "but, my boy! let us make hay while the sun shines, for presently they'll find us all out."

There are some who have not been found out yet. No, and it is doubtful whether the first lecturers of all, those who began twenty and thirty years ago, are not the most sought and liked. They are the planets, the fixed stars in the Lyceum sky. Comets, meteors, shooting-stars, flash and dash and dazzle and expire around them, but their steady, lambent light beams cheerfully on. It is an interesting and curious study even for an Easy Chair to remark how faithful the Lyceum is to the men who not only amuse but instruct, and not instruct only but inspire.

If there were but a few more evenings in the week the Easy Chair would certainly have something to say of a special form of the Lyceum developed in the city of New York. It mentioned it last year in the case of Mr. De Cordova, and this year there is Mr. Artemus Ward, "which his number is 806 Broadway." Mr. Ward has had great success in the rural Lyceum, and has, as we are told, not found the city deaf to his charming. It is that we might know if the rumor be true, that the Easy Chair sighs for a few more evenings in the week to investigate the point in person.

But what is an Easy Chair of mature years to do amidst the manifold metropolitan delights and attractions? There is the Opera with the wonderful Zucchi, whom all the critics praise, and the equally wonderful Maretzek, whom no frowns of fortune can dismay, and no favors intoxicate. More than Bunn to Drury Lane, than Lumley to Her Majesty's, is Maretzek to the Academy. Why, he began in Chambers Street at Palmo's! There are solemn fathers of to-day who used to wear with pride the "Maretzek tie" in their golden youth. He belongs to our history. He is a part of the city.

Then there are the theatres. Yet it was but yesterday, was it? that the Park, the Bowery, and the Richmond Hill sufficed. Then the Chatham, the Franklin, the National, and the little Olympic. And now how many upon Broadway alone, and a nightly performance such as the older stages seldom saw! Behold, here are Mr. De Boots and Mr. Toodles at one house, and the manager stands at the door and says, urbanely, "Do you hear the inextinguishable laughter? More joyous is that laughter, Sir, and affording more genuine delight to innumerable thousands than any performance of modern times. Lo! the 'great special bill.' Here is the little office, Sir; pay, enter, and be happy." Or upon the other side of the street, Mr. Josh Butterby and Mr. Solon Shingle are to be seen, while this other manager stands serenely at this other door, and proudly says, "Remark, Sir, I pray, the twelfth and last week of the combined personations which are the most masterly comic characterizations of modern times, and which, notwithstanding their altogether unprecedented run continue to crowd the house nightly." Here are not only the *mens conscia recti*, but the men's and women's *conscia recti*, and what is a bewildered Easy Chair to do? How can he hope to push on to Mr. Ward's, which his number is 806?

Here, again, to balk his most earnest endeavors to reach the Mormon city, under charge of Mr.



Ward, the Easy Chair is confronted by the Great Moral Exhibition: The Vast Congregation of Living Beasts and Birds. The Most Magnificent Exposition of the Wonders of Creation. Clearly Artemus Ward and the Mormons must wait.

No, the lecturing business is not about run out. It will not run out so long as men are men. What is lecturing? It is teaching, or it is oratory. It has its dull examples, of course, as every human pursuit has, and must have. But it has its great powers and its profound influences. That old "itinerant" upon the Grecian shore who defied Philip, and the other in the Roman Senate who accused Catiline—they are not outgrown yet. Their "business" was moving, controlling, inspiring the human mind. Is that "about run out?"

THERE WAS no pleasanter incident in the Thanksgiving month than the breakfast to Professor Goldwin Smith, of Oxford University. There has been no more faithful and intelligent friend of this country in England than he, and his vigorous and eloquent vindication of the national cause has probably been not less serviceable to us than the stirring appeals of John Bright or the sagacious observation of Professor Cairnes.

Goldwin Smith is a young man, and Regius Professor of History. He is a liberal in the best sense of the word, and if there are many such Professors in the English universities, the young England of this next generation will be as much superior to the young England of Lord John Manners and Mr. Disraeli as Sir Philip Sidney was to Laird, the pirate contractor. Mr. Smith was already well known to scholars and well-read men from his lectures upon historical study and his little work upon Ireland, which is a brief, clear, and comprehensive summary of Irish history from the beginning, written not as a partisan or an Englishman, but as a man. There is no treatise upon so vast and confused a subject which is more luminous, symmetrical, and satisfactory than this. So with his series of letters, published in 1862 and '63, in the London *Daily News*, upon the relations of the British colonies to the Government—a series afterward issued in a volume as "The Empire." They show an intellectual heroism which vindicates the traditional English character. Their object is to show that the strength of England would be increased by cutting off some of her wide outlying and useless dependencies. Professor Smith shows that, in certain instances, in the British empire extent of territory is not extent of power. But lest any one should misuse his argument, he says: "Passion and prejudice may say, and possibly believe, that the Federal States of America are fighting for empire; but cooler observers will not fail to see that a struggle for the maintenance of national unity is a totally different thing from a struggle for empire."

There are other works of Professor Smith, and all of them bring the resources of the finest scholarship to the illustration of present duties. That is the noblest service of the scholar. When the scholars of England are content to edit a Greek play while every one Englishman in seven is a pauper, wise men will doubt and sigh. But when those scholars look with unswerving eyes to find the true path of national greatness, and to persuade Englishmen to walk in it, then they become what they ought always to be, the leading conservative element in the nation.

Professor Smith came to this country at the end of August, and after passing a few weeks in New

England, he made a journey to the Mississippi under circumstances of peculiar advantage for seeing whatever was worth seeing. He returned to the East in time to witness the election, in which he was profoundly interested, and soon afterward he was invited to a breakfast by some gentlemen of the Union League Club. The club-house, upon Union Square, is very spacious and brilliantly decorated, and the company was composed of some hundred persons, representing every great interest in the city. Among the guests was Auguste Laugel, a French gentleman who, in the *Revue de deux Mondes* and elsewhere has forcibly stated and maintained, with great skill, against French skepticism the national cause of America. Professor Smith, to whom each person of the company was introduced as he entered the library, is tall, dark, and of a scholarly figure, with a reserve of manner that never degenerates into the stuttering gaucherie of John Bull.

The breakfast-table was laid through three rooms, and was covered with baskets and mounds of flowers, so profusely spread, that with the confectionery, the effect of the table, without much silver, was extremely beautiful. It was very evident, as the eye wandered along the line of noted guests, that the number of possible speeches was prodigious. And yet how uncomfortable they must all have really been, if, as seems beyond question, every man who is to make a table-speech is wretched until it is delivered. But upon this occasion they did not, when delivered, make the company wretched, as has been sometimes the case. Each speech was pointed, brief, and happy. In all of them there was but one unpleasant remark, and that was the statement of a clergyman that he had not voted, and apparently upon the ground that no side was ever altogether right. If he had said that no man is infallible we should all have agreed. But would the worthy Doctor have urged that therefore "the judicious Hooker" was about as wrong as he was right? Because men are fallible would he have all human action paralyzed and decision condemned? Men are no more fallible in politics than in theology; and it is as wise to say that you observe no religious rite for that reason, as that you refuse to vote.

It was a memorable and beautiful breakfast. By the lips of Professor Smith that better England, which we Americans love with all our hearts when we see it in John Milton and John Hampden, spoke friendly to America. The lower passions in both nations will often cry for war. If in either the lower passions control the Government, war will inevitably follow. But if the Government of each country represents, as it should, the reason and intelligence of the nation, then war will be avoided, as difficulties always are between men earnestly bent upon a single generous purpose. It is very easy to inflame American prejudice against England. Is it wise, is it noble, is it politic to do it? The English Government and press have been hostile to us in this war: have the American Government and press ever been peculiarly friendly to England? We can not strike an exact balance of friendship, nor is it profitable to recriminate. But no thoughtful and patriotic citizen of the United States can seriously believe that any body or any cause would be permanently benefited by a war between this country and England, except in the event of an assault upon our honor or our power.

If there were a more frequent, friendly, and per-



sonal intercourse between Americans and Englishmen, like Goldwin Smith, the golden links of the chain that unites us in a common civilization would be kept constantly brighter. And if all scholars and educated men, like Professor Smith, devoted themselves in both countries to the enlightenment of the public mind—not believing with the clerical orator at the breakfast that as men are fallible instruction is vain—then the practical value of schools and sound learning would be apparent to the dullest well-meaning noodle. For as Sir Philip Sidney grandly said for all scholars, and the career of Goldwin Smith refreshes the words with living meaning: "To what purpose should our minds be directed to various kinds of knowledge unless opportunity be afforded for putting it into practice, so that public advantage may be the result?"

JOHN LEECH is dead. Every body knew him, although perhaps unconsciously. He has been *Punch* for nearly twenty years, excepting the ill-natured pictures of the American troubles. His chief excellence was the exquisite satire of his social sketches, in which his genius revealed itself, entirely sweet, racy, and English. His weekly sketches show an exhaustless opulence of fancy. They were always different yet always the same. The typical British "old girl," and the pretty young one, were created by him and are immortal.

The wonderful felicity of his touch was unsurpassed. All the tender delicate shades of expression fell from it so gently that his drawings seemed often the slightest sketches. But how full they are of precise suggestion! The breezy briny days by the sea, the warm summer fields, the sparkling brook, the drawing-room, the dining-room, the nursery, the kitchen, the area, the street, they are all quivering with characteristic life before us by one wave of the delicate rod of this delightful magician.

Yet all of them, so keen, so genial, so broad, so humorous and airy, are hereafter to have the same sting in them that Hood's liveliest sallies have. They are spangles covering sorrow. They are glittering rainbow bubbles in which his life-breath was spent. Our Saturday's momentary laugh was his week-day toil, and the toil tired his brain and broke his heart. It is terrible to think how the blithe young Englishmen who joke and laugh and sing in the magazines and papers are dying all the time. There were Hood, and Laman Blanchard, and Angus Reach, and plenty more of them. Like the soldier boy at Ratisbon standing erect and bright before Napoleon, and telling him how the battle sped, so they stood gayly and rattled off song and jest for our amusement, and when the imperial world said, "But you are wounded," like the boy they smiled and answered, "Nothing, Sire," and fell dead.

Leech was a school-fellow of Thackeray's at the Charter House; and it is easy to see the sympathy of the pen of the one with the pencil of the other. Many of Leech's sketches are like sentences of Thackeray's drawn instead of written. The newspapers say that the artist has drooped visibly since the author died; and surely the circle of wits and good fellows can not but feel deeply the loss in one year of two such masters. "Good and great," one of the obituary notices calls Leech. Yes, and why not? Goodness is in every line he drew. Those whom he touched, could not but laugh while they winced. There is no malice, no meanness any where among his sketches. And his genius was as un-

doubted as it was fine. What a power it is which, from such apparently slight works, makes thousands of people thousands of miles away, who never saw the artist and knew nothing of him, grieve over his death as at a personal loss. Wellington died, and all eyes were dry and no heart felt any peculiar pang. Yet Wellington had served his country well. And now an artist, an illustrator of manners, whose name will be scarcely mentioned in history, dies tranquilly in his house, and there is a gush of sympathy and emotion wherever his works were known. Has not he also served his country well, and the world?

"Small service is true service while it lasts,  
Of all thy friends though humble, scorn not one,  
The daisy by the shadow that it casts  
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

## Editor's Drawer.

SOMEbody writing the critical notices in one of the New York daily newspapers says, if any body can see the point of the humors in the Drawer he must be brighter than his neighbors.

Now this critic is to be pitied. Think of a man who has to live in this world and is unable to see the point of the jokes in the Drawer! Why, Sydney Smith felt profound compassion for the man who heard a joke at nine in the morning and burst out laughing as he saw the point at three in the afternoon. But how much more is he to be pitied who has a month in which to study out the points in the Drawer's jokes, and can't find them after all!

Gough—we mean John B., the lecturer—told a story in Boston (it has been in the Drawer), of the young author proposing to one who had years and fame that they should together make a book. "What!" said the surly old fellow, "you and I! would you hitch a horse and an ass together!" Instantly the young wit replies, "How dare you call me a horse!" Whereupon Gough's audience laughed appreciatingly. A rich old Bostonian took Gough home with him to spend the night, and when they were discussing a good supper the host said to his guest, "Mr. Gough, what made the people laugh so when you told that horse and ass story to-night?"

Mr. Gough was rather taken aback by his host's stupidity, but managed to make answer:

"I suppose they were pleased with the young author's ready wit in making the older one call himself an ass."

"Why, no," said the host, "he made a mistake; the old author meant to call himself the horse."

And so Gough had to eat his supper in silence, and let the Boston critic have it his own way. The old fellow couldn't see the point. We have just such clever critics in Gotham as they have in the Hub; or, to put it in another form, "all the good fellows are not in the Hub of the Universe." We have some here who can't see the point of the jokes in the Drawer! Very likely.

But we will not put too fine a point upon it, and will hasten to open the Drawer once more.

As an evidence that the "accursed rebellion" has not totally quenched the poetic fire of the South, I send you the following effusion, which was "captivated" in a mail-bag by one of Steele's scouts lately, being a part of a letter from an Arkansas young lady to her sweet-heart in the rebel army. What do "you-uns" think of it?



"'Tis hard for you-uns to live in camps;  
'Tis hard for you-uns to fight the Yanks;  
'Tis hard for you-uns and we-uns to part,  
Now you-uns has got we-uns's heart."

A GENTLEMAN in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, says:

When I was a Sabbath-school teacher a boy named Aleck, about seventeen years of age, was placed in my class, whose opportunities for acquiring knowledge had been very limited. He was desirous to learn, but thought good reading consisted in reading rapidly. The mistakes he made were numerous, and often ludicrous. The first day he entered the class it came to his turn to read the fourth verse of the third chapter of Matthew, which he read thus: "And the same John had a leathern gridle about his lungs!"

ONE day Aleck brought me the story of the old prophet and his sons, found in the thirteenth chapter of First Kings, and pointing out the twenty-seventh verse, said he did not exactly understand it. The verse reads, "And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled him." After the explanation was given Aleck replied, "I thought maybe the boys, out of a joke, had put the saddle on the old man!"

At a political meeting recently held in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a gentleman from a Southern State, after enlarging on his rare privilege of addressing so intelligent an audience, proceeded to say, with a burst of eloquence, that a good Providence was now holding up to us a beacon-light to guide us to victory and peace, as of old the children of Israel were guided by a pillar of fire by night and a pillar of salt by day!

THE following epitaph was copied from a tombstone in a grave-yard in Rhode Island:

"I dreamt that, buried in my fellow-clay,  
Close by a common beggar's side I lay.  
Such a mean companion hurt my pride,  
And, like a corse of consequence, I cried,  
'Scoundrel, begone, and henceforth touch me not!  
More manners learn, and at a distance rot!'—  
'Scoundrel!' in still haughtier tones cried he,  
'Proud lump of earth, I scorn thy words and thee!  
All here are equal; thy place now is mine:  
This is my rotting-place, and that is thine."

A LONDONER sends us the following:

Your paragraph in the Drawer upon the Æolian, puts me in mind of the following: We had a reporter in London who always "did" the executions and the sensation "pars" beforehand. He sent in his copy to a daily with his name written in the corner, as usual, "D. Bishop," and headed, "The Condemned Convict." Whether the compositor mistook it or not we know not, but the paper appeared the next morning with the paragraph headed, in double-leaded bourgeois, "The Condemned Convict, D. Bishop!" The laugh was against our Dan.

I ATTENDED a short time since an old-fashioned Cattle Show and Fair. After looking at the big pumpkins, squashes, etc., that go to make a fair brilliant, I went with my friend out to the field to see what the crowd there assembled were gazing at, and found a neat pair of cattle tugging away at a cart-load of stone as a trial of their strength. We had been there but a few moments when the marshal

of the day rode up, and seeing so large a number crowded around the cattle, he roared, with all the dignity and pompousness of a country marshal: "Gentlemen, form a ring around, so that all can see!" The crowd did not heed his words much, and he again broke out: "Gentlemen, form a circle; there are enough here to make a circle fifty rods square!"

IN the far-famed cemetery of Mount Auburn, near the centre of the inclosure, is a tablet, on the upper part of which, above the names, is a circle formed of a chain, which is complete and unbroken, making a perfect ring. *Above* this circle are the words, "Parted below;" while *beneath* is the legend, "United above."

WHILE running to see where the fire was a short time since, I came up to Joe R——, going the same way. All out of breath he gasped out, "Oh dear, I hope it's not the rope-walk; I've seen that twice already!"

DURING the land speculation of '56 old Doctor Egan, of Chicago, became so much interested that he was somewhat absent-minded toward his patients. One morning he wrote a prescription omitting the directions for taking. Said the patient, "Doctor, you haven't told me how this is to be administered." As the Doctor hurried out to meet an engagement with a land operator, he said, "Take a quarter down; balance in one, two, and three years!"

NOR feeling just right yesterday morning, I tried a little brandy and sugar, and my little six-year-old daughter seeing me thought *she* would like some, but I concluded she had better not; and to draw her attention from it I took a picture from my pocket which had the word "Wisdom" printed on it, and asked her to spell it for me. She slowly spelled it, "w-i-s-d-o-m." "Well, what does it spell?" "I don't know—what does it?" "What do you think it spells?" Looking up to me very knowingly, she whispered—"Brandy!"

A BOSTON importing house furnishes the Drawer with the following true bill:

One of our correspondents in England, in appraising us of the shipment of some bales of merchandise, had his letter written in a fine business-like hand by his clerk. In revising it himself he comes across the sentence:

"They [the bales] were shipped yesterday, and we hope they will arrive in good *condition*."

Our friend, knowing that was not the name of the vessel, draws a line through "condition," and writes over it the vessel's name, in his own crabbed hand, *Minnesota*.

Thus happy and conscious of having corrected a mistake—in point of fact a gross error—he mails his epistle, leaving his letter to read, "They [the bales] were shipped yesterday, and we hope they will arrive in good *Minnesota*!"

HERE'S from old General G—— again, of New Hampshire, whose *negro story* was given in the September number:

In our last pleasant conversation with the General he gave us two anecdotes of New Hampshire's greatest man that might as well be on record, as they have the double advantage of being true, and



not probably seen in print for many years, if ever before. While Daniel Webster resided in Washington a member of his family heard him say what I now record, and told it in person to my friend the General.

Hayne, of South Carolina, urged on by his Southern friends, had made his speech which called forth that immortal reply of the great "Northern Lion," and many of Webster's friends, struck with Hayne's real ability, began to say half-way to each other, "*Can Webster answer that?*"

Mrs. Webster was present at the Capitol, and was greatly agitated at the fire and force of the hero of South Carolina. She rode home with a friend in advance of her husband. At last the "Lion" came tramping up to the door, and marched in in an easy, unconcerned way. His wife hastened into the hall just as she was, taking a pinch of snuff, and, with tears in her eyes, says to him, "*Can you, can you answer Mr. Hayne?*"

With a sort of grunt, or quiet roar, her lord turned upon her: "*Answer him! I'll gr-i-n-d him finer than that snuff in your box!*"—[A very doubtful story, the Drawer thinks.]

ANOTHER friend of General G——'s resided in Washington at the same time, who was intimate with a number of Southerners. After Hayne's speech they came to this person to taunt him with what they supposed to be Mr. Webster's discomfiture. He acknowledged afterward that he trembled a little for the Northern statesman. But in due time the Websterian thunder rolled through the arches of the Capitol, and Hayne was *ground fine*.

"What do you think now," says the General's friend to his Southern acquaintances, "of our 'Northern Lion?'"

The reply came quick, but rather angrily: "He's a long-clawed, strong-jawed, tough-hided devil!"

I HAVE a friend of the Irish persuasion, writes an officer, residing at present in the State of Maine. Last summer, while making a visit to Massachusetts, she spoke of her success in business, etc., and concluded her talk with, "Ye see, uncle dear, I had a little money to investigate, so I concluded to put two domino winders to me house, and it was a great improvement to vegetate the garret."

OUR District Attorney, says a West Virginia correspondent, being at the Swann House in Parkersburg, received a telegraphic dispatch. The message requiring an answer, he stepped over to the office to reply. Having written his answer and folded it he said,

"Please give me an envelope."

"What for?" exclaimed the astonished operator.

"Why, mine came in an envelope!"

A NUMBER of years ago, when those who are now steady and thorough-going business-men were boys living in the town of Livonia, Livingston County, New York, they formed a debating club, which met in what is called the East School-house. Debating evenings the neighbors would call in to see what the boys were about. It was customary with the society to choose one of the spectators chairman for the evening, to hear the arguments and decide the question.

One evening a fellow by the name of Solomon T—— made his appearance. He being a very knowing fellow, the boys thought, for the fun of

the thing, they would make him chairman. Upon being announced chairman Sol took his seat with a great deal of dignity and importance. The question read as follows: "Resolved, that the negroes have more cause of complaint than the Indians." It was stipulated that the question should be confined to the United States. The chief disputant on the affirmative opened the debate and made a speech to sustain his position, every word of which was listened to with close attention from the chairman. The disputant on the negative made a few remarks in answer, and then turned to the Bible and commenced reading passages for the purpose of proving slavery right, and by that means intending to show that the negroes had not been wronged.

Sol heard him for a short time, and then jumped up and said in a loud voice to the speaker: "Stop right where you are. Don't go any further. You have gone out of the United States for argument."

LAST year our regiment (the Sixty-seventh Ohio) was stationed on Morris Island, South Carolina. One hot day in August the agent of the Sanitary Commission informed me that he had received a cargo of ice from the good people of Boston, to be distributed among the troops, and that we could have a hundred pounds of it by sending to Light-house Inlet. I accordingly applied to the wagon-master for transportation, who assigned to me a South Carolina negro of about twenty summers, with his mule and cart. Pompey had probably never seen ice thicker than window-glass, perhaps not that. The tide was out, which left the vessel high and dry on the bank. Pompey drove his mule and cart alongside of the vessel, and a cake of ice was lowered over the side to him, which he took in his hands, but dropped it almost as quick as if it had been hot iron. Looking up, he exclaimed, "Oh, lordy massa! it must be a berry cold country where dis stuff grows!"

"My friend," said a seedy individual to a wag-gish acquaintance at a ferry, "I wish you would loan me two quarters to cross the ferry, I haven't got a dollar in the world."

"Well, I would like to know," was the reply, "what difference it makes to a man who hasn't got a dollar in the world which side of the river he's on?"

HERE is a good thing in relation to the poet who wrote "Hohenlinden," which possibly has not yet found its way to your columns. There was a convivial gathering at the poet's house, where the rosy wine and the sparkling jest ran far into the winter's night. The party broke up by degrees, each guest leaving as the spirit moved him. Just as one had left the room a rumbling noise was heard on the stairway, and the body of a bright devotee to wit and Bacchus went tumbling down stairs.

"What is the matter?" said Campbell, from the doorway.

"It's I, Sir, rolling rapidly," was the ready response.

AMONG the members of the Convention which met some years ago to form the new Constitution of Kentucky was Captain John Budd, of this city (Louisville). The Convention was discussing the subject of voting at elections. The Captain, who thought the ballot dangerous to the welfare of the State and the institution of slavery, made his speech



in opposition to the change, saying, the gentlemen might talk as they pleased in favor of this new-fangled way of dropping in their sentiments as if ashamed to let them be known, but as for himself, he "was born in old Virginia, where people walk plainly on the centre of the turnpike while the sun is shining, and I am in favor of every man going boldly up to the polls and voting his honest opinions *vice versa*."

A RURAL correspondent residing at Sinking Springs, Ohio, writes to the Drawer:

A gentleman delivered a pair of "Sloggy" shoes to the mail-carrier, to be conveyed from this place to Latham, a small village nine miles distant. There being no other mail-matter on hand the carrier caused the postmaster to place the shoes in the bag, to facilitate their transportation. Arriving at Latham, the postmaster there was thunder-struck at the quality of the contents of Uncle Sam's mail, and perceiving a card attached to the shoes containing the address of the person for whom they were designed, he quietly placed them in the post-office receptacle to await his call. The carrier began eagerly to demand the shoes, and to explain that it was merely for his accommodation that they were placed in the mail-bag, etc. The postmaster knew his duty too well, however, to deliver the shoes prior to the payment of the postage, amounting to a trifle more than the shoes were worth. The affair led to a correspondence with the Post-office Department, and finally resulted in the shoes being sent to the Dead-Letter Office. It is to be presumed that Uncle Sam has concluded to wear the shoes himself.

FIVE of our Philadelphia readers have taken the trouble, each of them, to cut the poetry below from the *Ledger* and send it to us. One of them says:

You will notice by the inclosed that the *Ledger's* obituary "poic" has been around again, and, I think, eclipses all his former efforts, not excepting that "superior flower-pot" of little Jacobs, which you copied in your Drawer some months since. I think the last effusion well worthy a place in the Drawer. It is certainly very gratifying to the friends of the Union to know their much-loved starry banner has so exalted a place in the regions above.

"Dear mother, I am going home;  
I am not, as you think me, dead;  
'Tis those on earth in darkness roam;  
The angels hath me to heaven led.

"Hark, mother, doth hear the angels?  
Oh, how pretty they can sing!  
They call me, mother, so fare you well,  
I can hear the bells in heaven ring.

"List, mother, and hear my story,  
'Tis not a dream, but all is true;  
I am with the angels up in glory,  
And only waiting here for you.

"From thy lap your James hath flown;  
Our Saviour spoke, I answered his call,  
Saying come to yonder heavenly home,  
To live with the angels one and all.

"TO MY FATHER.

"Tell my father, who is far away  
Fighting the enemy in the field,  
That I'll pray for him night and day:  
'Tis his angel bids him never yield.

"Tell him I am living with that God;  
That I have joined the angels' heavenly band.  
We have Washington sitting beside our Lord,  
With the Star-Spangled Banner grasped in his hand."

THIS comes to the Drawer from the United States steamer *Marmora*, of the Mississippi Squadron:

At White River station, the other day, among other boats at anchor there were the large side-wheel steamer *St. Patrick* and a very small stern-wheel boat named the *Mattie*. The latter boat was coaling from a barge alongside of her. The *St. Patrick* having received orders to coal from the same barge, ran up alongside of her for that purpose, when, through the carelessness of her pilot, instead of landing at the barge, she came in collision with the little stern-wheeler, smashing her fenders and otherwise doing her considerable damage. The noise brought the Captain on deck, and, surveying the work of destruction, slowly raised his eyes upward to the hurricane-deck of the *St. Patrick*, and meeting those of her Captain, sung out to him, "Come aboard, Captain! Come aboard, if you want to!"

WHILE on deck this morning conversing with a third engineer of our boat about music, etc., I asked him if he had ever heard "Faust;" supposing, of course, that every one, if they had not heard that delightful opera, had certainly heard of it. He answered he couldn't tell; said he was in Cincinnati a few months ago, but believed he didn't play the night that he visited "Pike's!"

FROM Minnesota this clever one comes:

At the Democratic State Convention held in this city, in September last, Major M—, of S— County (one of the best men in the State), was appointed temporary chairman.

The Major, in returning thanks, made a very pretty little speech, in closing which he said: "He was now sixty-four years old, and had been a Democrat from his birth. He had always felt proud of the many honors conferred upon him by the glorious old Democracy through a long life, and the present was not an exception; for he truly felt, as the *Bible* says—It is better to be a door-keeper in heaven than to be a king in hell!"

When the laughter caused by this quotation had somewhat subsided, a brother delegate from the Major's own county asked of a city delegate who sat near him, "What did the Major say that caused so much laughter?—I did not see the joke." The quotation was repeated to him. He didn't seem "to see it" much better, but replied, "Oh! that is it, is it? I thought perhaps the Major had made *some* mistake in quoting Scripture!"

At the funeral of the lamented Harrison, in New York, a soft, wet snow-storm set it, which very soon *lightened up* the dismal aspect of the procession. At a halt in the military and civic cavalcade, which moved mournfully on in all the sombre drapery of a nation's woe, one of the citizen mourners took off his new hat, and wiping off the snow, with the greatest gravity and some emotion remarked, "This is too bad! My new hat will be entirely spoiled: and all for turning out at Harrison's funeral! I almost wish he hadn't died!"

A WESTERN editor sends to the Drawer the following:

The Rev. Dr. C—, a profound scholar and deservedly popular minister in the United Presbyterian Church, is remarkably absent-minded. On one occasion he was moderating a meeting of the Assembly, had called the meeting to order after a re-



cess, and sat down while the Clerk was calling the roll. It was somewhat tedious, and the Doctor had a capital opportunity to ramble off in one of his interminable reveries. He was aroused by the lull in the proceedings that followed the completion of this part of the Clerk's duty, and jerking off his spectacles he walked forward to the front of the stage, and, with a decorous gravity becoming his position, said, "The Assembly has heard the motion. All in favor will show their assent by saying 'Aye!'" Instead of saying "Aye," the Assembly burst into a regular storm of laughter, and it took the good Doctor several moments to comprehend the real status of affairs, when he retreated to his chair in confusion, perhaps with a determination to keep his thoughts at home during the rest of the session.

THE Doctor was always in the habit of depending upon his wife to keep his personal effects together. She was expected to find his hat and cane when he went out, and to know where to lay her hand on any books or papers that he might want. At a meeting of Synod, one time, the Doctor mislaid a memorial which he was to have presented, and when the time came for its presentation it could not be found. The clerk searched for it, the ministerial brethren looked in every possible and impossible place, and the Doctor himself rummaged over the table and through his pockets in frantic desperation. Finally he upset the gravity of the Synod completely by turning about and exclaiming, in quick, sharp tones, "Susan, Susan! what *has* become of that paper?" Susan was not there to reply, but there was no lack of friends to laugh.

FROM one of our numerous Western contributors we have the following:

An incident related in a recent Drawer reminds me of another of the same sort. There lives in Wisconsin a certain Judge J——, who is noted for his learning, ability, and for being remarkably absent-minded when intoxicated to a certain degree. Judge J—— and Senator B—— had been on a visit to Madison on some political errand, and had both become somewhat "blue" when they started for home—a distance of about thirty miles. The two friends lived in the same town, had gone to Madison together in the same buggy, and were to return together, and *did* start home in the company of each other about one o'clock P.M. At the "Half-way House" they stopped to take a drink, of course, and Senator B—— alighted to procure the "red-eye," while the Judge remained in the buggy. In due time the Senator returned with decanter and tumbler, and the two drank, and B—— returned to deliver the "implements" to mine host. B—— deposited the tumbler and decanter, paid for the "exhilarator," then called for a cigar, and proceeded to light the same. Meantime the Judge, having taken his drink, sat quietly for the space of a minute, and, forgetting that he was waiting for B——, started up the team at a 2.40 rate, and was off.

After driving about five miles he met a friend going to Madison, whom he hailed as follows:

"I say, D——, just stop at the Half-way House and ask the landlord if I left any thing there. It seems to me I came away and forgot something, and I have been trying to think for an hour what it is, but I can't; so just stop, won't you, and inquire, and if I left any thing just bring it out when you come back."

D—— agreed, and the Judge drove home.

Two or three days after B—— arrived, and immediately called on the Judge, when occurred what followeth:

SENATOR B——. "You're a pretty man to leave a fellow that way, fifteen miles from home, ain't you?"

JUDGE J. "Why B——, what's the matter?"

B——. "What's the matter! Sure enough I have a good will to thrash you!"

J——. "Why B——, what's the—I—I—don't understand?"

B——. "Don't understand, eh? As though leaving me at the Half-way House wasn't enough, but you must send back by D—— 'to inquire if you hadn't left something!' and now make strange, as though you didn't know it!"

J——. "Ha! ha! ha! That's it! I knew there was something wrong! I told D—— I had left something, but couldn't think what. Tried to remember all the way home. Asked my wife what was missing when I got home. Have thought of it ever since, and could make nothing of it; *and sure enough it was you!* Ha! ha! ha! Sorry, 'pon my soul! Let's drink."

And they did drink.

AND still another:

In this State we have a very eminent lawyer, who is a noted wag, a great genius, and withal does become "funny" occasionally.

The Supreme Court was in session at St. Paul, and their "Honors" had taken their seats and the court was opened and business was in progress.

Our legal friend was standing outside of and leaning against the bar, conversing with another member, and did not observe that the court had been called to order, therefore continued his conversation, when "tap, tap, tap," sounds the marshal's hammer as a warning. But being somewhat "exhilarated," and very much engaged, the distinguished member does not hear the call, but proceeds with his conversation. "Rap, rap, rap," goes the hammer, but still unheeded; and the warning is repeated again and again, but uselessly. At last the Chief Justice interrupts business with, "Mr. Marshal, the conversation carried on outside the bar is annoying, and must be suspended." This was said sufficiently loud for the hearing of our legal luminary; and he did hear it, and "took in" the whole position at a glance. With a comical squint and a roll of his head in the direction of the court, he remarked to his friend, in a tone audible to the whole house,

"I say, N——, those fellows up there think I'm drunk, and as that is in some sense a mixed question of law and fact, of course I will not find fault with a decision of the Court; but, between you and me, the fact is, that what is only occasional with me is habitual with them. About the legal conclusion I say nothing."

"Even the Court" smiled, and business proceeded as usual.

Two gentlemen "of the old school," who lived in Kennebec County, down in Maine, years ago, named Perley and Wood, amused themselves one evening in writing epitaphs on each other. Perley perpetrated the following on Wood:

"Here lies one Wood, inclosed in wood—  
One Wood within another;  
The outer wood is very good—  
We can not praise the other!"



A BUFFALONIAN sends the following :

Judge G——, who, as a lawyer, was noted for his sharpness in cross-examining a witness, very frequently, when presiding at the circuit, takes the cross-examination of a witness out of the hands of the attorney trying the cause.

While holding the circuit at Warsaw, B——, a dentist, was put upon the stand to prove a conversation with the plaintiff. On cross-examination the counsel for the plaintiff asked him if he had not had trouble with the plaintiff. B—— said he had not.

"Well," asked the counsel, "did you not make a set of teeth for his wife?"

"Yes."

COUNSEL. "Did not the plaintiff find fault with them?"

WITNESS. "Yes."

COUNSEL. "Does she wear them?"

WITNESS. "Yes."

COUNSEL. "She had another set made by another dentist, did she not?"

WITNESS. "Yes."

COUNSEL. "Is she not wearing them?"

WITNESS. "Yes."

Here Judge G—— thought it was time for him to interfere.

"Well, witness," said he, "do you mean to say she is now wearing both sets of teeth?"

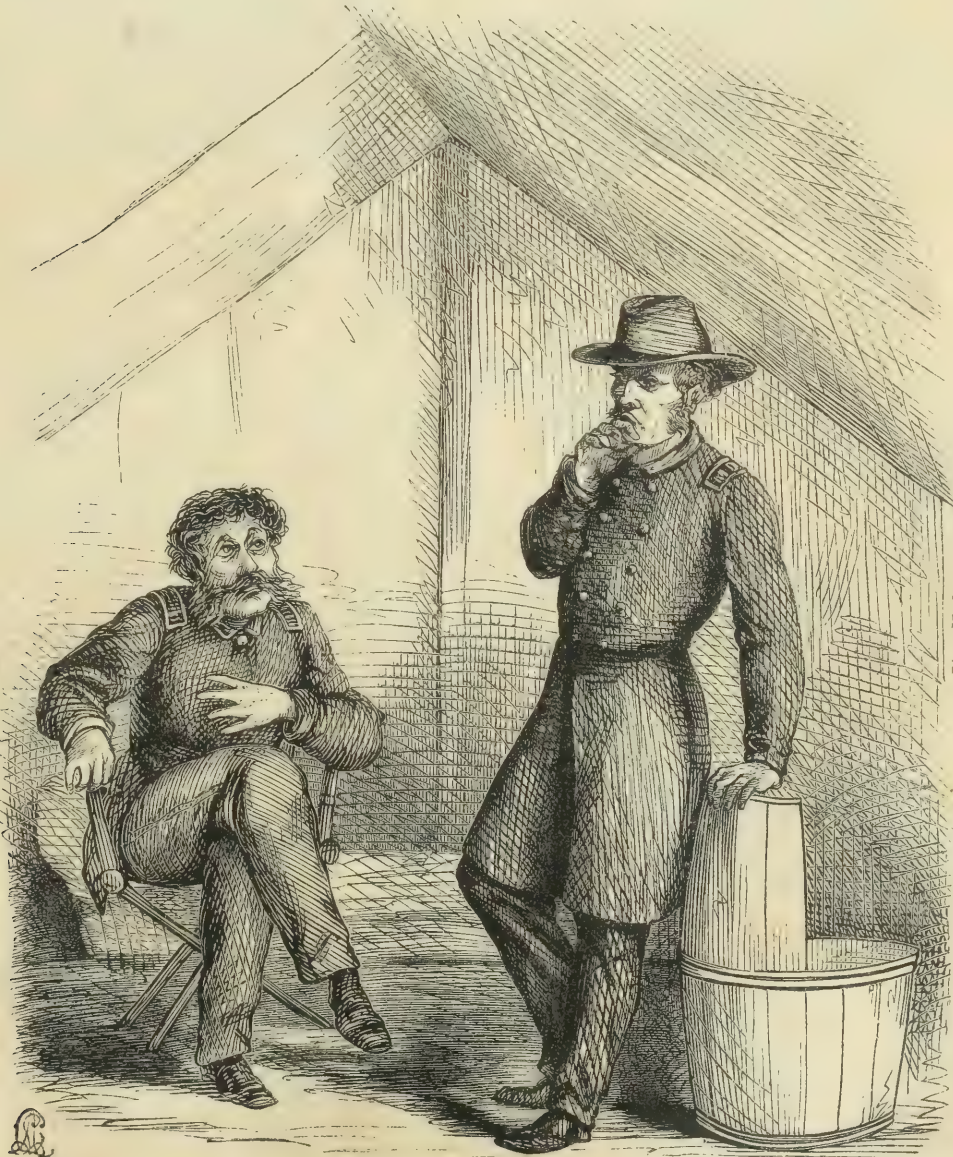
"Yes," said the witness, very composedly.

"Well," said the Judge, "just explain to us how that can be."

"Why, your Honor," said the witness, "she has one set in each jaw!"

Bar, jury, and spectators all joined in a hearty laugh at the expense of the Judge.

THE Colonel of a certain hundred days' regiment was called upon one day by an aid of the General commanding the brigade in which was his regiment, and directed to take his regiment out "on picket" that evening. The Colonel very innocently informed the aid that he (the Colonel) could not very well go, and that the Lieutenant-Colonel was somewhat unwell, and that the Major, he thought, would not like to go. It is almost unnecessary to add that said Colonel has been under arrest since that day, and is now undoubtedly brooding over the evils of military despotism.



AN EFFECTUAL DISGUISE.

CAPTAIN.—"What! Rhubarb, Doctor? I can't stand the taste of that."

DOCTOR.—"Um! Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll disguise it in a little Castor Oil."





## BEWARE OF THE DOG.

AUGUSTUS.—“Don't go near that nasty Dog. He's got Fleas, I know by his looks!”



## A WISE PRECAUTION.

MATERFAMILIAS.—“Keep back, children! Let Miss Heavysides try the ice!”



# Fashions for January.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by  
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—RECEPTION TOILET AND CHILD'S OVER-DRESS.



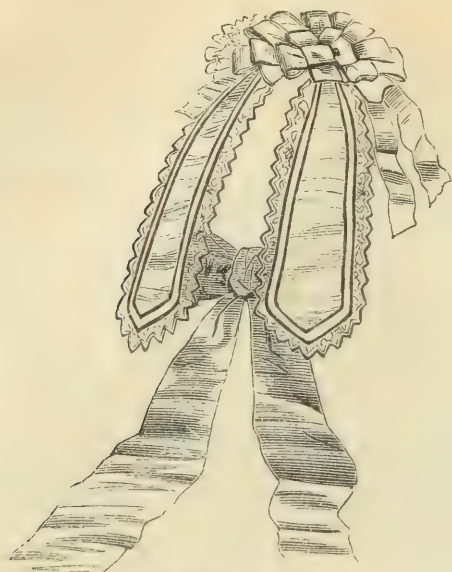


FIGURE 3.—CAP.

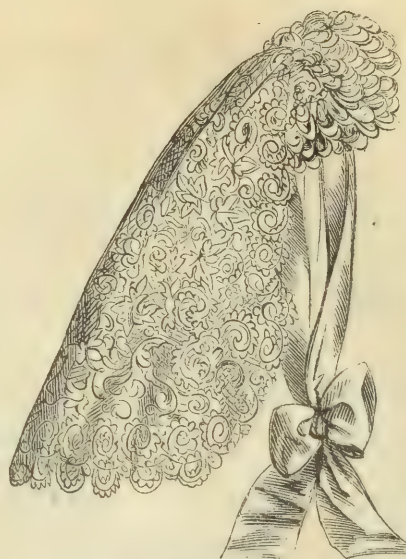


FIGURE 4.—BONNET COIFFURE.

THE RECEPTION TOILET consists of a taffeta robe with a high corsage, and coat-sleeves. The waist is slightly pointed, with cords and tassels taking the place of a belt; these also constitute the trimming of the robe forming the heading, as shown in the illustration, and arranged in festoons and loops, with falls of black lace.—The CHILD'S OVER-DRESS is composed of green velvet, with a border of swan's-down.

The CAP is of white guipure lace, with loops of

Magenta-colored chenille, and strings of the same color.

The BONNET COIFFURE is composed of two *barbes* of lace falling from under a large tuft of ribbons placed *en diadème*. A bow of white ribbon at the back is partially covered by the *barbes*.

The CHILDREN'S DRESSES are so clearly represented by the engraving as to require no verbal description. They may be made of any suitable material, and of any favorite color.



FIGURES 5 AND 6.—CHILDREN'S DRESSES.



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXVII.—FEBRUARY, 1865.—VOL. XXX.

## HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.



B. H. GRIERSON.

### III.—GRIERSON'S RAID.

The Organization of the Expedition.—Crossing the Tallahatchie.—The Alarm of the Rebels.—Captain Forbes's Heroic enterprise.—Saving the Bridge.—Difficulties and Hardships.—Exhausted Men.—Entrapping the Ferry-boat.—Terror in Brookhaven.—Weakness of the Confederacy.—The Ambush.—Entrance into Baton Rouge.—Results of the Raid.

**A**MONG all the thrilling stories of the war there is not one which can surpass, in wild and perilous adventure, the tale of Colonel Grierson's cavalry raid into and through the State of Mississippi. Poetry in years to come will claim the chivalrous record as her own, and will sing to the children of future centuries of the bold raiders into the South, whose hearts were like the brave hearts of the three who "kept the bridge in the brave days of old."

Colonel B. H. Grierson was a native of Illinois. At the outbreak of the rebellion he entered the army as an aid of Major-General Prentiss. Subsequently he was appointed Colonel of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry, and soon after was assigned to the command of a brigade attached

to General Grant's army. The force placed at his disposal for his celebrated raid consisted of the Sixth and Seventh Illinois and the Second Iowa Cavalry, in all about seventeen hundred men.

At ten o'clock in the morning of April 17, 1863, they set out from the inland town of La Grange, about fifty miles east from Memphis, on the southern border of the State of Tennessee. The Sixth Illinois led the advance, followed by the Seventh Illinois and the Second Iowa. At nightfall, having rode a distance of thirty miles, they encamped on the plantation of Dr. Ellis, about four miles north of Ripley, which was the first town after crossing the Mississippi line.

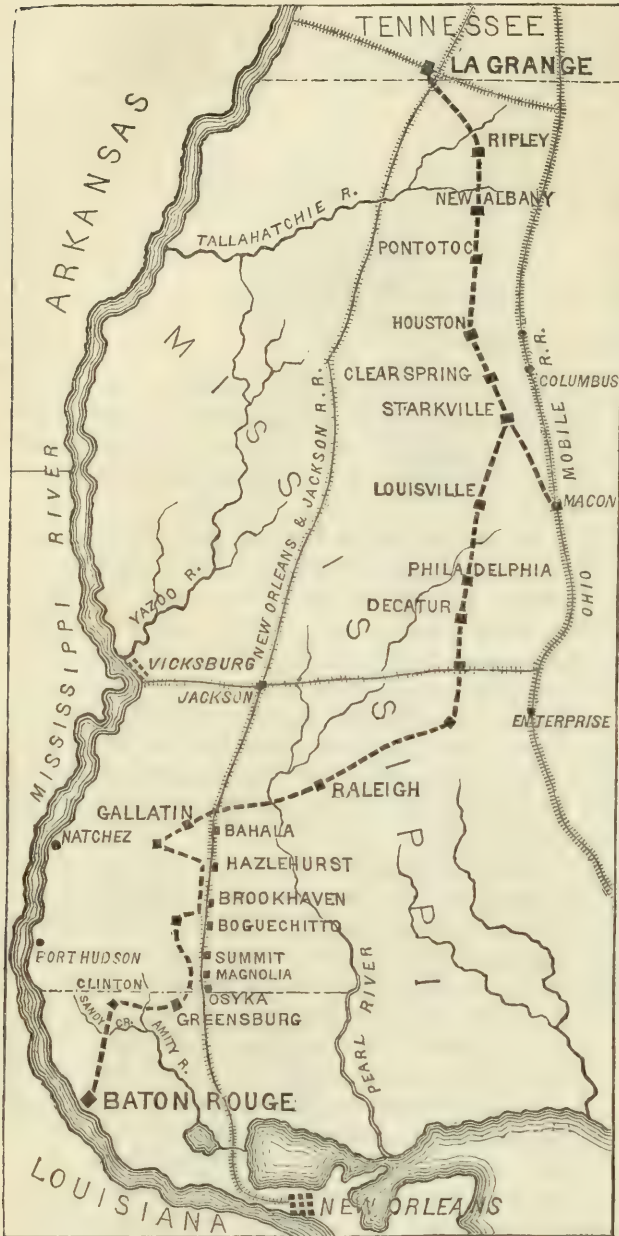
The next morning, Saturday 18th, they broke camp at eight o'clock, and, dividing their forces, the Second Iowa, under command of Colonel Hatch, swept off to the east, while the remainder took the direct road south, through Ripley to New Albany. As they approached the bridge, which crossed the Tallahatchie River, a small rebel force was seen on the opposite banks just commencing the work of destroying the bridge. Rising in their stirrups and shouting the battle-cry, Captain Thomas's battalion drove down upon the rebels with such force that they fled ignominiously, having done no more injury to the bridge than a few hours' work would repair. Our brave fellows dismounted, put the bridge in good order, and posted gayly into the town. The rest of the force crossed the river at another point, and having been rejoined by the bridge-builders again lit their camp-fires in the unfriendly cotton-fields of Mr. Sloan's plantation, four miles south of New Albany.

Colonel Hatch's command overtook them the next day, having made a successful detour and discovered the whereabouts of two small forces of rebels. This morning was one of adventurous diversions. Two companies under command of Captain Trafton dashed back toward the river and drove the rebel forces which had occupied New Albany out of the town, and came back to the camping-ground before ten o'clock in the forenoon. Two more companies plunged into the woods to the left of the plantation in search of horses, which they had been informed were concealed there. They returned bringing

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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all they could lead. Two more companies galloped off in a direction whence a force of rebel cavalry was reported on the preceding evening. But the foe had wisely decamped, and the disappointed raiders retraced their steps, bringing a few prisoners and having destroyed a considerable quantity of camp and garrison equipage.

Before noon our adventurers had again taken up their line of march, still to the south—still into the heart of the hostile State. At night of this the third day they encamped on the plantation of Mr. Wetherall, eight miles south of the town of Pontotoc, and sixty miles from their first night's encampment. On the next day, Monday, the 20th, Major Love, of the Second Iowa, was put in command of a sorrowful detachment of some sixty men from each regiment, with orders to return to La Grange. The captured horses must be taken back, and only the hardiest soldiers and the best-trained steeds could be trusted for the next twelve days' service. But the gallant men chafed under the order, and turned back with lingering and rebel-

lious looks until the column was out of sight. The raiders pressed vigorously on, and passing around Houston, camped that night at Clear Springs, having made a march of forty miles during the day.

At daylight the next morning they were again in the saddle. Colonel Hatch, with his brave townsmen, was again detailed to make a perilous approach to Columbus to attempt the breaking up of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Near Okeola he unfortunately encountered a large force of rebels, was seriously wounded himself, and his small command was scattered. Most of them probably returned to La Grange. The remainder of the party, the two Illinois regiments, pressed impetuously forward, and after a hard ride of forty-five miles encamped at a point about eight miles south of Starkville.

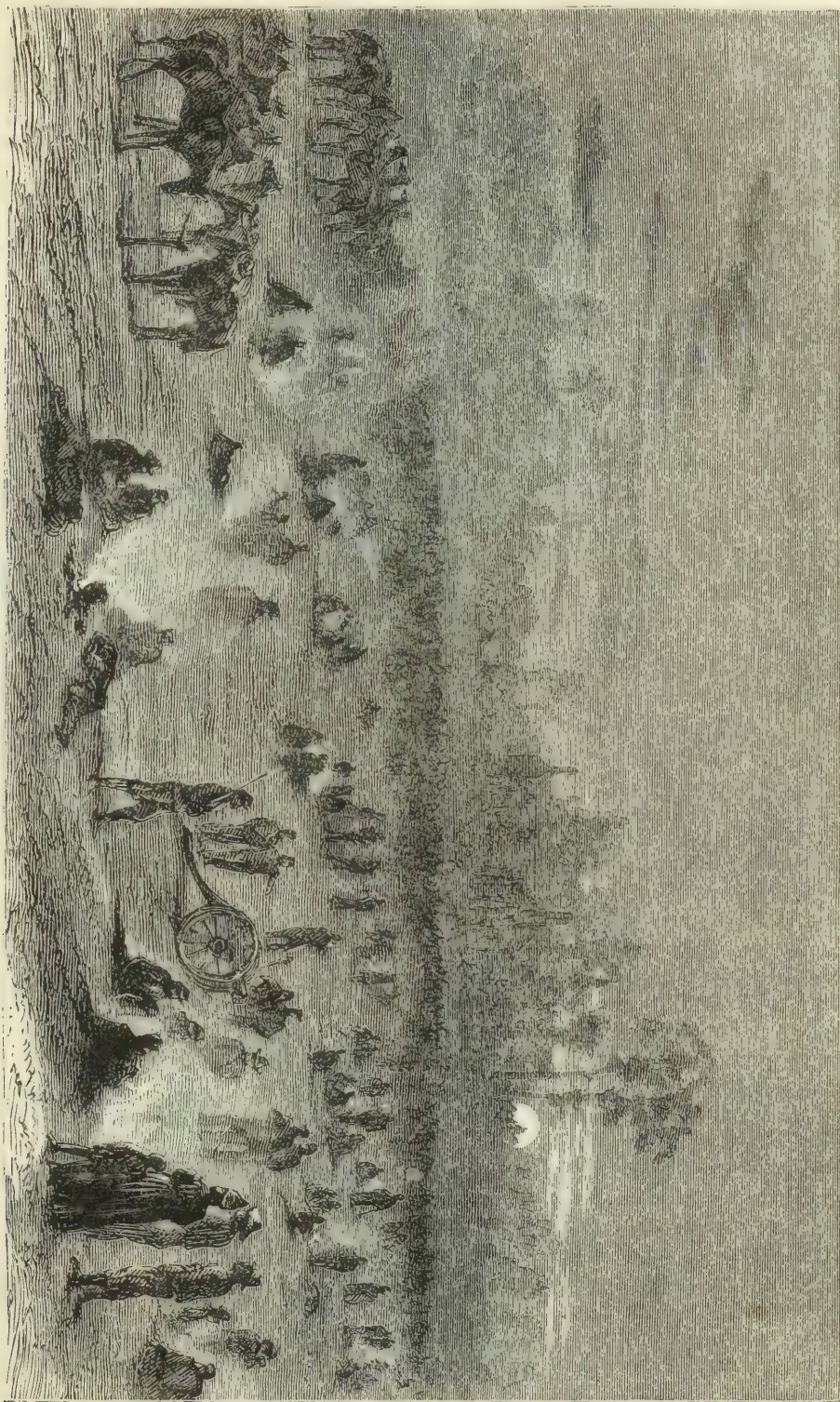
By this time the startling news of the presence of this body of fearless patriots, nearly in the centre of the State, sweeping down like a tornado, with no warning of their approach and no clew to their retreat, had spread like wild-fire. Rebel forces were scattered in greater or less numbers in all directions, and in much bewilderment were endeavoring to ascertain Colonel Grierson's whereabouts. The brave Colonel was surrounded with the most imminent peril, from which nothing but the most consummate skill, sagacity, and fearlessness could extricate him. But no thoughts of retracing his steps entered his mind. Baton Rouge was his goal, and to traverse the entire State of Mississippi was his invincible determination.

It was a matter of vital importance that the telegraph wires running north along the railroad from Macon should be cut. The hazardous project had been anxiously discussed, and two scouts, men who had already become familiar with danger in every shape, volunteered to undertake the perilous task. But in the midst of the first glow of admiration and sympathy with which the whole band heard the offer their courage faltered—died—and they refused the service, which, not to have offered, was no disgrace, but, once having proffered, to withdraw was cowardly. Every one looked with dismay upon a duty from which even these trained veterans recoiled. Still the work must be done.

As no one could be found to volunteer Colonel Prime was obliged to detail a company of the Seventh Illinois to make the attempt. The gallant Captain Forbes, of Company B, undertook the enterprise with hearty will. With his little band of thirty-five men he parted cheerily from the regiment to encounter a fifty miles' ride through a country swarming with rebels, and to approach the large town of Macon, which, it was not improbable, was strongly fortified. Colonel Prime gave him the order with many misgivings that its execution would be more than human skill and valor could accomplish, and that he would never rejoin his regiment.



THE ENCAMPMENT AT WETHEBELL'S.

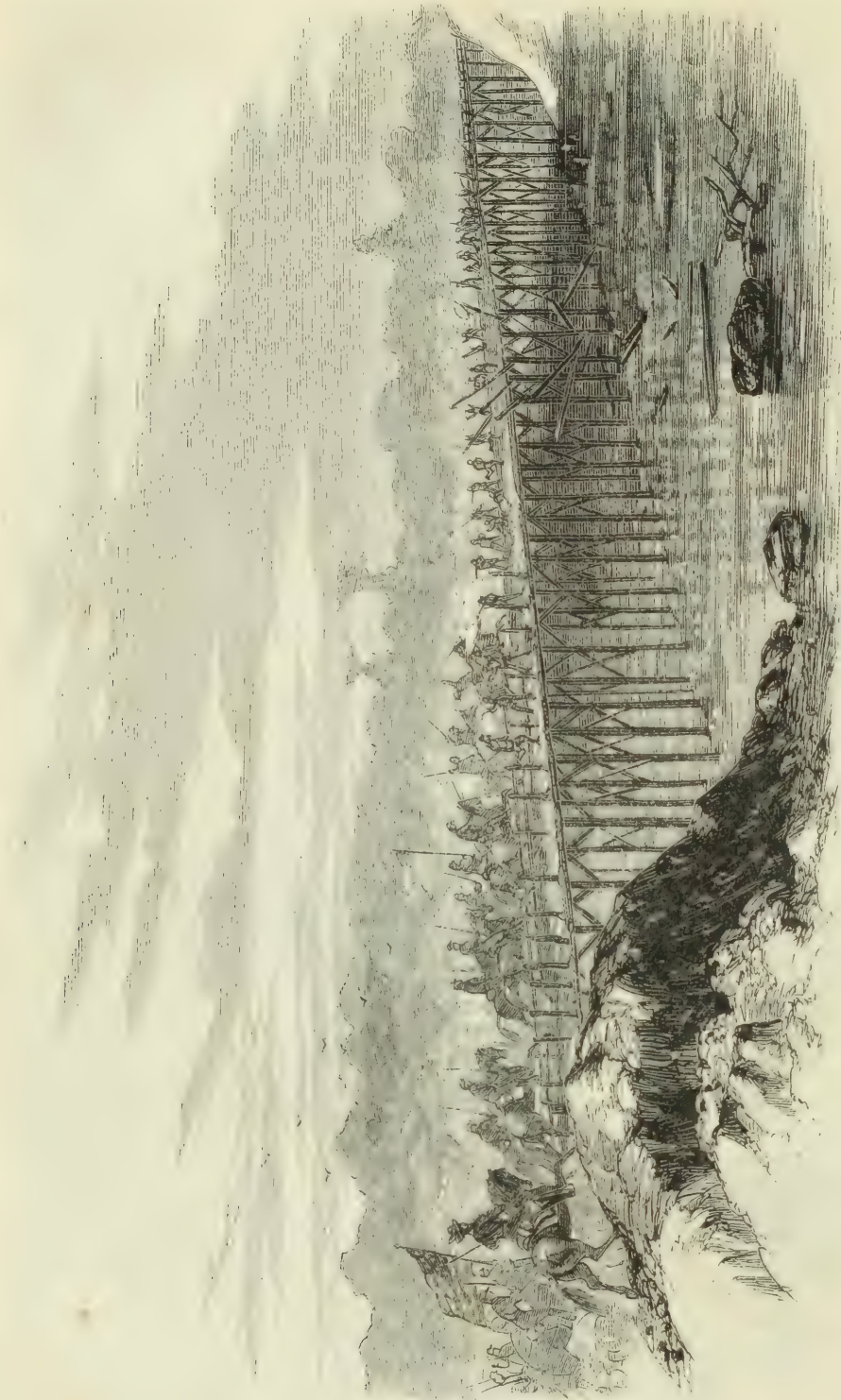


Happily these misgivings were not realized. The brave troop in prospered safety appeared again to report to their Colonel on the banks of the Pearl River on the 27th, having completely outwitted and escaped one body of rebels three thousand strong. Macon, the first object of their expedition, they were unable to take. Pressing forward in a southwesterly direction, hoping to rejoin their regiment, they were deceived by false information, and rode in search of their companions to the town of Enterprise, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. As they came in full view of the place their eyes were greeted by the astounding and un-

welcome sight of three thousand rebel soldiers in the process of disembarking from a train of cars.

With the quick impulse of true genius Captain Forbes rode on in advance of his men, bearing a flag of truce, and demanding the instant surrender of the place to Colonel Grierson, whom the rebels supposed to be, of course, close in the rear with a formidable force. The ruse was perfect. The rebel commander, Colonel Goodwin, demanded one hour to consider the proposition, to which Captain Forbes graciously assented, and promised to communicate his reply to the reserve. The hour was well employed by him-





SAVING THE BRIDGE OVER PEARL RIVER.

self and his thirty-five men in a hard gallop toward Pearl River; and the three thousand scared rebels in the town of Enterprise were not called upon for a more definite reply to the demand for surrender.

In the mean time the Sixth Illinois and the remainder of the Seventh had made, during the day of the 22d and the following night, the most extraordinary and difficult march of the whole raid. Having been delayed in the morning by detailing a battalion to destroy a large rebel shoe manufactory a little distance out from Starkville, where a large quantity of leather and several thousand pairs of shoes and hats, which had been

provided for the rebel army, were committed to the flames, and having captured a rebel quartermaster, who was out from Port Hudson on a foraging expedition, they found themselves at sundown hemmed in by the treacherous swamps and creeks of the Okanoxubee River, about seven miles south of the village of Louisville.

The spring rains had swollen and overflowed every stream. The marshes were swamps, and swamps were ponds. The roads, of which they were utterly ignorant, were like rivers, the water being in many places three or four feet in depth. They had already marched this day fifty miles, and now jaded men and jaded beasts were



confronted by miles of these raging floods, unlit by a beam of day and unmarked by a beacon post or guide. Twenty horses were drowned, but not a man was lost. Steadily through the darkness they pressed on, until, at one o'clock in the morning of the 23d, they were absolutely forced to halt for a few hours of rest. At seven o'clock, however, each man was again in his saddle, hurrying forward for his life toward the Pearl River bridge. The river was too high to be forded. The bridge was their only means of crossing. Rebel scouts were known to have gone before them, and if they had succeeded in giving warning in time to secure the destruction of the bridge, the expedition was hopelessly cut off. It was a fearful moment as they neared the stream late in the afternoon. Colonel Prime, with the Illinois Seventh, was in the advance. Every horse was urged to the top of his speed. They rode as if in a deadly charge on a battle front. The roar of swollen waters reached their ears, and with it other sounds of crashing timbers but too significant. They redoubled their speed, and dashed down the river bank. A small party of rebel pickets were working with superhuman energy, stripping up the planks of the bridge floor, and hurling them into the waters below.

Ten minutes later and all would have been lost. But for hours and days back minutes of grace had been, by God's care, accumulating for their rescue. It is a solemn thought, and one which those brave troops did not forget to hold in devout recognition, that at any time in the whole course of their six days' marchings, haltings, encampings, and startings, a few minutes' tardiness on the part of a commander, a few moments' delay with a restive horse, a few minutes' lingering on a tedious ascent, would have brought them too late to the Pearl River bridge, and have made to all of them the difference between life and death.

A short skirmish disposed of the rebel pickets, and the raiders rode on—on into the night, and through the night, and through the next day, without halting, except at the town of Decatur, where they captured and paroled seventy-five prisoners, destroyed two warehouses full of commissary stores, four car-loads of ammunition, burned the railroad bridges and trestle-work, and captured two trains of cars and two locomotives. Eighty miles they had marched on the 23d and 24th, and this, too, after the tremendous exertions of the passage through the swamps on the 22d. On the 25th three men were found to be too much prostrated to go farther. With sad partings their comrades left them to an uncertain fate on the plantation of Mr. Dore, near Raleigh. Indeed the whole command were so utterly exhausted that, in spite of the imminence of their danger, they accomplished but twenty miles on the 25th. The next day, Sunday the 26th, they pushed on forty-one miles in a drenching rain. At one o'clock on the morning of Monday, through darkness and mud, they resumed their march, and reached

the Pearl River again, now a more formidable barrier than when sixty miles nearer its source they had crossed it on a slender bridge. It was Colonel Grierson's plan to cross at the Georgetown ferry. Here again the river held in its silent grasp the fate of the entire command. Colonel Prime, as before, pressed forward in the advance, but this time with only two hundred picked men. He left camp, as we have above mentioned, at two o'clock in the morning, and riding thirteen miles before the early summer daylight, reached the river shore only to find the ferry-boat moored on the other side. Here was a dilemma of dangers. The river must be crossed. But to call upon a rebel ferry-man for the service was too hazardous. A powerful trooper spurred his horse into the rushing current and endeavored to swim over to the boat. But man and beast were swept quickly down the stream and barely escaped with life.

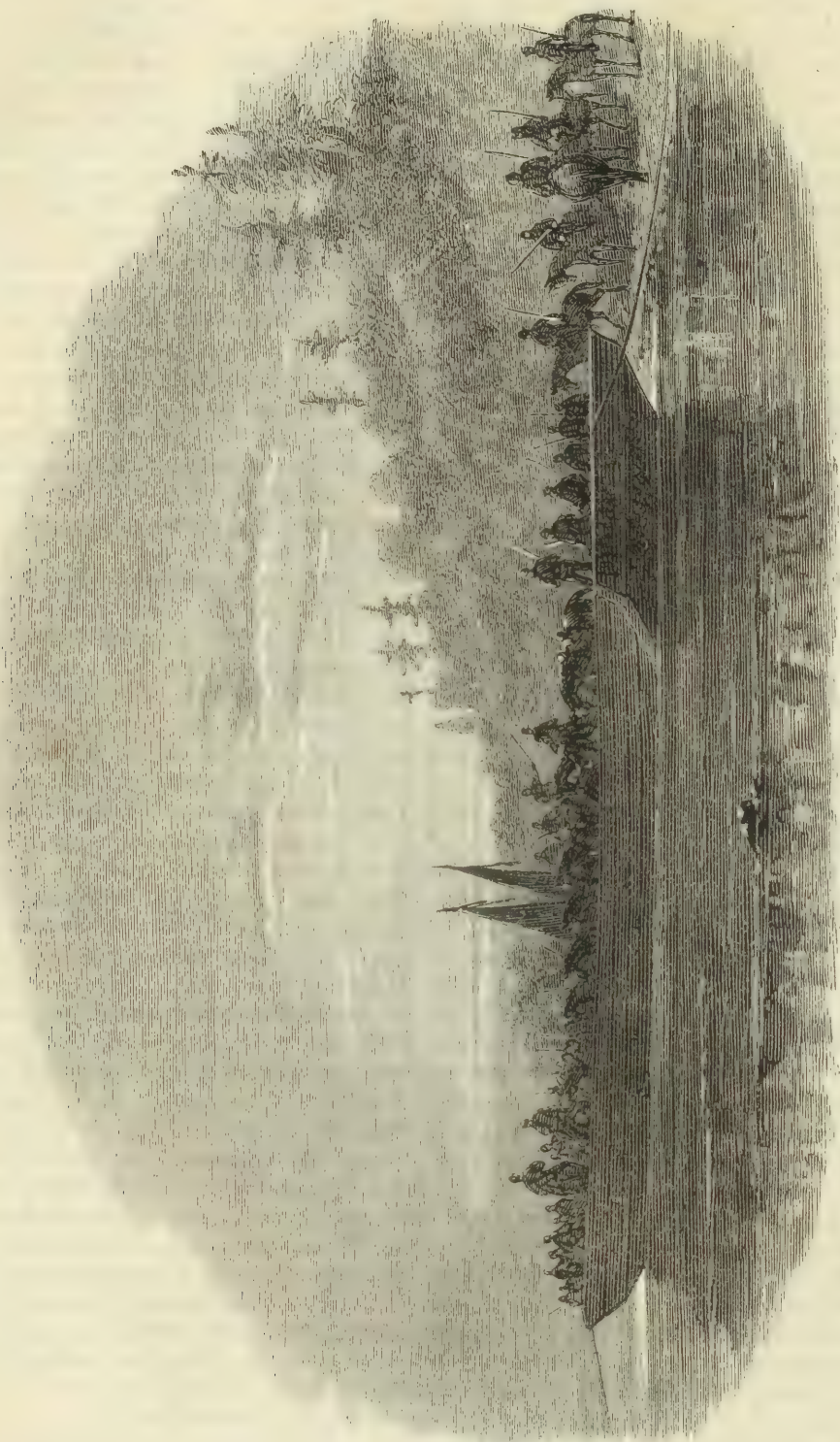
While the whole band were sitting silently upon their horses, dismayed and baffled, the lazy owner of the boat came strolling down to the shore, and in merciful ignorance of uniforms, supposed that he was addressing the First Regiment of Alabama Cavalry, just from Mobile. To his inquiry if they wished to cross, the Colonel replied, with admirably feigned nonchalance, in the genuine twang of Southern poor whites:

"Wa'al yes, some of us do want to cross. But it seems harder to wake up your nigger ferry-man than to catch the cursed conscripts."

The gulled proprietor was instantly alive with zeal to serve his friends. He roused the sleeping ferry-man, placed his boat at the disposal of the regiment, and hospitably breakfasted the Colonel. Half an hour after, as the troops were hurrying toward Hazlehurst, they met and captured the rebel courier riding post-haste to the ferry, to give the warning which would have prevented their escape. At Hazlehurst they cut the telegraph wires, and captured and destroyed a large number of cars loaded with ammunition, shells, and army stores of all kinds. Here Captain Forbes, who, it will be remembered, had, with thirty-five men, undertaken the mission to Macon, from near Starkville, rejoined his regiment just after they had crossed Pearl River. They had successfully followed the trail of the raiders, and were all safe.

On the night of the 27th our heroes encamped at Gallatin. Here they captured a 32-pounder rifled Parrott gun and fourteen hundred pounds of powder, which were *en route* to Grand Gulf. They had traveled this day thirty-seven miles. The next day, Tuesday the 28th, they were again early on the march. Four companies were detailed, under Captain Trafton, to make a circuit through Bahala to destroy the railroad dépôt and the transportation there. This little band left the camp at sunrise, and having successfully performed their mission, rejoined their comrades at night, having performed during the day a journey of thirty miles more than the rest of the command. During the day they had several skirmishes, and, without any loss to them-





THE FERRY OVER PEARL RIVER.

selves, captured and paroled about thirty prisoners.

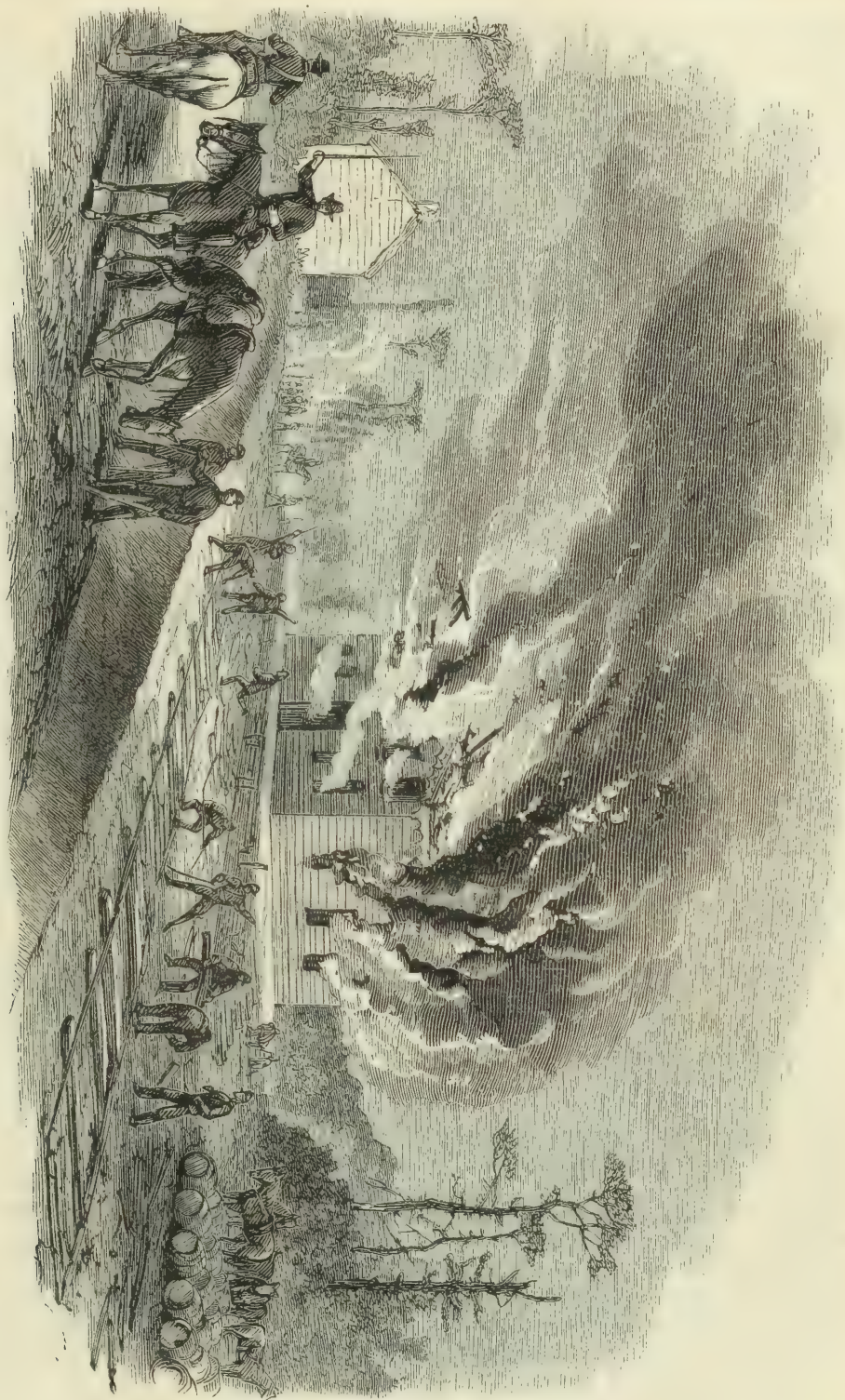
After a short night of rest, at sunrise of Wednesday the 29th all were again in the saddle, directing their course toward Brookhaven, on the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad. The Seventh Illinois were in the advance, and charged, at full gallop, through the streets of the town, burned the dépôt, cars, and bridges, and paroled over two hundred prisoners. The people of Brookhaven were at first frantic with terror, imagining that the whole town was to be committed to the flames. But as soon as they discovered that private property and rights were

sacredly regarded, the scales of prejudice and delusion fell from their eyes, and the citizens crowded around our troops, begging to be paroled. The same was the case in many other villages. As soon as the personal apprehensions of the inhabitants were allayed, they were profuse in their hospitalities and in their expressions of hope that the Union would be restored. Colonel Grierson himself writes:

"The strength of the rebels has been overestimated. They have neither the armies nor the resources we have given them credit for. Passing through their country I found thousands of good Union men, who were ready and anxious



DESTROYING THE RAILROAD.



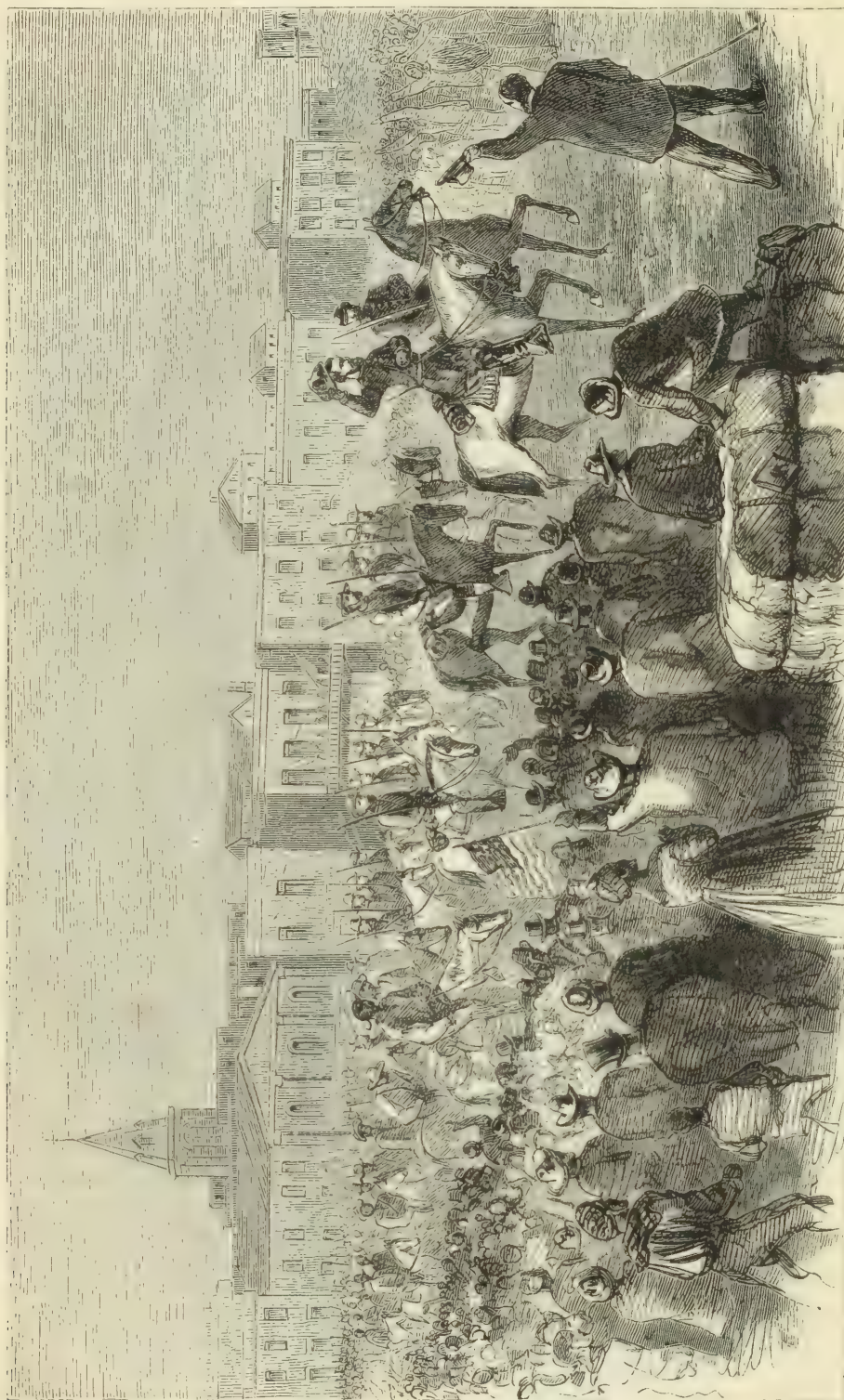
to return to their allegiance the moment they could do so with safety to themselves and families. They will rally around the old flag by scores wherever our army advances. I could have brought away a thousand with me, who were anxious to come—men whom I found fugitives from their homes hid in the swamps and forests, where they were hunted like wild beasts by conscripting officers with blood-hounds.”

This testimony, from officers who had ridden through eight hundred miles of rebel territory, is unanswerably strong, and proves that the rebellion neither originated among nor is supported by the masses of the people.

On the morning of the 30th sunrise found the column again under way, and still carrying devastation in its track. Running along the railroad at Bogue Chito they burned the dépôt cars and bridges, and following on as far as Summit burned all the bridges and trestle-work on the way. In the village of Summit they found several cars and a large amount of Government stores, which they destroyed. They then encamped a little beyond the village for the night, having marched during the day twenty-eight miles.

The next day, Friday, May 1, they broke camp at daylight, and plunging into the woods,





ENTERING BATON ROUGE.

avoiding the main roads, which they well knew were by this time teeming with infuriate rebels, bore steadfastly on, by the compass, to their goal in the Southwest. When near the village of Osyka they were compelled to return to the main road to avail themselves of a bridge, by which only they could cross an important stream. Here they fell into an ambush. About eighty rebels were skulking in a thicket, where, unseen, they could take deliberate aim at any who should attempt to pass. The gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Blackburn, a little too reckless of danger, without sufficient scrutiny of the lurking-places around, at the head of his

scouts, rode upon the bridge and was immediately struck down by a volley which wounded him severely in the thigh, and slightly on the head. This was the first serious disaster of the expedition. Colonel Prince immediately dismounted his men and charged into the thicket. The rebels were speedily put to flight, and the column marched on. They reached the Amity River at ten o'clock at night. Rebel pickets were posted along the banks. But the angel of safety, who had guarded the river passes for them hitherto, did not fail them here. A deep sleep was sent upon the eyes of the enemy, so that they forded the waters within gun-shot of



the picket lines and were undisturbed. Forty miles they had marched this day.

With the earliest dawn of the next morning, Saturday, May 2, they were again upon the move. They had marched but a few miles ere the Sixth Illinois, which was in the advance, surprised and destroyed a rebel camp at Sandy Creek. A few hours later the Illinois Seventh gave the grand, final glory to the expedition by capturing, within a short distance of Baton Rouge, forty-two of Stuart's Mississippi cavalry, with their Colonel at their head.

Dusty, haggard, way-worn, and ragged, but with a wild fire of delight and pride in their eyes, these heroes, at mid-day of Saturday, May 2, galloped into the streets of Baton Rouge. The story of their arrival and of their incredible adventures ran with the echoes of their horses' hoofs, and the furor of wondering excitement was indescribable. Nothing like it had been known during the war. Seventeen hundred men had ridden through the entire State of Mississippi, from the northeast to the southwest corner, encountering every conceivable danger and enduring inconceivable hardships. Thousands of rebels had been trying to follow, to intercept, to find them. But with consummate skill and matchless bravery Colonel Grierson had escaped them by circuits, outwitted them by ruses, and attacked and routed them with far inferior numbers.

Skirmishing through the day and marching through the night, burning and destroying thousands of dollars' worth of public rebel property in every town through which he passed, and paroling hundreds of captives, he still kept steadily on his southwestern line of march till the seventeenth day brought Baton Rouge in view. The exploits of Morgan, Stuart, and Wheeler, boasted as they have been, are as child's play in comparison with such a raid as this. The endurance of the lauded Southern cavalry has never been put to so severe a test as were the nerve and limb of Grierson's men in this exploit.

During the last thirty hours they rode eighty miles, engaged in three skirmishes, destroyed large quantities of camp equipage and military stores, burned bridges, swam one river, took for-

ty-two prisoners and a number of horses. This, too, without a halt and without food. Tightening their cavalry belts to stay the pangs of hunger, they slept sound sleep, sitting upright upon their horses, during the hours of that last terrible night. A near carbine shot would rouse them for an instant, to a sharp wheel of their steeds, and an alert readiness to repel the enemy. But the danger passed they were asleep again in a moment, and riding blindly forward till the next shock.

In this raid Colonel Grierson rode eight hundred miles through a country swarming with foes. He had no other guides than rude county maps and a pocket-compass. He was often entangled in swamps where many of his horses became inextricably mired. The men, thus dismounted, removed their saddles, placed them on other led beasts, and pushed vigorously on. All the way Colonel Grierson had to rely upon the country for forage and provisions. The necessity for rapid movement was such that they could rarely catch an hour for sleep. They cut three railroads, burned nine bridges, destroyed two locomotives and nearly two hundred cars; broke up three rebel camps, destroyed more than four millions' worth of rebel governmental property; captured and paroled one thousand prisoners, and brought in with them twelve hundred captured horses.

Every where the negroes welcomed these heroic adventurers, and assisted them in every possible way. Five hundred of these dark-skinned patriots, men of bold heart and stalwart limb, followed them into Baton Rouge on horses which they had *borrowed*, like the children of Israel, from their old oppressors. General Grierson said that, in his opinion, he could have organized and brought with him two brigades of colored men if he had possessed the necessary arms.

The moral effect of this raid must have been very great, not only in teaching the rebels a respect for the cavalry arm of our service, but in enhancing its claims to the respect of our own Government, who, in the earlier months of the war, were totally obtuse in regard to it, and were slow to learn by the severest lessons of loss at the hands of Stuart and John Morgan.

## PEACE.

OH that the bells in all these silent spires  
Would clash their clangor on the sleeping air,  
Ring their wild music out with throbbing choirs,  
Ring peace in every where!

Oh that this wave of sorrow surging o'er  
The red, red land would wash away its stain—  
Drown out the angry fire from shore to shore,  
And give it peace again!

On last year's blossoming graves, with summer calm,  
Loud in his happy tangle hums the bee;  
Nature forgets her hurt, and finds her balm—  
Alas! and why not we?

Spirit of God! that moved upon the face  
Of the waters, and bade ancient chaos cease,  
Shine, shine again o'er this tumultuous space,  
Thou that art Prince of Peace!





### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

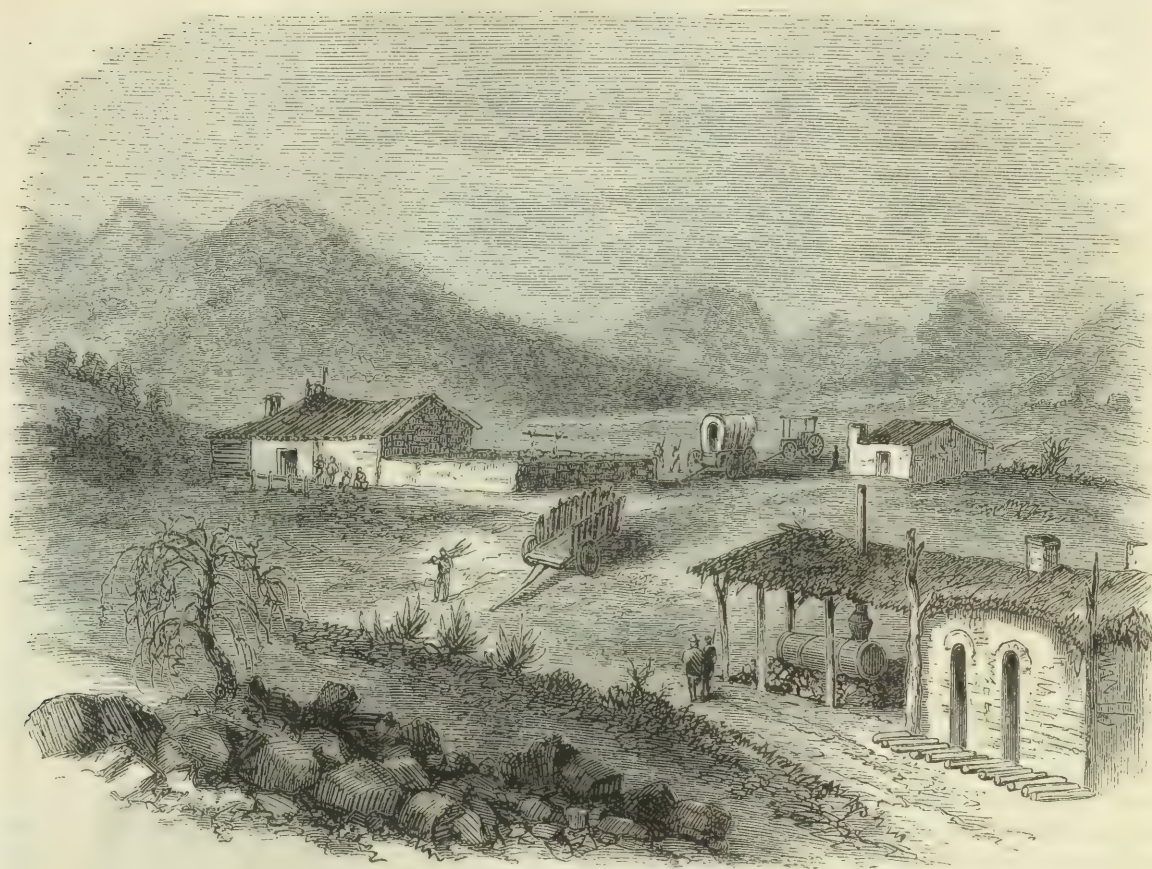
**F**AIR summer birds, away!  
 No more  
 The golden sun doth pour  
 His cheering ray  
 Upon green tree, or greener field;  
 No more the meadow or the brook may yield  
 Their store of food; no more the air is rife  
 With dainty nutriment of insect life;  
 Prithee, no longer stay!  
 Ye can not shelter in the leafless tree,  
 Ye can not bide in chill adversity—  
 Fair summer guests, away!  
 We wish you well, although we say, depart.

We wish you well;—yet dearer to our heart  
 Are they, who, when the summer days have fled,  
 And dreary winter reigneth in their stead,  
 Cling closer to us;—who, when the cold rime  
 Covers with sheeted frost the field and tree,  
 Sing us glad songs of the glad summer time,  
 Of joys that have been, and again shall be.  
 True friends alone are ye, who, when the cold  
 Of sorrow desolates our home and hearth,  
 Making the Yule-fire dead, and young hearts old,  
 Thaw with sweet songs the winter in our breast;—  
 Sweet summer songs,—not of a changing earth,  
 But of a changeless Heaven of never-ending rest!



## A TOUR THROUGH ARIZONA.

[Fifth Paper]



HACIENDA OF SAN ANTONIO.

A PLEASANT drive of two hours through the beautiful valley of the Santa Cruz brought us to the hacienda of the San Antonio Mining Company, now in charge of Mr. Yerkes, an intelligent American, who received us with great kindness and hospitality. The buildings of the hacienda do not at present admit of very sumptuous accommodations; but here, at least, we found, for the first time since leaving Tucson, a living nucleus of American civilization—houses with fire-places and fires in them, rude attempts at beds and tables, and a people who furnished us with wood free of charge, and offered us from their scanty store of provisions whatever we needed. A mill, with smelting furnaces and a small engine, had just been erected for reducing the ores, and would be put in operation as soon as the necessary facilities for working the mine could be obtained.

The San Antonio Mine is situated about six miles from the reduction works, in a spur of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The ore is rich in argentiferous galena and lead, easily managed, and will doubtless yield profitable results. It is questionable if the silver lodes in this vicinity will produce so large a proportion of rich ores to the ton as those of the Santa Rita and Cerro Colorado Mountains, but it has been well demonstrated that they are deep, boldly-defined, and reliable; and will, if properly work-

ed, amply recompense the labor and capital invested in them. The magnificent grazing lands of the valleys into which the spurs of the mountains run; the abundant supply of fine oak timber on the foot-hills; the facilities for procuring provisions from Sonora, and easy access by good roads to the ports of the Gulf, afford them peculiar advantages, which would be greatly enhanced if we possessed the small strip of territory extending as far south as Libertad. No traveler passing through this region can fail to be struck with the sagacity of the Mexican Commissioners in running the boundary-line.

Mr. Yerkes gave us the only detailed and reliable account we had yet received of the assassination by the Apaches of Mr. J. B. Mills and Mr. Edwin Stevens, which had recently taken place in a cañon about three miles from the hacienda, on the trail to the Patagonia or Mowry Mine.

At an early hour on the morning of the 29th of December, while Mr. Yerkes was preparing breakfast in his cabin, Mr. Mills and Mr. Stevens rode up and stopped on their way from Santa Cruz to the Mowry Mine. Mills was in the employ of Sylvester Mowry, Esq., the proprietor of the mine, and was about to turn over the management to Stevens, who had just arrived from Guyamas, in company with Mr. Samuel F. Butterworth, President of the Arizona Mining



Company. The distance from Santa Cruz to the Patagonia (as it is commonly called by the Mexicans) is about fifteen miles, the hacienda of San Antonio being a little less than half-way.

Some conversation ensued when they rode up, Yerkes pressing them to stop a while and take some breakfast before riding any farther. They said they were anxious to get on; but finally concluded to take breakfast. Both were in excellent spirits, and full of life and hope. After staying about an hour they mounted their horses and rode off toward the cañon. This was the last Mr. Yerkes ever saw of them alive. A short time after two Mexican boys came running in, breathless and panic-stricken, stating that while on the way over to the mine, a little beyond the entrance into the cañon, they saw on the top of the ridge, which they had taken for safety, a large number of fresh Apache tracks, forming a trail into the cañon. They immediately turned back, but had not proceeded far when they saw two Americans on horseback rapidly enter the cañon. Suspecting that an ambush was prepared in advance, they shouted, "Apaches! Los Apaches!" but owing to the distance, or noise of the horses' hoofs, failed to make themselves heard. They then waited a while till they heard the firing of many guns in rapid succession, by which they knew that the Indians had attacked the two horsemen. Mr. Yerkes and three American employés at his house immediately seized their arms and rode out to the cañon. It was quite silent. The dead bodies of the two young men lay by the road-side, naked and disfigured with wounds. Arrows were scattered around them, and many were found sticking in their bodies. Stevens was doubtless killed at the first fire.



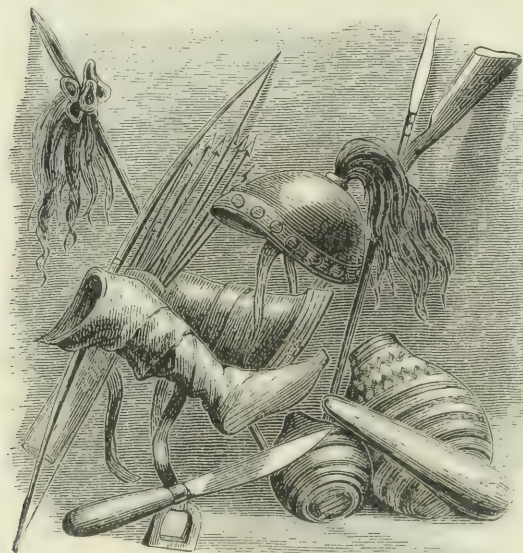
SCENE OF THE ATTACK UPON MILLS AND STEVENS.

He lay close to a little arroya that intersects the trail, and seemed to have fallen directly from his horse at the point of attack. The body of Mills was found thirty yards to the left, on the slope of the cañon, close by a tree behind which he had evidently made a stand and fought for some time. Marks of a desperate struggle were seen all over the ground. Both bodies were entirely stripped, with the exception of a portion of the boots, which the savages in their hurry could not pull off. Stevens's body was lanced in several places, but he had evidently received his death-wound from a rifle-ball at the first fire.



That of Mills was pierced with balls, arrows, and lances, showing seventeen distinct wounds, most of them mortal.

A month had just elapsed when we visited the spot. Mr. Yerkes accompanied us, and pointed out each scene of the disaster. Abundant signs of the struggle were still visible. We picked up several broken arrows which had been pulled out of the bodies, some of them still bearing the marks of blood.



APACHE BOOTS, HEAD-DRESS, SADDLE, ETC.

The place was peculiarly adapted to an ambush of this kind. A thick growth of bunch-grass and oak timber, with patches of brush-wood, covers the sides of the cañon, which are rocky and precipitous. The road winds through the bottom, coming suddenly upon a small arroya about four feet deep, fringed with sacatone, and crosses nearly at right angles. In this arroya, shielded from observation by the banks and grassy tufts, the Apaches lay concealed, so that upon the approach of their victims the muzzles of their guns could not have been more than a few paces from the bodies of the unsuspecting horsemen.

It is characteristic of life in Arizona that both of these young men were well acquainted with the dangers of the country. Stevens had served on the Overland Mail route, and was universally esteemed as a brave, sagacious, and intelligent man. Mills had lived and traveled in Arizona for several years, and had seen many tragic examples of the cunning and cruelty of these Indians; but like all who have lost their lives in a similar manner, had become accustomed to such scenes. Men of this kind are too apt to rely upon their courage and fire-arms; when it is a noted fact that in most cases they are murdered without a chance of defense. It was still more characteristic of the country, as showing the recklessness acquired by habit, that scarcely two years had elapsed since Dr. Titus, of the Mowry Mine, lost his life in a similar manner, at this very place. He was passing through the cañon with a Delaware Indian, when they were waylaid and fired upon by the Apaches. The

Delaware was killed at the first fire. Titus dismounted from his horse, and fought his way on foot about two hundred yards up the cañon. He would doubtless have effected his escape had not one of the Indians crept upon him from the rear and shot him through the hip. Although the wound was not mortal he was satisfied that he could not get away, surrounded as he was by savages who were shooting their arrows at him from every bush. To avoid the tortures which they usually inflict upon their prisoners he ended his own life by shooting himself in the head. The Apaches afterward, in describing the fight at Fronteras, said they were about to give it up when Titus received the wound in the hip. They knew they had him then. The Chief said he was a brave man, and would not permit his body to be mutilated. When it is considered that the common practice of these wretches is to hang their victims by the heels to a tree and put a slow fire under their heads, few men of generous feelings will be disposed to pronounce judgment upon the manner in which Dr. Titus ended his life. Under all circumstances, I believe it is best that we should live as long as we can, for while there is life there is hope; but no man really knows what he would do in such a case as this.

I visited the burial-place of these young men at the Mowry Mines. On the rise of a hill, overlooking the valley of the Hacienda, surrounded by mountains clothed with the verdure of oak groves, with an almost perpetual summer sky overhead, far isolated from the busy haunts of the civilized world, lie the remains of seventeen white men. Fifteen of the number are the victims of violence. Only two of them died from ordinary causes. Three graves, close in a row, prominently mark the ground—one the grave of Dr. Titus; the last two, covered with freshly-spaded earth, with a board at the head of each, bearing respectively the simple inscriptions:

J. B. MILLS, Jr.  
December 29th, 1863.

E. C. STEVENS.  
December 29th, 1863.

A few miles beyond the cañon we came to a series of hills covered with a fine growth of oak timber. Here we found the first indications we had enjoyed for some weeks of life and industry. Cords of wood lay piled up on the wayside; the sound of the axe reverberated from hill to hill; the smoke of many charcoal pits filled the air, and teamsters, with heavily-laden wagons, were working their way over the rugged trails and by-paths. Gradually the road became better defined, and the clearings more extensive, till we came to the brow of a hill overlooking the hacienda.

A more picturesque or cheering view I had rarely seen. Down in a beautiful little valley of several hundred acres, almost embosomed in trees, stand the reduction works, store-houses, and peon quarters of the Mowry Silver Mines. Smoke rose in curling clouds from the main





HACIENDA OF THE MOWRY MINE.

chimney, which stands like an obelisk in the centre of the mill, and sulphurous vapors whirled up from the long row of smelting furnaces in the rear. The busy hum of the steam-engine and fly-wheels fell with a lively effect upon the ear; the broad, smooth plaza in front of the works was dotted with wagons and teams, discharging their freight of wood and ore; and under the shade of the surrounding trees, amidst the picturesque little huts of the peons, groups of women and children, clothed in the loose, variegated costume of the country, gave a pleasing, domestic interest to the scene. It was the last of the month, and consequently pay-day—a very welcome and important day all over the world, but especially in this isolated region, where pay-days are scarce. Such an event, within fifteen miles of Santa Cruz, rises to the dignity of a grand public institution. The citizens of Santa Cruz, who, as already stated, are not proverbial for energy, seem to be inspired with new life on occasions of this kind, and never fail to visit the mines in large numbers for the purpose of participating in the general rejoicing. For two or three days the whole hacienda presents a lively and characteristic scene. Work is out of the question, so far as the peons are concerned. Under the shade of every tree sits a group of thriftless vagabonds, conspicuous for their dirty skins and many-colored serapas, shuffling the inevitable pack of cards, or casting their fortune of greasy “holies” upon the capricious hazards of monte. The earnings of a month are soon disposed of; the women and children are left dependent upon new advances from the store-

houses; the workmen are stupefied with mescal and many nights of debauch; and when all is over—the fandango at an end—the monte-tables packed up, every miner bankrupt, and no more goods or money to be had, the posse of sharpers from the border-line of Sonora take their leave: and thus it goes from month to month. Although these poor wretches live from hand to mouth they are generally cheerful and happy. If they could see their way a few months ahead they would probably die.

This brings me to the reflection that, under the existing system of labor in Southern Arizona, the silver mines can never be developed to their full capacity or profitably worked. The Santa Rita, Cerro Colorado, and Cahuabía mines have been tried in this way, and the result has been invariably unfortunate. Many valuable lives have been sacrificed, and vast amounts of property lost by the treachery, dishonesty, and incapacity of this class of workmen.

It may justly be contended that no other class has been available hitherto; that this is the cheapest and most convenient labor that could be obtained—indeed the only labor; but the result, I think, sufficiently demonstrates that it can not be relied upon. It is true, fifteen dollars a month, payable mostly in goods at high prices, for men who have had more or less experience in the working of mines, can not be considered an extravagant rate of wages. But that must be determined by the result. Expenses have never yet been paid in any of the mines opened in Arizona by American capitalists. There will be no difficulty in procuring reliable white labor





THE MOWRY MINE.

as soon as there is any security for life and property. The climate of Arizona is far more genial than that of Nevada, where white labor is abundant. Men can be found to work wherever they receive an adequate compensation for their services. I do not believe it would be practicable wholly or at once to dispense with Mexican labor. It can always to some extent be made available for the lower grades of mining operations. Under the preponderance of a higher and more intelligent class of labor it may become both convenient and profitable.

During the afternoon we paid a visit to the mine, which is situated in the side of a hill about a quarter of a mile from the offices and head-quarters.

A number of Mexicans were at work getting out the ore, and the scene upon our arrival was both picturesque and lively. I took a seat a little on one side of the "dump," and made a sketch which will convey a better idea of the general appearance of a silver mine in Arizona than any written description.

The Patagonia, now called the Mowry Mine, was probably known to the Mexicans, and worked by them many years ago. The Americans first discovered it in 1858. In 1860 it became the property of Sylvester Mowry, Esq. It is situated within ten miles of the boundary-line between Sonora and Arizona; is 6160 feet above the level of the sea, and is distant 280 miles from Guyamas on the Gulf of California.

It is not my purpose in these casual sketches to write a report on the condition and prospects

of each silver or gold mine in the Territory of Arizona, even if I possessed the requisite knowledge of mining operations. I can only say, therefore, in reference to the Mowry Mine, that the lode appears to be large, bold, and well defined, and the ore of fair average richness. It is composed of argentiferous galena, impregnated with arsenic, and is easily reduced by smelting. Three distinct veins are perceptible, which cross each other in the principal lode. The ore which was in process of reduction at the time of my visit yielded, as I was informed, about forty dollars to the ton. It was not the richest, nor could it be considered a fair average. Mr. Küstel, the distinguished metallurgist, author of the "Processes of Silver and Gold Extraction," etc., visited the mine about a month prior to my arrival, and made a thorough examination of its ores and resources. From a report made by him it would appear that some of the ores average \$350 to the ton. If the mines were properly worked he estimates that a general average of \$50 to \$70 to the ton might be obtained; and he mentions among the advantages in fluxing the presence of iron ore, manganese, and lime. The result of one day's working he found to be as follows: Produce of twenty tons in silver, \$1200; in lead, \$480—total, \$1680; expenses of reduction, mining, etc., \$400—profit, \$1280. This result is highly encouraging; but the probability is, a more perfect and extensive system of operations would greatly enhance the net proceeds of the mine.

At the time of our visit this property was in



the hands of the Deputy-Marshall of New Mexico, who held it on behalf of the United States. Mr. Mowry, it appears, had been arrested and imprisoned by order of General J. H. Carleton, and the mine seized under the Confiscation Act. Of the merits of the difficulty I have no knowledge. It appears, however, that Mr. Mowry was discharged by the court which tried his case. His property, I believe, has since been restored to him by order of the Government.



SYLVESTER MOWRY.

This gentleman's career in Arizona has been singularly adventurous and varied. In 1855 he was an officer of the Federal army at Fort Yuma. An expedition which he made into the wilds of Arizona inspired him with a high opinion of its great mineral resources, and a most enthusiastic estimate of its future destiny. He resigned his position in the army, and spent several years in exploring the country and attempting to procure a recognition of its claims by Government. At one period he was elected a delegate to Congress, and visited Washington for the purpose of procuring a Territorial organization; but his object was defeated by sectional dissensions in that body. Mr. Mowry is well known throughout the United States. His name is inseparably connected with that of Arizona. It is a part of himself. He once declared, in a moment of passion, when his term of residence was questioned, that "he was *born* there!" Certainly no man has done more for the new Territory than he, and no man loves it better.

We spent the day very pleasantly, visiting the principal objects of interest at the Patagonia. After enjoying a luxurious dinner at head-quar-

ters, and various hospitable "smiles," we rode back by the valley road to the hacienda of the San Antonio. The climate of the Patagonia is unsurpassed—I might almost say unequaled. How such a paradise ever came to be christened after the chilly, fog-smitten land, where "giants grow and storms do blow," I am unable to conjecture. No wonder Mr. Mowry prefers his own name, which, if not so euphonious, is at least less suggestive of howling winds and fishy natives.

An early start from the hacienda of San Antonio enabled us to make an unusually good day's journey. We reached Santa Cruz just as the sun was peeping over the mountains, but were delayed some time in procuring corn for our animals. For the benefit of travelers in this region it may be well to mention that forage and provisions are exceedingly scarce, and can only be procured at a few of the principal points. From Tucson to the border-line nothing whatever is to be had. There are no white inhabitants, and consequently nothing is produced except the small pittance of food raised by the Papago Indians. It will be easily understood, therefore, how difficult and inconvenient it is to travel in this country. With wagons a considerable number of animals are required, and these must haul their own forage, besides provisions for a party large enough to protect the train from Indian hostilities. The grazing, it is true, is excellent in the southern range, but for heavy work the draught teams require more substantial nourishment than grass.

Our journey down the valley of the Santa Cruz was one of the most agreeable in our entire tour. We were accompanied by Señor Commodoran, an intelligent Mexican, whose friendship toward Americans traveling through the country has long been proverbial. It was he who, upon receiving news of the attack upon Mr. Butterworth, got up a party and went out to his relief.

After passing through the cañon of the San Lazaro we entered a valley which opens out into a magnificent grazing range, extending nearly 20 miles to the foot-hills of the Pinitos Mountains. Groves of cotton-wood of gigantic size fringe the stream at intervals of every few miles; the grass is wonderfully luxuriant, covering the valley and hill-sides as far as the eye can reach with a rich gold-colored carpeting; the slopes of the hills and mountains are beautifully adorned with groves of oak, ash, hackberry, and various kinds of shrubbery, through the foliage of which the bright yellow grass glistens like a patchwork of gold; and far in the distance this glowing combination of colors is outlined by the purple peaks of innumerable Sierras, shivered by some tremendous convulsion of the earth into the wildest and most fantastic forms. Such sun-rises and sunsets, such marvelous richness of coloring, such magic lights and shades, I have never seen equaled in Europe, not even in Italy or the islands of the Grecian Archipelago.

Our camp for the night was under a fine





CAMP AT THE PINITOS MOUNTAINS.

grove of cotton-wood, where the grass, shaded from the crisping rays of the sun, grew up in luxuriant masses high over our heads. Here we cut and slashed at the tufts, and burned out broad spaces for our fires, of which there was constant danger, till our camp was secure from conflagration; and then the venison and wild-ducks were quickly placed in the frying-pans, and their savory odors mingled with the pleasant fumes of the coffee-pot, and the creature-comforts of earth were ours in perfection. No prince or potentate in the plenitude of his power, no rich man counting his hoards, was ever half so happy as we, the way-worn, dust-covered, sun-burnt travelers in Arizona. Prominent in the distance stood the chimney-like peak of the Pinitos, and around us, for a circle of 30 or 40 miles, arose the rugged ranges of the Santa Cruz, Arizuma, and Santa Rita mountains. At sunset the scene was magnificent beyond description. No human art is adequate to catch the infinite variety of outline and the incomparable richness of the atmospheric tints in this enchanting region. Even our volunteer soldiers, rough as most of them were, enjoyed it, and constantly burst forth into extravagant praises of the country.

We were now in a very dangerous pass of the Apaches, and it became necessary to keep a sharp look-out for our animals. Strict injunctions were given to the guard to keep up a vigilant watch. Most of us, as we lay down in the grass, had some serious thoughts, yet all manifested a strong desire to have a brush with the enemy. The night was calm and beautiful, the

whole canopy of heaven literally glowing with stars. It must have been a little beyond midnight, during a period of the most profound silence, that our ears were saluted by the sharp, quick report of a rifle, and some unaccountable commotion among the men, who at once rushed from their resting-places, carbines in hand, in search of the supposed Apaches. It was some time before the cause of the alarm could be ascertained. A foolish sailor, who had turned soldier, happening to be on guard, discovered, as he supposed, an Apache creeping toward him, and, without waiting to challenge the object, fired his gun. The object disappeared for a time in the grass. Search was made, and at length the dead body of our own faithful watchdog, which had accompanied us during the whole journey, was discovered. Poor Bull had become a general favorite. The man who killed him at once fell into disgrace, and never again had any peace of body or mind. He was sent back to the garrison at Tucson by the first opportunity. Before our departure from the scene of this canine tragedy, which produced a gloom all over camp, the soldiers gave the body of Bull a decent burial in military form, and fired a salute of four guns over his grave.

Señor Commodoran was accompanied by an old Mexican—one of the escort by whom Mr. Butterworth had been deserted during his recent fray with the Apaches. About 15 miles beyond San Lazaro we reached the scene of the attack, of which I made a sketch.

As an illustration of the hazards of life in Arizona, tending to show the causes which have





THE SENTINEL.

hitherto retarded the development of the mines in that region, a brief narrative of Mr. Butterworth's adventure will not be uninteresting. The positions of honor and trust occupied by this gentleman as United States District Attorney of Mississippi, and more recently as Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York, together with his recognized financial abilities, and his eminent services in the adjustment of the great Almaden difficulty, have rendered his name familiar to the public throughout the United States. Upon the completion of his business last year as President of the New Almaden Quicksilver Mines, he received, before his departure from the Pacific coast, an urgent request from some prominent capitalists in New York to visit the silver regions of Arizona, and report upon their condition and prospects. At the same time he was appointed President of the Arizona Mining Company, and every facility was tendered him for the prosecution of his inquiries in the new Territory. A spirit of adventure and a desire to see something of a country which was beginning to attract so much attention, with a laudable ambition to aid in its development, induced Mr. Butterworth to accept these flattering propositions; and on or about the 1st of December he left San Francisco by steamer for Guyamas. His party consisted of Mr. Küstel, metallurgist, and Mr. Higgins and Mr. Janin, two young gentlemen of scientific attainments.

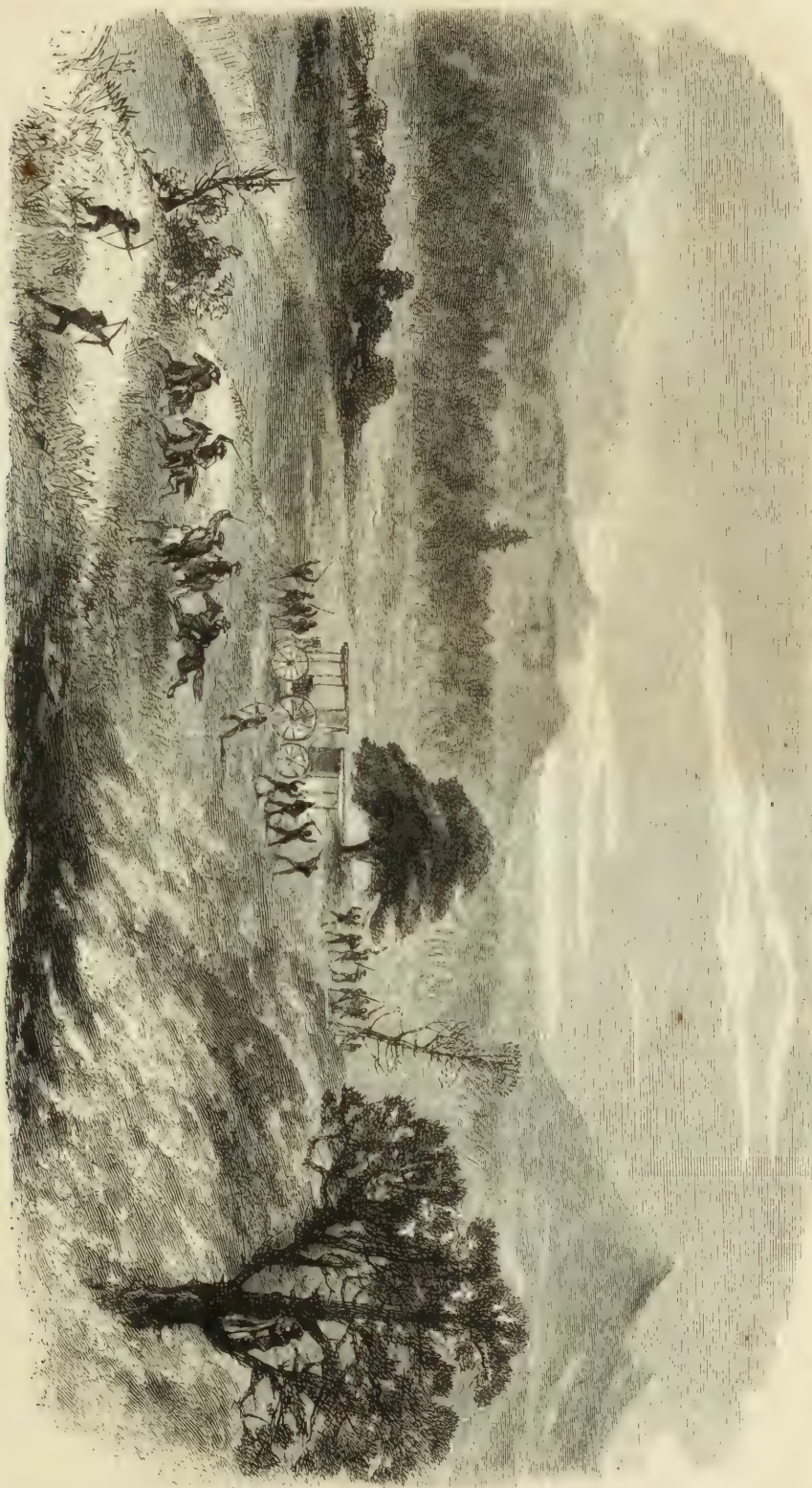
Nothing of particular interest occurred between Guyamas and Santa Cruz. On their ar-

rival there Mr. Küstel and Mr. Higgins proceeded to the Patagonia mines with instructions to cross over by the way of Santa Rita, and meet Mr. Butterworth and Mr. Janin at Tubac.

On the same day of the massacre of Mills and Stevens (December 29), about five or six hours later, Mr. Butterworth's party, which consisted of Mr. Janin, five Mexicans, an American driver, and himself, were proceeding along the road a little beyond the deserted ranch of Santa Barbara, when a band of Apaches, numbering some twenty-five or thirty, made an attack upon them from the brushwood fringing the bed of the Santa Cruz River. As soon as the Indians appeared they commenced yelling

like devils, and firing their guns and bows and arrows, evidently with a view of producing confusion at the first shock of the attack. Mr. Butterworth called upon his men to stand by the wagons, and expressed his belief that they could easily whip the Apaches. The ambulance and baggage wagons were driven up to a mesquit-tree a little to the right of the road, where the animals could be secured. Meantime the Indians had come out of their ambush and set fire to the grass, which was tall and dry. The flames swept down upon the wagons so rapidly that it was found necessary to abandon the shelter of the tree, and make for a rise of ground about two hundred yards distant, where the position would be advantageous for a fight. Just as they reached this point, the Indians shouting and yelling all around them, the grass was again fired to windward, and the flames swept down toward them with fearful rapidity. Mr. Butterworth stood by the ambulance, armed with a double-barreled shot-gun, with which he kept the Indians at bay for some time. Young Janin had one of Henry's rifles, and fired five or six shots at them, with what effect it was impossible to tell. While these two were making vigorous battle the five Mexicans were making tracks over the hills, so that when Butterworth undertook to muster his men he was unable to see any of them. The last he saw of his American driver, who up to this period was a great Indian fighter, that valiant individual had unhitched one of the mules, and was riding full tilt after the Mexicans—doubt-





ATTACK ON MR. BUTTERWORTH.

“but they’re getting rather too many for us, Colonel, and I think we had both better leave.” By this time there were between twenty and thirty of the red devils yelling and shooting at rather close quarters. Under cover of the smoke they retired a short distance from the wagons, where they became separated. Janin made his escape into a ravine, where he lay concealed for some time; and Butterworth took his stand behind a mesquite-tree about a couple of hundred yards from the wagons, where he resolved to make as good a fight as possible.

The Indians set fire to the grass again, and the flames swept toward him with fearful rapidity, compelling him to climb the tree for security, and even then burning part of the legs off his pantaloons. Two bullet-holes which we found in the tree indicated that his position was by no means a pleasant one. Upon further examination of the spot where the wagons stood, we found various fragments of the plunder scattered around, such as sardine boxes, broken candle-box-

less with a firm determination to bring them back if ever he overtook them. But neither he nor they appeared on the battle-ground again. The Indians perceiving their advantage, began to press in rather forcibly. Young Janin behaved with great coolness. Turning to Butterworth, who had reserved his fire for the last desperate struggle, he said, “Colonel, I can’t see them very well—lend me your specs!” But the Colonel saw no speculation in that, and merely observed—“No; you had better save yourself, Janin.” “I won’t desert you,” said Janin;

es, cartridges, patent medicines, and a bottle inscribed PHILIP ROACH, San Francisco. This was one of a number bearing a similar brand, containing some brandy reputed to be fifty years old. Mr. Butterworth, I have been informed, said it went harder with them to see these brutal wretches drink up his choice brandy than all the rest of the disaster put together. Plunder was evidently their chief object; for as soon as they had gutted the wagons of their contents they retired across the Santa Cruz River, where they held a grand carousal over their



booty. They had succeeded in getting \$1700 in gold coin and other property, amounting in the aggregate to about \$3000. It is gratifying to know that this band of Apaches has since met with summary vengeance at the hands of the California Volunteers. Most if not all of them have been killed, and \$700 of the money taken from their dead bodies. Had there been two resolute men with our unlucky friend when he heard them carousing across the river during the night, he could have had a more prompt and satisfactory settlement. These were the same Indians who had killed Mills and Stevens a few hours before. They had crossed over with the rifles of these unfortunate men from the Patagonia Cañon by the San Antonio Pass; and flushed with success, and seeing a small party approaching along the road, again lay in ambush, and made this new attack. It is supposed by some that there were Mexicans among them from Santa Cruz, and that they were in collusion with the escort; but of this I could find no proof, nor is it sustained by subsequent developments. The same band of Indians next day attacked a party of Mexicans on the Tubutama road, and killed four of the number, putting the rest to flight.

Butterworth was entirely unacquainted with the country, and in attempting to reach Santa Cruz lost his way. Janin and a small Yaqui boy, who had escaped during the fight, reached Santa Cruz without difficulty. Here a relief party was immediately gotten up by Señor Commodoran. Janin was apprehensive that his comrade might have been killed, but still had hopes



RESCUE OF BUTTERWORTH.

of his safety, and sent a note by Commodoran announcing his own safe arrival.

Not very far above the Calabasas Ranch we reached the spot where Mr. Butterworth had camped after two days and nights of exposure and extreme suffering from cold, and where he was first seen by Commodoran. The nights were intensely sharp. He had no blankets, and deemed it imprudent to light a fire, until he found it impossible to bear with the cold any longer. What his sufferings were in this wild region, surrounded by lurking foes, without food, without blankets, and beyond the



reach, as he supposed, of all human aid, no man who has not traveled in Arizona can conceive. Two days and nights of such suffering as would have caused most men to despair had left their marks upon him. His throat was wrapped with straw, and he was evidently in a very bad condition. Up to this time he could not have wandered much less than fifty miles up and down the valley of the Santa Cruz. On the approach of Commodoran, supposing him to be a Sonoran marauder, he raised his gun, and was about to kill him, when the frightened Mexican cried out, "*No tira! no tira! Yo Amigo! Amigo!*" Still Butterworth kept his gun pointed at him. "*Vamos!*" was all he could say in Spanish. Commodoran, with great sagacity, jerked up his horse's head, so as to keep it between him and the muzzle of the gun, and slowly approaching, held out Janin's note, shouting, "*No tira! Yo Amigo! Patagonia! Patagonia!*" The last was a lucky hit. The word "*Patagonia*" was familiar, and partially solved the mystery. Janin's note did the rest, and the most cordial greeting followed this inhospitable reception.

The return of Mr. Butterworth to Santa Cruz, where he procured a new outfit; the recovery of his ambulance and wagon; meeting with his friends Küstel and Higgins at Tubac; visit to the Cerró Colorado, and subsequent adventures on the road to Guyamas; safe arrival at San Francisco; return to New York; continuance in the presidency, with entire control as resi-

dent manager, of the New Almaden Quicksilver Mines, as well as of the Arizona Silver Mines at Cerro Colorado, would furnish in detail an interesting sequel to his adventure with the Apaches.

Continuing our journey we reached by noon the ranch of the Calabasas, from which point we had diverged three weeks before on our route down into Sonora. All along the Santa Cruz River we passed through the richest ranges of pasture and farming land we had yet seen. Abundance of mesquit, cotton-wood, willow, and walnut is found in the river bottoms, and the grass is so luxuriant that in many places it is difficult to travel out of the beaten track. We saw great quantities of deer and a few flocks of wild turkeys; but they are unaccountably wild—much more so than in populated countries. We supposed they were not accustomed to the presence of white men.

At an early hour in the afternoon we reached our former head-quarters at Tubac. It was a glorious sight to see the flag of our Union still floating from the old tower upon which we had raised it on the day of our departure for Sonora.

We were now almost entirely out of provisions and forage. A few days' rations only remained. It was necessary, therefore, to send down to Tucson for fresh supplies, and the freight-wagon, with an escort of ten men, was dispatched for that purpose. In the mean time I devoted a couple of days to writing up these rough notes of our adventures, and completing some sketches of the scenery on the way.

## AT REST.

REST here a little while, but not forever!  
Thou sleepest, and I lay thee gently down;  
But thou art still my darling, still my own—  
Thee from my love nor time nor death can sever.

Only a little while—while thou art sleeping;  
Thou art not left, my darling—not alone;  
But as a precious seed that I have sown,  
Still thou art loved, and still in constant keeping.

I see thee as a lily that has faded,  
The wintry blast has bowed thy fragile head;  
I see thee as a lamb in spring-time dead,  
Or as a field by passing cloud o'er-shaded.

Why is thy mouth so mute—thy hand so still?  
Why to my anxious voice comes no reply?  
Why is no meaning in thy half-closed eye?  
Alas! my God, teach me to love Thy will!

I shall not hear her in the early morning,  
I shall not see her with the rest at play,  
I shall not watch her growing day by day,  
Fresh grace each year her gentle ways adorning,

Alas! no more her silvery voice will ring  
About the dwelling like a song of mirth;  
I shall not see her by the Christmas hearth,  
Nor garlanded with flowers in the spring.

Oh, never more the little arms shall twine  
Around me, bending me to thy caress,  
Never the pleadings of thy meek distress  
Sue to my heart and match my tears with thine!

Alas, my child, my child! my opening flower!  
The very crown and spring of my delight,  
How has my sun gone down before the night!  
I may not see her, nor embrace her more!

But, my own darling, thou art not forsaken,  
Thou art but resting here a little while;  
I shall yet hear thy voice, and see thy smile  
In the bright morning when thou shalt awaken!

Sleep then a little while and take thy rest!  
No cruel pain shall flush thy tender brow,  
No sweeping tempest shall disturb thee now:  
Sleep peacefully, as on thy mother's breast.

Sleep through the night till morning comes again!  
Angels are watching with me round thy bed.  
Sleep, little flower—rest thy weary head;  
Soon shall the sunrise glance across the plain.

Yes, I shall hear thy voice, and see thy smile,  
And clasp thee in a long, long, sweet embrace,  
And gaze upon the radiance of thy face—  
O then rest here in peace a little while!





AN AMAZON.

## THE KING OF THE AMAZONS.

CAPTAIN RICHARD F. BURTON, who is determined to see as much of Africa as is possible to an enterprising traveler, visited Abomey, the famous capital of Gelele, King of Dahomey, during the spring of the present year, 1864. He saw the Amazons; he saw the blood of the sacrifices, and stumbled over the skulls of the slain; he talked with the King; he was witness to the horrors and the meanness, the puerility and ferocity, the brutality and the politeness, as he says, of this African Emperor.

He was honored with the commission of Ambassador from the British Government to this mighty potentate, and carried with him, as pres-

ents, "one forty-feet circular crimson silk damask tent, with pole complete," which the mighty Gelele turned up his snub nose at; "one richly-embossed silver pipe, with amber mouth-piece," which the King could not smoke out of; "two richly-embossed silver belts, with lion and crane raised in relief, in morocco cases; two silver and partly-gilt waiters, in oak case," of which the Abomeyans had but a poor opinion; "one coat of mail and gauntlets," of the wrong size and too heavy.

Whydah, which is the sea-port of Abomey, is a notorious resort of slave-traders. Here lived, some years ago, the ingenuous Captain Canot's friend, Mr. Martinez, who enjoyed the rank and power of a Caboceer of Dahomey, and was enti-



tled to the marks of honor of an umbrella, a chair, and perhaps also a knife and fork. Unfortunately for his descendants, of whom there are a considerable number, the mighty Gelele is heir to all property of his subjects who die; and when Mr. Martinez died the Viceroy of Whydah locked up his house, took possession of his goods, and turned his children into the street. Here also lived another of Captain Canot's slave-trading friends, Mr. Francesco Felis da Souza, who was more than a Caboceer, for he was a Chacha, which is as much as to say the Collector of Customs of Whydah, and died, worthy man, leaving behind him a hundred children.

This Da Souza family, says Captain Burton, is charged with exercising a pernicious influence over the minds of the King and people of Dahomey. It is still numerous. Our traveler gives the names of thirteen sons and four daughters who are distinguished in different ways; and besides the children, there are about a hundred grandchildren. The "patriarchal institution" appears to have flourished in this part of Africa. The daughters are too high to marry—they do worse.

Whydah appears to be an abominable, hot, and uncomfortable hole; but it serves the purpose of introducing the traveler gently to the manners and customs of Dahomey. For instance, Captain Burton got out of his hammock, on the road to the town, in the hot sun, to pay his respects to a Fetich man who sat under a ragged white umbrella, and received the white man's bow with dignity. Thereupon the two snapped fingers, which is as much as though a Yankee and an Englishman should shake hands; and when this was done, the Fetich man's two wives handed around water in small wine-glasses.

Water is, we learn, the greatest luxury in Dahomey. It is very scarce and, in general, only worse than the rum which the people who can afford it substitute in its place. To drink water together is therefore a ceremony, and not less than three toasts or sentiments are passed while the dignitaries, standing up, consume the glass which neither cheers nor inebriates, but only disgusts. You bow, you touch glasses, and you exclaim, "*Sai diyye*"—"This is water"—half of it being mud. Your compotator bows, and responds, "*Sai ko*"—"May the water cool your throat"—it is more likely to choke you. After some more sentiments a bottle of rum is introduced, "to kill the animalculæ," as our soldiers in the South would say. Fortunately the chief of an embassy from a nation in good standing at the court of Dahomey is not required to drink all the rum that is offered him; he may without breach of manners pour it down the throat of his favorite Kruman, who opens his mouth readily for that purpose, and lets you toss the glassful down at a single gulp. Some of the waggish kings, Captain Burton tells us, have made their servants lie flat on the ground, and swallow, in that position, a bottle of rum at a draught.

In Dahomey the mark of a colonel is a white umbrella, a somewhat inconvenient appendage in battle one would think. The higher civil and military dignitaries are permitted to wear or carry several umbrellas. When you are introduced to a stranger he snaps his fingers at you, which is not a mark of contempt, but a friendly salutation, equivalent to shaking hands, and much better in a hot climate, says Burton. When a company of soldiers "present arms" in honor of some passing dignitary, such as an English ambassador, they rush frantically at the object of their salute, "bending low, and simulating attack;" then the corporals advance and snap their fingers at the great man; and, finally, forming in close column, the company marches and counter-marches three times past him; halts in front of him; and finishes the ceremony with a "hideous outcry," "captain and men, with outstretched right arms, raising their sticks, bill-hooks, or muskets, to an angle of forty-five degrees, the muzzles in the air, like a band of conspirators on the English stage."

As for the dances, of which these people are extravagantly fond, in them they go through a whole military campaign, and describe, in a somewhat lively pantomime, the decapitation of an enemy, and many other scenes pleasant to the warrior's memory. The dance, says our traveler, is "a tremendous display of agility." He thinks, indeed, that the pantomime is more troublesome than the actual fight. "One month of such performance would make a European look forward to a campaign as to a time of rest." It is a little odd that the dancers *blacken* their black faces with gunpowder, like an American "Ethiopian minstrel." The dance is enlivened by the firing of muskets, and concludes with a general drinking match. Indeed, most ceremonies and events, of whatever description, in Dahomey, are finished with a bottle of rum.

In Dahomey there are no proper names, but an infinity of titles, and every rise in rank confers a new name. The name of the present King, Emperor, Sultan, Tycoon, or whatever the quality of the ruler of the Amazons may be, is somewhat long. It is a mere string of titles, beginning with "*Gelele má Nyonzi*," which signifies "Bigness with no way of lifting;" then follow the *strong names*, among which are: "a Rock, the finger-nail can not scratch it;" "Lion of Lions;" "Shadow which is never lost in Water;" and, finally, "An Animal which has cut its Teeth."

The spy system for which the Japanese are notorious exists also in Dahomey. Every officer has his double; and this is carried so far that if a captain is sent to prison he must be accompanied by his *légédé*, who is answerable that the sentence is strictly carried out, and withholds from the unfortunate prisoner the food surreptitiously sent by his wives. But besides this there is a singular custom which prevents the immediate displacement of an officer by the King, who sends, however, a new man, his intended



successor, to help the old officer, and to step gradually into his shoes.

They have policemen and custom-house officers in Dahomey. The latter appropriate to themselves a good share of the duties; the former discourage crimes against the person, murder being a royal prerogative; but they are not able to prevent theft, which is the common vice of all Gelele's subjects.

Christianity is a recognized religion. The King not unfrequently sends down to Whydah to ask the prayers of the white men; and on St. John's Day he transmits by his Viceroy a pot of oil and a bottle of rum as his acknowledgment of the faith. This, however, does not prevent him from murdering a Christian if the humor takes him; nor does it confer any privileges upon the missionaries. The native religion is chiefly fetich-worship. There is an idol called Legba, who is adored, as are also, in a less degree, turkey-buzzards, the boa constrictor, and some other creatures. They also pray to the dead; at least they appear to have the belief that when a man is sick and dying it is because his friends in the spirit land want him; and they sometimes remonstrate with these unreasonable spirits, and offer them, by way of ransom for the sick man's life, certain articles of food, which are placed upon the graves of those addressed. The Danbgbwe, a small python, is sacred; it has its temples, where dozens of these disgusting animals are fed and nursed into harmlessness. To kill one is sure to get the killer into trouble. A native who accidentally slays such a snake is placed under a hut of dry thatch, greased with palm-oil, which is then set on fire, when he must run to the nearest water, and is all the way mercilessly belabored with sticks.

You travel in Dahomey in a hammock, a not unpleasant conveyance, if the pole does not break and let the traveler suddenly down upon his head. A large company of attendants—cooks, bearers, officers, and officers' slaves, follow and precede the chief personage; and among these a king's messenger, bearing the king's stick as his warrant, and a cowhide-whip as his weapon, sedulously maintains order. At every village Mr. Burton was received with a procession, and in great form. This caused delay, for which the Dahomeyans do not care, there being neither railroad nor telegraph in their country. Also it caused bottles of rum to be produced by the traveler, for which they do care. On entering the village the caravan begins to shout, dance, and fire guns; the caboceer, drawn up at the road-side, sits upon a high stool, with his feet upon one lower, under a ragged white umbrella. He is commonly dressed in a waist clout, a few beads, and a human tooth or two. The British ambassador and his companion were obliged to halt before this dignitary, and pass the proper diplomatic compliments of the day. Water is thereupon produced by the caboceer's wife, and fruit and food in very moderate quantities given, for which the British embassy returned rum.

To the rum succeeded a grand dance, with a full band of cymbals, horns, rattles, and drums, to make music. Then there is singing, speech-making, long professions of devotion to the mighty Gelele, and to all his friends—a hint for more rum—then more dancing.

Every village possesses a custom-house, and Dahomeyans pay duties on every thing they bring to market. The market-master, or receiver of duties, has one singular perquisite; every cock which crows in the open street he confiscates. The result is that the "bird of morn" appears in public in Dahomey invariably gagged, by means of a thong passed between the mandibles and tied behind the head. Every road is a turnpike, on which all travelers must pay toll in cowries.

The road from Whydah to Abomey showed Captain Burton a country thinly settled, falling into ruin, with more men than women or children, and with a population wretchedly poor. The reason for this is the singular tyranny of the King, who absolutely forbids his subjects to own any thing. They must not raise coffee, or sugar-cane, or rice, or tobacco; they can only raise ground-nuts enough for home consumption, none for exportation. A laborer must not alter his house, or wear European shoes, or employ a spittoon-holder, or carry an umbrella without special royal permission; he must not spread a counterpane over his bed, a privilege which is reserved for the princes; he must not use a chair at home; and if he chances to sit at table with a white man he dares not use a knife and fork. Only men of high influence at Agbome are permitted to whitewash their houses, and wooden doors are prohibited to all but the "upper ten." Near the capital, and wherever the King happens to sojourn, an absurd custom rigorously enforced actually puts a stop to all industry during half the hours of the day. Water is scarce, as we have already said. The King's wives and Amazon guards require a good deal of it, and their slaves have to carry it, generally from a distance and over public and much frequented roads. Now wherever these women appear, all the people at work or passing on the road must nimbly skip into the woods at one side so far as to be out of sight. To be seen by or to look at these women of the palace would provoke punishment. When Captain Burton contented himself with getting out of the way an old crone cried out, "He is a white man, and knows no better"—there being, it would seem, a prejudice of color in Dahomey as well as in other countries; and another asked, "Has he, then, no laws in his own land?"

After some days' travel Burton and his party reached Kana, a country residence of Gelele, and here, after sundry delays, and with much ceremony, they were presented to him "whose smile is life and whose frown is death." He proved to be a stout, tall, middle-aged, sombre-looking, copper-colored savage. Marshaled by "Silver-Bells-and-Giraffe-Horn," the royal usher, the British Ambassador entered the palace



gate, having first closed his umbrella and taken off his sword.

Dahome-Dada—the grandfather of Dahomey, as Gelele is called—Captain Burton shall describe in his own language. He is in the full vigor of life, from forty to forty-five, before the days of increasing belly and decreasing leg. He looks like a king of negro men, without tenderness of heart or weakness of head. His person is athletic, upward of six feet high, lithe, agile, thin-flanked and broad-shouldered, with muscular limbs, well-turned wrists, and neat ankles, “but a distinctly cucumber-shaped shin.” His skull is rounded and well set on; the organs of locality stand prominently out; a slight baldness appears upon the poll, and the regions of “cautiousness” are covered by two cockade-like tufts of hair, mostly worn in Dahomey to suspend coral, popo-beads, and brass or silver ornaments from. His hair, generally close-shaven, is of the pepper-corn variety; his beard thin, eyebrows scant, and mustaches few. The smile is pleasant, though a heavy jaw makes the face “jowly.” His finger-nails are as long as a Chinese mandarin’s. His eyes are red, bleared, and inflamed; his teeth white and sound; the lips sub-tumid; and the nose, that most telling organ of character, is “distinctly *retroussé*, looking as if all the lines had been turned the wrong way.” He is marked with the small-pox, and also bears certain tattooed lines in the face. In complexion he is reddish-brown, several shades lighter than the lightest to be seen at his court.

Gelele wore on this occasion a short cylindrical straw-hat, with a purple ribbon. A human tooth also ornamented the hat, and a single bead was hung about his neck. On his arms were six iron bracelets, intended to enable the arm to fend off a sabre-cut at the head. He wore short drawers of purple flowered silk, and a body-cloth of fine white stuff. He was smoking a pipe, and the throne was surrounded by a crowd of unarmed women. These were the King’s wives; the Amazons kept guard beyond. The women were engaged in waiting assiduously upon their lord and master. If he wished to spit, they held out a plated spittoon; if he perspired, they cooled, and fanned, and wiped the royal brow; if he sneezed, they all devoutly blessed themselves and him.

Gelele came down from his throne and shook hands with Burton in the English way. Rum and wines were next produced. Conversation was begun in the most roundabout way, for red-tape is honored also in Dahomey. No one, not even an ambassador, must speak directly with the King. He communicates with the Chamberlain, who speaks to the interpreter, who translates to the person having audience; and the reply passes to the monarch through the same channels. The health of the King and of Captain Burton was drunk in three different kinds of liquor; the King turning his face from the company, and having his head concealed by a muslin curtain while he imbibed. While this was done the women cowered on the ground

with averted faces, bawling out “Po-o-o!”—“Take it easy!”—and a salute was fired. They do not burn powder, however, every time the King opens a new bottle of rum.

And then the audience was over, and the Ambassador retired, with leave to inspect every thing in the palace inclosure. He found the women soldiers ranged in an inner circle, the armed men without; and a battalion of young girls, lately formed, were the King’s especial body-guard. These girls wore armless vests, a kind of petticoat of bright colors, a cartridge-box and belt of black leather containing powder receptacles like match-boxes, a bullet-bag, and a musket of English make, in very tolerable order and effective.

Among the ornaments, or trophies, of the palace displayed in the inner court were three prepared skulls neatly mounted, and one so arranged as to serve for a drinking-cup. One of these heads had been the property of one Akia’on, an unlucky braggart of a chief, who, when Gezo, Gelele’s father, died, was so imprudent as to send a message to Abomey that all men were now truly joyful, for that the sea had dried up, and the world had now seen the bottom of Dahomey. To which Gelele’s reply was an attack in which the boaster was killed. His head, when properly cleaned and silver-mounted, was, with grim humor, placed in a miniature ship, to signify that there is still water enough to float it in Dahomey.

And here it is time to say something farther of the manners and customs of this black kingdom. The King is supreme lord over the lives and property of all his subjects. There is absolutely no rank between the monarch and the slave; all are his; and it is even a crime to wound one of the King’s subjects—not against the laws, or against the person injured, but against the King’s majesty, which is hurt in its property. In the royal presence all alike lie prostrate, or, to rest themselves, stand up on all-fours. The King is spoken of as “The Spirit.” When he calls, the messenger cries, “The Spirit wants you;” when he has spoken, all present exclaim, “The Spirit speaks true.” Nevertheless obedience is not the rule. The servants say, “Yes, yes,” but do as they please; and the nobles, humble as they are in the King’s presence, are a formidable power, whom he must conciliate.

The Amazons take precedence of the male soldiers. Yet Burton remarks, despite this unwonted honor to their sex, these warriors insist upon calling themselves men; and here, as elsewhere in lands where Amazons are unknown, it is an insult to call a soldier a woman. In Dahomey the whole people are soldiers. Here alone the sovereign has succeeded in drawing to his army nearly every person strong enough to carry a musket. The Amazons are, or are supposed to be, vestals; by a fiction they are called the King’s wives; and it is a capital crime to court them, as well as for one of them to suffer herself to be courted. The army, both male and



female, is divided into the right and left wings, so called from their position about the throne. The women have officers of the same grade as their male fellow-soldiers. In battle they are known to be the most valorous and desperate, especially in attacking a fortified position. The commander-in-chief of the male soldiers is also the royal executioner, whose duty it is not only to lead in battle, but to cut off heads in Abomey on sacrificial and other occasions. But all Dahomeyan officials are in pairs; and the mingan or captain-general has a double, as has also the she-mingan.

At the Dahomeyan court every man must have at least one mother. It need not be his own. Here men adopt a mother as in other countries women may adopt a son; and it is not even necessary that this red-tape mother should be older than her son by adoption. She may be a score of years younger. The King's actual, real, true mother is yet alive; when she dies Gelele will select one in her place. Many high officers of aristocratic tastes have two such mothers, one for the last reign and another for the present. Visitors to the capital communicate with the "mothers" of their several nations, and Captain Burton makes frequent mention of the "English mother." In order to obtain a regular supply of water he was forced to engage four "water-mothers"—women who peddle water about the streets.

Burton reduces some of the exaggerated travelers' tales regarding the number and power of the Dahomeyan army. The Amazons do not number more than 2500, of whom but 1700 are fully armed. These creatures are ugly, many of them old and ill-tempered. They are certainly brave, and in battle fiercely strive to do more valorously than the men. The corps is reinforced from the daughters of the land. Before a girl can marry she is shown to the King; if he likes her looks she is enlisted as a soldier, and that is an end of the proposed match. They are in size larger than the men, more able to endure fatigue, Burton thinks, more muscular, and in every way fit food for powder. They are called the King's wives; but they are, we are told, often unfaithful to their compelled vows. When our traveler left Kana the King remained to adjudicate upon 150 cases of pregnancy in his corps of Amazons. It would seem that discipline had been somewhat lax of late.

He arrived, at last, at Agbome, the capital. It is, like other towns in this savage land, a rude and filthy collection of huts, "shanties," and houses. Life is not more comfortable there than at other points in Gelele's dominions; the water is not more abundant, nor the rum better, the people cleaner, or life more secure. In truth Dahomey is altogether a dirty, petty, murderous, half-starved, and benighted kingdom, neither useful nor ornamental, with an assassin for ruler, and a few thousands of slavish and blood-thirsty wretches for a nation.

On arriving at Agbome Burton witnessed, in part, the celebrated "Customs," the annual rites

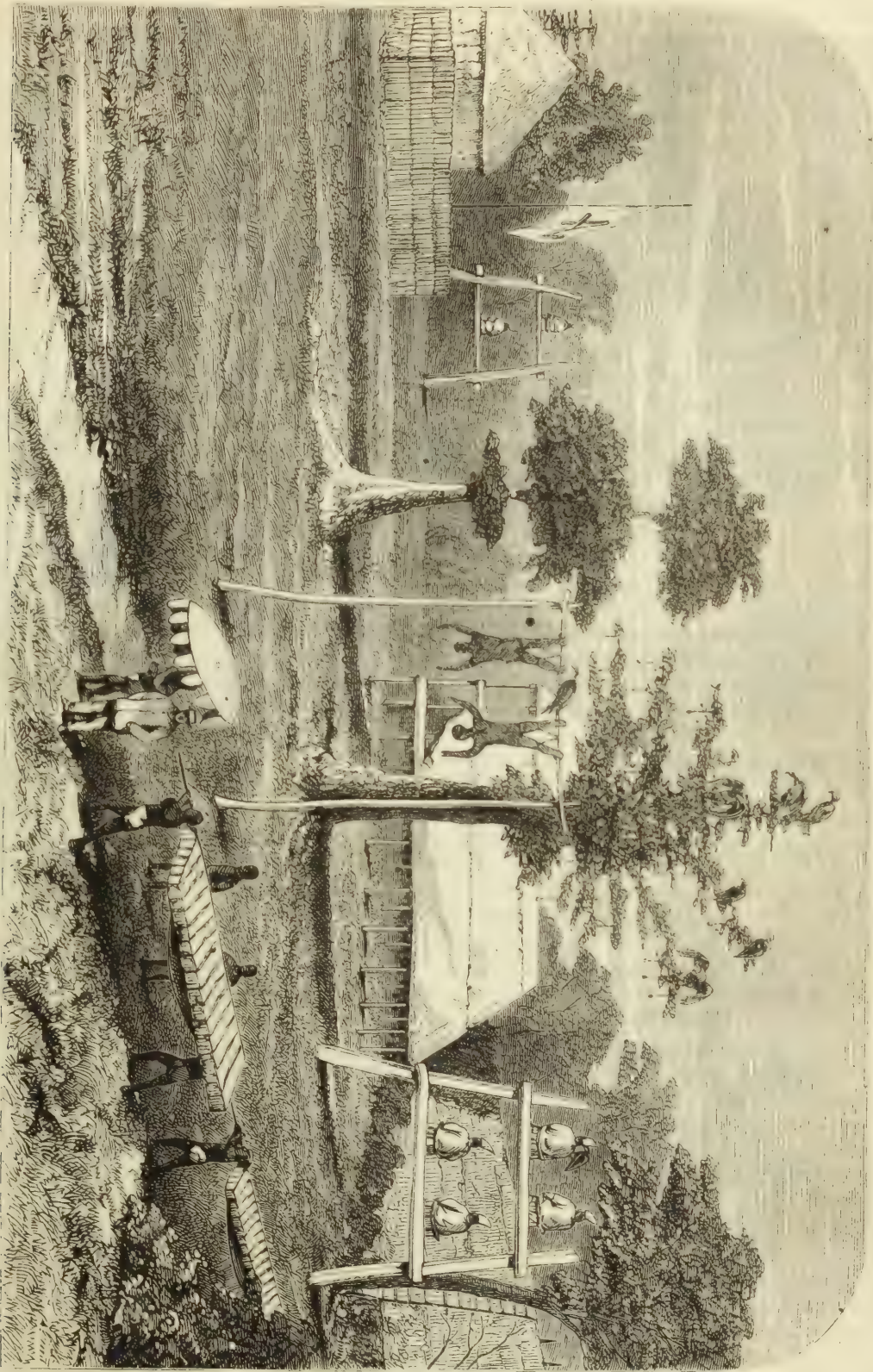
of murder; and he tells us that even these are both less horrible in manner and less grand in detail than we had been led to suppose by previous travelers. They are of two kinds—the "Grand Customs" which take place only after the death of a king, on which occasions perhaps one thousand people are killed; and the "Yearly Customs," when not above five hundred men suffer death. The yearly customs are of two kinds—the So-Sin, which Burton witnessed, and which are held at the capital; and the O-Sin Customs, which are celebrated in the forest. But all are much alike, and the principal features of all three are drinking, dancing, the distribution of cowries, and murder. The troops are paraded and addressed; the King administers justice after his fashion; there are speeches in which the nation is urged to march against its hereditary enemy, the Abbeokutans; the ceremony lasts five days and nights; and the executions even do not suffice to rescue it from the last degree of dullness—for the victims, so far from being distressed, actually appear to enjoy the prospect of having their heads cut off—being perhaps glad to be relieved, on any terms, of the miseries of life at Agbome. Burton, who was instructed not to witness the executions, nevertheless saw the wretches set apart for death. Forty of them were ranged on large stools, bound to posts, the legs, ankles, and wrists being securely fastened. They wore a peculiar dress, and amused themselves by remarks upon the British Ambassador, the music, and the people passing. Indeed they seemed to regard themselves rather as spectators than as actors or sufferers.

Burton saw also some of these men after they had been killed; and in the engraving on the next page he has depicted these royal victims, alive and dead. Heads lying in the road as he walked out in the morning were not infrequent. So-Sin means literally horse-tie; and the name comes from a peculiar license during the five days the "Custom" lasts, when all horses may be taken from their owners and tied up, to be redeemed only with bags of cowries—the circulating medium of the country.

Why all this slaughter, does the reader ask? It is after all only a matter of convenience to the King and the royal family. In the first place, it would not be fit for a ruler of Dahomey to appear in the other world unattended; therefore a thousand or two of his subjects and captives must be slain when he dies, to accompany him to Hades. But when he gets to his last destination it is shrewdly believed in Dahomey that his interest in the affairs of the kingdom does not cease. He is anxious for news, and as there are no spiritual gazettes in Africa, this intelligence can only reach him by couriers, who are dispatched—in a double sense—once a year, and oftener if important occasions arise, such as the visit of a British ambassador, or an attack on Abbeokuta. This, according to Burton, is the true theory of the Dahomeyan "Customs"—it is a kind of spiritual post-office system; the



THE KING'S VIOLINS.



difficulty appears to be that there is no return mail.

Altogether, Dahomey is a preposterous humbug. The nation is growing weaker every year by reason of the tyranny of the ruler, who claims all the young women, and suffers neither trade nor agriculture to go on uninterrupted. The King is a mere useless and brutal savage, pretentious, dirty, poor, and blood-thirsty. The famous Amazons are neither good-looking, virtuous, well-disciplined, nor nearly so numerous as had been reported; and the kingdom appears

to be a most uninviting region, which neither nature nor art has made fit for human residence.

Finally, if, after this account of Dahomey, any reader has a fancy to visit Gelele, he can enjoy the pleasure of a journey from Whydah to Agbome and back, with two months' sojourn at the capital, for the moderate cost of about eleven hundred dollars; and that the Reverend Peter Bernasko, missionary at Whydah, will be happy to accompany him, hire his servants, and provide for his other necessities, rendering a correct account of his expenses.





“THE DAY-DREAMS OF EARLIER YOUTH COME BACK—  
COME BACK TO ME!”



## IN THE AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

NEATH the blue billows sinks  
The grand red orb of day.  
A white sail showeth clear in the haze,  
Far, far away.

A magnificent sunset sheds  
Its beauty upon the sea;  
The day-dreams of earlier youth come back—  
Come back to me!

Set hath the glorious sphere,  
And the silver horns slow rise  
Of the moon, while softening into blue  
The sun-glow dies.

But the spirit of Dawn shall streak  
A golden thread in the gray,  
Through the hanging masses of rose-colored cloud  
Veiling her way.

And the heavy curtains of black  
Fall off from the temple of Heaven,  
In its majesty mocking the finite sight,  
To Earth's sons given.

Is it thus that the unchained soul—  
The conqueror in the fight—  
With its weaklier casket of passionless clay,  
Soareth to light?

Light! The light of unlimited worlds;  
True light of an endless day;  
Of that day which never knoweth a night—  
Far, far away!

## THE SPARCOTES.

## I.

WHEN I was pursuing my studies at Cambridge, Massachusetts, many years ago, I used sometimes to be invited to dine in Boston with the Sparcote family.

The Sparcote family inhabited an old brick house, which at present (for I have not known Boston for twenty years) must be pretty far down town, though then rather central. It was a tolerably large, old-fashioned mansion, but very slenderly furnished, and the general style of things indicated a strict and methodical economy in the *menage*. The truth is, however, that the family was by no means in straitened circumstances, for it was said that old Deacon Sparcote, the head of the household, drove a very thriving business during the week, assisted by his only son, a young man of about twenty-five. The family being distantly related to me on Mrs. Sparcote's side, my father, who resided in New York, had strictly enjoined upon me the propriety of visiting these good folks, as he considered it his son's duty to know and cultivate all his New England relations, who were by no means few. The Deacon and his wife were thorough Bostonians, of the old-fashioned sort. Their fathers and grandfathers before them had been Bostonians, and the Deacon himself had a hereditary veneration for the New England

Athens and its traditions, amounting almost to idolatry. And his way of proving this veneration was by making himself one of the most mechanical of fixtures in it. He never went outside the city even for a day. A journey would have been a sort of dislocation of his entire *status*, and his methodical habits would have received such a jar from any such abnormal proceeding that he would not have recovered from it for a week.

Well, I used sometimes, obeying the code of social ethics, to accept the friendly invitations of the Sparcotes to dinner. I remember I was invited one cold day in the winter of 1838. The dinner took place at two precisely by the old South clock. The family consisted of the Deacon, Mrs. Sparcote, Mr. Junius Sparcote, and the three Misses Sparcote. The family kept up the queer old Puritan custom of eating the desert first, and the meat and vegetables last. Grace was said, and we sat down to roast beef, potatoes, and Indian pudding. After the pudding, it was a solemn sight to see the Deacon carve and serve the meat. He was a small, old, bald-headed gentleman, with a tolerably large nose, dull bluish eyes, and features somewhat out of drawing; which latter peculiarity was mildly repeated in the physiognomy of his son Junius. Junius, however, had his mother's bright black eyes, and a certain cheerful birdy expression, which made you less sensible to the absence of artistic arrangement in the rest of his features. The three daughters were vague feminine resemblances to their sire.

I can see the old gentleman now, as he rose, dressed in a baggy, black dress-coat, of not the newest make, and a loose, white neckcloth, above which protruded a large shirt-collar, and proceeded to sharpen the carving-knife and cut up the smoking beef. First he carefully turned back his long coat-cuffs, and then slowly carved the *whole* of the meat, before helping any body. This occupied about twenty minutes, amidst profound silence and expectation. The carving being ended, he proceeded to help himself, and then passed the dish round to his wife, whose duty it was to help the others. While the guest and family were being served, the Deacon, still standing, usually took from his coat-pocket a huge blue cotton handkerchief, and solemnly blew his large nose. And sometimes he turned round to the fire-place, into which, after indulging a while in the princely and old-fashioned sport of hawking, he solemnly expectorated. By the time he had finished these operations, the beef and potatoes had been dispensed by Mrs. Sparcote, and conversation had commenced. There was no wine nor ale, nor any drink but pure cold water. The conversation was in dribblets, its tone neither gay nor sad, but serious and dull. The topics were the weather, the east winds, the Thursday Lecture, the distinguished preachers of the day, genealogies, relationships, engagements, marriages, and deaths. Mr. Junius occasionally attempted a bird-like chirp in the way of jocose remark, with a timorous



twinkle in his round black eyes; but there was little response or sympathy from the rest of the family. They were dull, dreary, and unprofitable seasons of feeding, these dinners at the Sparcotes'. The Deacon "returned thanks," the family rose and proceeded to the parlor, to shiver around a dull fire. The Deacon again blew his nose, put on his over-coat, and, followed by Mr. Junius, proceeded to his store. I was left alone in charge of the ladies.

The parlor where we sat to digest our dinner was rather dreary. We sat around a sulky fire, trying to coax a little warmth into our hands and feet, over two or three small round sappy sticks of wood, which were spitting at the ends, and trying hard to get up a blaze. Nor was the rest of the room more inviting. It was a large room, containing a few pieces of dark, old-fashioned furniture of the plainest pattern; scanty faded curtains and carpet; a centre-table, with a few moral and unexceptionable books; and some thumbled magazines a year or two old; no vases, no brackets, no busts or images; no piano, no pictures. The cold light of the snow outside coming through the high parlor windows, was repeated on the blank walls and whitish panels. The three Misses Sparcote took up their sewing or knitting, and the old lady sat looking into the fire. She seemed to be absent-minded and not particularly cheerful. Her thoughts, I soon found, were going back to other days—the days when she was younger, handsomer, and gayer than at present. The conversation was not animated. We had the weather again; then questions innumerable from the Misses Sparcote about myself, but which I could not avoid answering more or less fully. It is remarkable how inquisitive some spinster ladies, of a certain or uncertain age, are about the affairs of a young man with whom they insist on emphasizing the relationship, however distant this may be, and whom they take such a tender pleasure in *cousining*. They *would* call me cousin. But somehow I never could bring my lips to exchange the word. I shrank from their showers of interrogation. I should have preferred being treated more as a stranger. I wanted to be let alone a little. Mrs. Sparcote said little, but sat, as I said, looking into the sulky fire. But I soon discovered that she was thinking of me, just as the daughters were. She had a reason for it, too, which her daughters had not.

I had heard vaguely that, when a young woman, she had had tender feelings toward an uncle of mine, which, I was somehow led to infer, were not returned on his part farther than that of calm friendship. What passed I had not then heard definitely. It was certain that she married some years later the present Mr. Jeremiah Sparcote, then an active shrewd shop-keeper in Cornhill. Their married life had been sufficiently monotonous and prosaic. There had been little sympathy between them, and yet they had somehow grown to have the same ways, thoughts, and habits, as is most generally the case with old married people, no matter how unlike when

they were young. But from out the dry pages of this prosaic life a picture of earlier romance was ere long to be discovered, and for all we know, that very day it may have been bedewed with tears, seen and known by no living soul. Oh, how many such a chapter of romance lies hidden and unsuspected in the lives of women, which, if hinted at to the world, would be received with a mocking laugh or an incredulous smile!

Mrs. Sparcote sat dreamily looking into the sulky fire, with a sigh now and then, and a glance at me. At last she said, in a low voice,

"Cousin Guy, how much you resemble your dear Uncle Joseph!"

Now, to confess the truth, I had never thought of this, and this statement on Mrs. Sparcote's part struck me rather oddly. Though I think I had no undue personal vanity, and though I entertained a certain respect for my Uncle Joseph (whom, by-the-way, I had never seen more than two or three times in the course of my life), yet it was difficult for me to bring my daguerreotype and his to the same stereoscopic focus in my mind's eye. What! *I* resemble Uncle Jo? What! that dried-up little old gentleman, toothless and wiggy, baggy-eyed and spectacled, with his bent back and his husky voice! I could hardly restrain a smile. Can it be, I thought, that I ever resembled him? I forgot that it was the Joseph Somers of thirty or forty years ago she was thinking. But I only said, "Do you think I look like Uncle Jo? But then it is many years since you have seen him, is it not?"

"Oh yes, many, many years. But, Cousin Guy, your uncle was a handsome man when I knew him. Every body said he was a handsome man. We don't often see such nowadays."

I almost involuntarily stole a glance into the mirror to see if my features had changed in any way. I satisfied myself that I was the same. Only the cold white snow light of that winter afternoon made chalk of my complexion. But I was by no means insensible to the compliment that I resembled my uncle as he was when young—for he was then a handsome man. Still it was difficult to imagine him young, spruce, and an Adonis.

I was too young a man—a college student merely, and withal somewhat diffident—and the relations between the Sparcotes and myself were not sufficiently sympathetic to allow of my putting forward any remarks or questions to Mrs. S. which could lead to any revelations on her part as to her acquaintance with my uncle in early life. Nor, I am now ashamed to say, was I enough interested in the affair to care much about having any chapter of romance—if any there were—revealed to me out of her younger days. I knew enough to see that she might have been in her youth very good looking, if not handsome. Her dark eyes still flashed occasionally with something of the soft fire they might once have had. I could see that much when at dinner her glance upbraided Mr. Jeremiah Sparcote's slow methodical and mechanical



cutting up of the roast beef, and utter ignoring of the appetites of the family and of their guest; to say nothing of the deliberate blowing of Mr. Jeremiah Sparcote's nasal trumpet, and his old-fashioned ways of clearing his throat, which evidently disturbed her nerves not a little. And I may here notice, as a proof of Mr. Junius Sparcote's sensitiveness and tact, that it was during these solemn operations on the part of the diaconal head of the family, that the son attempted sometimes to cover the paternal eccentricities by his chirping attempts at jocosity on some subject quite foreign to carving-knives and noses. The young man's face seemed then less out of drawing; the round, black, birdy eyes sparkled almost handsomely, and the whole brow and features beamed with a benevolence truly Pickwickian.

But I digress from Mrs. Sparcote. I was saying that she had the remains of some beauty; and had the atmosphere of the old Sparcote house and family been more genial, I might have taken some pains to hunt up the chapter of romance alluded to. It came to my knowledge some few years later, but without any instrumentality of mine; as you shall hear.

## II.

The Deacon died a few years ago, worth, they say, a million. He had driven close and hard bargains. He had invested safely, he had hoarded closely, and turned a penny occasionally by money lending. Manifold are the ways and means of a man born to make his fortune, and whose life is one unswerving purpose and aim toward money-getting.

During his whole life he was a constant attendant at the Rev. Dr. Cymball's church, where he held a conspicuous pew, and where he fulfilled for many years the diaconal functions, whatever those may be.

Here he listened many years with complacency to sermons which set up dead mummies and battered them down as if they were alive; condemning in the severest terms the Jews and heathen of old times for their sins and unbelief, and winding up with very vague applications of texts to the present time. And Mr. Sparcote often remarked, as he blew his nose at the end of the service, while the gay "voluntary" was disporting itself on the organ, that the Rev. Dr. Cymball always showed the most praiseworthy good taste and moderation, to say nothing of sound doctrine, in keeping to Scripture ground, avoiding dangerous applications of his text to the things and the people of to-day, and carefully steering clear of delicate political and social questions. The ministers of the Gospel, he used to say, have their sphere allotted to them. Their duty is to expound the sacred writings, and not to meddle with matters which belong not to the province of the pulpit. Theologically, socially, and politically, the *statu quo* was what the preacher was bound to maintain. The Deacon had a dread of "new views" and of heresy in all forms. Not that he could define what heresy

was, or was not. He would sometimes listen to a sermon and, simple man that he was, never dream that it was not all sound as a nut, till some keen wiseacre assured him it was "transcendentalism" thinly disguised. Again he would be shocked at certain free or undignified expressions in the discourse of some clerical brother, strongly suspecting Fourierism, Rationalism, or Abolitionism, till instructed by some learned authority that it was all right and sound. He was not exactly a Light of the Church, and but an indifferent pair of snuffers when the light did not burn from good orthodox spermaceti; and it puzzled him often to distinguish ecclesiastical stearine from ecclesiastical candle-grease. But I believe he was, on the whole, a pattern Deacon. The world may have been too much with him during six days of the week, "getting" if not "spending," but he was punctual and regular on Sundays at his post. And when he died, the Doctor's colleague, the Rev. Mr. Brass, preached a very appropriate and commendatory funeral sermon.

His widow, whose health had for some years been delicate, did not long survive him. But I anticipate my story.

## III.

I had left Cambridge, and had gone to settle in a small town in the State of New York, where I had become a junior editor in a weekly literary paper—a journal unknown to fame, and which stumped along on two crippled legs—dull contributors and dishonest subscribers.

One warm afternoon in July I was sitting in my little close editor's room, up five pair of stairs, writing and correcting proofs, when a considerably sized package was placed in my hands, accompanied by a letter from Miss Susan Blodgett.

But I must first tell who Miss Susan Blodgett was. Miss Susan Blodgett was neither young, nor handsome, nor rich. Therefore, young reader, don't imagine this to be a love-letter. Miss Susan was an old maiden lady, a friend of my mother's, and one of the plainest but best creatures that ever lived. She had told me about the Sparcotes, not long after I had made their acquaintance. She had known Mrs. S. when they were both young ladies in their teens. "Martha Bingham," she said, one day, "is not what she was when she and I were girls. She changed considerably after she married Jeremiah Sparcote—or rather, I might say, she changed afore she married him. *He* never was much—a little insignificant shop-keeper, sold tape and buttons, and warn't particularly smart other ways, except at making bargains. He knew how to make money and save it. Jeremiah never spent much money on his house and family, I can tell you. They lived very plain and frugal, though Jeremiah he was makin' money hand over hand, and hedn't ought to have kept his wife so poor. Jeremiah, you see, he didn't care for little nice things, and kind o' despised any thing like luxuries. Gracious me! I can



remember how Martha used to have to argue at him to get a new dress or a bunnet. But Martha, she had been used to a different sort of life rather. Her father and mother warn't rich, but they used to indulge her and give her all sorts of things she fancied. What a pity they didn't give her her heart's own fancy! I mean, she'd ought to have married your uncle, Joseph Somers. But they all set themselves against that match—her father and mother and all her relations—and she, poor girl, hadn't any peace till she broke off the engagement. I can tell you it cut her up terribly. But some years after she was prevailed upon to marry Jeremiah."

"But Aunt Susan" (I always called her aunt though she was not related to me), "why was the engagement broken off?"

"Oh, you see, your uncle he hadn't any money, and no business, and kind o' followed this thing and that thing; tried painting in oils and sculptur, and dabbled in music, and wrote for the papers, and warn't fixed at any thing in particular; and so as Martha was poor, and he was poor, they made her break off the match. Your uncle went off, the Lord knows where, and by-and-by he married your Aunt Polly—she was a Dalton of Neponset, and a nice little woman she was. She had some money, so your Uncle Joseph was made comfortable, and they went off to Europe, and there she died, poor thing! and your uncle came home very much changed. Oh dear me! How we all must change! Young folks are young folks, and old folks are old folks. But now you must excuse me, Cousin Guy, for I must see after my marmalades and pumpkin pies. You will dine with us to-morrow?"

This conversation took place some time before I left Boston for New York. I had begun to take an interest in this chapter of romance in Mrs. Sparcote's early life, and had frequently questioned Aunt Susan about it, but never heard much more on the subject than the brief account I have given. It seems, however, that after the venerable Jeremiah had written down the last cipher of his life in the great account-book, Aunt Susan had often had long talks with Mrs. Sparcote, and she had touched on this tender subject more than once with great feeling, showing how deep and strong her early attachment had been. Aunt Susan had mentioned the interest I took in it, and this led the widow to take a still stronger interest in me—an interest several times expressed in affectionate messages sent in letters I had received from Aunt Susan. I had been informed also of her failing health, and had sometimes had half a mind to go to Boston to see her; but my business did not permit me to leave the town where I resided.

I was therefore a good deal touched at receiving the letter above spoken of, from Aunt Susan, on that warm July afternoon in the midst of my editorial scrawlings, informing me of Mrs. Sparcote's death, and that she had left me a legacy. Surely I had never deserved any such instance of generosity and affectionate remem-

brance as this. I began to feel that I had never done her justice—that I had never improved the opportunities I had had of knowing her better and understanding her. I reproached myself that I had laughed at the Deacon's dinners after having eaten of them; that I had amused myself and perhaps my friends at the expense of Mr. Jeremiah and his son Junius; that I had with such a stony heart resisted the endeavors of the three Misses Sparcote to make a cousin of me; and, above all, that I had not responded more cordially to the evident liking their excellent mother had shown toward me. And now that this good lady had thought so much of me as to leave me a substantial token of her affection—to tell the truth, I was touched to tears. Aunt Susan's letter told me that in her last days she had often spoken of me, and of the striking likeness I bore to my uncle when he was of my age. She had said that she wished she had seen more of me, but that I did not seem to be of a very social nature.

"Shortly before she died," wrote Aunt Susan, "she called me to her bedside and said she had a favor to ask of me. At her request I took out of a secret drawer in her desk a packet of old letters, yellowed by time, and tied up with a faded rose-colored ribbon. In this package was a miniature of a young man in an old-fashioned dress, a locket containing a lock of brown, soft curly hair, and a folded paper with the remains of what had been a rose. 'These,' she said, 'are Joseph Somers's letters to me more than forty years ago. That is his likeness—that a lock of his hair—and this faded rose was his last gift at parting. I have never seen him since. I am sure he has often thought of me since those days; but he can never have loved as I have. I could not bear to give up these treasures. Now I wish you to send them to Mr. Guy Milford, with the request that he will see that they are returned to his Uncle Joseph. And say to Cousin Guy,' she added, 'that, if he thinks it worth his while to peruse such records of the early romance of an old lady, who, when he reads them, will be no more, he is at liberty to do so.' I told her," said Aunt Susan, "that I should fulfill her request to the letter; and here, Cousin Guy, you have the long locked-up aroma of Martha Bingham's early love. The letters will tell you more than I could about it. I am sure you will read them with interest—I dare say you will be surprised to discover such materials for a poem or a magazine story in the Sparcote family. Take good care of the letters, but don't return them to your uncle till I come to —; which will be soon, and then we will look over them together."

The legacy left me by Mrs. Sparcote was the sum of \$1000. Such a sum was never so welcome as then, for I really needed it. Surely, I said, whatever peculiarities the Sparcote family possessed, I shall always speak well of her.

With a hurried hand I corrected my last proofs, and hastened home with the precious packet of letters, the miniature, the locket, and



the faded rose. I needed to look them over in the solitude of my chamber. There I took out these interesting relics one by one, carefully and reverentially. The last rays of the setting sun shone in upon them, and I pored over them till deep in the summer twilight. The rose was almost colorless, but a faint fragrance came from the paper which enveloped it. The lock of hair was somewhat of the color of mine, but its texture was finer. The picture was a miniature beautifully painted, apparently by Malbone. I wondered how my uncle had contrived to pay for it; but Aunt Susan supposed that he painted a landscape in exchange for it; for Uncle Joseph had attained to some proficiency in painting, and still in his old age had beguiled at his easel many a lonely hour. I could see that there was a resemblance to myself, though by no means so strong as Mrs. Sparcote had imagined.

And the letters? They were letters of his and of hers tied up two by two, like man and wife, with small ribbons, all of rose-color. It seems that my uncle had returned hers when he married my Aunt Polly. But she had always kept his. Was she, therefore, untrue to Jeremiah? Had she not told him she had but the wreck—the storm-tossed, drifting wreck of a heart to give him; while he, a cold, calculating, matter-of-fact trader, had *bought* it as he might have bought a poor wrecked and dismayed vessel, thinking he might still fit it up safely and comfortably for the voyage of married life? And did not these two make this voyage together, and was she not true to him to the end? Forgive her then, ye idolaters of old-school matrimonial moralism—forgive her this one fault—this only secret kept from her husband—the hidden letters between her and her first and only love. Forgive her that she consented to all sacrifices but this—the relinquishing the possession and sight of this little island, rich with tropical verdure and odors, in the dull monotonous ocean of her life. There are women who outgrow their first love, or who at least bury it under the burdens or the flowery pleasures of life. There are women, noble women too, who develop through maternity, or through engrossing family cares, or through intellectual studies, to that point that their earlier passion has become only “love’s young dream.” Mrs. Sparcote had gone through all the duties of married and maternal life like a true woman, and had done her duty to the best of her ability. But she was not one of those gifted women who go on developing. She was too prone to live in the past. She had the weakness to keep these records of her romantic days, and to take a sentimental pleasure in poring over them from time to time, and going back on the wings of memory to her little flowery island. Had she been of an intellectual turn—a *femme spirituelle*—she might have written poetry. But there was no such outlet for the imprisoned soul. No such refreshing spring gushed up in her desert of commonplaces. She pined in thought. There

was a strong tinge of melancholy in her composition. This did not make her interesting in her social relations, but lent rather a querulous, complaining tone to her conversation; in which, by-the-way, she did not shine, being taciturn by nature.

No one would have suspected that Mrs. Sparcote—who, from habit, and from long acquaintance and daily proximity with Jeremiah, had, in spite of herself, adopted his ways and many of his habits—had ever been another person than what she was. She perhaps hardly knew herself to be the same woman as the young Martha Bingham. The book of her life was like a palimpsest: underneath the dry and commonplace record of her married life there lay what was once an illuminated missal of love, whose existence few eyes could detect. The faded characters came out fresh and strong as the day of her death drew near.

I will not publish these letters in full, but will give you a brief review of them. The old-fashioned and somewhat formal style which characterized the epistles of our parents and grandparents struck me at first. But one could see that they were genuine, hearty, and deep.

Her lover sometimes writes under the signature of Corydon, and she answers, signing herself Sylvia. He calls himself her “devoted swain,” and writes: “From the happy day I first beheld you I can truly say, my Sylvia, that I have never for a single hour been insensible to your charms. I had approached other shrines of beauty, but have never worshiped but at one. Ah! how often in my solitude, when hope of success in making my worldly fortune seemed almost to abandon me, have I turned my thoughts to you, and your lovely image and winning smile have lit my little chamber with a light no other thought or memory could bring. Believe me, it is to you, Sylvia, that I owe more rapture

‘When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,  
I summon up remembrance of the past’

than has ever come from intercourse with my nearest and dearest friends. But alas! Sylvia, I fear I have but few of these. You are all in all to me.”

A slight jealousy on her part seems to have arisen during a period of their acquaintance. “I learn,” she writes, “from a source on which my fears whisper that I may rely, that of late other eyes than mine have bewitched Corydon away from his oft-declared devotion to his Sylvia. Cruel charmer! Can it indeed be true? No—I will not, can not believe him false to, or even for a time forgetful of, one to whom he has so often whispered vows of his ardent attachment.”

And he replies: “Your better judgment, my Sylvia, prompted you aright when you wrote that you could not persuade yourself that I was false or forgetful. No, believe me, I am no gay deceiver, no faithless swain. Your image, and the possession of the sweet assurance that I am honored with your affection and the promise of your hand, must effectually dispel whatever en-



chantments others may have spread in my path. For the future then, Sylvia, it is best always to rely on your sober second-thought when your lively fancy leads you into suspicions, which, while they flatter your lover's vanity, do injustice to the confidence you should repose in him."

This calm current of love does not long run smooth. The correspondence becomes agitated, apprehensive, tearful, passionate. Why need I hold up to the world these blood-warm passages, these burning words, which, toward the last, spurn and overleap the fetters of conventional style, and pour themselves out in language true to all times and persons? Those of my readers who have loved with passion may draw from their own memories, and those who have not from their imaginations, and supply the hiatus I shrink from filling up from these records of the heart.

It is but the old story over again—old, and yet so living, so true, so all-engrossing in each separate individual experience, that within that charmed circle the entire world seems to exist anew, or to perish anew, for every lover!

So Joseph and Martha were parted. The correspondence closes. The tragedy is over. The curtain drops. They meet once more, only to say farewell—and that in the presence of her father and mother, who thought they were so lucky in closing their doors on the poor shiftless artist, Mr. Joseph, and opening them to the successful shop-keeper, Mr. Jeremiah. She was not allowed by her parents to give her lover any souvenir at parting, nor to receive any thing but the rose, whose colorless petals now lay on my table. The miniature was delivered to her secretly by a trusty messenger, and this she contrived to keep.

#### IV.

It is barely possible that some of my young readers may have been enough interested in my simple story to ask for information concerning my uncle, Joseph Somers. How was he affected by Mrs. Sparcote's death? Were his declining years still tinged by lingering golden rays from that sunken sun of his young love? Or was it only a dream of the past, quietly shimmering over him, breathing through his thoughts now and then, like some faint breeze from some rose-garden, or a field of new-mown hay—and now and then lending a gentle aroma to his verses or his pictures—that is, if he still indulged his youthful tastes in that direction? Was he only a Goethe in a small way—a utilitarian philosopher seeking for an Argand chimney in which to consume fragrantly his own smoke; or turning the wild rapids of youthful passion over the mill-wheels of verse, at once solacing himself and benefiting the monthly magazines?

I am afraid I must disappoint my young readers. Perhaps I might compare my venerable uncle to a cactus, which bloomed once, and superbly, long ago, but whose dry and juiceless stem all the wooing airs of heaven, and suns of spring and summer, coax and flatter in vain

for the remotest reappearance of that early blossoming. But enough of metaphors. The truth is, he was considerably more than a cactus. I found my uncle a quiet, respectable, bright, kind-hearted, and clean-shaven old gentleman, living in a small frame-house in the village of Aristides, Hannibal County, all alone, with the exception of an old black couple, who were his coachman, gardener, cook, and servitors in general, and who had been old servants in his wife's family. He was living in a comfortable, plain way, with a pretty well-stocked library and a few choice pictures about him, devoting a good deal of time to reading, attending to his garden, with occasional making of verses, or agricultural paragraphs for the *Aristides Times*. He had given up painting since a visit he had made once to New York, where he saw some of the best works of the younger artists. He lived a rather secluded life, seemed to have no intimate friends, seldom went to church, town-meeting, or lecture, and was looked upon by the country people (country people all have one cut-and-dried way of looking upon people and things) as rather an eccentric old gentleman. He took, however, the New York Republican papers, was charitable to the poor, and was always quoted as a good citizen, patriot, and neighbor, though he did not enter actively into politics. Soon after my arrival at his house, where I received a cordial welcome, I delivered into his hands the precious relics intrusted to me by the deceased Mrs. Sparcote. I ought to say, however, that I had previously written to him, informing him of the circumstances which led to their being in my possession, and of my intention to make him a visit, when I should deliver them in person. Being somewhat fatigued with my journey, I bade my uncle an early good-night, at the same time placing in his hands the precious package.

The next morning the only differences I could detect in his appearance were a weary look as if he had sat up late, a certain serious tenderness in his manner, and a more cordial smile and pressure of the hand, as he said good-morning. A sort of mute sympathy seemed to be established between us. There was no allusion—as why should there have been?—to the letters, or to the deceased Sparcotes. But I overheard old Sarah the servant, in the course of the day say, "Massa Jo hab nebber burn so much lamp-oil out dat lamp of his'n as dis las' night. Spec' he was wide awake as a June bug! 'Deed I tink I heard him once or twice walkin' backward and forred up stairs. Wonder wat's de matter wid Massa Jo?"

At breakfast my uncle was, perhaps, a little more silent and *distract* than usual; but soon after he seemed the same as ever. How little does the outward indicate the inward man! Young people usually expect to see in great men some ideal of their own creation. General Washington mustn't scold his negroes. Tennyson mustn't talk of horses, cows, and 7 per cent. Nor can they understand how those who have imagined, felt, or suffered much can wear an ev-



eryday mask. But I saw in my uncle a man who, though his earlier hopes and dreams were blighted, had, by a life of intellectual activity, cultivated a garden of fruits and blossoms on soil once rent by an earthquake chasm. He looked more before than after. After all, the *movement cure* is the great cure for sorrow and blight. Therefore Joseph Somers lived on to all appearance a well, cheerful old man, and by occupation and work, and by keeping his spiritual windows clear of dust and cobwebs, made for himself a perpetual oasis in a desert.

Good, dear Uncle Somers! He was my mother's favorite brother, as I found from expressions of tenderness which escaped him now and then. But my mother died when I was a boy, and she never said much to me of her brother Joseph. But I know now that her death was as stunning a blow, in its way, to him as his separation from his Martha. But these were

private griefs. The world knew not of them. Nor was the loss of his wife a small bereavement. Though not his first love she was most dear to him, and they had many thoughts, feelings, and tastes in common. And he drooped visibly, they say, after she was taken from him.

Dear Uncle Joseph, you too have now crossed the dark stream, and have long since met your dear ones in the great Land of Light! I often wish I had known you earlier, and had seen you oftener. But I shall never forget you. Aunt Susan Blodgell and I—Aunt Susan is a very old lady now, and I have to talk very loud to make her hear me; but she and I will often talk of you, and of your Martha, till I shall see you both in imagination, radiant in youth and beauty, and united in a home where all friends and lovers who belong to one another shall meet with no dark earthly fate stepping between them.

## THE BALLAD OF ISHMAEL DAY.

ONE summer morning a daring band  
Of rebels rode into Maryland—  
Over the prosperous, peaceful farms  
Sending terror and strange alarms,  
The clatter of hoofs and the clang of arms.

Fresh from the South, where the hungry pine,  
They ate like Pharaoh's starving kine;  
They swept the land like devouring surge,  
And left their path, to its furthest verge,  
Bare as the track of the locust-scurge.

"The rebels are coming!" far and near  
Rang the tidings of dread and fear;  
Some paled, and cowered, and sought to hide—  
Some stood erect in their fearless pride—  
And women shuddered and children cried.

But others—vipers in human form,  
Stinging the bosom that kept them warm—  
Welcomed with triumph the thievish band,  
Hurried to offer the friendly hand,  
As the rebels rode into Maryland:

Made them merry with food and wine,  
Glad them in garments rich and fine,  
For rags and hunger to make amends;  
Flattered them, praised them, with selfish ends;—  
"Leave us scathless, for we are friends!"

Could traitors trust to a traitor? No!  
Little they favored friend or foe,  
But gathered the cattle the farms across,  
Flinging back, with a scornful toss—  
"If ye are *friends* ye can bear the loss!"

Flushed with triumph, and wine, and prey,  
They neared the dwelling of Ishmael Day;  
A sturdy veteran, gray and old,  
With heart of a patriot, firm and bold,  
Strong and steadfast—unbribed, unsold.

And Ishmael Day, his brave head bare,  
His white locks tossed by the morning air,  
Fearless of danger, or death, or scars,  
Went out to raise, by the farm-yard bars,  
The dear old flag of the Stripes and Stars.

Proudly, steadily up it flew,  
Gorgeous with crimson and white and blue!  
His withered hand, as he shook it freer,  
May have trembled, but not with fear,  
While, shouting, the rebels drew more near.

"Halt!"—They had seen the hated sign  
Floating free from old Ishmael's line—  
"Lower that rag!" was their wrathful cry.  
"Never!" rung Ishmael Day's reply;  
"Fire, if it please you—I can but die!"

One, with a loud defiant laugh,  
Left his comrades and neared the staff.  
"Down!"—came the fearless patriot's cry—  
"Dare to lower that flag, and die!  
One must bleed for it—you or I!"

But caring not for the stern command,  
He drew the halliards with daring hand;  
Ping! went the rifle-ball—down he came  
Under the flag he had tried to shame—  
Old Ishmael Day took careful aim!

Seventy winters and three had shed  
Their snowy glories on Ishmael's head;  
But though cheeks may wither and locks grow gray,  
His fame shall be fresh and young away—  
Honor be to old Ishmael Day!



## JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

IN the hall of the Astor Library, on the sides of two of the pillars supporting its lofty roof of glass, are two little shelves each holding a single work, never taken down and seldom perused, but nevertheless well worthy the attention of those who are curious in the subject of which they treat, namely, the human face divine. They are two marble busts, facing each other; one of the founder of the Library, the other of its first president, Washington Irving. A finer study in physiognomy than these two busts present can nowhere be found; for never were two men more unlike than Astor and Irving, and never were character and personal history more legibly recorded than in these portraits in marble. The countenance of the author is round, full, and handsome, the hair inclining to curl, and the chin to double. It is the face of a happy and genial man, formed to shine at the fireside and to beam from the head of a table. It is an open, candid, liberal, hospitable countenance, indicating far more power to please than to compel, but displaying in the position and carriage of the head much of that dignity which we are accustomed to call Roman. The face of the millionaire, on the contrary, is all strength; every line in it tells of concentration and power. The hair is straight and strong; the forehead neither lofty nor ample, but powerfully developed in the perceptive and executive organs; the eyes deeper set in the head than those of Daniel Webster, and overhung with immense bushy eyebrows; the nose large, long, and strongly arched, the veritable nose of a man-compeller; the mouth, chin, and jaws all denoting firmness and force; the chest, that seat and throne of physical power, is broad and deep, and the back of the neck has something of the muscular fullness which we observe in the prize-fighter and the bull; the head behind the ears showing enough of propelling power, but almost totally wanting in the passionnal propensities which waste the force of the faculties, and divert the man from his principal object. As the spectator stands midway between the two busts, at some distance from both, Irving has the larger and the kinglier air, and the face of Astor seems small and set. It is only when you get close to the bust of Astor, observing the strength of each feature and its perfect proportion to the rest—force every where, superfluity nowhere—that you recognize the monarch of the counting-room; the brain which nothing could confuse or disconcert, the purpose that nothing could divert or defeat; the man who could with ease and pleasure grasp and control the multitudinous concerns of a business that embraced the habited and the unhabited globe—that employed ships in every sea, and men in every clime, and brought in to the coffers of the merchant the revenue of a king. That speechless bust tells us how it was that this man, from suffering in his father's poverty-stricken house the habitual pang of hunger, arrived at the greatest fortune,

perhaps, ever accumulated in a single lifetime; you perceive that whatever thing this strong and compact man set himself to do, he would be certain to achieve unless stopped by something as powerful as a law of nature.

The monument of these two gifted men is the airy and graceful interior of which their busts are the only ornament. Astor founded the Library, but it was probably his regard for Irving that induced him to appropriate part of his wealth for a purpose not in harmony with his own humor. Irving is known to us all, as only wits and poets are ever known. But of the singular being who possessed so remarkable a genius for accumulation, of which this Library is one of the results, little has been imparted to the public, and of that little the greater part is fabulous.

A hundred years ago, in the poor little village of Waldorf, in the duchy of Baden, lived a jovial, good-for-nothing butcher, named Jacob Astor, who felt himself much more at home in the beer-house than at the fireside of his own house in the principal street of the village. At the best, the butcher of Waldorf must have been a poor man; for, at that day, the inhabitants of a German village enjoyed the luxury of fresh meat only on great days, such as those of confirmation, baptism, weddings, and Christmas. The village itself was remote and insignificant, and though situated in the valley of the Rhine, the native home of the vine, a region of proverbial fertility, the immediate vicinity of Waldorf was not a rich or very populous country. The home of Jacob Astor, therefore, seldom knew any medium between excessive abundance and extreme scarcity, and he was not the man to make the superfluity of to-day provide for the need of to-morrow, which was the more unfortunate as the periods of abundance were few and far between, and the times of scarcity extended over the greater part of the year. It was the custom then in Germany for every farmer to provide a fatted pig, calf, or bullock against the time of harvest; and as that joyful season approached the village butcher went the round of the neighborhood, stopping a day or two at each house to kill the animals and convert their flesh into bacon, sausages, or salt beef. During this happy time Jacob Astor, a merry dog, always welcome where pleasure and hilarity were going forward, had enough to drink, and his family had enough to eat. But the merry time lasted only six weeks. Then set in the season of scarcity, which was only relieved when there was a festival of the church, a wedding, a christening, or a birthday in some family of the village rich enough to provide an animal for Jacob's knife. The wife of this idle and improvident butcher was such a wife as such men usually contrive to pick up—industrious, saving, and capable; the main-stay of his house. Often she remonstrated with her wasteful and beer-loving husband; the domestic sky was often overcast, and the children were glad to fly from the noise and dust of the tempest.



This roistering village butcher and his worthy, much-enduring wife were the parents of our millionaire. They had four sons: George Peter Astor, born in 1752; Henry Astor, born in 1754; John Melchior Astor, born in 1759; and John Jacob Astor, born July 17, 1763. Each of these sons made haste to fly from the privations and contentions of their home as soon as they were old enough; and, what is more remarkable, each of them had a cast of character precisely the opposite of their thriftless father. They were all saving, industrious, temperate, and enterprising, and all of them became prosperous men at an early period of their career. They were all duly instructed in their father's trade; each in turn carried about the streets of Waldorf the basket of meat, and accompanied the father in his harvest slaughtering tours. Jovial Jacob, we are told, gloried in being a butcher, but three of his sons, much to his disgust, manifested a repugnance to it, which was one of the causes of their flight from the parental nest. The eldest, who was the first to go, made his way to London, where an uncle was established in business as a maker of musical instruments. Astor and Broadwood was the name of the firm, a house that still exists under the title of Broadwood and Co., one of the most noted makers of pianos in England. In his uncle's manufactory George Astor served an apprenticeship, and became at length a partner in the firm. Henry Astor went next. He alone of his father's sons took to his father's trade. It used to be thrown in his teeth, when he was a thriving butcher in the city of New York, that he had come over to America as a private in the Hessian army. This may only have been the groundless taunt of an envious rival. It is certain, however, that he was a butcher in New York when it was a British post during the revolutionary war, and, remaining after the evacuation, made a very large fortune in his business. The third son, John Melchior Astor, found employment in Germany, and arrived, at length, at the profitable post of steward to a nobleman's estate.

Abandoned thus by his three brothers, John Jacob Astor had to endure for some years a most cheerless and miserable lot. He lost his mother, too, from whom he had derived all that was good in his character and most of the happiness of his childhood. A step-mother replaced her, "who loved not Jacob," nor John Jacob. The father, still devoted to pleasure, quarreled so bitterly with his new wife, that his son was often glad to escape to the house of a school-fellow (living in 1854), where he would pass the night in a garret or outhouse, thankfully accepting for his supper a crust of dry bread, and returning the next morning to assist in the slaughter-house or carry out the meat. It was not often that he had enough to eat; his clothes were of the poorest description; and, as to money, he absolutely had none of it. The unhappiness of his home and the misconduct of his father made him ashamed to join in the sports of the village boys; and he passed much of his

leisure alone, brooding over the unhappiness of his lot. The family increased, but not its income. It is recorded of him that he tended his little sisters with care and fondness, and sought in all ways to lessen the dislike and ill-humor of his step-mother.

It is not hardship, however, that enervates a lad. It is indulgence and luxury that do that. He grew a stout, healthy, tough, and patient boy, diligent and skillful in the discharge of his duty, often supplying the place of his father absent in merry-making. If, in later life, he overvalued money, it should not be forgotten that few men have had a harder experience of the want of money at the age when character is forming.

The bitterest lot has its alleviations. Sometimes a letter would reach him from over the sea, telling of the good fortune of a brother in a distant land. In his old age he used to boast that in his boyhood he walked forty-five miles in one day for the sole purpose of getting a letter that had arrived from England or America. The Astors have always been noted for the strength of their family affection. Our millionaire forgot much that he ought to have remembered, but he was not remiss in fulfilling the obligations of kindred.

It appears, too, that he was fortunate in having a better schoolmaster than could generally be found at that day in a village school of Germany. Valentine Jeune was his name, a French Protestant, whose parents had fled from their country during the reign of Louis XIV. He was an active and sympathetic teacher, and bestowed unusual pains upon the boy, partly because he pitied his unhappy situation, and partly because of his aptitude to learn. Nevertheless the school routine of those days was extremely limited. To read and write, to cipher as far as the Rule of Three, to learn the Catechism by heart, and to sing the Church Hymns "so that the windows should rattle"—these were the sole accomplishments of even the best pupils of Valentine Jeune. Baden was then under the rule of a Catholic family. It was a saying in Waldorf that no man could be appointed a swine-herd who was not a Catholic, and that if a may-orality were vacant the swine-herd must have the place if there were no other Catholic in the town. Hence it was that the line which separated the Protestant minority from the Catholic majority was sharply defined, and the Protestant children were the more thoroughly indoctrinated. Rev. John Philip Steiner, the Protestant pastor of Waldorf, a learned and faithful minister, was as punctilious in requiring from the children the thorough learning of the Catechism as a German sergeant was in exacting all the niceties of the parade. Young Astor became, therefore, a very decided Lutheran; he lived and died a member of the Church in which he was born.

The great day in the life of a German child is that of his confirmation, which usually occurs in his fourteenth year. The ceremony, which



was performed at Waldorf every two years, was a festival at once solemn and joyous. The children, long prepared beforehand by the joint labors of minister, schoolmaster, and parents, walk in procession to the church, the girls in white, the boys in their best clothes, and there, after the requisite examinations, the rite is performed, and the Sacrament is administered. The day concludes with festivity. Confirmation also is the point of division between childhood and youth—between absolute dependence and the beginning of responsibility. After confirmation the boys of a German peasant take their place in life as apprentices or as servants; and the girls, unless their services are required at home, are placed in situations. Childhood ends, maturity begins, when the child has tasted for the first time the bread and wine of the communion. Whether a boy then becomes an apprentice or a servant depends upon whether his parents have been provident enough to save a sum of money sufficient to pay the usual premium required by a master as compensation for his trouble in teaching his trade. This premium varied at that day from fifty dollars to two hundred, according to the difficulty and respectability of the vocation. A carpenter or a blacksmith might be satisfied with a premium of sixty or seventy dollars, while a cabinet-maker would demand a hundred, and a musical-instrument maker or a clock-maker two hundred.

On Palm Sunday, 1777, when he was about fourteen years of age, John Jacob Astor was confirmed. He then consulted his father upon his future. Money to apprentice him there was none in the paternal coffers. The trade of butcher he knew and disliked. Nor was he inclined to accept as his destiny for life the condition of servant or laborer. The father, who thought the occupation of butcher one of the best in the world, and who needed the help of his son, particularly in the approaching season of harvest, paid no heed to the entreaties of the lad, who saw himself condemned without hope to a business which he loathed, and to labor at it without reward. A deep discontent settled upon him. The tidings of the good fortune of his brothers inflamed his desire to seek his fortune in the world. The news of the Revolutionary War, which drew all eyes upon America, and in which the people of all lands sympathized with the struggling colonies, had its effect upon him. He began to long for the "New Land," as the Germans then styled America; and it is believed in Waldorf that soon after the capture of Burgoyne had spread abroad a confidence in the final success of the colonists, the youth formed the secret determination to emigrate to America. Nevertheless, he had to wait three miserable years longer, until the surrender of Cornwallis made it certain that America was to be free, before he was able to enter upon the gratification of his desire.

In getting to America he displayed the same sagacity in adapting means to ends that distin-

guished him during his business career in New York. Money he had never had in his life, beyond a few silver coins of the smallest denomination. His father had none to give him, even if he had been inclined to do so. It was only when the lad was evidently resolved to go that he gave a slow, reluctant consent to his departure. Waldorf is nearly three hundred miles from the sea-port in Holland most convenient for his purpose. Despite the difficulties, this penniless youth formed the resolution of going down the Rhine to Holland, there taking ship for London, where he would join his brother, and, while earning money for his passage to America, learn the language of the country to which he was destined. It appears that he dreaded more the difficulties of the English tongue than he did those of the long and expensive journey; but he was resolved not to sail for America until he had acquired the language, and saved a little money beyond the expenses of the voyage. It appears, also, that there prevailed in Baden the belief that Americans were exceedingly selfish and inhospitable, and regarded the poor emigrant only in the light of prey. John Jacob was determined not to land among such a people without the means of understanding their tricks and paying his way. In all ways, too, he endeavored to get a knowledge of the country to which he was going.

With a small bundle of clothes hung over his shoulder upon a stick, with a crown or two in his pocket, he said the last farewell to his father and his friends, and set out on foot for the Rhine, a few miles distant. Valentine Jeune, his old schoolmaster, said, as the lad was lost to view: "I am not afraid of Jacob; he'll get through the world. He has a clear head, and every thing right behind the ears." He was then a stout, strong lad, of nearly seventeen, exceedingly well-made, though slightly undersized, and he had a clear, composed, intelligent look in the eyes, which seemed to ratify the prediction of the schoolmaster. He strode manfully out of town, with tears in his eyes and a sob in his throat—for he loved his father, his friends, and his native village, though his lot there had been forlorn enough. While still in sight of Waldorf he sat down under a tree and thought of the future before him and the friends he had left. He there, as he used to relate in after-life, made three resolutions: to be honest, to be industrious, and not to gamble—excellent resolutions, as far as they go. Having sat a while under the tree, he took up his bundle and resumed his journey with better heart.

It was by no means the intention of this sagacious youth to walk all the way to the sea-coast. There was a much more convenient way at that time of accomplishing the distance, even to a young man with only two dollars in his pocket. The Black Forest is partly in Astor's native Baden. The rafts of timber cut in the Black Forest, instead of floating down the Rhine in the manner practiced in America, used to be rowed by sixty or eighty men each, who were



paid high wages, as the labor was severe. Large numbers of stalwart emigrants availed themselves of this mode of getting from the interior to the sea-coast, by which they earned their subsistence on the way and about ten dollars in money. The tradition in Waldorf is that young Astor worked his passage down the Rhine, and earned his passage-money to England as an oarsman on one of these rafts. Hard as the labor was the oarsmen had a merry time of it, cheering their toil with jest and song by night and day. On the fourteenth day after leaving home our youth found himself at a Dutch seaport, with a larger sum of money than he had ever before possessed. He took passage for London, where he landed a few days after, in total ignorance of the place and the language. His brother welcomed him with German warmth, and assisted him to procure employment—probably in the flute and piano manufactory of Astor and Broadwood.

As the foregoing brief account of the early life of John Jacob Astor differs essentially from any previously published in the United States, it is proper that the reader should be informed of the sources whence we have derived information so novel and unexpected. The principal source is a small biography of Astor published in Germany about ten years ago, written by a native of Baden, a Lutheran clergyman, who gathered his material in Waldorf, where were then living a few aged persons who remembered Astor when he was a sad and solitary lad in his father's disorderly house. The statements of this little book are confirmed by what some of the surviving friends and descendants of Mr. Astor in New York remember of his own conversation respecting his early days. He seldom spoke of his life in Germany, though he remembered his native place with fondness, revisited it in the time of his prosperity, pensioned his father, and forgot not Waldorf in his will; but the little that he did say of his youthful years accords with the curious narrative in the work to which we have alluded. We believe the reader may rely on our story as being essentially true.

Astor brought to London, according to our quaint Lutheran, "a pious, true, and godly spirit, a clear understanding, a sound youthful elbow-grease, and the wish to put it to good use." During the two years of his residence in the British metropolis he strove most assiduously for three objects—1, To save money; 2, to acquire the English language; 3, to get information respecting America. Much to his relief and gratification, he found the acquisition of the language to be the least of his difficulties. Working in a shop with English mechanics, and having few German friends, he was generally dependent upon the language of the country for the communication of his desires; and he was as much surprised as delighted to find how many points of similarity there were between the two languages. In about six weeks, he used to say, he could make himself understood a little in

English, and long before he left London he could speak it fluently. He never learned to write English correctly in his life, nor could he ever speak it without a decided German accent; but he could always express his meaning with simplicity and force, both orally and in writing. Trust-worthy information respecting America, in the absence of maps, gazetteers, and books of travel, was more difficult to procure. The ordinary Englishman of that day regarded America with horror or contempt as perverse and rebellious colonies, making a great to-do about a paltry tax, and giving "the best of kings" a world of trouble for nothing. He probably heard little of the thundering eloquence with which Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Sheridan were nightly defending the American cause in the House of Commons, and assailing the infatuation of the Government in prosecuting a hopeless war. As often, however, as our youth met with any one who had been in America he plied him with questions, and occasionally he heard from his brother in New York. Henry Astor was already established as a butcher on his own account, wheeling home in a wheel-barrow from Bull's Head his slender purchases of sheep and calves. But the great difficulty of John Jacob in London was the accumulation of money. Having no trade, his wages were necessarily small. Though he rose with the lark, and was at work as early as five in the morning—though he labored with all his might, and saved every farthing that he could spare—it was two years before he had saved enough for his purpose. In September, 1783, he possessed a good suit of Sunday clothes, in the English style, and about fifteen English guineas—the total result of two years of unremitting toil and most pinching economy; and here again charity requires the remark that if Astor the millionaire carried the virtue of economy to an extreme, it was Astor the struggling youth in a strange land who learned the value of money.

In that month of September, 1783, the news reached London that Dr. Franklin and his associates in Paris, after two years of negotiation, had signed the definitive treaty which completed the independence of the United States. Franklin had been in the habit of predicting that as soon as America had become an independent nation, the best blood in Europe and some of the finest fortunes would hasten to seek a career or an asylum in the New World. Perhaps he would have hardly recognized the emigration of this poor German youth as part of the fulfillment of his prophecy. Nevertheless the news of the conclusion of the treaty had no sooner reached England than young Astor, then twenty years old, began to prepare for his departure for the "New Land," and in November he embarked for Baltimore. He paid five of his guineas for a passage in the steerage, which entitled him to sailors' fare of salt beef and biscuit. He invested part of his remaining capital in seven flutes, and carried the rest, about five pounds sterling, in the form of money.



America gave a cold welcome to the young emigrant. The winter of 1783-4 was one of the celebrated severe winters on both sides of the ocean. November gales and December storms wreaked all their fury upon the ship, retarding its progress so long that January arrived before she had reached Chesapeake Bay. Floating ice filled the bay as far as the eye could reach, and a January storm drove the ship among the masses with such force that she was in danger of being broken to pieces. It was on one of those days of peril and consternation that young Astor appeared on deck in his best clothes, and on being asked the reason of this strange proceeding, said that if he escaped with life he should save his best clothes, and if he lost it his clothes would be of no further use to him. Tradition further reports that he, a steerage passenger, ventured one day to come upon the quarter-deck, when the captain roughly ordered him forward. Tradition adds that that very captain, twenty years after, commanded a ship owned by the steerage passenger. When the ship was within a day's sail of her port the wind died away, the cold increased, and the next morning beheld the vessel hard and fast in a sea of ice. For two whole months she remained immovable. Provisions gave out. The passengers were only relieved when the ice extended to the shore, and became strong enough to afford communication with other ships and with the coasts of the bay. Some of the passengers made their way to the shore, and traveled by land to their homes, but this resource was not within the means of our young adventurer, and he was obliged to stick to the ship.

Fortune is an obsequious jade that favors the strong and turns her back upon the weak. This exasperating delay of two months was the means of putting young Astor upon the shortest and easiest road to fortune that the continent of America then afforded to a poor man. Among his fellow-passengers there was one German, with whom he made acquaintance on the voyage, and with whom he continually associated during the detention of the winter. They told each other their past history, their present plans, their future hopes. The stranger informed young Astor that he too had emigrated to America, a few years before, without friends or money; that he had soon managed to get into the business of buying furs of the Indians, and of the boatmen coming to New York from the river settlements; that at length he had embarked all his capital in skins, and had taken them himself to England in a returning transport, where he had sold them to great advantage, and had invested the proceeds in toys and trinkets, with which to continue his trade in the wilderness. He strongly advised Astor to follow his example. He told him the prices of the various skins in America, and the prices they commanded in London. With German friendliness he imparted to him the secrets of the craft: told him where to buy, how to pack, transport, and preserve the skins; the names of

the principal dealers in New York, Montreal, and London; and the season of the year when the skins were most abundant. All this was interesting to the young man; but he asked his friend how it was possible to begin such a business without capital. The stranger told him that no great capital was required for a beginning. With a basket of toys, or even of cakes, he said, a man could buy valuable skins on the wharves and in the markets of New York, which could be sold with some profit to New York furriers. But the grand object was to establish a connection with a house in London, where furs brought four or five times their value in America. In short, John Jacob Astor determined to lose no time, after reaching New York, in trying his hand at this profitable traffic.

The ice broke up in March. The ship made its way to Baltimore, and the two friends traveled together to New York. The detention in the ice and the journey to New York almost exhausted Astor's purse. He arrived in this city, where now his estate is valued at forty millions, with little more than his seven German flutes, and a long German head full of available knowledge and quiet determination. He went straight to the humble abode of his brother Henry, a kindly, generous, jovial soul, who gave him a truly fraternal welcome, and received with hospitable warmth the companion of his voyage.

Henry Astor's prosperity had been temporarily checked by the evacuation of New York, which had occurred five months before, and which had deprived the tradesmen of the city of their best customers. It was not only the British army that had left the city in November, 1783, but a host of British officials and old Tory families as well; while the new-comers were Whigs, whom seven years of war had impoverished, and young adventurers who had still their career to make. During the Revolution Henry Astor had speculated occasionally in cattle captured from the farmers of Westchester, which were sold at auction at Bull's Head, and he had advanced from a wheel-barrow to the ownership of a horse. An advertisement informs us that, about the time of his brother's arrival, this horse was stolen, with saddle and bridle, and that the owner offered three guineas reward for the recovery of the property; but that "for the thief, horse, saddle and bridle, ten guineas would be paid." A month after, we find him becoming a citizen of the United States, and soon he began to share in the returning prosperity of the city.

In the mean time, however, he could do little for his new-found brother. During the first evening of his brother's stay at his house the question was discussed, what should the young man do in his new country? The charms of the fur business were duly portrayed by the friend of the youth, who also expressed his preference for it. It was agreed, at length, that the best plan would be for the young man to seek employment with some one already in the busi-



ness, in order to learn the modes of proceeding, as well as to acquire a knowledge of the country. The young stranger anxiously inquired how much premium would be demanded by a furrier for teaching the business to a novice, and he was at once astonished and relieved to learn that no such thing was known in America, and that he might expect his board and small wages even from the start. So, the next day, the brothers and their friend proceeded together to the store of Robert Bowne, an aged and benevolent Quaker, long established in the business of buying, curing, and exporting peltries. It chanced that he needed a hand. Pleased with the appearance and demeanor of the young man, he employed him (as tradition reports) at two dollars a week and his board. Astor took up his abode in his master's house, and was soon at work. We can tell the reader with certainty what was the nature of the youth's first day's work in his adopted country; for, in his old age, he was often heard to say that the first thing he did for Mr. Bowne was to beat furs; which, indeed, was his principal employment during the whole of the following summer—furs requiring to be frequently beaten to keep the moths from destroying them.

Perhaps among our young readers there are some who have formed the resolution to get on in the world and become rich. We advise such to observe how young Astor proceeded. We are far from desiring to hold up this able man as a model for the young; yet it must be owned that in the art of prospering in business he has had no equal in America; and in *that* his example may be useful. Now, observe the secret. It was not plodding merely, though no man ever labored more steadily than he. Mr. Bowne, discovering what a prize he had, raised his wages at the end of the first month. Nor was it *merely* his strict observance of the rules of temperance and morality, though that is essential to any worthy success. The great secret of Astor's early, rapid, and uniform success in business appears to have been, that he acted always upon the maxim that KNOWLEDGE IS POWER! He labored unceasingly at Mr. Bowne's *to learn the business*. He put all his soul into the work of getting a knowledge of furs, fur-bearing animals, fur-dealers, fur-markets, fur-gathering Indians, fur-abounding countries. In those days a considerable number of bear skins and beaver skins were brought directly to Bowne's store by the Indians and countrymen of the vicinity, who had shot or trapped the animals. These men Astor questioned; and neglected no other opportunity of procuring the information he desired. It used to be observed of Astor that he absolutely loved a fine skin. In later days he would have a superior fur hung up in his counting-room as other men hang pictures; and this, apparently, for the mere pleasure of feeling, showing, and admiring it. He would pass his hand fondly over it, extolling its charms with an approach to enthusiasm; not, however, forgetting to mention

that in Canton it would bring him in five hundred dollars. So heartily did he throw himself into his business.

Growing rapidly in the confidence of his employer he was soon intrusted with more important duties than the beating of furs. He was employed in buying them from the Indians and hunters who brought them to the city. Soon, too, he took the place of his employer in the annual journey to Montreal, then the chief fur mart of the country. With a pack upon his back he struck into the wilderness above Albany, and walked to Lake George, which he ascended in a canoe, and having thus reached Champlain he embarked again, and sailed to the head of that lake. Returning with his furs he employed the Indians in transporting them to the Hudson, and brought them to the city in a sloop. He was formed by nature for a life like this. His frame was capable of great endurance, and he had the knack of getting the best of a bargain. The Indian is a great bargainer. The time was gone by when a nail or a little red paint would induce him to part with valuable peltries. It required skill and address on the part of the trader, both in selecting the articles likely to tempt the vanity or the cupidity of the red man, and in conducting the tedious negotiation which usually preceded an exchange of commodities. It was in this kind of traffic, doubtless, that our young German acquired that unconquerable propensity for making hard bargains, which was so marked a feature in his character as a merchant. He could never rise superior to this early-acquired habit. He never knew what it was to exchange places with the opposite party and survey a transaction from *his* point of view. He exulted not in compensating liberal service liberally. In all transactions he kept in view the simple object of giving the least and getting the most.

Meanwhile his brother Henry was flourishing. He married the beautiful daughter of a brother butcher, and the young wife, according to the fashion of the time, disdained not to assist her husband even in the slaughter-house as well as in the market-place. Colonel Devoe, in his well-known Market Book, informs us that Henry Astor was exceedingly proud of his pretty wife, often bringing her home presents of gay dresses and ribbons, and speaking of her as "de pink of de Bowery." The butchers of that day complained bitterly of him, because he used to ride out of town fifteen or twenty miles and buy up the droves of cattle coming to the city, which he would drive in and sell at an advanced price to the less enterprising butchers. He gained a fortune by his business which would have been thought immense if the colossal wealth of his brother had not reduced all other estates to comparative insignificance. It was he who bought for eight hundred dollars the acre of ground on part of which the old Bowery Theatre now stands.

John Jacob Astor remained not long in the employment of Robert Bowne. It was a pecul-



ilarity of the business of a furrier at that day, that, while it admitted of unlimited extension, it could be begun on the smallest scale, with a very insignificant capital. Every farmer's boy in the vicinity of New York had occasionally a skin to sell, and bears abounded in the Catskill Mountains. Indeed the time had not long gone by when beaver skins formed part of the currency of the city. All Northern and Western New York was still a fur-yielding country. Even Long Island furnished its quota. So that, while the fur business was one that rewarded the enterprise of great and wealthy companies, employing thousands of men and fleets of ships, it afforded an opening to young Astor, who, with the assistance of his brother, could command a capital of only a very few hundred dollars. In a little shop in Water Street, with a back room, a yard, and a shed, the shop furnished with only a few toys and trinkets, Astor began business about the year 1786. He had then, as always, the most unbounded confidence in his own abilities. He used to relate that, at this time, a new row of houses in Broadway was the talk of the city from their magnitude and beauty. Passing them one day he said to himself: "I'll build sometime or other a greater house than any of these, and in this very street." He used also to say, in his old age, "The first hundred thousand dollars—that was hard to get; but afterward it was easy to make more."

Having set up for himself he worked with the quiet, indomitable ardor of a German who sees clearly his way open before him. At first he did every thing for himself. He bought, cured, beat, packed, and sold his skins. From dawn till dark he assiduously labored. At the proper seasons of the year, with his pack on his back, he made short excursions into the country, collecting skins from house to house, gradually extending the area of his travels, till he knew the State of New York as no man of his day knew it. He used to boast, late in life, when the Erie Canal had called into being a line of thriving towns through the centre of the State, that he had himself, in his numberless tramps, designated the sites of those towns, and predicted that one day they would be centres of business and population. Particularly he noted the spots where Rochester and Buffalo now stand, one having a harbor on Lake Erie, the other upon Lake Ontario. Those places, he predicted, would one day be large and prosperous cities, and that prediction he made when there was scarcely a settlement at Buffalo and only wigwams on the site of Rochester. At this time he had a partner who usually remained in the city, while the agile and enduring Astor traversed the wilderness.

It was his first voyage to London that established his business on a solid foundation. As soon as he had accumulated a few bales of the skins suited to the European market he took passage in the steerage of a ship and conveyed them to London. He sold them to great advantage, and established connections with houses

to which he could in future consign his furs, and from which he could procure the articles best adapted to the taste of Indians and hunters. But his most important operation in London was to make an arrangement with the firm of Astor and Broadwood, by which he became the New York agent for the sale of their pianos, flutes, and violins. He is believed to have been the first man in New York who kept constantly for sale a supply of musical merchandise, of which the annual sale in New York is now reckoned at five millions of dollars. On his return to New York he opened a little dingy store in Gold Street between Fulton and Ann, and swung out a sign to the breeze bearing the words:

#### FURS AND PIANOS.

There were until recently aged men among us who remembered seeing this sign over the store of Mr. Astor, and in some old houses are preserved ancient pianos bearing the name of J. J. Astor as the seller thereof. Violins and flutes, also, are occasionally met with that have his name upon them. In 1790, seven years after his arrival in the city, he was of sufficient importance to appear in the Directory thus:

ASTOR, J. J., Fur Trader, 40 Little Dock Street (now part of Water Street).

In this time of his dawning prosperity, while still inhabiting the small house of which his store was a part, he married. Sarah Todd was the maiden name of his wife. As a connection of the family of Brevoort she was then considered to be somewhat superior to her husband in point of social rank, and she brought him a fortune, by no means despised by him at that time, of three hundred dollars. She threw herself heartily into her husband's growing business, laboring with her own hands, buying, sorting, and beating the furs. He used to say that she was as good a judge of the value of peltries as himself, and that her opinion in a matter of business was better than that of most merchants.

Mr. Astor still traversed the wilderness. The father of the late lamented General Wadsworth used to relate that he met him once in the woods of Western New York in a sad plight. His wagon had broken down in the midst of a swamp. In the *mélée* all his gold had rolled away through the bottom of the vehicle, and was irrecoverably lost; and Astor was seen emerging from the swamp covered with mud and carrying on his shoulder an axe—the sole relic of his property. When at length, in 1794, Jay's treaty caused the evacuation of the western parts held by the British, his business so rapidly extended that he was enabled to devolve these laborious journeys upon others, while he remained in New York controlling a business that now embraced the region of the great Lakes, and gave employment to a host of trappers, collectors, and agents. He was soon in a position to purchase a ship, in which his furs were carried to London, and in which he occasionally made a voyage himself. He was still observed to be most assiduous in the pursuit of commercial knowledge. He was



never weary of inquiring about the markets of Europe and Asia, the ruling prices and commodities of each, the standing of commercial houses, and all other particulars that could be of use. Hence his directions to his captains and agents were always explicit and minute, and if any enterprise failed to be profitable it could generally be distinctly seen that it was because his orders had not been obeyed. In London he became most intimately conversant with the operations of the East India Company and with the China trade. China being the best market in the world for furs, and furnishing commodities which in America had become necessities of life, he was quick to perceive what an advantage he would have over other merchants by sending his ships to Canton provided with furs as well as dollars. It was about the year 1800 that he sent his first ship to Canton, and he continued to carry on commerce with China for twenty-seven years, sometimes with loss, generally with profit, and occasionally with splendid and bewildering success.

It was not, however, until the year 1800, when he was worth a quarter of million dollars and had been in business fifteen years, that he indulged himself in the comfort of living in a house apart from his business. In 1794 he appears in the Directory as "Furrier, 149 Broadway." From 1796 to 1799 he figures as "Fur Merchant, 149 Broadway." In 1800 he had a storehouse at 141 Greenwich Street, and lived at 223 Broadway, on the site of the present Astor House. In 1801 his store was at 71 Liberty Street, and he had removed his residence back to 149 Broadway. The year following we find him again at 223 Broadway, where he continued to reside for a quarter of a century. His house was such as a fifth-rate merchant would now consider much beneath his dignity. Mr. Astor, indeed, had a singular dislike to living in a large house. Astor had neither expensive tastes nor wasteful vices. His luxuries were a pipe, a glass of beer, a game of draughts, a ride on horseback, and the theatre. Of the theatre he was particularly fond. He seldom missed a good performance in the palmy days of the "Old Park."

It was his instinctive abhorrence of ostentation and waste that enabled him, as it were, to glide into the millionaire without being observed by his neighbors. He used to relate, with a chuckle, that he was worth a million before any one suspected it. A dandy bank clerk, one day, having expressed a doubt as to the sufficiency of his name to a piece of mercantile paper, Astor asked him how much he thought he was worth. The clerk mentioned a sum ludicrously less than the real amount. Astor then asked him how much he supposed this and that leading merchant, whom he named, was worth. The young man endowed them with generous sum-totals proportioned to their style of living. "Well," said Astor, "I am worth more than any of them. I will not say how much I am worth, but I am worth more than any sum you

have mentioned." "Then," said the clerk, "you are even a greater fool than I took you for, to work as hard as you do." The old man would tell this story with great glee, for he always liked a joke.

In the course of his long life he had frequent opportunities of observing what becomes of those gay merchants who live up to the incomes of prosperous years regardless of the inevitable time of commercial collapse. It must be owned that he held in utter contempt the dashing style of living and doing business which has too often prevailed in New York; and he was very slow to give credit to a house that carried sail out of proportion to its ballast. Nevertheless, he was himself no plodder when plodding had ceased to be necessary. At the time when his affairs were on their greatest scale he would leave his office at two in the afternoon, go home to an early dinner, then mount his horse and ride about the island till it was time to go to the theatre. He had a strong aversion to illegitimate speculation, and particularly to gambling in stocks. The note-shaving and stock-jobbing operations of the Rothschilds he despised. It was his pride and boast that he gained his own fortune by legitimate commerce, and by the legitimate investment of his profits. Having an unbounded faith in the destiny of the United States, and in the future commercial supremacy of New York, it was his custom, from about the year 1800, to invest his gains in the purchase of lots and lands on Manhattan Island.

We have all heard much of the closeness, or rather the meanness, of this remarkable man. Truth compels us to admit, as we have before intimated, that he was not generous, except to his own kindred. His liberality began and ended in his own family. Very seldom during his lifetime did he willingly do a generous act outside of the little circle of his relations and descendants. To get all that he could, and to keep nearly all that he got—those were the laws of his being. He had a vast genius for making money, and that was all that he had.

It is a pleasure to know that sometimes his extreme closeness defeated its own object. He once lost seventy thousand dollars by committing a piece of petty injustice toward his best captain. This gallant sailor, being notified by an insurance office of the necessity of having a chronometer on board his ship, spoke to Mr. Astor on the subject, who advised the captain to buy one.

"But," said the captain, "I have no five hundred dollars to spare for such a purpose; the chronometer should belong to the ship."

"Well," said the merchant, "you need not pay for it now; pay for it at your convenience."

The captain still objecting, Astor, after a prolonged higgling, authorized him to buy a chronometer, and charge it to the ship's account; which was done. Sailing day was at hand. The ship was hauled into the stream. The captain, as is the custom, handed in his ac-



count. Astor, subjecting it to his usual close scrutiny, observed the novel item of five hundred dollars for the chronometer. He objected, averring that it was understood between them that the captain was to pay for the instrument. The worthy sailor recalled the conversation, and firmly held to his recollection of it. Astor insisting on his own view of the matter, the captain was so profoundly disgusted that, important as the command of the ship was to him, he resigned his post. Another captain was soon found and the ship sailed for China. Another house which was then engaged in the China trade, knowing the worth of this "king of captains," as Astor himself used to style him, bought him a ship and dispatched him to Canton two months after the departure of Astor's vessel. Our captain, put upon his mettle, employed all his skill to accelerate the speed of his ship, and had such success that he reached New York with a full cargo of tea just seven days after the arrival of Mr. Astor's ship. Astor, not expecting another ship for months, and therefore sure of monopolizing the market, had not yet broken bulk, nor even taken off the hatchways. Our captain arrived on a Saturday. Advertisements and hand-bills were immediately issued, and on the Wednesday morning following, as the custom then was, the auction sale of the tea began on the wharf—two barrels of punch contributing to the éclat and hilarity of the occasion. The cargo was sold to good advantage, and the market was glutted. Astor lost in consequence the entire profits of the voyage, not less than the sum named above. Meeting the captain some time after in Broadway, he said,

"I had better have paid for that chronometer of yours."

Without ever acknowledging that he had been in the wrong, he was glad enough to engage the captain's future services. This anecdote we received from the worthy captain's own lips.

On one occasion the same officer had the opportunity of rendering the great merchant a most signal service. The agent of Mr. Astor in China suddenly died at a time when the property in his charge amounted to about seven hundred thousand dollars. Our captain, who was not then in Astor's employ, was perfectly aware that if this immense property fell into official hands, as the law required, not one dollar of it would ever again find its way to the coffers of its proprietor. By a series of bold, prompt, and skillful measures, he rescued it from the official maw, and made it yield a profit to the owner. Mr. Astor acknowledged the service. He acknowledged it with emphasis and a great show of gratitude. He said many times,

"If you had not done just as you did I should never have seen one dollar of my money; no, not one dollar of it."

But he not only did not compensate him for his services, but he did not even reimburse the small sum of money which the captain had expended in performing those services. Astor was then worth ten millions, and the captain had

his hundred dollars a month and a family of young children.

Thus the great merchant recompensed great services. He was not more just in rewarding small ones. On one occasion a ship of his arrived from China, which he found necessary to dispatch at once to Amsterdam, the market in New York being depressed by an over-supply of China merchandise. But on board this ship, under a mountain of tea chests, the owner had two pipes of precious Madeira wine which had been sent on a voyage for the improvement of its constitution.

"Can you get out that wine," asked the owner, "without discharging the tea?"

The captain thought he could.

"Well, then," said Mr. Astor, "you get it out, and I'll give you a demijohn of it. You'll say it's the best wine you ever tasted."

It required the labor of the whole ship's crew for two days to get out those two pipes of wine. They were sent to the house of Mr. Astor. A year passed. The captain had been to Amsterdam and back, but he had received no tidings of his demijohn of Madeira. One day, when Mr. Astor was on board the ship, the captain ventured to remind the great man, in a jocular manner, that he had not received the wine.

"Ah," said Astor, "don't you know the reason? It isn't fine yet. Wait till it is fine, and you'll say you never tasted such Madeira." The captain never heard of that wine again.

These traits show the moral weakness of the man. It is only when we regard his mercantile exploits that we can admire him. He was, unquestionably, one of the ablest, boldest, and most successful operators that ever lived. He seldom made a mistake in the conduct of business. Having formed his plan, he carried it out with a nerve and steadiness, with such a firm and easy grasp of all the details, that he seemed rather to be playing an interesting game than transacting business. "He could command an army of five hundred thousand men!" exclaimed one of his admirers. That was an erroneous remark. He could have commanded an army of five hundred thousand tea chests, with a heavy auxiliary force of otter skins and beaver skins. But a commander of men must be superior morally as well as intellectually. He must be able to win the love and excite the enthusiasm of his followers. Astor would have made a splendid commissary-general to the army of Xerxes, but he could no more have conquered Greece than Xerxes himself.

The reader may be curious to know by what means Mr. Astor became so preposterously rich. Few successful men gain a single million by legitimate commerce. A million dollars is a most enormous sum of money. It requires a considerable effort of the mind to conceive it. But this indomitable little German managed, in the course of sixty years, to accumulate twenty millions; of which, probably, not more than two millions was the fruit of his business as a fur trader and China merchant.



At that day the fur trade was exceedingly profitable, as well as of vast extent. It is estimated that about the year 1800 the number of peltries annually furnished to commerce was about six millions, varying in value from fifteen cents to five hundred dollars. When every respectable man in Europe and America wore a beaver skin upon his head, or a part of one, and when a good beaver skin could be bought in Western New York for a dollar's worth of trash, and could be sold in London for twenty-five English shillings, and when those twenty-five English shillings could be invested in English cloth and cutlery and sold in New York for forty shillings, it may be imagined that fur-trading was a very good business. Mr. Astor had his share of the cream of it, and that was the foundation of his colossal fortune. Hence, too, the tender love he felt for a fine fur.

In the next place, his ventures to China were sometimes exceedingly fortunate. A fair profit on a voyage to China at that day was thirty thousand dollars. Mr. Astor has been known to gain seventy thousand, and to have his money in his pocket within the year. He was remarkably lucky in the war of 1812. All his ships escaped capture, and arriving at a time when foreign commerce was almost annihilated and tea had doubled in price, his gains were so immense that the million or more lost in the Astorian enterprise gave him not even a momentary inconvenience.

But it was neither furs nor tea that gave him twenty millions. It was his sagacity in investing his profits that made him the richest man in America. When he first trod the streets of New York, in 1784, the city was a snug, leafy place of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, situated at the extremity of the island, mostly below Cortland Street. In 1800, when he began to have money to invest, the city had more than doubled in population, and had advanced nearly a mile up the island. Now, Astor was a shrewd calculator of the future. No reason appeared why New York should not repeat this doubling and this mile of extension every fifteen years. He acted upon the supposition, and fell into the habit of buying lands and lots just beyond the verge of the city. One little anecdote will show the wisdom of this proceeding. He sold a lot in the vicinity of Wall Street, about the year 1810, for eight thousand dollars, which was supposed to be somewhat under its value. The purchaser, after the papers were signed, seemed disposed to chuckle over his bargain.

"Why, Mr. Astor," said he, "in a few years this lot will be worth twelve thousand dollars."

"Very true," replied Astor; "but now you shall see what I will do with this money. With eight thousand dollars I buy eighty lots above Canal Street. By the time your lot is worth twelve thousand dollars my eighty lots will be worth eighty thousand dollars;" which proved to be the fact.

His purchase of the Richmond Hill estate of Aaron Burr was a case in point. He bought

the hundred and sixty acres at a thousand dollars an acre, and in twelve years the land was worth fifteen hundred dollars a lot. In the course of time the island was dotted all over with Astor lands—to such an extent that the whole income of his estate for fifty years could be invested in new houses without buying any more land.

His land speculations, however, were by no means confined to the little island of Manhattan. Aged readers can not have forgotten the most celebrated of all his operations of this kind, by which he acquired a legal title to one-third of the county of Putnam in this State. This enormous tract was part of the estate of Roger Morris and Mary his wife, who, by adhering to the King of Great Britain in the Revolutionary war, forfeited their landed property in the State of New York. Having been duly attainted as public enemies, they fled to England at the close of the war, and the State sold their lands, in small parcels, to honest Whig farmers. The estate comprised fifty-one thousand one hundred and two acres, upon which were living, in 1809, more than seven hundred families, all relying upon the titles which the State of New York had given. Now Mr. Astor steps forward to disturb the security of this community of farmers. It appeared, and was proved beyond doubt, that Roger and Mary Morris had only possessed a *life-interest* in this estate, and that, therefore, it was only that life-interest which the State could legally confiscate. The moment Roger and Mary Morris ceased to live the property would fall to their heirs, with all the houses, barns, and other improvements thereon. After a most thorough examination of the papers by the leading counsel of that day, Mr. Astor bought the rights of the heirs, in 1809, for twenty thousand pounds sterling. At that time Roger Morris was no more; and Mary his wife was nearly eighty, and extremely infirm. She lingered, however, for some years; and it was not until after the peace of 1815 that the claims of Mr. Astor were pressed. The consternation of the farmers and the astonishment of the people generally, when at length the great millionaire stretched out his hand to pluck this large ripe pear, may be imagined. A great clamor arose against him. It can not be denied, however, that he acted in this business with moderation and dignity. Upon the first rumor of his claim, in 1814, commissioners were appointed by the Legislature to inquire into it. These gentlemen, finding the claim more formidable than had been suspected, asked Mr. Astor for what sum he would compromise. The lands were valued at six hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars, but Astor replied that he would sell his claim for three hundred thousand. The offer was not accepted, and the affair lingered. In 1818, Mary Morris being supposed to be at the point of death, and the farmers being in constant dread of the writs of ejectment which her death would bring upon them, commissioners were again appointed by the Legislature to look



into the matter. Again Mr. Astor was asked on what terms he would compromise. He replied, January 19, 1819:

"In 1813 or 1814 a similar proposition was made to me by the commissioners then appointed by the Honorable the Legislature of this State, when I offered to compromise for the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, which, considering the value of the property in question, was thought very reasonable; and, at the present period, when the life of Mrs. Morris is, according to calculation, worth little or nothing, she being near eighty-six years of age, and the property more valuable than it was in 1813, I am still willing to receive the amount which I then stated, with interest on the same, payable in money or stock, bearing an interest of — per cent., payable quarterly. The stock may be made payable at such periods as the Honorable the Legislature may deem proper. This offer will, I trust, be considered as liberal, and as a proof of my willingness to compromise on terms which are reasonable, considering the value of the property, the price which it cost me, and the inconvenience of having so long laid out of my money, which, if employed in commercial operations, would most likely have produced better profits."

The Legislature were not yet prepared to compromise. It was not till 1827 that a test case was selected and brought to trial before a jury. The most eminent counsel were employed on the part of the State—Daniel Webster and Martin Van Buren among them. Astor's cause was intrusted to Emmet, Ogden, and others. We believe that Aaron Burr was consulted on the part of Mr. Astor, though he did not appear in the trial. The efforts of the array of counsel employed by the State were exerted in vain to find a flaw in the paper upon which Astor's claim mainly rested. Mr. Webster's speech on this occasion betrays, even to the unprofessional reader, both that he had no case and that he knew he had not, for he indulged in a strain of remark that could only have been designed to prejudice, not convince, the jury.

"It is a claim for lands," said he, "not in their wild and forest state, but for lands the intrinsic value of which is mingled with the labor expended upon them. It is no everyday purchase, for it extends over towns and counties, and almost takes in a degree of latitude. It is a stupendous speculation. The individual who now claims it has not succeeded to it by inheritance; he has not attained it, as he did that vast wealth which no one less envies him than I do, by fair and honest exertions in commercial enterprise, but by speculation, by purchasing the forlorn hope of the heirs of a family driven from their country by a bill of attainder. By the defendants, on the contrary, the lands in question are held as a patrimony. They have labored for years to improve them. The rugged hills had grown green under their cultivation before a question was raised as to the integrity of their titles."

A line of remark like this would appeal powerfully to a jury of farmers. Its effect, however, was destroyed by the simple observation of one of the opposing counsel:

"Mr. Astor bought this property confiding in the justice of the State of New York, firmly believing that in the litigation of his claim his rights would be maintained."

It is creditable to the administration of justice in New York, and creditable to the very institution of trial by jury, that Mr. Astor's most unpopular and even odious cause was triumphant. Warned by this verdict, the Legislature consented to compromise on Mr. Astor's own terms. The requisite amount of "Astor stock," as it was called, was created. Mr. Astor received about half a million of dollars, and the titles of the lands were secured to their rightful owners. To render this conclusion of the affair palatable to the people the trial and the documents were published in pamphlets.

The crowning glory of Mr. Astor's mercantile career was that vast and brilliant enterprise which Washington Irving has commemorated in "Astoria." No other single individual has ever set on foot a scheme so extensive, so difficult, and so costly as this; nor has any such enterprise been carried out with such sustained energy and perseverance. To establish a line of trading-posts from St. Louis to the Pacific, a four months' journey in a land of wilderness, prairie, mountain, and desert, inhabited by treacherous or hostile savages—to found a permanent settlement on the Pacific coast as the grand dépôt of furs and supplies—to arrange a plan by which the furs collected should be regularly transported to China, and the ships return to New York laden with tea and silks, and then proceed once more to the Pacific coast to repeat the circuit—to maintain all the parts of this scheme without the expectation of any but a remote profit, sending ship after ship before any certain intelligence of the first ventures had arrived—this was an enterprise which had been memorable if it had been undertaken by a wealthy corporation or a powerful government, instead of a private merchant, unaided by any resources but his own. At every moment in the conduct of this magnificent attempt Mr. Astor appears the great man. His parting instructions to the captain of his first ship call to mind those of General Washington to St. Clair on a similar occasion. "All accidents that have yet happened," said the merchant, "arose from too much confidence in the Indians." The ship was lost, a year after, by the disregard of this last warning. When the news reached New York of the massacre of the crew and the blowing up of the ship, the man who flew into a passion at seeing a little boy drop a wine-glass behaved with a composure that was the theme of general admiration. He attended the theatre the same evening, and entered heartily into the play. Mr. Irving relates that a friend having expressed surprise at this, Mr. Astor replied:

"What would you have me do? Would you



have me stay at home and weep for what I can not help?"

This was not indifference; for when, after nearly two years of weary waiting, he heard of the safety and success of the overland expedition, he was so overjoyed that he could scarcely contain himself.

"I felt ready," said he, "to fall upon my knees in a transport of gratitude."

A touch in one of his letters shows the absolute confidence he felt in his own judgment and abilities, a confidence invariably exhibited by men of the first executive talents.

"Were I on the spot," he wrote to one of his agents when the affairs of the settlement appeared desperate, "and had the management of affairs, I would defy them all; but, as it is, every thing depends upon you and the friends about you. Our enterprise is grand and deserves success, and I hope in God it will meet it. If my object was merely gain of money I should say, think whether it is best to save what we can and abandon the place; but the thought is like a dagger to my heart."

He intimates here that his object was not merely "gain of money." What was it, then? Mr. Irving informs us that it was desire of fame. We should rather say that when nature endows a man with a remarkable gift she also implants within him the love of exercising it. Astor loved to plan a vast, far-reaching enterprise. He loved it as Morphy loves to play chess, as Napoleon loved to plan a campaign, as Raphael loved to paint, and Handel to compose.

The war of 1812 foiled the enterprise. "But for that war," Mr. Astor used to say, "I should have been the richest man that ever lived." He expected to go on expending money for several years, and then to gain a steady annual profit of millions. It was, however, that very war that enabled him to sustain the enormous losses of the enterprise without injury to his estate, or even a momentary inconvenience. During the first year of the war he had the luck to receive two or three cargoes of tea from China, despite the British cruisers. In the second year of the war, when the Government was reduced to borrow at eighty, he invested largely in the loan, which, one year after the peace, stood at one hundred and twenty.

Mr. Astor at all times was a firm believer in the destiny of the United States. In other words, he held its public stock in profound respect. He had little to say of politics, but he was a supporter of the old Whig party for many years, and had a great regard, personal and political, for its leader and ornament, Henry Clay. He was never better pleased than when he entertained Mr. Clay at his own house. It ought to be mentioned in this connection that when, in June, 1812, the merchants of New York memorialized the Government in favor of the embargo, which almost annihilated the commerce of the port, the name of John Jacob Astor headed the list of signatures.

He was an active business-man in this city

for about forty-six years—from his twenty-first to his sixty-seventh year. Toward the year 1830 he began to withdraw from business, and undertook no new enterprises except such as the investment of his income involved. His three daughters were married. His son and heir was a man of thirty. Numerous grandchildren were around him, for whom he manifested a true German fondness; not, however, regarding them with equal favor. He dispensed, occasionally, a liberal hospitality at his modest house, though that hospitality was usually bestowed upon men whose presence at his table conferred distinction upon him who sat at the head of it. He was fond, strange as it may seem, of the society of literary men. For Washington Irving he always professed a warm regard, liked to have him at his house, visited him, and made much of him. Fitz-Greene Halleck, one of the best talkers of his day, a man full of fun, anecdote, and fancy, handsome, graceful, and accomplished, was a great favorite with him. He afterward invited the poet to reside with him and take charge of his affairs, which Mr. Halleck did for many years, to the old gentleman's perfect satisfaction. Still later Dr. Cogswell won his esteem, and was named by him Librarian of the Astor Library. For his own part, though he rather liked to be read to in his latter days, he collected no library, no pictures, no objects of curiosity. As he had none of the wasteful vices, so also he had none of the costly tastes. Like all other rich men, he was beset continually by applicants for pecuniary aid, especially by his own countrymen. As a rule he refused to give: and he was right. He held beggary of all descriptions in strong contempt, and seemed to think that, in this country, want and fault are synonymous. Nevertheless, we are told that he did, now and then, bestow small sums in charity, though we have failed to get trustworthy evidence of a single instance of his doing so. It is no doubt absolutely necessary for a man who is notoriously rich to guard against imposture, and to hedge himself about against the swarms of solicitors who pervade a large and wealthy city. If he did not he would be overwhelmed and devoured. His time would be all consumed and his estate squandered in satisfying the demands of importunate impudence. Still, among the crowd of applicants there is here and there one whose claim upon the aid of the rich man is just. It were much to be desired that a way should be devised by which these meritorious askers could be sifted from the mass, and the nature of their requests made known to men who have the means and the wish to aid such. Some kind of Benevolence Intelligence Office appears to be needed among us. In the absence of such an institution we must not be surprised that men renowned for their wealth convert themselves into human porcupines, and erect their defensive armor at the approach of every one who carries a subscription book. True, a generous man might establish a private bureau of investigation; but



a generous man is not very likely to acquire a fortune of twenty millions. Such an accumulation of wealth is just as wise as if a man who had to walk ten miles on a hot day should, of his own choice, carry on his back a large sack of potatoes. A man of superior sense and feeling will not waste his life so unless he has in view a grand public object. On the contrary, he will rather do as Franklin did, who, having acquired at the age of forty-two a modest competence, sold out his thriving business on easy terms to a younger man, and devoted the rest of his happy life to the pursuit of knowledge and the service of his country. But we can not all be Franklins. In the affairs of the world millionaires are as indispensable as philosophers; and it is fortunate for society that some men take pleasure in heaping up enormous masses of capital.

Having retired from business Mr. Astor determined to fulfill the vow of his youth, and build in Broadway a house larger and costlier than any it could then boast. Behold the result in the Astor House, which remains to this day one of our most solid, imposing, and respectable structures. The ground on which the hotel stands was covered with substantial three-story brick houses, one of which Astor himself occupied; and it was thought at the time a wasteful and rash proceeding to destroy them. Old Mr. Coster, a retired merchant of great wealth, who lived next door to Mr. Astor's residence, was extremely indisposed to remove, and held out long against every offer of the millionaire. His house was worth thirty thousand dollars. Astor offered him that sum; but the offer was very positively declined, and the old gentleman declared it to be his intention to spend the remainder of his days in the house. Mr. Astor offered forty thousand without effect. At length the indomitable projector revealed his purpose to his neighbor.

"Mr. Coster," said he, "I want to build a hotel. I have got all the other lots; now name your own price."

To which Coster replied by confessing the real obstacle to the sale.

"The fact is," said he, "I can't sell unless Mrs. Coster consents. If she is willing I'll sell for sixty thousand, and you can call to-morrow morning and ask her."

Mr. Astor presented himself at the time named.

"Well, Mr. Astor," said the lady in the tone of one who was conferring a very great favor for nothing, "we are such old friends that I am willing for your sake."

So the house was bought, and with the proceeds Mr. Coster built the spacious granite mansion a mile up Broadway, which is now known as the Chinese Building. Mr. Astor used to relate this story with great glee. He was particularly amused at the simplicity of the old lady in considering it a great favor to him to sell her house at twice its value. It was at this time that he removed to a wide, two-story brick house opposite Niblo's, the front door of which

bore a large silver plate exhibiting to awe-struck passers-by the words: "MR. ASTOR." Soon after the hotel was finished he made a present of it to his eldest son, or, in legal language, he sold it to him for the sum of one dollar, "to him in hand paid."

In the decline of his life, when his vast fortune was safe from the perils of business, he was still as sparing in his personal expenditures, as close in his bargains, as watchful over his accumulations as he had been when economy was essential to his solvency and progress. He enjoyed keenly the consciousness, the feeling of being rich. The roll-book of his possessions was his Bible. He scanned it fondly, and saw with quiet but deep delight the catalogue of his property lengthening from month to month. The love of accumulation grew with his years until it ruled him like a tyrant. If at fifty he possessed his millions, at sixty-five his millions possessed him. Only to his own children and to their children was he liberal; and his liberality to them was all arranged with a view to keeping his estate in the family, and to cause it at every moment to tend toward a final consolidation in one enormous mass. He was ever considerate for the comfort of his imbecile son. One of his last enterprises was to build for him a commodious residence.

In 1832, one of his daughters having married a European nobleman, he allowed himself the pleasure of a visit to her. He remained abroad till 1835, when he hurried home in consequence of the disturbance in financial affairs caused by General Jackson's war upon the Bank of the United States. The captain of the ship in which he sailed from Havre to New York has related to us some curious incidents of the voyage. Mr. Astor reached Havre when the ship, on the point of sailing, had every state-room engaged; but he was so anxious to get home that the captain, who had commanded ships for him in former years, gave up to him his own state-room. Head winds and boisterous seas kept the vessel beating about and tossing in the channel for many days. The great man was very sick and still more alarmed. At length, being persuaded that he should not survive the voyage, he asked the captain to run in and set him ashore on the coast of England. The captain dissuaded him. The old man urged his request at every opportunity, and said at last: "I give you thousand dollars to put me aboard a pilot-boat." He was so vehement and importunate that one day the captain, worried out of all patience, promised that if he did not get out of the channel before the next morning he would run in and put him ashore. It happened that the wind changed in the afternoon and wafted the ship into the broad ocean. But the troubles of the sea-sick millionaire had only just begun. A heavy gale of some days' duration blew the vessel along the western coast of Ireland. Mr. Astor, thoroughly panic-stricken, now offered the captain ten thousand dollars if he would put him ashore any where on the wild



and rocky coast of the Emerald Isle. In vain the captain remonstrated. In vain he reminded the old gentleman of the danger of forfeiting his insurance.

"Insurance!" exclaimed Astor, "can't I insure your ship myself?"

In vain the captain mentioned the rights of the other passengers. In vain he described the solitary and rock-bound coast, and detailed the difficulties and dangers which attended its approach. Nothing would appease him. He said he would take all the responsibility, brave all the perils, endure all the consequences; only let him once more feel the firm ground under his feet. The gale having abated the captain yielded to his entreaties, and engaged, if the other passengers would consent to the delay, to stand in and put him ashore. Mr. Astor went into the cabin and proceeded to write what was expected to be a draft for ten thousand dollars in favor of the owners of the ship or his agent in New York. He handed to the captain the result of his efforts. It was a piece of paper covered with writing that was totally illegible.

"What is this?" asked the captain.

"A draft upon my son for ten thousand dollars," was the reply.

"But no one can read it."

"Oh yes, my son will know what it is. My hand trembles so that I can not write any better."

"But," said the captain, "you can at least write your name. I am acting for the owners of the ship, and I can not risk their property for a piece of paper that no one can read. Let one of the gentlemen draw up a draft in proper form; you sign it; and I will put you ashore."

The old gentleman would not consent to this mode of proceeding, and the affair was dropped.

A favorable wind blew the ship swiftly on her way, and Mr. Astor's alarm subsided. But even on the Banks of Newfoundland, two-thirds of the way across, when the captain went upon the poop to speak a ship bound for Liverpool, old Astor climbed up after him, saying, "Tell them I give thousand dollars if they take a passenger."

Astor lived to the age of eighty-four. During the last few years of his life his faculties were sensibly impaired; he was a child again. It was, however, while his powers and his judgment were in full vigor that he determined to follow the example of Girard and bequeath a portion of his estate for the purpose of "rendering a public benefit to the city of New York." He consulted Mr. Irving, Mr. Halleck, Dr. Cogswell, and his own son with regard to the object of this bequest. All his friends concurred in recommending a public library, and, accordingly, in 1839, he added the well-known codicil to his will which consecrated four hundred thousand dollars to this purpose. To Irving's Astoria and to the Astor Library he will owe a lasting fame in the country of his adoption.

The last considerable sum he was ever known to give away was a contribution to aid the elec-

tion to the Presidency of his old friend, Henry Clay. The old man was always fond of a compliment, and seldom averse to a joke. It was the timely application of a jocular compliment that won from him this last effort of generosity. When the committee were presented to him he began to excuse himself, evidently intending to decline giving.

"I am not now interested in these things," said he. "Those gentlemen who are in business, and whose property depends upon the issue of the election, ought to give. But I am now an old man. I haven't any thing to do with commerce, and it makes no difference to me what the Government does. I don't make money any more, and haven't any concern in the matter."

One of the committee replied, "Why, Mr. Astor, you are like Alexander when he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. You have made all the money, and now there is no more money to make." The old eye twinkled at the blended compliment and jest.

"Ha, ha, ha! very good, that's very good. Well, well, I give you something."

Whereupon he drew his check for fifteen hundred dollars.

When all else had died within him, when he was at last nourished like an infant at a woman's breast, and when being no longer able to ride in a carriage, he was daily tossed in blanket for exercise, he still retained a strong interest in the care and increase of his property. His agent called daily upon him to render a report of moneys received. One morning this gentleman chanced to enter his room while he was enjoying his blanket exercise. The old man cried out from the middle of his blanket,

"Has Mrs. — paid that rent yet?"

"No," replied the agent.

"Well, but she must pay it," said the poor old man.

"Mr. Astor," rejoined the agent, "she can't pay it now; she has had misfortunes, and we must give her time."

"No, no," said Astor; "I tell you she can pay it, and she will pay it. You don't go the right way to work with her."

The agent took leave, and mentioned the anxiety of the old gentleman with regard to this unpaid rent to his son, who counted out the requisite sum, and told the agent to give it to the old man as if he had received it from the tenant.

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Astor, when he received the money, "I told you she would pay it if you went the right way to work with her."

Who would have twenty millions at such a price?

On the twenty-ninth of March, 1848, of old age merely, in the presence of his family and friends, without pain or disquiet, this remarkable man breathed his last. He was buried in a vault of the church of St. Thomas in Broadway. Though he expressly declared in his will that he was a member of the Reformed German



Congregation, no clergyman of that Church took part in the services of his funeral. The unusual number of six Episcopal Doctors of Divinity assisted at the ceremony. A bishop could have scarcely expected a more distinguished funereal homage. Such a thing it is in a commercial city to die worth twenty millions! The pallbearers were Washington Irving, Philip Hone, Sylvanus Miller, James G. King, Isaac Bell, David B. Ogden, Thomas J. Oakley, Ramsey Crooks, and Jacob B. Taylor.

The public curiosity with regard to the will of the deceased millionaire was fully gratified by the saucy enterprise of the *Herald*, which published it entire in five columns of its smallest type a day or two after the funeral. The ruling desires of Mr. Astor with regard to his property were evidently these two: 1. To provide amply and safely for his children, grandchildren, nephews, and nieces; 2. To keep his estate, as much as was consistent with this desire, in one mass in the hands of his eldest son. His brother Henry, the butcher, had died childless and rich, leaving his property to Mr. William B. Astor. To the descendants of the brother in Germany Mr. Astor left small but sufficient pensions. To many of his surviving children and grandchildren in America he left life-interests and stocks which seem designed to produce an average of about fifteen thousand dollars a year. Other grandsons were to have twenty-five thousand dollars on reaching the age of twenty-five, and the same sum when they were thirty. His favorite grandson, Charles Astor Bristed, since well known to the public as an author and poet, was left amply provided for. He directed his executors to "provide for my unfortunate son, John Jacob Astor, and to procure for him all the comforts which his condition does or may require." For this purpose ten thousand dollars a year was directed to be appropriated, and the house built for him in Fourteenth Street near Ninth Avenue was to be his for life. If he should be restored to the use of his faculties, he was to have an income of one hundred thousand dollars. The number of persons, all relatives or connections of the deceased, who were benefited by the will, was about twenty-five. To his old friend and manager, Fitz-Greene Halleck, he left the somewhat ridiculous annuity of two hundred dollars, which Mr. William B. Astor voluntarily increased to fifteen hundred. Nor was this the only instance in which the heir rectified the errors and supplied the omissions of the will. He had the justice to send a considerable sum to the brave old captain who saved for Mr. Astor the large property in China imperiled by the sudden death of an agent. The minor bequests and legacies of Mr. Astor absorbed about two millions of his estate. The rest of his property fell to his eldest son, under whose careful management it is supposed to have increased to an amount not less than forty millions. This may, however, be an exaggeration. Mr. William B. Astor minds his own business, and does not impart to others the secrets of his rent-roll. The number of his

houses in this city is said to be seven hundred and twenty.

The bequests of Mr. Astor for purposes of benevolence show good sense and good feeling. The Astor Library fund of four hundred thousand dollars was the largest item. Next in amount was fifty thousand dollars for the benefit of the poor of his native village in Germany. "To the German Society of New York," continued the will, "I give thirty thousand dollars on condition of their investing it in bond and mortgage, and applying it for the purpose of keeping an office and giving advice and information without charge to all emigrants arriving here, and for the purpose of protecting them against imposition." To the Home for aged Ladies he gave thirty thousand dollars, and to the Blind Asylum and the Half-Orphan Asylum each five thousand dollars. To the German Reformed Congregation, "of which I am a member," he left the moderate sum of two thousand dollars. These objects were wisely chosen. The sums left for them, also, were in many cases of the amount most likely to be well employed. Twenty-five thousand dollars he left to Columbia College, but unfortunately repented, and annulled the bequest in a codicil.

We need not enlarge on the success which has attended the bequest for the Astor Library—a bequest to which Mr. William B. Astor has added, in land, books, and money, about two hundred thousand dollars. It is the ornament and boast of the city. Nothing is wanting to its complete utility but an extension of the time of its being accessible to the public. Such a library, in such a city as this, should be open at sunrise, and close at ten in the evening. If but *one* studious youth should desire to avail himself of the morning hours before going to his daily work, the interests of that one would justify the directors in opening the treasures of the library at the rising of the sun. In the evening, of course, the library would probably be attended by a greater number of readers than in all the hours of the day together.

The bequest to the village of Waldorf has resulted in the founding of an institution that appears to be doing a great deal of good in a quiet German manner. The German biographer of Mr. Astor, from whom we have derived some particulars of his early life, expatiates upon the merits of this establishment, which, he informs us, is called the Astor House.

"Certain knowledge," he says, "of Astor's bequest reached Waldorf only in 1850, when a nephew of Mr. Astor's and one of the executors of his will appeared from New York in the testator's native town with power to pay over the money to the proper persons. He kept himself mostly in Heidelberg, and organized a supervisory board to aid in the disposition of the funds in accordance with the testator's intentions. This board was to have its head-quarters in Heidelberg, and was to consist of professors in the University there, and clergymen, not less than five in all. The board of control, how-



ever, consists of the clergy of Waldorf, the burgo-master, the physician, a citizen named every three years by the Common Council, and the governor of the institution, who must be a teacher by profession. This latter board has control of all the interior arrangements of the institution, and the care of the children and beneficiaries. The leading objects of the Astor House are: 1. The care of the poor, who, through age, disease, or other causes, are incapable of labor; 2. The rearing and instruction of poor children, especially those who live in Waldorf. Non-residents are received if there is room, but they must make compensation for their board and instruction. Children are received at the age of six, and maintained until they are fifteen or sixteen. Besides school instruction, there is ample provision for physical culture. They are trained in active and industrious habits, and each of them, according to his disposition, is to be taught a trade, or instructed in agriculture, market-gardening, the care of vineyards or of cattle, with a view to rendering them efficient farm-servants or stewards. It is also in contemplation to assist the blind and the deaf and dumb, and, finally, to establish a nursery for very young children left destitute. Catholics and Protestants are admitted on equal terms, religious differences not being recognized in the applicants for admission. Some time having elapsed before the preliminary arrangements were completed, the accumulated interest of the fund went so far toward paying for the buildings, that of the original fifty thousand dollars not less than forty-three thousand has been permanently invested for the support of the institution."

Thus they manage bequests in Germany! The Astor House was opened with much ceremony, January 9, 1854, the very year in which the Astor Library was opened to the public in the city of New York. The day of the founder's death is annually celebrated in the chapel of the institution, which is adorned by his portrait.

These two institutions will carry the name of John Jacob Astor to the latest generations. But they are not the only services which he rendered to the public. It would be absurd to contend that in accumulating his enormous estate, and in keeping it almost entire in the hands of his eldest son, he was actuated by a regard for the public good. He probably never thought of the public good in connection with the bulk of his property. Nevertheless, America is so constituted that every man in it of force and industry is necessitated to be a public servant. If this colossal fortune had been gained in Europe it would probably have been consumed in what is there called "founding a family." Mansions would have been built with it, parks laid out, a title of nobility purchased; and the income, wasted

in barren and stupid magnificence, would have maintained a host of idle, worthless, and pampered menials. Here, on the contrary, it is expended almost wholly in providing for the people of New York the very commodity of which they stand in most pressing need; namely, *new houses*. The simple reason why the rent of a small house in New York is a thousand dollars a year is because the supply of houses is unequal to the demand. We need at this moment five thousand more houses in the city of New York for the decent accommodation of its inhabitants at rents which they can afford to pay. The man who does more than any one else to supply the demand for houses is the patient, abstemious, and laborious heir of the Astor estate. He does a good day's work for us in this business every day, and all the wages he receives for so much care and toil is a moderate subsistence for himself and his family, and the very troublesome reputation of being the richest man in America. And the business is done with the minimum of waste in every department. In a quiet little office in Prince Street the manager of the estate, aided by two or three aged clerks (one of them of fifty-five years' standing in the office), transacts the business of a property larger than that of many sovereign princes. Every thing, also, is done promptly and in the best manner. If a tenant desires repairs or alterations, an agent calls at the house within twenty-four hours, makes the requisite inquiries, reports, and the work is forthwith begun, or the tenant is notified that it will not be done. The concurrent testimony of Mr. Astor's tenants is, that he is one of the most liberal and obliging of landlords.

So far, therefore, the Astor estate, immense as it is, appears to have been an unmixed good to the city in which it is mainly invested. There is every reason to believe that, in the hands of the next heir, it will continue to be managed with the same prudence and economy that mark the conduct of its present proprietor. We indulge the hope that either the present or some future possessor may devote a portion of his vast revenue to the building of a new order of tenement houses, on a scale that will enable a man who earns a dollar and a half a day to occupy apartments fit for the residence of a family of human beings. The time is ripe for it. May we live to see, in some densely-populated portion of the city, a new and grander ASTOR HOUSE arise, that shall demonstrate to the capitalists of every city in America that nothing will pay better as an investment than HOUSES FOR THE PEOPLE, which shall afford to an honest laborer rooms in a clean, orderly, and commodious palace at the price he now pays for a corner of a dirty, fever-breeding barrack!



## A NEW YEAR.

**J**ACK HIGGINS'S peculiarity was that he was always surrounded with babies. Not that this is a disagreeable peculiarity, provided the babies are clean, will sit still on the floor, not cry for gingerbread, or entertain you by rolling from the top to the bottom of the back-stairs every hour or so, after the manner of infants generally.

There are children in story-books—model children in neat little bonnets, driving neat little hoops about a neat little flower-garden; children various in size, but alike in the grandeur of their moral qualities, who keep straight in the path, and never harm the flowers or tear their pinafores, growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," till they end in the arms of an enraptured nurse, holding a bundle of blankets with a baby inside, which appears to give the world no more trouble than a doll would under the same circumstances.

It is very pleasant to read such books. It has a fine effect on persons of a misanthropic turn of mind: your sympathies are so suddenly enlarged; you manifest such a pious devotion to the "angel visitors;" you grow so eloquent over the "Lights of a Household;" you have vague ideas of dispensing with kerosene altogether. In this state of mind you visit your married sister, or, like Mrs. Boffin, set out on a voyage of discovery for an orphan. The orphan adopted, or the period of service, as your sister's nursery-maid, brought to an end, your dream changes. The neat little garden, and the orderly procession driving orderly hoops through it, vanish from your mind's eye: your angels droop and lose their wings; kerosene is reinstated; you yourself show decided monastic tendencies; you have become sadder if not wiser in this world's experience. You have at last found out the real child who keeps you in all varieties of temperature; who takes you from the tropics to the polar regions without the least time for consideration; who chokes you with caresses one minute, and has a fit of sulks the next; who cries on all occasions when he ought not, and is sure to laugh when he ought to cry; who powders his face with the contents of your preserve-jars; who is always sick when you have company; who opens all your drawers, and builds a bonfire of your laces; who makes boats of your party slippers to sail in the wash-tub; who has such great blue eyes, and is so sorry for it all, that ten to one you take him up and kiss him, forgetting the switch you cut so carefully before you came up stairs. Decidedly of the earth, earthy. You own that for the rest of your lifetime, and cherish a secret grudge against the picture-book.

To which of the two species *Infanta* the little Higginses belonged I leave you to determine. Certain it is that their father was very well content with them, if one might judge from appearances. When he went to church there was a child led by each hand, two or three tugging at his long butternut coat, and an unknown quantity, whose

devotional powers had not yet matured, crying for him on the door-steps. While he dozed they played hide-and-seek about the pew, his presence always represented to the congregation by the thumping of many pairs of juvenile boots, and the overturning of many crickets in the gallery. When he went to work innumerable little foot-tracks followed in the wake of his ponderous boots. If any one sent for Jack to put up a stove, two or three diminutive Jacks were adorning the parlor carpet, and turning to a surprising black color from creeping into the chimney. If a well was to be cleared, "the little fellars" stood agape and aghast by its mouth, sure to break into a simultaneous yell as their father descended into the water. And when he returned home at night the whole colony swarmed out to meet him, sprinkled along the road at intervals for half a mile.

He had finished his work early one December day, and was spending the afternoon playing with his children in order to secure a little variety. They had converted him into a telegraph post; twine wires entangled him from head to foot, and messages flew from finger to finger, and from button to button. He was smiling good-naturedly down upon the excited operators, pleased in his rough way to see their curls turn into gold in the afternoon sunlight; his wife was busied about the kitchen.

"Give the children a ternal good supper, Mollie," he said. "New-Year's eve don't come more nor once a year."

"Jack!" said Mrs. Higgins, severely.

Jack was well aware that his wife objected to his use of adjectives; so he sent a furious dispatch from his right-hand coat-pocket to the strap of his boot, and then, looking out of the window, began to whistle.

There had been a thaw for several days past, and the snow was melting on the fields; the broad, warm sunlight caught the patches of grass till they grew faintly green; odors of spring were in the air, and the very drifts under the walls, which melted in such crystal lights, told a story of violets and mosses hidden somewhere underneath. Beyond, over the slope, the ocean met the sky—a thousand little waves breaking the shadows of clouds that hung and trembled in the light. The wind, too, which came up from the beach was low and sweet as a lullaby.

Perhaps the picture had its vague influence over the man—enough to put a homely content into the tune he whistled. It was a pretty good sort of world after all, and it wasn't as bad a thing to work for one's daily bread as it might be—looking over, naturally enough, to his neighbor's windows.

It was a pleasant place, the one just opposite, much larger than his own, though not very large: the house was white, and the green of the blinds always fresh. There was a shady parlor and a sunny back-door—traces of many flowers in the summer, and a dead vine about the porch. While he was watching it lazily through the smoke of



his pipe he saw Miss Harriet Locke come out into the yard. She had on her hood, and a little shawl over her shoulders. Some of Jane's milk-pans needed to be looked after; she hung a few laces too on the line to dry, and then went into the shed to feed the chickens. Looking over she saw Jack's ruddy face at the window, and the children, like so many cartes de visite of their father, staring each through a separate pane of glass. She nodded kindly enough, but did not smile. Presently Jack stopped his tune with a sudden quaver on its highest note.

"I'll be derved ef she ain't pokin' that 'ere wood about!"

"John Higgins!" said his wife, with an admonitory tap of the spoon with which she stirred her dough-nuts. But Jack was totally oblivious both of wife and spoon, for Miss Harriet Locke was beckoning to him to come over. Snapping the telegraph wires like a modern Samson, he seized his hat and went out of the door, the astonished corporation, enraged at this unexpected turn of affairs, shouting vociferously after him.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Harrit."

She was eying the well-piled wood, but turned as he came up, her face a little flushed and her voice unnecessarily sharp.

"Good-afternoon, Jack. You piled this wood?"

"Yes, marm, every stick on't with my own hands—finished chuck on twelve o'clock, and there ain't a better piled cord o' wood in town, I'll warrant."

"It is very well piled," said Miss Harriet; "but what possessed you to put it in this shed? It never goes here."

"That's where Miss Cynthy told me, marin; says she, 'Pile it in the south shed, Jack,' and so in course I did."

"Miss Cynthia told you, did she?" Miss Harriet spoke, quickly.

"You ken ask her yourself," replied Jack, doggedly.

"You knew that wasn't the place, Jack."

"I only obeyed orders, Miss Harrit, and ef you ain't suited I'm sorry for't."

Jack was turning away as if he supposed the conference to be at an end. Harriet Locke was not often forgetful of her dignity with her inferiors, and, repressing a sudden impulse to say that her orders were as good as her sister's, she called him back in a softer tone.

"It's no matter, Jack, if you were told to put it here; I only wanted to ask. How are the children?" putting her hand down on the tangled curls of the one nearest to her.

"Smart as a button," returned Jack, grinning broadly; "hain't none on 'em ben sick an hour sence we driv off the last o' the measles. You would split your sides laughin', Miss Harrit, to see them little fellars eat! Sometimes I be put to't at a dollar a day to keep 'em in victuals; there's no keepin' 'count of the potatoes and beans and fried puddin', and, I swannee! their mother does give 'em such dinners Sun-

days, there's no keepin' of 'em awake in meetin' no way."

Miss Harriet smiled, and looking round upon the circle of wide-open mouths, appeared much impressed by Jack's statement.

"Then there's Tim into the bargain," continued Jack, thoughtfully; "he's most as big as I be a'ready; he's a great 'un for the gals, Tim is, jes' as like to me, when I was a young fellar, as two peas in a pod."

Miss Harriet did not feel called upon to make any reply, and Jack proceeded.

"I've took half-holiday seein' to-morrow's New Year; hain't took none afore sence Thanksgiving; worked all Christmas, put her through on them kindlin's o' yourn. Mother she's ben cookin' up all day fur the children; she'll beat herself holler workin' for 'em, that woman will—holler as a bad nut."

"You enjoy your holidays, don't you, Jack?" her voice full of some vague regret.

"Wa'al, it's my 'pinion on that pint, he'd be a tough-hearted chap that didn't, all cozyin' up to the fire, and the children playin' round, and—I reckon I do!"

Something in the expression that spread itself over Jack's broad, good-natured face caused Harriet Locke's smile to fade, unconsciously to herself perhaps.

"Make the most of them, Jack," she said, quite gravely, turning away to throw a handful of corn among the hens. Jack took this as a sign that the conversation was at an end, and gathered up his flock for departure.

"Drop in and see us ef 'tain't too much trouble, do, Miss Harrit; we allers like to see folks on a holiday."

"Thank you," she said, kindly; but she did not promise to come.

"Growin' cooler; goin' to be a blow to-night, sure," persisted Jack, looking toward the sea. But receiving some very laconic answer, he touched his hat respectfully and walked away.

Harriet Locke leaned against the wood-pile, and watched him, hardly knowing why. Something in his hearty, happy laugh and the kisses of his children hurt her. She wished to get away from it, she shrank from looking upon the joy of his simple home. If she knew why this was, she did not own the reason to herself. She caught up a long sigh impatiently, and, turning round, faced the fresh breeze from the water. She drank it in with quick, sharp breathing, it was so cool, so pure and passionless; she longed thirstily to take it into her heart, she cried for its soothing. But something prevented this; it only turned to fever in her blood. Her eyes looking over to the sea, sought there, too, something which she did not find. A silence brooded over the fields; the beach stretched out lazily in the sun white and torpid; the warm, golden waves which broke upon it were lost in a calm of purple distance. The breathless sky, the very lull of the sleepy wind maddened her. She looked young as she stood there—younger by ten years than she was. Her face, even in its



customary thin and sallow look, gave traces of former beauty, and just then she formed a pleasant picture. Her hair, which the years had not robbed of its soft, golden color, fell about her face, the curls of a past fashion to be sure, but suited to her; all that kept the memories of a lost youth was suited to her, the warm color flushing her cheeks, and the light in her eyes alike. In one such moment you would have understood her, when weeks of ordinary acquaintance might only have puzzled you.

For some reason the insight she had just had into the humble home of her workman staid by her. These people enjoyed their holidays so; and she as well as they had once loved to welcome the New Year. They cared so much for each other—why, Jack was really proud of his uncouth children. Well, why should he not be? They were his own, they climbed upon his knees and played about his sunny kitchen: he was their father, and they loved him. That afternoon, when she had spoken to the little girl and touched its forehead, the child shrank away. Probably her hand was cold—she had no gloves. But somehow she could not forget it: who loved her? who cared to watch for her and kiss her? Why did she chill all the happy, young life about her; why did all alike turn from her? She might have answered her own questions; but like many another she would not. The thought, turning itself in her mind, rankled bitterly. Happy homes and merry holidays were for others—God had decreed that there should be none for her. She clasped her hands with an impatient gesture as if she would throw off this burden of life—this weary, pitiless burden! It grew so heavy; how could she bear it?

"Harriet!" called a voice from the house. She turned quickly, dropping her hands.

"Harriet, I'm afraid you'll take cold."

The tones—neither gentle nor unkind—jarred just then. She made no reply, and turned her face again toward the sea. A sister? Why, yes; of course she had a sister. And a home? Better than nothing, perhaps, but not much to be thankful for. She would have been surprised to be told otherwise. The discontent darkened bitterly on her face. The wind blowing up from the sea chilled her: she shivered, and, drawing her shawl about her shoulders, turned to go into the house.

The brightness on her cheeks and eyes had not faded when she opened the sitting-room door. Her sister, sitting quietly at her knitting, looked up when she came in and looked surprised.

"You don't seem much as if you'd taken cold—that's a fact," she said; "but I'm afraid you have, and we shall have you down sick to-morrow."

"I rather think I know how to take care of myself; and if I am sick, I promise not to trouble you to take care of me," replied Harriet, taking a seat by the fire. Cynthia made no reply, and they rocked in silence, watching the sluggish smoke that curled up the chimney.

"I don't see," began the younger sister at last, "what you had that wood put in the south shed for. You know it isn't half as dry, and we never have it there."

Cynthia made some quiet reply; she was always the last to lose her good temper. But Harriet was dissatisfied with her reasons, and still more with her manner: its contrast to her own was not pleasant.

"It would be supposed that I should *sometimes* be consulted in regard to household affairs, and that *every* order I may choose to give would not be so religiously disregarded," she said, heroically.

"You are at perfect liberty to do as you like," returned Cynthia, in her indifferent way. "You know very well that you never *did* know how to take care of a house; and if you're not satisfied with my management, I don't see as it can be helped."

"This reminds me of a child's book I once read about two good little sisters who loved each other—this is an affectionate world!" said Harriet, with a bitter laugh.

Cynthia stooped to pick up her ball.

"Especially if one isn't blessed with a temper," continued her sister, for want of a better retort.

Cynthia took up a book.

Harriet tapped the floor nervously with her foot and compressed her lips—then she also was silent. Not that it made any difference to her whether the wood was in the south shed or the North Pole. Of course it didn't; it was the principle she objected to. Cynthia always would have her own way, and she was tired of being ordered round like a girl and—How far the list of grievances might have gone on I can not say if it had not been interrupted by Cynthia's leaving the room. Just at that moment a large brand rolled down upon the hearth, and there being no one else to attend to it, Harriet was obliged to devote all her energies to the rebuilding of the fire—and her meditations about the wood-shed were cut short.

Perhaps you smile that I tell you of such a child's quarrel between two women past the prime of life—sensible, kind-hearted women, who read together daily at the same altar the Book, out of which they had learned together as little children to be "kindly affectioned"—women who, in a world of life and love, were left alone to be helpers each to the other—who bore in secret many burdens that might have been tenderly shared; whose hearts, aching with unshed tears, should have yearned one to another—who looked forward to an old age whose weakness and loneliness would meet them both together—who would pass on, side by side, to the death which it brought at last. No, you do not smile—it saddens you as it does me.

Cynthia came back presently with her work and sat down again. She did not notice her sister or speak. It was no intentional ill-humor, as Harriet very naturally supposed. The shade of some sad thought was on her face; and



who that has Cynthia Locke's reticent nature does not know how a cloud no bigger than a man's hand will grow and darken till it closes on the horizon and shuts out all sight of the world beyond it?

She was overlooking a box of bright-colored ribbons, pretty bits of girl's finery, many of them little worn and fresh as if some happy young fingers had taken them off but yesterday and laid them away. Cynthia took them up, one by one, passing her thin hands tenderly over each, lingering to fold and unfold, and fold again, some quaint, soft pattern. Harriet watched her with an idle curiosity. Her eye was caught by the contrast of the gay colors against her sister's black dress—Cynthia always wore black. There was something pitiful in it. So there was, too, in the old, pale face with its compressed lips, in the dreariness of the inexpectant eyes, and the gray of the hair that had been once so dark.

"What *are* you doing?" she said, at length, as Cynthia began to rip apart some bows of bright blue ribbon.

"I am going to give this to Jane for a bonnet trimming; she needs one, and I suppose it is foolish to buy when this is lying useless."

"Of course it is. I wonder you haven't used them before."

Harriet had not heard the faltering in her sister's voice; she did not see how many times she laid down her scissors, how she turned away, her whole face quivering, nor how the quiet tears stood in her eyes and dropped upon her work. If she had, would she have understood? Would she not have wondered pettishly what Cynthia *was* crying about? It may be so. She did not know of all the young, bright memories bound up in those pretty trifles; she did not think what a story they each told to the desolate woman. Woman-like, the very finery she had worn in the days of her joy had grown sacred. Such little—such very little things! Only a withered flower that hands long cold had placed in the girl's bright hair—only a bit of ribbon whose tint against the girl's cheek had pleased the eyes long dim! Do you wonder at this pain? I think it no irreverence to believe it is not forgotten or uncomforted in heaven.

Harriet turned away to look out of the window; she had meant nothing unkind, and forgot her words with their utterance. Cynthia worked on in silence, unthinking that others too might suffer, that to each some burden falls—that her younger sister might be longing for gentle words which she could speak.

I know I tell you of a truthful experience. That these two women should sit and watch the dreary afternoon together, see the long shadows of the evening creeping up the hills, and bear the darkness that fell into the heart of each, as far apart as if a world had sundered them, is no uncommon story.

The day was full of memories that they might have shared. Many pleasant holidays had brought them as children round this same fire-

side. Many nights they had watched the old year out, and dreamed their girls' dreams together. Many voices long passed into silence had mingled cheerily with their own in this same old room. It was bright to-night with almost forgotten pictures—one upon another, brightening and fading—one upon another, each with its own sad or joyful story. So long ago it had been a happy room, before the mother's step about the house was hushed or the father's hair was silvered. So long ago the old man had given them his last blessing, and they had carried him too to his rest. So many years they had sat here in the twilight—they two alone. So they sat together now—they two alone.

Oh these dead and dying years! With what a cry do we call them back! what pleading arms do we stretch out to them! So full they are of all we hold dearest and brightest; so hard it is to let them go; so weakly we sit and shiver to hear the merry midnight bells, to see the cold light creeping up the hills, to feel the sure coming of a new year for which we have no welcome.

Harriet Locke, in the midst of her bitter musings, felt at last the long shadow of a leafless tree upon her forehead, and glad, with an impatient desire for change, to know that the afternoon was passing, rose to order tea.

"Supper gives one something to think about, at any rate," she said to her sister.

"It makes no difference that I know of," replied Cynthia, abstractedly.

Harriet shrugged her shoulders and went to call Jane. Passing into the kitchen she found it empty. She called, but the handmaiden was not. Another grievance. Why couldn't servants always "stay put" instead of making you race the house over after them? Miss Harriet, however, did not race the house over, but finding the kitchen fire warm and inviting preferred to stand and meditate over the coals. While thus employed she heard a familiar voice through the half-open door.

"Law, Tim! how can you now?"

Looking out of the window, Jane and the susceptible Tim appeared tête-à-tête upon the door-steps. The young lady, in lieu of a handkerchief, was twisting her dish-towel bashfully, and her chubby hands, warm and pink from their immersion in the suds, looked to Tim's eyes as fair, perhaps, as if they were small and white, and bore the flash of diamonds.

They formed a pretty picture—Tim's hearty farmer's face all aglow, and the girl's honest eyes so full of the old story.

A kindlier heart than Harriet Locke's was just then would have warmed at it.

"You know," said Jane, coquettishly, "you like Betsey Hodges a heap better nor me."

"Jerusalem! Jenny, I'll be blessed if I do! I dished her long ago."

Tim's cavalierly manner could not fail of conviction. He may also have confirmed it by some conclusive method entirely satisfactory to



the young lady; for when she came in at her mistress's call her pretty round cheeks were burning, and her eyes dropped shyly on the ground.

"Jane, what have you been about? I want you to get supper now immediately, and not idle any longer."

Harriet's heart smote her for this petty impatience as she turned away. She could not help thinking that Cynthia would not have done thus. She would only have smiled—her sad smile—and spoken to the girl quite kindly. Ah! but it was not with Cynthia as with her.

The cloud on her face darkened as she came back and began to pace the room impatiently. This little thing had jarred so—that the very servant in her kitchen should be blessed—that every where she turned on this, to her, most bitter night, this joy and love with which the world was full should sting her! You blame her. Yet judge her not harshly; for the dark pages of her experience were written with no softening lines. Many tears unshed will freeze at the heart; and who that feels the chill knows of them?

Jane brought in the tea-things at last, her good-natured face grown quite pretty with her bit of a dream, which was as sweet to her as it had been once to the two women who sat and watched her silently.

"Is that all, Miss Cynthia?" fingering a little cornelian ring furtively.

"Yes, except the toast."

"That's most ready. I'm going to butter it with Betsey Hodges—I mean with the new butter, and then I'll bring it."

"Very well, you may go, Jane."

Jane went, blushing scarlet. Cynthia smiled; Harriet sipped her tea, and said nothing. It was yet very early, but Harriet had wanted light, and the room was warm and pleasant, with its cozy table spread for two, and the crackling of the fire. It might have been home-like if either of them had chosen to have it so. The burden of the gloomy and silent meal grew too heavy at last. Harriet pushed back her chair impatiently.

"You are very entertaining to-night, Cynthia."

"So are you."

"I do declare one might as well be without a sister!"

"That's a rule that works both ways," replied Cynthia, with unwonted temper and an unusual color flushing her pale cheek. Both rose then, and went each her own way. It was perfectly natural to Cynthia to go up stairs and lock herself in alone. It was as natural for Harriet, as being the younger and more adventurous, to throw on her cloak and hood, shut the street door hard, and start off for a walk in the cold, clear sunset.

She turned her face seaward, over fields where the snow had hardened under the evening wind, and the patches of grass, losing all their boast of pallid green, had frozen crisp and sere; over

frosty walls, which she climbed even yet with some of the nimbleness of her younger years; through little well-worn foot-paths half hidden by the shallow snow, and down at last upon the beach, which stretched out, a dull expanse of marbled pavement, under her feet.

Passing some chalky rocks which lay high upon the shore out of reach of the tide, and covered with some scant field-growth that had found its way to them, she stopped suddenly. Not that the rocks were picturesque, or that any fantastic shape was there to catch her eye. It was simply an old memory which, coming back, struck her sharply. It was on New Year's eve, and many years ago, that she had come out at this same hour to walk upon the beach, and stopped just here to rest a moment. Far down among the rocks a figure was moving and coming toward her. She had watched it idly as she sat, the sunset light bright on her golden hair and in her eyes. She had watched it wondering as it came nearer; and the stranger—his form in full relief against the sky, his eyes like her own, bright and deep in the light—paused a moment in surprise to see her there, murmured some apology, and with a bow passed on. And as he walked over the fields she had turned to look again.

Her breath grew sharp and quick as she remembered. Better had she gone that night down into the calm wide ocean, and that its waves had caught her away! Compressing her lips sharply, and turning with a quick, nervous walk once more to the sea.

Reaching it at last, she climbed the cliffs that stood low upon the shore, then down their stair-like sides, and out upon a narrow ledge of rock covered with dank barnacles, and jutting into the yellow sand left weed-strewn by the tide. It looked like the ruins of a wharf in the ruin of a sea. She herself did not mar the fancy as she stood upon it, her figure, in its dark cloak, sharp against the glow of the sky; the wind blowing her bright hair—so bright for its old, sad fashion; her face, which the light touched, pale with its wreck of beauty; her thin hands, which had been once young and fair, thrown down and crossed so hopelessly.

There was a strange contradiction in the life this woman had led, but one common as mysterious. Her long-lost youth and beauty had not failed of finding their due of love. There were those who, but for the slow scorn in her face, would have come back gladly to Harriet Locke that night, standing even as she was, such a pitiful shadow of herself, by those desolate waters; who had lived long years homeless for her sake, as she for another's. To her who held the power over so much love and so much misery the one love had been denied, and the one misery decreed.

All the bitterness which had wrung itself into her heart from each one of these deserted years was on her face as, turning, she sat down upon the slippery rock to watch the sea. There was no softening of its hard lines; no lowly trust,



learned from long submission, in her eyes; no tenderness upon her lips. The crown of sorrow, nobly borne, was not there. I think it not strange that she did not wear it, though it would well have graced her brows, and shone with surpassing brightness, as hardly won. Scorned! Did it not take every throb of her heart's life to meet and bear and battle with the galling word? Is any like it? She had needed love and strength these many years to help her face it, and none had come to her.

So I think you would have gone away sorrowful if you had seen her and heard her stifled cry. The night was passionate, glowing, full of gorgeous dreams that brought to her no cool or calm. The wind, catching the roar of breakers on some distant beach, swept by like some grand, triumphal chant; the cliffs towered against the sky—a huge palace, golden in the light, with the dash of sea-birds' wings against its windows, and its arches filled with the music of many tides. Opal tints shifted and paled upon the sea; the waves broke in tongues of flame; the west beyond, like some gigantic mountain on fire, died royally.

The brightness closed in around the woman sitting so alone—she the only dark or unjoyful thing within it. The smile which chilled her face at the thought faded suddenly. The aching at her heart turned to actual pain; she wrung her hands over it, her face melting and breaking, the great sobs choking her. The old joys and the old pain crowded thickly together, the vague thrill that had crept into that other New-Year's eve so like, so unlike this; a summer filled with fragrance, bright with sunny fields, and roses never so sweet before; a voice and a face that haunted this winter night now as then. A cloud sweeping over the golden harvest hours, silence where had been words that made each day beautiful, and, where a smile had met her, only the coming of autumn, and the green leaves dropping in the forest. She called it all back imperiously. She met it face to face with a certain impatient will to choose the rack since torture was sure. To be left—to be left without one kind word! that he should make her love his plaything, then go out into the world where she was not and forget her. She was not old and faded in those golden days; many another was proud if she but smiled, but *this* one, he alone turned from her. She hated him with bitter hatred, yet for him all life was darkened. She cursed the very splendor of this princely night for its memories of the one year standing alone in all her life into which he had come. Yet because of him she would have turned even then to the bright waters, and sought the death they would give her as gladly as a weary child its rest.

No thought of home, of any other love of sister or friend came to help her. She seemed to herself shut in alone with her bitter fate, alone with this waste of waters. She raised her eyes to look off upon it. The gold of the waves had dimmed to amber, and the amber had dulled to

dreary gray. A cloud had closed down heavily upon the brightness of the sky; a long line of stormy red in the west came sharp against it; the palace front had become a mass of frowning rock; gulls shrieked and wheeled in the air above her; some dark uncanny object rose and fell upon the waves quite near her; it was a piece of an old wreck. It came to her as an ill omen as she strained her eyes to watch it through the gloom. She shivered, and, drawing her cloak about her, rose to go home.

But what was that? Why did the black waves tower and break so? Where was the weed-strewn beach? What meant this water surging past her? How came that sound of breakers against the cliffs behind?

The tide up and she had not known it! How long had it dashed through the cove beyond? Standing upon the slippery ledge, the wind breaking in sharp gusts about her, she tried to pierce the dusk. Sea and sky and cliff were one; dull dead gray, and the faster dash of waves; that was all.

Harriet Locke was not a timid woman, but her face paled as she retraced her steps over the rock, now wet with the spray.

Reaching its abrupt end at last she stopped.

Mad waves hurrying through, breaking at her feet, lashing the rocks! The cliffs frowning across, the sky dark above!

To breast the torrent was certain death, and to stay— She tried to test the depth of the water, but fell back clinging on the rock; in another moment she would have been its plaything.

She took the truth in clearly. Sitting down quietly upon the rock, to keep the better hold upon its slippery surface, she looked about her. A certain calm comes to natures like hers in danger, which is wonderful for strength and beauty. All the weakness and petty impatience and uncontrollable nerve that makes up the everyday woman passes out of sight as if it had never been. A power is there of which you have not dreamed. You thought hers to be the merest womanly soul; it becomes suddenly that of hero.

Harriet Locke watched the curling line that rose and broke and fell about her. She put her hand into the water and felt its chill; she quivered under the wind that came with a shriek over leagues and leagues of ocean waste to blow upon her; she looked out to the dead black distance where to-morrow's tide would go surging back; she looked upon the shore and knew that it tossed her call away, and that none could hear it.

Then she gathered her cloak about her and sat quite still.

I know that it is one thing to weary of life and another to give it up when it is asked for; that it is an easy thing to look on death from afar, and quite another to face it in some sharp and sudden terror.

Yet I speak truly when I tell you that in that first still moment Harriet Locke was conscious



of nothing but a wild flash of joy. Years of captivity—and the prison-doors were opened! Years of twilight weeping—now no more tears or sighing! Scorned and deserted years. Now the triumph of a life bound by no shackles of earth! Now the rest of a life which should bring her home and love!

But something catching her eye struck sharply against this dream and it faded. It was a little thing; many another time she would not have noticed it; only an hour before she had turned away from it; it had then no voice for her, it told no softening story.

It was a light in her own home—in Cynthia's room. Past the turn of the cliff, over the dark fields and through the branches of the old familiar garden trees she saw it quite plainly. Cynthia's room! her own room too. How many years they had shared it, since the days when it held a trundle-bed, and two children slept in each other's arms, their faces rosy in the fire-light! How many, many years! They were so old now, and the house had never held them one night apart. Yes, there was one, Harriet had almost forgotten it. A dark, stormy night, and over the telegraph wires had flashed some sudden message to Cynthia. She did not come to bed that night; they had heard the front-door shut, and knew that she had gone away alone to the sea. She had waked many times in the night and had not found her, but when the morning came Cynthia was lying upon the bed beside her, dressed as she had been the day before, her eyes closed, her hands quite still upon her breast, her tangled hair all wet, as if with the spray of midnight waves.

Poor Cynthia! Since then she had been so changed. She would have been such a happy bride, and there was nothing left to her but widowhood. She had had a hard life—what wonder she grew forgetful even of her sister? What wonder when that sister would not be to her a comforter?

How fast the pictures crowded up! With what shame of herself she saw them! Years of petty jars and strifes, so full of her own thoughtless and bitter words—the distance growing and greatingening between them, when they might have been so much each to the other: their home but something endured, not loved—its sweet fire-side lights, that might have gladdened many another, all darkened!

These memories, one upon another, came in the flash of a moment: her ear never once lost the thunder of the surge; her eye marked every inch of water that rose against the rock. The foam of each tossing wave seemed to catch that light in the window; how it glowed and brightened! What a cheery look of home and love it had! And the waves that grew deeper and higher were very cold.

Cynthia was in her room now; her heart so lonely on this New-Year's eve, and no sister was there to cheer and kiss her. None would ever be. None would ever go back to her and sob upon her neck, and hold her closely, weep-

ing out the penitent love of so many, many years.

Perhaps Cynthia thought of her now—perhaps her face was pale with the unkindness of this bitter afternoon—perhaps she knelt and prayed alone. So she would kneel and pray alone to-morrow.

Did she miss her? Did she wonder where she was? Did she care to hear her voice and see her face—her wayward sister, who had loved her when she was a little child? How pleasant the room was looking now! She could almost see it through the white curtain; how cozy and comfortable the fire! how warm the lamp-light upon the old red chairs and on the ivy in the window! How many times she had laughed at that worn furniture, and scolded about those troublesome plants! Now she should never see them again. How gray Cynthia's hair was! how sad her quivering mouth! how thin and old her poor, poor hands!

This desert line of water was very dark, and the great black waves stretched out such fearful arms. How that ominous wreck rose and fell—rose and fell! Why *would* no one hear her call? If Cynthia could catch its faintest echo! If she only knew!

A wave swept across her, chilling her hands that clung so helplessly to the slimy weeds.

One more cry! With what a shriek the wind caught it away! How bright the light in the old room! how it moved! yes—some one—Cynthia raised the curtain; she looked out upon this tossing sea, where this ruined wood eyed her like an evil thing. A wreck! What would she be to-morrow? Was it there only to torture her? Would she and it together float in the surge, and catch the twining of the wet weeds all night? A dash of surf upon her face took her breath sharply; a gull whirled by her, and away, shrieking into the night.

The light and the figure at the window were gone—it was passing down stairs—it was bright again in the sitting-room, then in the kitchen. Cynthia had missed her.

Another storm of surf—the weeds were slipping from her frozen hands. It was too late—too late! Cynthia would not find her; she must go and never tell her—never kiss her! Death! it was so cold and dark! Who would help her? There was an old promise; she remembered it with a cry as her hold loosened from the rock: "When thou passest through the waters." He who spoke it would be with her; for she had not thought to die alone. She called Him feebly. There was a thundering of surges in her ears—home and Cynthia. Then the ruin of a wharf and the ruin of a sea were gone. The tide rolling up smoothly swept like a song of evil triumph against the cliffs. Sky and wind and a wilderness of waves; the wreck among the rocks that rose and fell; the lowering and chill of a winter's storm; and that was all.

Across the fields and through the garden trees the light still glimmered faintly, and the rain



beat upon the old home-roof. Cynthia Locke went up stairs that night and into her room, with something sadder than usual in the slow and feeble step which had been hers for many years. She closed and locked her door, drew a chair up to the fire and sat down, leaning her head upon her hand very, very wearily.

There was something appealing in the picture, in the gray hair brushed back under its black cap, in the sharp angles of her face—an old woman's face, though she was but forty-three; in the solitude of her eyes—you might meet such eyes upon a desert; in the hand with its one dulled ring, and in the very attitude of her quiet figure.

In Cynthia Locke's nature grief, like love, endured to the end. It was no less to her now than it had been long years ago, when it had struck suddenly upon the sunlight of her girlhood, a heavy cloud and full of storms. Not less but more. Whatever its sealed story, which none knew or would ever know, the burden borne so patiently was a heavy one. I think you will say that. I think you would have longed to give her that silent sympathy which alone she would receive; to speak all words tenderly to her, if so you might help her, remembering Him from whom no mourner ever turned away un comforted.

Yet her sorrow had its blessings as its pain. Many gifts through suffering might have been hers. Gifts of tender help and love. Hearts which groped in darkness, to whom she should bring light; hearts like her own perishing in a dry and thirsty land, to whom she should send the refreshing of a new life; wayward and wandering hearts who needed but the gentleness of such a touch as hers.

So I think her sister was not all to blame in their slow estrangement. Harriet, like many another with her lot to bear, was perverse and petulant and thoughtless. But the long disappointment of years had turned acrid in her heart. There were no softening memories in it, no sense of unseen help, no hopes for a future into which death could not enter. Only the sense of a forsaken eternity, and the sting of tortured pride. She did not suffer as much as her sister; her heart in its self-scorn found yet many joys on earth that Cynthia could not share; she did not suffer as much, but more hopelessly, and therefore far more bitterly. Might not Cynthia have done more than bear her pettish vagaries, and keep silent in all these little jars of their everyday life? *She* had strength that Harriet knew not of. She should, I think, have borne most tenderly with her; she should have taken this her younger sister by the hand, and led her gently over all rough places and thorny roads. And to bring that stormy life at last into the calm of green fields and chastened sunlight would have been indeed a jewel in her crown.

Some vague thought of this crossed Cynthia's mind as she sat watching the fire. But it was very vague, and, scarcely taking form, faded

away before the shadow that lay so heavily upon her own heart.

The night was voiceful for her as for her sister. The first day of the New Year! It was to have been her marriage day. And, miles away, there was a lonely grave over which the evening wind was wailing. It was nearer to her heart to-night than anything else in all the world.

She rose at last, and, unlocking one of her drawers, took therefrom a box and laid it upon the table. She stopped before she opened it, passing her fingers over some delicate white flowers on its cover with a feeble, trembling motion, like the hands guided by blind eyes.

She took the things out one by one, her face bowed over them, her fingers touching them reverently. Some old letters, yellow and faded, and blurred with many tears; the faint perfume of some withered flowers, which kept the semblance of a wreath, as do those we place upon a grave when they are soaked with autumn rains. A gift or two that would please a girl's fancy, and a lock of clinging hair. Under these the folds of a silken dress, soft and white; a veil which fell out over Cynthia's fingers as she touched it, and floated down to the ground like a thing of life; dainty slippers, which might have kept time themselves to some merry music; and a pair of soft gloves—so soft a little hand within them would hardly have felt their touch. All once of purest white; now faintly yellow. Very faintly, however, for Time had dealt kindly with them: the sad, pale tint was only sad enough and pale enough to touch them with a blessing beautiful for sacredness.

Cynthia laid them all out upon her lap, took them up one by one, and laid them down again. None of them had been worn, nor would be. Made ready for a day which had never come, they were folded away with all their happy dreamings; turned into the dark like a mute, white face in waiting. As if the girl had laid them away trustfully, still looking for that day which never came.

What was in Cynthia Locke's soul this night I can not tell you. Far be it from me, for it is holy ground. God only, who had smitten her, knew or shall ever know the darkness of its waste places. She trod them alone with Him.

Her face, when she rose at last to fold and lay away the bridal dress, spoke the peace of a heart to which He had indeed been near. No selfish grieving could be where He had been. All homely joys and loves and common duties grew suddenly beautiful for His sake. It had been often so before, but never as now. She thought she would like to talk with her sister a while—where was Harriet? It was some time since she had seen her; she would go down stairs and hunt her up. She must have been lonely all this evening; she must be often lonely. Some regret was on her face just then, some pang at her heart.

So often do we face a duty just as its call has ceased; so often we have but learned to miss a blessing, and it is gone from us.



Cynthia took up her lamp and went down stairs. She opened the sitting-room door, and spoke, her voice quite gentle: "Haven't you been—"

But there she stopped, for the room was empty. Harriet's low rocking-chair stood before the fire as she had left it. Some gust sweeping in at the open door stirred it; while she looked it rocked slowly back and forth. The embers were smouldering on the hearth, the windows rattled in the storm, and still as she stood listening that blank, bare chair rocked slowly.

A vague chill crept into Cynthia's heart; she shivered and turned to go out. Then she came back, put her foot upon the chair, and stopped it with some impatience. Turning as she closed the door a second time, she looked back—it still was rocking slowly.

She crossed the entry with a bit of self-contempt in her smile; Harriet was of course in the kitchen. There was some confusion there as she turned the handle. Jane was sitting by the stove, her cheeks the color of its coals, knitting as demurely as if she had done nothing else throughout the evening. Some scuffling was on the door-steps, however, and the girl began to push away an empty chair that had stood quite near her own.

For some reason this reminded Cynthia of an expression she caught on Harriet's face that evening at supper-time. How young and pretty she had looked to-night! How feverish that light in her eyes! What ailed her? She wished she had asked.

"Has Miss Harriet been here, Jane?"

"No, mum, she hain't. I heern the front door shut long since."

"She didn't come this way then?" going to the window in an anxious way.

"No, mum—indeed, mum, she didn't. You needn't look that way for her—I know she ain't there."

Jane's confusion was increasing. At any other time her mistress would have smiled. Now she only left the room quite gravely, and put on her shawl and rubbers to go out. Harriet must be over at Jack's; she would step in and call for her, and they would come home together. There had been none to make her New-Year's eve, and she had gone away to forget it and herself. Poor Harriet!

If you had looked into Jack Higgins's kitchen that night your eye would have been caught by two principal adornments, each of them good in their proper place and quantity, lavished here with wild profusion. I refer to children and dough-nuts. Of which time would fail me to tell you; children upon their father's knee, pulling at their mother's skirts, under the table, on the table, in front of the stove, behind the stove, on the chairs, and on the floor. Dough-nuts in pans, dough-nuts upon plates, dough-nuts cushioning all available seats and paving the floor; dough-nuts in the hands and in the mouths of all the children upon their father's knee, pulling their mother's dress, under the table, on the

table, in front of the stove, behind the stove, on the chairs, and on the floor.

To say that Jack was happy would be but a meagre expression. The group did not indeed form an unpleasant picture. The covers of the stove were off, and the light fell warmly on the little brown faces and bright eyes; the mother, too, in her neat, holiday dress, was very fair in her husband's eyes that night.

"I say for't," he remarked, admiringly, "ef you don't look like Mollie Jenkins, fur all the world, I'm beat; jes' the way you was when I come courtin'—'long in hayin' time it was too—eh, Mollie?"

"Don't be foolish, Jack," replied his wife, in a stifled voice, quite smothered by the arms of some affectionate infant, who was employing its time in journeying from her lap to her shoulder and down the back of her chair, returning by a vociferous express to the original station.

"At *any* rate," puffed Jack through his pipe, with the tone of one who has made a point in an argument, "Tim's some on the gals."

"Tim does very well." His mother's one sin was pride in that young gentleman.

"Tim does well enough—all his nonsense you've learned him."

"You can't say I didn't know what I was up to when I set up fur a wife," said Jack, with triumph in his eye.

Mrs. Higgins appreciatively fished up an enormous nut from among its fellows and expressed it to her husband. The engineer, apparently feeling no responsibility for freightage, managed to dispose of it on the trip.

"Where is the boy now?"

"Over to Miss Locke's," replied his father.

"Miss Locke's! what does she want of him?"

"Oh, only some little business," said Jack, discreetly. Mrs. Jack looked incredulous; he puffed away in silence.

"It is any how," he broke out at last.

"Mercy on us! what a start you give me—is what?"

"This is a slick sort o' home of ourn; ain't it now?"

"Well, if I say it as shouldn't say it, it's happier nor some greater folks'—neighbors too," returned his wife, significantly.

A great disturbance at the door drew the eyes of the whole colony to it just then. It was the son and heir: he stumbled up the steps and stood with the door half open.

"What are you letting in all that draught for, Timothy?"

"Mother, you just hush up, will you?" said the cavalierly Tim. "Can't a gentleman listen on his own threshold when he thinks he hears a noise?"

The argument was unanswerable, and Mrs. Higgins subsided.

"It is," said Tim, at length.

"What?"

"Somebody hollerin' down on the beach."

In a moment that gentleman found himself penned in the midst of the whole family with-



out any prospect of egress or ingress. They listened as quietly as possible under the circumstances. They heard it quite plainly above the roar of the surf—a long, sharp cry.

Some one opened the gate and approached the steps. It was Miss Cynthia Locke. She came up to them, the light from the open door falling full on her face.

"Is Miss Harriet here?" speaking hurriedly, with some attempt at a smile.

"No, marm; nor she hain't ben here—not but what we'd be glad to see her and you too, Miss Cynthy."

"She hasn't been here at all?"

"Not anigh the house to-day, no nigher nor the wood-pile in that south shed o' yourn; ain't lost, is she?"

Cynthia Locke's face had paled suddenly. Jack saw it and looked at his wife; his wife looked at him.

"Where *can* she be?" said Miss Cynthia, her voice full of ill-repressed alarm.

"Ain't she to some o' the neighbors, Miss Cynthy?"

"No," shaking her head; she felt very sure of that.

Tim, who had started with a lantern for the beach to discover the cause of the cry they had heard a moment before, turned about before he had crossed the first field, and came back running.

"I declare if a fellar hadn't ought to be blowed for losin' his wits like this. I see Miss Harriet along by sundown goin' off toward the sea, and I never thought on't till this blessed minute."

"Thunder and lightning!" said Jack, looking at Miss Cynthia, "an' that ere hollerin'—"

"A cry? Did you hear a cry, Jack?"

"Thunder and lightning! Miss Cynthy."

Jack could say no more. Cynthia Locke had grasped his arm; but he shook her hand off and strode off with Tim to the beach.

She followed him without a word or cry. Over the fields along the little worn foot-path Harriet had trodden in the sunset light; over the walls she had climbed so nimbly. She stopped a moment to get breath and look about her, when she stood at last upon the beach.

The sky was black above her, the sands black under her feet, the cliffs and sea before her were black. Running her eye along the shore, she caught the gleam of Tim's lantern, and saw the figures of the two men unfastening a boat that lay high upon the sand.

A boat? Where then was Harriet? She looked up to the cliffs; dark and still and empty, they looked down on her; a gull flew screaming from them and past her, almost brushing her cheek. She looked out upon the sea, a line of swelling waves, gray foam, and clouds of spray; the booming of miles of surge along the coast, and the lashing of the swifter storm.

Her face was a shade whiter in the full light of the lantern, her voice sharp.

"Have you seen her?"

"Thought so," said Jack, working on the rope.

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"Somethin's bobbin' up and down out there. Ain't no misfort'nate love in the case, is there, Miss Cynthy?"

Cynthia was looking at some dark object that rose and fell with the waves; she made no reply.

"Hope Miss Harrit ain't gone and drowned herself," sympathized Jack, pushing off the boat. "This water is a big 'un; ef she's there we'll haul her in, Miss Cynthy. Steady there, Tim!" And with a sweep and a lurch the boat was tossing on the waves.

Cynthia stood upon the rocks, her hands shut one into the other like a vice, her eyes fixed on that other thing—that dark and heavy thing which was tossing on the waves. If she had not believed when she came to the beach that she should find her sister here, scarcely more did she believe it now.

This stretch of fathomless sea, this tide that swept and broke with such a mighty cry, these cruel rocks that tore and tossed the waves—was Harriet *here*? Her face growing grayer and paler as she watched the sea, and the boat that struggled against it stood out against the night like some statue cut in marble. A statue that had been, and would be for years, alone with its own solitude. The boat at length turned, coming swifter with the tide; the light of the lantern caught the green swell of the waves, the splash of foam against the oars, and the forms of the men—one only rowing, the other sitting with his back toward the shore.

The boat struck, and grated at last upon the sand; the two men rose and stepped out silently, something held within their arms. They came and laid it down at Cynthia's feet, quite gently.

"We found her floatin' with a piece of wreck," said Jack, in a hushed voice. But when he looked up into her face he turned away and pulled his hat over his eyes.

Then Cynthia stooped and pushed the hair away from her sister's face—the bright, fair hair that she had so often twined and curled about her finger.

She lay upon the yellow sands, her face still turned to the sea—the face which had been all unkissed this New-Year's eve; her hands, thrown down as they had clutched the drifting wreck, were tangled in the wet and slimy weeds—the poor, thin hands that had once been warm and young. The storm beat upon her; the waves creeping up the beach almost touched her where she lay so quietly, and the wind blew again the bright, fair hair that Cynthia had smoothed away.

They raised her very gently, and the two men carried her up the slope and over the dull, frozen fields.

Turning then into the little yard, up the steps, and into the old home door, slowly—very slowly. Many times had Harriet come up those steps and into that door, with the pattering, impatient feet of a little child whose laugh rang like music all over the silent house—whose pretty dimpled face made all its light. With the happy tread of a girl looking through green vines



and sunlight, who waited for the sounding of a step upon the grass. With the weary feet of a woman who had walked many years alone. Cynthia thought of this as they bore her through the door that swung and creaked upon its hinges to give them entrance.

Past the room where the little tea-table still stood spread for two, where the fire was burned to ashes and the empty chair had ceased to rock. So many times coming in, Harriet had turned to it to warm her hands at the blaze, or take her work at the window. Now she passed it by, and, passing, did not see it. For one alone the table should be spread to-morrow; one only should henceforth sit and work beside the fire.

Up the stairs, and into her own room—the room where she had slept for so many years; where it was fitting they should bring her for this most quiet slumber. The worn furniture was there, the warmth of the home-like fire, and the ivy in the window.

They laid her down upon the bed, her poor white face turned upon the pillow, the wet, wet hair falling over it.

So it had turned many times upon that pillow, her cheeks wet then as now—but not with ocean waves—her hair tossed away from sleepless eyes that watched the long night through.

They laid her down very tenderly, and then the two men went softly out to leave Cynthia Locke alone with her dead.

The doctor coming in at last at Jack's summons found the room bright with fresh fire, and the two women—Cynthia and Jane—hopelessly chafing Harriet's frozen limbs, and trying in vain to bring breath into the cold and lifeless mouth.

Cynthia looked up into his face when he came to the bedside, stooping, with his ear to Harriet's heart and his finger on the pulse—a mute look that was far more piteous than a cry. He did not meet her eye, nor speak. The moments passed like the toll of a bell. Cynthia felt that the light was bright upon the ivy in the window, and upon the bed where it touched such a silent form. She heard the pattering of the winter rain upon the roof, the shriek of a stormy wind, and the rolling of distant surge. She saw and heard them over and over like the sudden changes of tone in some grand dirge—the light and wind, the rain and light, each in turn. The half hour struck. The doctor, stopping in the midst of some quick order, stooped once more with his ear at Harriet's heart.

Still Cynthia listened to the swelling of the dirge; still she saw the light within the room, and heard the mourning of the storm without.

The minutes tolling slower and more slowly counted at last an hour. The mute face upon the pillow had not stirred or warmed with the faintest flush. The doctor had been growing graver; he turned away from the bed. Cynthia looked up into his sorrowful eyes.

"Is it too late?" in a low, unvarying voice.

"With God it is never too late," he answered, solemnly. "*I can do nothing more.*"

Then Cynthia kneeled down and hid her face upon the bed.

Peals of thunder reverberating like ten thousand tides upon a world of rock-bound coast, growing fainter, and lost at last in a low and distant growl. The dash of waves that touched the heavens, falling and smoothing to the far-off ripple of some restless sea. The fury of an eternal storm held at length, and calmed like the sobbing of a weary child. The world by some gigantic machine pumped void of air—a gasping and struggling toward the brazen sky. The torments of a rack and the binding of iron chains. The scorching of a tropic sun upon leagues of desert sands. The blackness of a mighty void, and the sense of walking blindfold through it.

A gleam of light at length; a grateful warmth like the winds of summer; the touch of something like the clinging of softest velvet; a pleasant murmur like the lull of many fountains; a sense of rest as the soothing of a mother's lullaby. The flash of broader light and bright coloring; the trailing of a green vine upon a window; the crackling of a fire in a warm and home-like room. The picture of a pale face, with anguished eyes and sad, gray hair, that moved about the room, that came to the bed, that bent over it with a low cry, dropping hot tears.

And Harriet knew that God had given her back her life.

"Cynthia!"

"Harriet! Oh, my sister!"

And Cynthia gathered her in her arms, and broke into the sobbing of a little child.

Harriet smiled faintly, and closing her eyes lay back upon the pillow as if quite content. The hours wore away while she lay there, still too weak for speech, but gaining strength with every moment. Cynthia sat beside her, her eyes upon the pallid face, clasping the clinging hand in both her own. The warm light that brightened and glowed in the room lent strange beauty to the faces of the two, each so old with the weight of lonely years, each white as the Death that had so nearly sundered them, each so still with the hush of thoughts that could not be spoken.

The doctor seeing them so had turned away his face, his kind eyes wet. Little Jane was crying upon the floor.

The Old Year met its death at last quite peacefully. The storm had ceased and hushed upon the sea; the wind, weary with its crying, slept at last; the quiet waves that wet the beach caught the light of a faint new moon which rested like a crown upon the hills, and far above and beyond them both the sky was marshaled with its brightest stars.

Cynthia, standing for a moment at the window to fold her hands upon her breast and turn her eyes up to them, heard the clock of a little church that stood near to the sea strike the hour of midnight. So did Harriet, and she raised



her head to listen. When the last stroke died away she called her sister feebly.

Cynthia sent them all away and closed the door. Then she came up and lay down by Harriet's side, and put her arm about her neck. She used to do this when they were girls together. It was many years since then.

"Cynthia, I want to tell you—" But Cynthia stopped her with a long, long kiss.

"It is I, Harriet."

"No; you have borne so much, and I—I let you suffer all alone."

"And you?"

Harriet looked up, her face quivering.

"No matter, I was all wrong, Cynthia. If you will only help me a little—"

Cynthia took her younger sister in her arms, and laid her head upon her shoulder, caressing the wet hair.

"Harriet, did you try to go away from me to-night?"

"No, thank God!"

"It is I who should thank Him," said Cynthia, solemnly; "look into my eyes, Harriet."

And Harriet looked through her tears. What she saw there made her hide her face upon her sister's arm and cling to her neck. Cynthia laid her cheek to hers and kissed her.

"We've nothing left but each other," she said.

After a while she laid Harriet back upon the pillow, and rose to put the room in order for the night, her face as quiet as yesterday, no sign in the grave way she went about her work that any thing had occurred to break upon the silence of her daily life—her voice only telling the promise of the New Year.

## CHRISTMAS AT TRINITY.

WHILE from the lofty gallery sweeps the organ's music-thunder,  
And rolls a billowy baptism o'er the people kneeling under,  
Till in the calm that follows the passionate prayer abating,  
The white-robed priest and white-robed boys their praise are alternating;  
And through the rosy lattices the golden sun-rays glinting,  
The marble altars and the walls with love's own hue are tinting;  
Down showers tumultuous music from the belfry of Old Trinity—  
Merry chiming for His birth, and grave songs for His Divinity!

All up and down bright Broadway, with eager, festal faces,  
In festal garments gayly clad, the population paces.  
We hear the pulse of one great heart, that in great love rejoices;  
One loving intonation makes a chord of many voices;  
Upon the long procession, in its coming and its going,  
Like a river in some fairy land, in Magian splendor flowing;  
Down showers tumultuous music from the belfry of Old Trinity—  
Merry chiming for His birth, and grave songs for His Divinity!

Last night, as by the church-yard, the tombs in moonlight sleeping,  
I wandered while the shadowed spire across the dead was creeping—  
Across the dead who pillow'd there, unheeding gloom or gleaming,  
Through all the rolling years have slept the sleep that knows no dreaming;  
Twelve times the ponderous hammer struck, its beat imperious falling:  
The dead slept on, and made no sign, but waited God's own calling!  
Down showered tumultuous music from the belfry of Old Trinity—  
Merry chiming for His birth, and grave songs for His Divinity!

There's mockery in our wooing—there is death in all our houses;  
He liveth best who loveth least—the fool alone espouses;  
The bridal chaplet that we wear, our brows serene 'adorning,  
Fades in the spectral night that dims the eyes of dancing morning.  
"Sleep well," I cried, "and wisely in your graves, O ye departed!  
You are blest above the living, for you are not broken-hearted!"  
Down showered tumultuous music from the belfry of Old Trinity—  
Merry chiming for His birth, and grave songs for His Divinity!

Sweet bells of hope! I heard you, with a spirit stronger growing,  
While over me eternal stars with love and strength were glowing;  
And when the Christmas noon-tide came, and came the gilded thronging,  
I could look on all the happiness nor feel the lonesome longing;  
While on children lightly leaping, while on maid and lover blushing,  
While on mothers proud and comely, on the living river rushing,  
Down showered tumultuous music from the belfry of Old Trinity—  
Merry chiming for His birth, and grave songs for His Divinity!



# ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE MAN REVEALED.

THE first cool breathings of the coming dawn fluttered through the open window as Mr. Brock read the closing lines of the Confession. He put it from him in silence without looking up. The first shock of discovery had struck his mind, and had passed away again. At his age, and with his habits of thought, his grasp was not strong enough to hold the whole revelation that had fallen on him. All his heart when he closed the manuscript was with the memory of the woman who had been the beloved friend of his later and happier life; all his thoughts were busy with the miserable secret of her treason to her own father which the letter had disclosed.

He was startled out of the narrow limits of his own little grief by the vibration of the table at which he sat under a hand that was laid on it heavily. The instinct of reluctance was strong in him; but he conquered it, and looked up. There, silently confronting him in the mixed light of the yellow candle-flame and the faint gray dawn, stood the castaway of the village inn—the inheritor of the fatal Armadale name.

Mr. Brock shuddered as the terror of the present time, and the darker terror yet of the future that might be coming, rushed back on him at the sight of the man's face. The man saw it, and spoke first.

"Is my father's crime looking at you out of my eyes?" he asked. "Has the ghost of the drowned man followed me into the room?"

The suffering and the passion that he was forcing back shook the hand that he still kept on the table, and stifled the voice in which he spoke until it sank to a whisper.

"I have no wish to treat you otherwise than justly and kindly," answered Mr. Brock. "Do me justice on my side, and believe that I am incapable of cruelly holding you responsible for your father's crime."

The reply seemed to compose him. He bowed his head in silence, and took up the confession from the table.

"Have you read this through?" he asked, quietly.

"Every word of it, from first to last."

"Have I dealt openly with you so far? Has Ozias Midwinter—"

"Do you still call yourself by that name," interrupted Mr. Brock, "now your true name is known to me?"

"Since I have read my father's confession," was the answer, "I like my ugly alias better than ever. Allow me to repeat the question which I was about to put to you a minute since

—Has Ozias Midwinter done his best thus far to enlighten Mr. Brock?"

The rector evaded a direct reply. "Few men in your position," he said, "would have had the courage to show me that letter."

"Don't be too sure, Sir, of the vagabond you picked up at the inn till you know a little more of him than you know now. You have got the secret of my birth, but you are not in possession yet of the story of my life. You ought to know it, and you shall know it, before you leave me alone with Mr. Armadale. Will you wait, and rest a little while? or shall I tell it you now?"

"Now," said Mr. Brock, still as far away as ever from knowing the real character of the man before him.

Every thing Ozias Midwinter said, every thing Ozias Midwinter did, was against him. He had spoken with a sardonic indifference, almost with an insolence of tone, which would have repelled the sympathies of any man who heard him. And now, instead of placing himself at the table, and addressing his story directly to the rector, he withdrew silently and ungraciously to the window-seat. There he sat, his face averted, his hands mechanically turning the leaves of his father's letter till he came to the last. With his eyes fixed on the closing lines of the manuscript, and with a strange mixture of recklessness and sadness in his voice, he began his promised narrative in these words:

"The first thing you know of me," he said, "is what my father's confession has told you already. He mentions here that I was a child asleep on his breast when he spoke his last words in this world, and when a stranger's hand wrote them down for him at his death-bed. That stranger's name, as you may have noticed, is signed on the cover—'Alexander Neal, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh.' The first recollection I have is of Alexander Neal beating me with a horse-whip (I dare say I deserved it) in the character of my step-father."

"Have you no recollection of your mother at the same time?" asked Mr. Brock.

"Yes; I remember her having shabby old clothes made up to fit me, and having fine new frocks bought for her two children by her second husband. I remember the servants laughing at me in my old things, and the horsewhip finding its way to my shoulders again for losing my temper and tearing my shabby clothes. My next recollection gets on to a year or two later. I remember myself locked up in a lumber-room, with a bit of bread and a mug of water, wondering what it was that made my mother and my step-father seem to hate the very sight of me. I never settled that question till yesterday, and then I solved the mystery when my





THE TWO FRIENDS.—[SEE JANUARY NUMBER, PAGE 220.]

father's letter was put into my hands. My mother knew what had really happened on board the French timber ship, and my step-father knew what had really happened, and they were both well aware that the shameful secret which they would fain have kept from every living creature was a secret which would be one day revealed to *me*. There was no help for it; the confession was in the executor's hands; and there was I, an ill-conditioned brat, with my

mother's negro blood in my face, and my murdering father's passions in my heart, inheritor of their secret in spite of them! I don't wonder at the horsewhip now, or the shabby old clothes, or the bread and water in the lumber-room. Natural penalties all of them, Sir, which the child was beginning to pay already for the father's sin."

Mr. Brock looked at the swarthy, secret face, still obstinately turned away from him. "Is



this the stark insensibility of a vagabond," he asked himself, "or the despair in disguise of a miserable man?"

"School is my next recollection," the other went on. "A cheap place in a lost corner of Scotland. I was left there, with a bad character to help me at starting. I spare you the story of the master's cane in the school-room and the boys' kicks in the play-ground. I dare say there was ingrained ingratitude in my nature; at any rate, I ran away. The first person who met me asked my name. I was too young and too foolish to know the importance of concealing it, and, as a matter of course, I was taken back to school the same evening. The result taught me a lesson which I have not forgotten since. In a day or two more, like the vagabond I was, I ran away for the second time. The school watch-dog had had his instructions, I suppose: he stopped me before I got outside the gate. Here is his mark, among the rest, on the back of my hand. His master's marks I can't show you—they are all on my back. Can you believe in my perversity? There was a devil in me that no dog could worry out; I ran away again as soon as I left my bed; and this time I got off. At nightfall I found myself (with a pocketful of the school oat-meal) lost on a moor. I laid down on the fine soft heather, under the lee of a great gray rock. Do you think I felt lonely? Not I! I was away from the master's cane, away from my school-fellows' kicks, away from my mother, away from my step-father; and I laid down that night under my good friend the rock, the happiest boy in all Scotland!"

Through the wretched childhood which that one significant circumstance disclosed Mr. Brock began to see dimly how little was really strange, how little really unaccountable in the character of the man who was now speaking to him.

"I slept soundly," Midwinter continued, "under my friend the rock. When I woke in the morning I found a sturdy old man with a fiddle sitting on one side of me, and two dancing dogs in scarlet jackets on the other. Experience had made me too sharp to tell the truth when the man put his first questions. He didn't press them; he gave me a good breakfast out of his knapsack, and he let me romp with the dogs. 'I'll tell you what,' he said, when he had got my confidence in this manner, 'you want three things, my man; you want a new father, a new family, and a new name. I'll be your father; I'll let you have the dogs for your brothers; and if you'll promise to be very careful of it I'll give you my own name into the bargain. Ozias Midwinter, junior, you have had a good breakfast; if you want a good dinner come along with me.' He got up; the dogs trotted after him, and I trotted after the dogs. Who was my new father? you will ask. A half-bred gipsy, Sir; a drunkard, a ruffian, and a thief—and the best friend I ever had! Isn't a man your friend who gives you your food, your shelter, and your education? Ozias Midwinter

taught me to dance the Highland fling, to throw somersaults, to walk on stilts, and to sing songs to his fiddle. Sometimes we roamed the country and performed at fairs. Sometimes we tried the large towns, and enlivened bad company over its cups. I was a nice lively little boy of eleven years old, and bad company, the women especially, took a fancy to me and my nimble feet. I was vagabond enough to like the life. The dogs and I lived together, ate, and drank, and slept together. I can't think of those poor little four-footed brothers of mine, even now, without a choking in the throat. Many is the beating we three took together; many is the hard day's dancing we did together; many is the night we have slept together, and whimpered together on the cold hill-side. I'm not trying to distress you, Sir; I'm only telling you the truth. The life, with all its hardships, was a life that fitted me, and the half-bred gipsy who gave me his name, ruffian as he was, was a ruffian I liked."

"A man who beat you!" exclaimed Mr. Brock, in astonishment.

"Didn't I tell you just now, Sir, that I lived with the dogs? and did you ever hear of a dog who liked his master the worse for beating him? Hundreds of thousands of miserable men, women, and children would have liked that man (as I liked him) if he had always given them what he always gave me—plenty to eat. It was stolen food mostly, and my new gipsy father was generous with it. He seldom laid the stick on us when he was sober; but it diverted him to hear us yelp when he was drunk. He died drunk, and enjoyed his favorite amusement with his last breath. One day (when I had been two years in his service), after giving us a good dinner out on the moor, he sat down with his back against a stone, and called us up to divert himself with his stick. He made the dogs yelp first, and then he called to me. I didn't go very willingly; he had been drinking harder than usual, and the more he drank the better he liked his after-dinner amusement. He was in high good-humor that day, and he hit me so hard that he toppled over, in his drunken state, with the force of his own blow. He fell with his face in a puddle, and lay there without moving. I and the dogs stood at a distance and looked at him: we thought he was feigning, to get us near and have another stroke at us. He feigned so long that we ventured up to him at last. It took me some time to pull him over—he was a heavy man. When I did get him on his back he was dead. We made all the outcry we could; but the dogs were little, and I was little, and the place was lonely, and no help came to us. I took his fiddle and his stick; I said to my two brothers, 'Come along; we must get our own living now;' and we went away heavy hearted, and left him on the moor. Unnatural as it may seem to you, I was sorry for him. I kept his ugly name through all my after-wanderings, and I have enough of the old leaven left in me to like the sound of it still.



Midwinter or Armadale, never mind my name now—we will talk of that afterward; you must know the worst of me first."

"Why not the best of you?" said Mr. Brock, gently.

"Thank you, Sir, but I am here to tell the truth. We will get on, if you please, to the next chapter in my story. The dogs and I did badly, after our master's death—our luck was against us. I lost one of my little brothers—the best performer of the two; he was stolen, and I never recovered him. My fiddle and my stilts were taken from me next, by main force, by a tramp who was stronger than I. These misfortunes drew Tommy and me—I beg your pardon, Sir, I mean the dog—closer together than ever. I think we had some kind of dim foreboding on both sides, that we had not done with our misfortunes yet; any how, it was not very long before we were parted forever. We were neither of us thieves (our master had been satisfied with teaching us to dance); but we both committed an invasion of the rights of property for all that. Young creatures, even when they are half-starved, can not resist taking a run sometimes, on a fine morning. Tommy and I could not resist taking a run into a gentleman's plantation; the gentleman preserved his game; and the gentleman's keeper knew his business. I heard a gun go off—you can guess the rest. God preserve me from ever feeling such misery again as I felt when I laid down by Tommy, and took him, dead and bloody, in my arms! The keeper attempted to part us—I bit him, like the wild animal I was. He tried the stick on me next—he might as well have tried it on one of the trees. The noise reached the ears of two young ladies, riding near the place—daughters of the gentleman on whose property I was a trespasser. They were too well brought up to lift their voices against the sacred right of preserving game, but they were kind-hearted girls, and they pitied me, and took me home with them. I remember the gentlemen of the house (keen sportsmen all of them) roaring with laughter as I went by the windows, crying, with my little dead dog in my arms. Don't suppose I complain of their laughter; it did me good service—it roused the indignation of the two ladies. One of them took me into her own garden, and showed me a place where I might bury my dog under the flowers, and be sure that no other hands should ever disturb him again. The other went to her father, and persuaded him to give the forlorn little vagabond a chance in the house, under one of the upper servants. Yes! you have been cruising in company with a man who was once a foot-boy. I saw you look at me, when I amused Mr. Armadale by laying the cloth on board the yacht. Now you know why I laid it so neatly, and forgot nothing. It has been my good fortune to see something of Society; I have helped to fill its stomach and black its boots. My experience of the servants' hall was not a long one. Before I had worn out my first suit of livery there was a scandal in the house. It was the

old story; there is no need to tell it over again for the thousandth time. Loose money left on a table, and not found there again; all the servants with characters to appeal to except the foot-boy, who had been rashly taken on trial. Well! well! I was lucky in that house to the last; I was not prosecuted for taking what I had not only never touched, but never even seen—I was only turned out. One morning I went in my old clothes to the grave where I had buried Tommy. I gave the place a kiss; I said good-by to my little dead dog; and there I was, out in the world again, at the ripe age of thirteen years!"

"In that friendless state, and at that tender age," said Mr. Brock, "did no thought cross your mind of going home again?"

"I went home again, Sir, that very night—I slept on the hill-side. What other home had I? In a day or two's time I drifted back to the large towns and the bad company—the great open country was so lonely to me, now I had lost the dogs! Two sailors picked me up next; I was a handy lad, and I got a cabin-boy's berth on board a coasting-vessel. A cabin-boy's berth means dirt to live in, offal to eat, a man's work on a boy's shoulders, and the rope's-end at regular intervals. The vessel touched at a port in the Hebrides. I was as ungrateful as usual to my best benefactors—I ran away again. Some women found me, half-dead of starvation, in the northern wilds of the Isle of Skye. It was near the coast, and I took a turn with the fishermen next. There was less of the rope's-end among my new masters; but plenty of exposure to wind and weather, and hard work enough to have killed a boy who was not a seasoned tramp like me. I fought through it till the winter came, and then the fishermen turned me adrift again. I don't blame them—food was scarce, and mouths were many. With famine staring the whole community in the face, why should they keep a boy who didn't belong to them? A great city was my only chance in the winter time; so I went to Glasgow, and all but stepped into the lion's mouth as soon as I got there. I was minding an empty cart on the Broomielaw, when I heard my step-father's voice on the pavement-side of the horse by which I was standing. He had met some person whom he knew, and, to my terror and surprise, they were talking about me. Hidden behind the horse, I heard enough of their conversation to know that I had narrowly escaped discovery before I went on board the coasting-vessel. I had met, at that time, with another vagabond boy, of my own age; we had quarreled and parted. The day after, my step-father's inquiries were made in that very district; and it became a question with him (a good personal description being unattainable in either case) which of the two boys he should follow. One of them, he was informed, was known as "Brown," and the other as "Midwinter." Brown was just the common name which a cunning runaway boy would be most likely to assume; Midwinter just the remarkable name which he would be most likely to avoid. The



pursuit had accordingly followed Brown, and had allowed me to escape. I leave you to imagine whether I was not doubly and trebly determined to keep my gipsy-master's name after that. But my resolution did not stop here. I made up my mind to leave the country altogether. After a day or two's lurking about the outward-bound vessels in port, I found out which sailed first, and hid myself on board. Hunger tried hard to force me out before the pilot had left; but hunger was not new to me, and I kept my place. The pilot was out of the vessel when I made my appearance on deck, and there was nothing for it but to keep me or throw me overboard. The captain said (I have no doubt quite truly) that he would have preferred throwing me overboard; but the majesty of the law does sometimes stand the friend even of a vagabond like me. In that way I came back to a sea life. In that way I learned enough to make me handy and useful (as I saw you noticed) on board Mr. Armadale's yacht. I sailed more than one voyage, in more than one vessel, to more than one part of the world; and I might have followed the sea for life, if I could only have kept my temper under every provocation that could be laid on it. I had learned a great deal—but, not having learned that, I made the last part of my last voyage home to the port of Bristol in irons; and I saw the inside of a prison for the first time in my life, on a charge of mutinous conduct to one of my officers. You have heard me with extraordinary patience, Sir, and I am glad to tell you, in return, that we are not far now from the end of my story. You found some books, if I remember right, when you searched my luggage at the Somersetshire inn?"

Mr. Brock answered in the affirmative.

"Those books mark the next change in my life—and the last, before I took the usher's place at the school. My term of imprisonment was not a long one. Perhaps my youth pleaded for me; perhaps the Bristol magistrates took into consideration the time I had passed in irons on board ship. Any how, I was just turned seventeen when I found myself out on the world again. I had no friends to receive me; I had no place to go to. A sailor's life, after what had happened, was a life I recoiled from in disgust. I stood in the crowd on the bridge at Bristol, wondering what I should do with my freedom now I had got it back. Whether I had altered in the prison, or whether I was feeling the change in character that comes with coming manhood, I don't know; but the old reckless enjoyment of the old vagabond life seemed quite worn out of my nature. An awful sense of loneliness kept me wandering about Bristol, in horror of the quiet country, till after nightfall. I looked at the lights kindling in the parlor windows with a miserable envy of the happy people inside. A word of advice would have been worth something to me at that time. Well! I got it: a policeman advised me to move on. He was quite right—what else could I do? I looked up at the sky, and there was my old friend of many

a night's watch at sea, the north star. 'All points of the compass are alike to me,' I thought to myself; 'I'll go *your* way.' Not even the star would keep me company that night. It got behind a cloud, and left me alone in the rain and darkness. I groped my way to a cart-shed, fell asleep, and dreamed of old times, when I served my gipsy-master and lived with the dogs. God! what I would have given when I woke to have felt Tommy's little cold muzzle in my hand! Why am I dwelling on these things? why don't I get on to the end? You shouldn't encourage me, Sir, by listening so patiently. After a week more of wandering, without hope to help me, or prospects to look to, I found myself in the streets of Shrewsbury, staring in at the windows of a bookseller's shop. An old man came to the shop-door, looked about him, and saw me. 'Do you want a job?' he asked. 'And are you not above doing it cheap?' The prospect of having something to do, and some human creature to speak a word to, tempted me, and I did a day's dirty work in the bookseller's warehouse for a shilling. More work followed at the same rate. In a week I was promoted to sweep out the shop and put up the shutters. In no very long time after I was trusted to carry the books out; and when quarter-day came, and the shopman left, I took his place. Wonderful luck! you will say; here I had found my way to a friend at last. I had found my way to one of the most merciless misers in England; and I had risen in the little world of Shrewsbury by the purely commercial process of underselling all my competitors. The job in the warehouse had been declined at the price by every idle man in the town—and I did it. The regular porter received his weekly pittance under weekly protest—I took two shillings less, and made no complaint. The shopman gave warning on the ground that he was underfed as well as underpaid. I received half his salary, and lived contentedly on his reversionary scraps. Never were two men so well suited to each other as that bookseller and I! *His* one object in life was to find somebody who would work for him at starvation wages. *My* one object in life was to find somebody who would give me an asylum over my head. Without a single sympathy in common—without a vestige of feeling of any sort, hostile or friendly, growing up between us on either side—without wishing each other good-night when we parted on the house stairs, or good-morning when we met at the shop counter—we lived alone in that house, strangers from first to last, for two whole years. A dismal existence for a lad of my age, was it not? - You are a clergyman and a scholar—surely you can guess what made the life endurable to me?"

Mr. Brock remembered the well-worn volumes which had been found in the usher's bag. "The books made it endurable to you," he said.

The eyes of the castaway kindled with a new light.

"Yes!" he said, "the books—the generous friends who met me without suspicion—the



merciful masters who never used me ill! The only years of my life that I can look back on with something like pride are the years I passed in the miser's house. The only unalloyed pleasure I have ever tasted is the pleasure that I found for myself on the miser's shelves. Early and late, through the long winter nights and the quiet summer days, I drank at the fountain of knowledge, and never wearied of the draught. There were few customers to serve; for the books were mostly of the solid and scholarly kind. No responsibilities rested on me; for the accounts were kept by my master, and only the small sums of money were suffered to pass through my hands. He soon found out enough of me to know that my honesty was to be trusted, and that my patience might be counted on, treat me as he might. The one insight into *his* character which I obtained, on my side, widened the distance between us to its last limits. He was a confirmed opium-eater in secret—a prodigal in laudanum, though a miser in all besides. He never confessed his frailty, and I never told him I had found it out. He had his pleasure apart from *me*; and I had my pleasure apart from *him*. Week after week, month after month, there we sat without a friendly word ever passing between us—I alone with my book at the counter; he alone with his ledger in the parlor, dimly visible to me through the dirty window-pane of the glass door, sometimes poring over his figures, sometimes lost and motionless for hours in the ecstasy of his opium-trance. Time passed, and made no impression on us; the seasons of two years came and went, and found us still unchanged. One morning, at the opening of the third year, my master did not appear as usual to give me my allowance for breakfast. I went up stairs, and found him helpless in his bed. He refused to trust me with the keys of the cupboard, or to let me send for a doctor. I bought a morsel of bread, and went back to my books, with no more feeling for *him* (I honestly confess it) than he would have had for *me* under the same circumstances. An hour or two later I was roused from my reading by an occasional customer of ours, a retired medical man. He went up stairs. I was glad to get rid of him and return to my books. He came down again, and disturbed me once more. ‘I don’t much like you, my lad,’ he said; ‘but I think it my duty to say that you will soon have to shift for yourself. You are no great favorite in the town, and you may have some difficulty in finding a new place. Provide yourself with a written character from your master before it is too late.’ He spoke to me coldly. I thanked him coldly on my side, and got my character the same day. Do you think my master let me have it for nothing? Not he! He bargained with me on his death-bed. I was his creditor for a month’s salary, and he wouldn’t write a line of my testimonial until I had first promised to forgive him the debt. Three days afterward he died, enjoying to the last the happiness of having overreached his shopman. ‘Aha!’ he

whispered, when the doctor formally summoned me to take leave of him, ‘I got you cheap!’ Was Ozias Midwinter’s stick as cruel as that? I think not. Well! there I was, out on the world again, but surely with better prospects this time. I had taught myself to read Latin, Greek, and German; and I had got my written character to speak for me. All useless! The doctor was quite right; I was not liked in the town. The lower order of the people despised me for selling my services to the miser at the miser’s price. As for the better classes I did with them (God knows how!) what I have always done with every body, except Mr. Armadale—I produced a disagreeable impression at first sight; I couldn’t mend it afterward; and there was an end of me in respectable quarters. It is quite likely I might have spent all my savings, my puny little golden offspring of two years’ miserable growth, but for a school advertisement which I saw in a local paper. The heartlessly mean terms that were offered encouraged me to apply, and I got the place. How I prospered in it, and what became of me next, there is no need to tell you. The thread of my story is all wound off; my vagabond life stands stripped of its mystery; and you know the worst of me at last.”

A moment of silence followed those closing words. Midwinter rose from the window-seat and came back to the table with the letter from Wildbad in his hand.

“My father’s confession has told you who I am; and my own confession has told you what my life has been,” he said, addressing Mr. Brock, without taking the chair to which the rector pointed. “I promised to make a clean breast of it when I first asked leave to enter this room. Have I kept my word?”

“It is impossible to doubt it,” replied Mr. Brock. “You have established your claim on my confidence and my sympathy. I should be insensible indeed if I could know what I now know of your childhood and your youth and not feel something of Allan’s kindness for Allan’s friend.”

“Thank you, Sir,” said Midwinter, simply and gravely.

He sat down opposite Mr. Brock at the table for the first time.

“In a few hours you will have left this place,” he proceeded. “If I can help you to leave it with your mind at ease I will. There is more to be said between us than we have said up to this time. My future relations with Mr. Armadale are still left undecided; and the serious question raised by my father’s letter is a question which we have neither of us faced yet.”

He paused and looked with a momentary impatience at the candle still burning on the table in the morning light. The struggle to speak with composure, and to keep his own feelings stoically out of view, was evidently growing harder and harder to him.

“It may possibly help your decision,” he



went on, "if I tell you how I determined to act toward Mr. Armadale—in the matter of the similarity of our names—when I first read this letter, and when I had composed myself sufficiently to be able to think at all." He stopped, and cast a second impatient look at the lighted candle. "Will you excuse the odd fancy of an odd man?" he asked, with a faint smile. "I want to put out the candle—I want to speak of the new subject in the new light."

He extinguished the candle as he spoke, and let the first tenderness of the daylight flow uninterrupted into the room.

"I must once more ask your patience," he resumed, "if I return for a moment to myself and my circumstances. I have already told you that my step-father made an attempt to discover me some years after I had turned my back on the Scotch school. He took that step out of no anxiety of his own, but simply as the agent of my father's trustees. In the exercise of their discretion they had sold the estates in Barbadoes (at the time of the emancipation of the slaves, and the ruin of West Indian property) for what the estates would fetch. Having invested the proceeds they were bound to set aside a sum for my yearly education. This responsibility obliged them to make the attempt to trace me—a fruitless attempt, as you already know. A little later (as I have been since informed) I was publicly addressed by an advertisement in the newspapers—which I never saw. Later still, when I was twenty-one, a second advertisement appeared (which I did see) offering a reward for evidence of my death. If I was alive, I had a right to my half share of the proceeds of the estates on coming of age; if dead, the money reverted to my mother. I went to the lawyers and heard from them what I have just told you. After some difficulty in proving my identity—and, after an interview with my step-father, and a message from my mother, which has hopelessly widened the old breach between us—my claim was allowed, and my money is now invested for me in the funds under the name that is really my own."

Mr. Brock drew eagerly nearer to the table. He saw the end now to which the speaker was tending.

"Twice a year," Midwinter pursued, "I must sign my own name to get my own income. At all other times, and under all other circumstances, I may hide my identity under any name I please. As Ozias Midwinter Mr. Armadale first knew me—as Ozias Midwinter he shall know me to the end of my days. Whatever may be the result of this interview—whether I win your confidence, or whether I lose it—of one thing you may feel sure. Your pupil shall never know the horrible secret which I have trusted to your keeping. This is no extraordinary resolution—for, as you know already, it costs me no sacrifice of feeling to keep my assumed name. There is nothing in my conduct to praise—it comes naturally out of the gratitude of a thankful man. Review the cir-

cumstances for yourself, Sir, and set my own horror of revealing them to Mr. Armadale out of the question. If the story of the names is ever told, there can be no limiting it to the disclosure of my father's crime; it must go back to the story of Mrs. Armadale's marriage. I have heard her son talk of her; I know how he loves her memory. As God is my witness he shall never love it less dearly through *me*!"

Simply as the words were spoken, they touched the deepest sympathies in the rector's nature: they took his thoughts back to Mrs. Armadale's death-bed. There sat the man against whom she had ignorantly warned him in her son's interests—and that man, of his own free-will, had laid on himself the obligation of respecting her secret for her son's sake! The memory of his own past efforts to destroy the very friendship out of which this resolution had sprung rose and reproached Mr. Brock. He held out his hand to Midwinter for the first time. "In her name, and in her son's name," he said, warmly. "I thank you."

Without replying Midwinter spread the confession open before him on the table.

"I think I have said all that it was my duty to say," he began, "before we could approach the consideration of this letter. Whatever may have appeared strange in my conduct toward you and toward Mr. Armadale may be now trusted to explain itself. You can easily imagine the natural curiosity and surprise that I must have felt (ignorant as I then was of the truth) when the sound of Mr. Armadale's name first startled me as the echo of my own. You will readily understand that I only hesitated to tell him I was his namesake, because I hesitated to damage my position—in your estimation, if not in his—by confessing that I had come among you under an assumed name. And, after all that you have just heard of my vagabond life and my low associates, you will hardly wonder at the obstinate silence I maintained about myself, at a time when I did not feel the sense of responsibility which my father's confession has laid on me. We can return to these small personal explanations, if you wish it, at another time; they can not be suffered to keep us from the greater interests which we must settle before you leave this place. We may come now—" his voice faltered, and he suddenly turned his face toward the window so as to hide it from the rector's view. "We may come now," he repeated, his hand trembling visibly as it held the page, "to the murder on board the timber ship, and to the warning that has followed me from my father's grave."

Softly—as if he feared they might reach Allan, sleeping in the neighboring room—he read the last terrible words which the Scotchman's pen had written at Wildbad, as they fell from his father's lips.

"Avoid the widow of the man I killed—if the widow still lives. Avoid the maid whose wicked hand smoothed the way to the marriage—if the maid is still in her service. And more



than all, avoid the man who bears the same name as your own. Offend your best benefactor, if that benefactor's influence has connected you one with the other. Desert the woman who loves you, if that woman is a link between you and him. Hide yourself from him under an assumed name. Put the mountains and the seas between you; be ungrateful; be unforgiving; be all that is most repellent to your own gentler nature rather than live under the same roof and breathe the same air with that man. Never let the two Allan Armadales meet in this world; never, never, never!"

After reading those sentences he pushed the manuscript from him without looking up. The fatal reserve which he had been in a fair way of conquering but a few minutes since possessed itself of him once more. Again his eyes wandered; again his voice sank in tone. A stranger who had heard his story, and who saw him now, would have said, "His look is lurking, his manner is bad; he is, every inch of him, his father's son."

"I have a question to ask you," said Mr. Brock, breaking the silence between them on his side. "Why have you just read that passage in your father's letter?"

"To force me into telling you the truth," was the answer. "You must know how much there is of my father in me before you trust me to be Mr. Armadale's friend. I got my letter yesterday, in the morning. Some inner warning troubled me, and I went down on the sea-shore by myself before I broke the seal. Do you believe the dead can come back to the world they once lived in? I believe my father came back in that bright morning light, through the glare of that broad sunshine and the roar of that joyful sea, and watched me while I read. When I got to the words that you have just heard, and when I knew that the very end which he had died dreading was the end that had really come, I felt the horror that had crept over him in his last moments creeping over me. I struggled against myself as *he* would have had me struggle. I tried to be all that was most repellent to my own gentler nature; I tried to think pitilessly of putting the mountains and the seas between me and the man who bore my name. Hours passed before I could prevail on myself to go back and run the risk of meeting Allan Armadale in this house. When I did get back, and when he met me at night on the stairs, I thought I was looking him in the face as *my* father looked *his* father in the face when the cabin door closed between them. Draw your own conclusions, Sir. Say, if you like, that the inheritance of my father's heathen belief in Fate is one of the inheritances he has left to me. I won't dispute it; I won't deny that all through yesterday *his* superstition was *my* superstition. The night came before I could find my way to calmer and brighter thoughts. But I did find my way. You may set it down in my favor that I lifted myself at last above the influence of this horrible letter. Do you know what helped me?"

"Did you reason with yourself?"

"I can't reason about what I feel."

"Did you quiet your mind by prayer?"

"I was not fit to pray."

"And yet something guided you to the better feeling and the truer view?"

"Something did."

"What was it?"

"My love for Allan Armadale."

He cast a doubting, almost a timid, look at Mr. Brock as he gave that answer, and, suddenly leaving the table, went back to the window-seat.

"Have I no right to speak of him in that way?" he asked, keeping his face hidden from the rector. "Have I not known him long enough; have I not done enough for him yet? Remember what my experience of other men had been when I first saw his hand held out to me; when I first heard his voice speaking to me in my sick room. What had I known of strangers' hands all through my childhood? I had only known them as hands raised to threaten and to strike me. *His* hand put my pillow straight, and patted me on the shoulder, and gave me my food and drink. What had I known of other men's voices when I was growing up to be a man myself? I had only known them as voices that jeered, voices that cursed, voices that whispered in corners with a vile distrust. *His* voice said to me, 'Cheer up, Midwinter! we'll soon bring you round again. You'll be strong enough in a week to go out for a drive with me in our Somersetshire lanes.' Think of the gipsy's stick; think of the devils laughing at me when I went by their windows with my little dead dog in my arms; think of the master who cheated me of my month's salary on his death-bed, and ask your own heart if the miserable wretch whom Allan Armadale has treated as his equal and his friend has said too much in saying that he loves him? I do love him! It *will* come out of me; I can't keep it back. I love the very ground he treads on! I would give my life—yes, the life that is precious to me now, because his kindness has made it a happy one—I tell you I would give my life—"

The next words died away on his lips; the hysterical passion rose and conquered him. He stretched out one of his hands with a wild gesture of entreaty to Mr. Brock; his head sank on the window-sill, and he burst into tears.

Even then the hard discipline of the man's life asserted itself. He expected no sympathy; he counted on no merciful human respect for human weakness. The cruel necessity of self-suppression was present to his mind while the tears were pouring over his cheeks. "Give me a minute," he said, faintly. "I'll fight it down in a minute; I won't distress you in this way again."

True to his resolution, in a minute he had fought it down. In a minute more he was able to speak calmly.

"We will get back, Sir, to those better thoughts which brought me last night from my room to yours," he resumed. "I can only re-



peat that I should never have torn myself from the hold which this letter fastened on me if I had not loved Allan Armadale with all that I have in me of a brother's love. I said to myself, 'If the thought of leaving him breaks my heart, the thought of leaving him is wrong!' That was some hours since, and I am in the same mind still. I can't believe—I won't believe—that a friendship which has grown out of nothing but kindness on one side, and nothing but gratitude on the other, is destined to lead to an evil end. I don't undervalue the strange circumstances which have made us namesakes—the strange circumstances which have brought us together and attached us to each other—the strange circumstances which have since happened to us separately. They may, and they do, all link themselves together in my thoughts; but they shall not daunt me. I *won't* believe that these events have happened in the order of Fate for an end that is evil; I *will* believe that they have happened in the order of God for an end that is good. Judge, you who are a clergyman, between the dead father, whose word is in these pages, and the living son, whose word is now on his lips! Which am I—now that the two Allan Armadales have met again in the second generation—an instrument in the hands of Fate, or an instrument in the hands of Providence? What is it appointed me to do—now that I am breathing the same air, and living under the same roof with the son of the man whom my father killed—to perpetuate my father's crime by mortally injuring him? or to atone for my father's crime by giving him the devotion of my whole life? The last of those two faiths is my faith, and shall be my faith, happen what may. In the strength of that better conviction I have come here to trust you with my father's secret, and to confess the wretched story of my own life. In the strength of that better conviction I can face you resolutely with the one plain question, which marks the one plain end of all that I have come here to say. Your pupil stands at the starting-point of his new career, in a position singularly friendless; his one great need is a companion of his own age on whom he can rely. The time has come, Sir, to decide whether I am to be that companion or not. After all you have heard of Ozias Midwinter, tell me plainly, will you trust him to be Allan Armadale's friend?"

Mr. Brock met that fearlessly frank question by a fearless frankness on his side.

"I believe you love Allan," he said; "and I believe you have spoken the truth. A man who has produced that impression on me is a man whom I am bound to trust. I trust you."

Midwinter started to his feet, his dark face flushing deep, his eyes fixed brightly and steadily at last on the rector's face. "A light!" he exclaimed, tearing the pages of his father's letter one by one from the fastening that held them. "Let us destroy the last link that holds us to the horrible past! Let us see this confession a heap of ashes before we part!"

"Wait!" said Mr. Brock. "Before you burn it there is a reason for looking at it once more."

The parted leaves of the manuscript dropped from Midwinter's hands. Mr. Brock took them up, and sorted them carefully until he found the last page.

"I view your father's superstition as you view it," said the rector. "But there is a warning given you here which you will do well (for Allan's sake, and for your own sake) not to neglect. The last link with the past will not be destroyed when you have burnt these pages. One of the actors in this story of treachery and murder is not dead yet. Read those words."

He pushed the page across the table with his finger on one sentence. Midwinter's agitation misled him. He mistook the indication, and read, "Avoid the widow of the man I killed—if the widow still lives."

"Not that sentence," said the rector. "The next."

Midwinter read it: "Avoid the maid whose wicked hand smoothed the way to the marriage—if the maid is still in her service."

"The maid and the mistress parted," said Mr. Brock, "at the time of the mistress's marriage. The maid and the mistress met again at Mrs. Armadale's residence in Somersetshire last year. I myself met the woman in the village, and I myself know that her visit hastened Mrs. Armadale's death. Wait a little, and compose yourself; I see I have startled you."

He waited as he was bid, his color fading away to a gray paleness, and the light in his clear brown eyes dying out slowly. What the rector had said had produced no transient impression on him; there was more than doubt, there was alarm in his face as he sat lost in his own thoughts. Was the struggle of the past night renewing itself already? Did he feel the horror of his hereditary superstition creeping over him again?

"Can you put me on my guard against her?" he asked, after a long interval of silence. "Can you tell me her name?"

"I can only tell you what Mrs. Armadale told me," answered Mr. Brock. "The woman acknowledged having been married in the long interval since she and her mistress had last met. But not a word more escaped her about her past life. She came to Mrs. Armadale to ask for money under a plea of distress. She got the money, and she left the house, positively refusing, when the question was put to her, to mention her married name."

"You saw her yourself in the village. What was she like?"

"She kept her veil down. I can't tell you."

"You can tell me what you *did* see?"

"Certainly. I saw as she approached me that she moved very gracefully, that she had a beautiful figure, and that she was a little over the middle height. I noticed, when she asked me the way to Mrs. Armadale's house, that her manner was the manner of a lady, and that the



tone of her voice was remarkably soft and winning. Lastly, I remembered afterward that she wore a thick black veil, a black bonnet, a black silk dress, and a red Paisley shawl. I feel all the importance of your possessing some better means of identifying her than I can give you. But, unhappily—”

He stopped. Midwinter was leaning eagerly across the table, and Midwinter's hand was laid suddenly on his arm.

“Is it possible that you know the woman?” asked Mr. Brock, surprised at the sudden change in his manner.

“No.”

“What have I said, then, that has startled you so?”

“Do you remember the woman who threw herself from the river steamer?” asked the other, “the woman who caused that succession of deaths, which opened Allan Armadale's way to the Thorpe-Ambrose estate?”

“I remember the description of her in the police report,” answered the rector.

“*That woman,*” pursued Midwinter, “moved gracefully, and had a beautiful figure. *That woman* wore a black veil, a black bonnet, a black silk gown, and a red Paisley shawl—” He stopped, released his hold of Mr. Brock's arm, and abruptly resumed his chair. “Can it be the same?” he said to himself, in a whisper. “Is there a fatality that follows men in the dark? And is it following us in that woman's footsteps?”

If the conjecture was right, the one event in the past which had appeared to be entirely disconnected with the events that had preceded it, was, on the contrary, the one missing link which made the chain complete. Mr. Brock's comfortable common sense instinctively denied that startling conclusion. He looked at Midwinter with a compassionate smile.

“My young friend,” he said, kindly, “have you cleared your mind of all superstition as completely as you think? Is what you have just said worthy of the better resolution at which you arrived last night?”

Midwinter's head drooped on his breast; the color rushed back over his face: he sighed bitterly.

“You are beginning to doubt my sincerity,” he said. “I can't blame you.”

“I believe in your sincerity as firmly as ever,” answered Mr. Brock. “I only doubt whether you have fortified the weak places in your nature as strongly as you yourself suppose. Many a man has lost the battle against himself far oftener than you have lost it yet, and has nevertheless won his victory in the end. I don't blame you, I don't distrust you. I only notice what has happened, to put you on your guard against yourself. Come! come! Let your own better sense help you; and you will agree with me, that there is really no evidence to justify the suspicion that the woman whom I met in Somersetshire, and the woman who attempted suicide in London, are one and the same. Need

an old man like me remind a young man like you that there are thousands of women in England with beautiful figures—thousands of women who are quietly dressed in black silk gowns and red Paisley shawls?”

Midwinter caught eagerly at the suggestion; too eagerly, as it might have occurred to a harder critic on humanity than Mr. Brock.

“You are quite right, Sir,” he said, “and I am quite wrong. Tens of thousands of women answer the description, as you say. I have been wasting time on my own idle fancies when I ought to have been carefully gathering up facts. If this woman ever attempts to find her way to Allan I must be prepared to stop her.” He began searching restlessly among the manuscript leaves scattered about the table, paused over one of the pages, and examined it attentively. “This helps me to something positive,” he went on; “this helps me to a knowledge of her age. She was twelve at the time of Mrs. Armadale's marriage; add a year, and bring her to thirteen; add Allan's age (twenty-two), and we make her a woman of five-and-thirty at the present time. I know her age; and I know that she has her own reasons for being silent about her married life. This is something gained at the outset, and it may lead, in time, to something more.” He looked up brightly again at Mr. Brock. “Am I in the right way now, Sir? Am I doing my best to profit by the caution which you have kindly given me?”

“You are vindicating your own better sense,” answered the rector, encouraging him to trample down his own imagination, with an Englishman's ready distrust of the noblest of the human faculties. “You are paving the way for your own happier life.”

“Am I?” said the other, thoughtfully.

He searched among the papers once more, and stopped at another of the scattered pages.

“The Ship!” he exclaimed suddenly, his color changing again, and his manner altering on the instant.

“What ship?” asked the rector.

“The ship in which the deed was done,” Midwinter answered, with the first signs of impatience that he had shown yet. “The ship in which my father's murderous hand turned the lock of the cabin door.”

“What of it?” said Mr. Brock.

He appeared not to hear the question; his eyes remained fixed intently on the page that he was reading.

“A French vessel, employed in the timber trade,” he said, still speaking to himself; “a French vessel, named *La Grace de Dieu*. If my father's belief had been the right belief—if the Fatality had been following me, step by step, from my father's grave—in one or other of my voyages I should have fallen in with that ship.” He looked up again at Mr. Brock. “I am quite sure about it now,” he said. “Those women are two—and not one.”

Mr. Brock shook his head.

“I am glad you have come to that conclu-



sion," he said. "But I wish you had reached it in some other way."

Midwinter started passionately to his feet, and seizing on the pages of the manuscript with both hands, flung them into the empty fire-place.

"For God's sake, let me burn it!" he exclaimed. "As long as there is a page left I shall read it. And as long as I read it my father gets the better of me in spite of myself!"

Mr. Brock pointed to the match-box. In another moment the confession was in flames. When the fire had consumed the last morsel of paper Midwinter drew a deep breath of relief.

"I may say, like Macbeth, 'Why, so, being gone, I am a man again!'" he broke out with a feverish gayety. "You look fatigued, Sir; and no wonder," he added, in a lower tone. "I have kept you too long from your rest—I will keep you no longer. Depend on my remembering what you have told me; depend on my standing between Allan and any enemy, man or woman, who comes near him. Thank you, Mr. Brock; a thousand, thousand times, thank you! I came into this room the most wretched of living men; I can leave it now as happy as the birds that are singing outside."

As he turned to the door the rays of the rising sun streamed through the window and touched the heap of ashes lying black in the black fire-place. The sensitive imagination of Midwinter kindled instantly at the sight.

"Look!" he said, joyously. "The promise of the Future shining over the ashes of the Past!"

An inexplicable pity for the man at the moment of his life when he needed pity least stole over the rector's heart when the door had closed, and he was left by himself again.

"Poor fellow!" he said, with an uneasy surprise at his own compassionate impulse. "Poor fellow!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### DAY AND NIGHT.

THE morning hours had passed; the noon had come and gone; and Mr. Brock had started on the first stage of his journey home.

After parting from the rector in Douglas Harbor the two young men had returned to Castle-town, and had there separated at the hotel door, Allan walking down to the waterside to look after his yacht, and Midwinter entering the house to get the rest that he needed after a sleepless night.

He darkened his room; he closed his eyes—but no sleep came to him. On this first day of the rector's absence his sensitive nature extravagantly exaggerated the responsibility which he now held in trust for Mr. Brock. A nervous dread of leaving Allan by himself, even for a few hours only, kept him waking and doubting until it became a relief rather than a hardship to rise from the bed again, and following in Allan's

footsteps, to take the way to the waterside which led to the yacht.

The repairs of the little vessel were nearly completed. It was a breezy, cheerful day; the land was bright, the water was blue, the quick waves leaped crisply in the sunshine, the men were singing at their work. Descending to the cabin, Midwinter discovered his friend busily occupied in attempting to set the place to rights. Habitually the least systematic of mortals, Allan now and then awoke to an overwhelming sense of the advantages of order, and on such occasions a perfect frenzy of tidiness possessed him. He was down on his knees, hotly and wildly at work, when Midwinter looked in on him, and was fast reducing the neat little world of the cabin to its original elements of chaos with a misdirected energy wonderful to see.

"Here's a mess!" said Allan, rising composedly on the horizon of his own accumulated litter. "Do you know, my dear fellow, I begin to wish I had let well alone."

Midwinter smiled, and came to his friend's assistance with the natural neat-handedness of a sailor.

The first object that he encountered was Allan's dressing-case, turned upside down, with half the contents scattered on the floor, and with a duster and a hearth-broom lying among them. Replacing the various objects which formed the furniture of the dressing-case one by one, Midwinter lighted unexpectedly on a miniature portrait of the old-fashioned oval form, primly framed in a setting of small diamonds.

"You don't seem to set much value on this," he said. "What is it?"

Allan bent over him, and looked at the miniature.

"It belonged to my mother," he answered; "and I set the greatest value on it. It is a portrait of my father."

Midwinter put the miniature abruptly into Allan's hands, and withdrew to the opposite side of the cabin.

"You know best where the things ought to be put in your own dressing-case," he said, keeping his back turned on Allan. "I'll make the place tidy on this side of the cabin, and you shall make the place tidy on the other."

He began setting in order the litter scattered about him on the cabin table and on the floor. But it seemed as if fate had decided that his friend's personal possessions should fall into his hands that morning employ them where he might. One among the first objects which he took up was Allan's tobacco-jar with the stopper missing, and with a letter (which appeared by the bulk of it to contain inclosures) crumpled into the mouth of the jar in the stopper's place.

"Did you know that you had put this here?" he asked. "Is the letter of any importance?"

Allan recognized it instantly. It was the first of the little series of letters which had followed the cruising party to the Isle of Man—the letter which young Armadale had briefly referred to as bringing him "more worries from



those everlasting lawyers," and had then dismissed from further notice as recklessly as usual.

"This is what comes of being particularly careful," said Allan; "here is an instance of my extreme thoughtfulness. You may not think it, but I put the letter there on purpose. Every time I went to the jar, you know, I was sure to see the letter; and every time I saw the letter I was sure to say to myself, 'This must be answered.' There's nothing to laugh at; it was a perfectly sensible arrangement—if I could only have remembered where I put the jar. Suppose I tie a knot in my pocket-handkerchief this time? You have a wonderful memory, my dear fellow. Perhaps you'll remind me in the course of the day, in case I forget the knot next."

Midwinter saw his first chance, since Mr. Brock's departure, of usefully filling Mr. Brock's place.

"Here is your writing-case," he said, "why not answer the letter at once? If you put it away again you may forget it again."

"Very true," returned Allan. "But the worst of it is, I can't quite make up my mind what answer to write. I want a word of advice. Come and sit down here, and I'll tell you all about it."

With his loud boyish laugh—echoed by Midwinter, who caught the infection of his gayety—he swept a heap of miscellaneous encumbrances off the cabin sofa, and made room for his friend and himself to take their places. In the high flow of youthful spirits the two sat down to their trifling consultation over a letter lost in a tobacco-jar. It was a memorable moment to both of them, lightly as they thought of it at the time. Before they had risen again from their places they had taken the first irrevocable step together on the dark and tortuous road of their future lives.

Reduced to plain facts, the question on which Allan now required his friend's advice may be stated as follows:

While the various arrangements connected with the succession to Thorpe-Ambrose were in progress of settlement, and while the new possessor of the estate was still in London, a question had necessarily arisen relating to the person who should be appointed to manage the property. The steward employed by the Blanchard family had written, without loss of time, to offer his services. Although a perfectly competent and trust-worthy man, he failed to find favor in the eyes of the new proprietor. Acting, as usual, on his first impulses, and resolved, at all hazards, to install Midwinter as a permanent inmate at Thorpe-Ambrose, Allan had determined that the steward's place was the place exactly fitted for his friend, for the simple reason that it would necessarily oblige his friend to live with him on the estate. He had accordingly written to decline the proposal made to him without consulting Mr. Brock, whose disapproval he had good reason to fear; and without telling Midwinter, who would probably (if a chance

were allowed him of choosing) have declined taking a situation which his previous training had by no means fitted him to fill. Further correspondence had followed this decision, and had raised two new difficulties which looked a little embarrassing on the face of them, but which Allan, with the assistance of his lawyers, easily contrived to solve. The first difficulty, of examining the outgoing steward's books, was settled by sending a professional accountant to Thorpe-Ambrose; and the second difficulty, of putting the steward's empty cottage to some profitable use (Allan's plans for his friend comprehending Midwinter's residence under his own roof), was met by placing the cottage on the list of an active house-agent in the neighboring county town. In this state the arrangements had been left when Allan quitted London. He had heard and thought nothing more of the matter until a letter from the lawyers had followed him to the Isle of Man, inclosing two proposals to occupy the cottage—both received on the same day—and requesting to hear, at his earliest convenience, which of the two he was prepared to accept.

Finding himself, after having conveniently forgotten the subject for some days past, placed face to face once more with the necessity for decision, Allan now put the two proposals into his friend's hands, and, after a rambling explanation of the circumstances of the case, requested to be favored with a word of advice. Instead of examining the proposals Midwinter unceremoniously put them aside, and asked the two very natural and very awkward questions of who the new steward was to be, and why he was to live in Allan's house?

"I'll tell you who, and I'll tell you why, when we get to Thorpe-Ambrose," said Allan. "In the mean time we'll call the steward X. Y. Z., and we'll say he lives with me, because I'm devilish sharp, and I mean to keep him under my own eye. You needn't look surprised. I know the man thoroughly well; he requires a good deal of management. If I offered him the steward's place beforehand his modesty would get in his way, and he would say—'No.' If I pitch him into it neck and crop, without a word of warning and with nobody at hand to relieve him of the situation, he'll have nothing for it but to consult my interests, and say—'Yes.' X. Y. Z. is not at all a bad fellow, I can tell you. You'll see him when we go to Thorpe-Ambrose; and I rather think you and he will get on uncommonly well together."

The humorous twinkle in Allan's eye, the sly significance in Allan's voice, would have betrayed his secret to a prosperous man. Midwinter was as far from suspecting it as the carpenters who were at work above them on the deck of the yacht.

"Is there no steward now on the estate?" he asked, his face showing plainly that he was far from feeling satisfied with Allan's answer. "Is the business neglected all this time?"

"Nothing of the sort!" returned Allan. "The



business is going with 'a wet sheet and a flowing sail, and a wind that follows free.' I'm not joking—I'm only metaphorical. A regular accountant has poked his nose into the books, and a steady-going lawyer's clerk attends at the office once a week. That doesn't look like neglect, does it? Leave the new steward alone for the present, and just tell me which of those two tenants you would take if you were in my place."

Midwinter opened the proposals and read them attentively.

The first proposal was from no less a person than the solicitor at Thorpe-Ambrose, who had first informed Allan at Paris of the large fortune that had fallen into his hands. This gentleman wrote personally to say that he had long admired the cottage, which was charmingly situated within the limits of the Thorpe-Ambrose grounds. He was a bachelor, of studious habits, desirous of retiring to a country seclusion after the wear and tear of his business hours; and he ventured to say that Mr. Armadale, in accepting him as a tenant, might count on securing an unobtrusive neighbor, and on putting the cottage into responsible and careful hands.

The second proposal came through the house-agent and proceeded from a total stranger. The tenant who offered for the cottage, in this case, was a retired officer in the army—one Major Milroy. His family merely consisted of an invalid wife and an only child—a young lady. His references were unexceptionable; and he, too, was especially anxious to secure the cottage, as the perfect quiet of the situation was exactly what was required by Mrs. Milroy in her feeble state of health.

"Well! which profession shall I favor?" asked Allan. "The army or the law?"

"There seems to me to be no doubt about it," said Midwinter. "The lawyer has been already in correspondence with you; and the lawyer's claim is, therefore, the claim to be preferred."

"I knew you would say that. In all the thousands of times I have asked other people for advice I never yet got the advice I wanted. Here's this business of letting the cottage as an instance. I'm all on the other side myself. I want to have the major."

"Why?"

Young Armadale laid his forefinger on that part of the agent's letter which enumerated Major Milroy's family, and which contained the three words—"a young lady."

"A bachelor of studious habits walking about my grounds," said Allan, "is not an interesting object; a young lady is. I have not the least doubt Miss Milroy is a charming girl. Ozius Midwinter of the serious countenance! think of her pretty muslin dress flitting about among your trees and committing trespasses on your property; think of her adorable feet trotting into your fruit-garden, and her delicious fresh lips kissing your ripe peaches; think of her dimpled hands among your early violets, and her little cream-colored nose buried in your blush-roses! What does the studious bachelor

offer me in exchange for the loss of all this? He offers me a rheumatic brown object in gaiters and a wig. No! no! Justice is good, my dear friend; but, believe me, Miss Milroy is better."

"Can you be serious about any mortal thing, Allan?"

"I'll try to be, if you like. I know I ought to take the lawyer; but what can I do if the major's daughter keeps running in my head?"

Midwinter returned resolutely to the just and the sensible view of the matter, and pressed it on his friend's attention with all the persuasion of which he was master. After listening with exemplary patience until he had done, Allan swept a supplementary accumulation of litter off the cabin table and produced from his waistcoat-pocket a half-crown coin.

"I've got an entirely new idea," he said. "Let's leave it to chance."

The absurdity of the proposal—as coming from a landlord—was irresistible. Midwinter's gravity deserted him.

"I'll spin," continued Allan, "and you shall call. We must give precedence to the army, of course; so we'll say Heads, the major; Tails, the lawyer. One spin to decide. Now, then, look out!"

He spun the half-crown on the cabin table.

"Tails!" cried Midwinter, humoring what he believed to be one of Allan's boyish jokes.

The coin fell on the table with the Head uppermost.

"You don't mean to say you are really in earnest!" said Midwinter, as the other opened his writing-case and dipped his pen in the ink.

"Oh, but I am, though!" replied Allan. "Chance is on my side and Miss Milroy's; and you're outvoted, two to one. It's no use arguing. The major has fallen uppermost, and the major shall have the cottage. I won't leave it to the lawyers—they'll only be worrying me with more letters; I'll write myself."

He wrote his answers to the two proposals, literally in two minutes. One to the house-agent: "Dear Sir, I accept Major Milroy's offer; let him come in when he pleases. Yours truly, Allan Armadale." And one to the lawyer: "Dear Sir, I regret that circumstances prevent me from accepting your proposal. Yours truly, etc., etc." "People make a fuss about letter-writing," Allan remarked, when he had done. "I find it easy enough."

He wrote the addresses on his two notes and stamped them for the post, whistling gayly. While he had been writing he had not noticed how his friend was occupied. When he had done, it struck him that a sudden silence had fallen on the cabin; and looking up, he observed that Midwinter's whole attention was strangely concentrated on the half-crown, as it lay head uppermost on the table. Allan suspended his whistling in astonishment.

"What on earth are you doing?" he asked.

"I was only wondering," replied Midwinter.

"What about?" persisted Allan.



"I was wondering," said the other, handing him back the half-crown, "whether there is such a thing as chance."

Half an hour later the two notes were posted; and Allan, whose close superintendence of the repairs of the yacht had hitherto allowed him but little leisure time on shore, had proposed to while away the idle hours by taking a walk in Castletown. Even Midwinter's nervous anxiety to deserve Mr. Brock's confidence in him could detect nothing objectionable in this harmless proposal, and the young men set forth together to see what they could make of the metropolis of the Isle of Man.

It is doubtful if there is a place on the habitable globe which, regarded as a sight-seeing investment offering itself to the spare attention of strangers, yields so small a per-centage of interest in return as Castletown. Beginning with the water-side, there was an inner harbor to see, with a draw-bridge to let vessels through; an outer harbor, ending in a dwarf light-house; a view of a flat coast to the right, and a view of a flat coast to the left. In the central solitudes of the city there was a squat gray building called "the castle;" also a memorial pillar dedicated to one Governor Smelt, with a flat top for a statue, and no statue standing on it; also a barrack, holding the half company of soldiers allotted to the island, and exhibiting one spirit-broken sentry at its lonely door. The prevalent color of the town was faint gray. The few shops open were parted at frequent intervals by other shops closed and deserted in despair. The weary lounging of boatmen on shore was trebly weary here; the youth of the district smoked together in speechless depression under the lee of a dead wall; the ragged children said, mechanically, "Give us a penny," and before the charitable hand could search the merciful pocket, lapsed away again in misanthropic doubt of the human nature they addressed. The silence of the grave overflowed the church-yard and filled this miserable town. But one edifice, prosperous to look at, rose consolatory in the desolation of these dreadful streets. Frequented by the students of the neighboring "College of King William," this building was naturally dedicated to the uses of a pastry-cook's shop. Here, at least (viewed through the friendly medium of the window), there was something going on for a stranger to see; for here, on high stools, the pupils of the college sat, with swinging legs and slowly-moving jaws, and, hushed in the horrid stillness of Castletown, gorged their pastry gravely, in an atmosphere of awful silence.

"Hang me if I can look any longer at the boys and the tarts!" said Allan, dragging his friend away from the pastry-cook's shop. "Let's try if we can't find something else to amuse us in the next street."

The first amusing object which the next street presented was a carver-and-gilder's shop, expiring feebly in the last stage of commercial decay. The counter inside displayed nothing to view but

the recumbent head of a boy, peacefully asleep in the unbroken solitude of the place. In the window were exhibited to the passing stranger three forlorn little fly-spotted frames; a small posting-bill, dusty with long-continued neglect, announcing that the premises were to let; and one colored print, the last of a series illustrating the horrors of drunkenness, on the fiercest temperance principles. The composition—representing an empty bottle of gin, an immensely spacious garret, a perpendicular Scripture-reader, and a horizontal expiring family—appealed to public favor, under the entirely unobjectionable title of 'The Hand of Death.' Allan's resolution to extract amusement from Castletown by main force had resisted a great deal, but it failed him at this stage of the investigations. He suggested trying an excursion to some other place. Midwinter readily agreeing, they went back to the hotel to make inquiries. Thanks to the mixed influence of Allan's ready gift of familiarity and total want of method in putting his questions, a perfect deluge of information flowed in on the two strangers, relating to every subject but the subject which had actually brought them to the hotel. They made various interesting discoveries in connection with the laws and constitution of the Isle of Man, and the manners and customs of the natives. To Allan's delight the Manxmen spoke of England as of a well-known adjacent island, situated at a certain distance from the central empire of the Isle of Man. It was further revealed to the two Englishmen that this happy little nation rejoiced in laws of its own, publicly proclaimed once a year by the governor and the two head-judges, grouped together on the top of an ancient mound, in fancy costumes appropriate to the occasion. Possessing this enviable institution, the island added to it the inestimable blessing of a local parliament, called the House of Keys, an assembly far in advance of the other parliament belonging to the neighboring island, in this respect—that the members dispensed with the people, and solemnly elected each other. With these, and many more local particulars, extracted from all sorts and conditions of men in and about the hotel, Allan whiled away the weary time in his own essentially desultory manner, until the gossip died out of itself, and Midwinter (who had been speaking apart with the landlord) quietly recalled him to the matter in hand. The finest coast scenery in the island was said to be to the westward and the southward, and there was a fishing town in those regions called Port St. Mary, with a hotel at which travelers could sleep. If Allan's impressions of Castletown still inclined him to try an excursion to some other place, he had only to say so, and a carriage would be produced immediately. Allan jumped at the proposal, and in ten minutes more he and Midwinter were on their way to the western wilds of the island.

With trifling incidents, the day of Mr. Brock's departure had worn on thus far. With trifling incidents, in which not even Midwinter's nervous



watchfulness could see any thing to distrust, it was still to proceed, until the night came—a night which one at least of the two companions was destined to remember to the end of his life.

Before the travelers had advanced two miles on their road an accident happened. The horse fell, and the driver reported that the animal had seriously injured himself. There was no alternative but to send for another carriage to Castletown, or to get on to Port St. Mary on foot. Deciding to walk, Midwinter and Allan had not gone far before they were overtaken by a gentleman driving alone in an open chaise. He civilly introduced himself as a medical man, living close to Port St. Mary, and offered seats in his carriage. Always ready to make new acquaintances, Allan at once accepted the proposal. He and the doctor (whose name was ascertained to be Hawbury) became friendly and familiar before they had been five minutes in the chaise together; Midwinter sitting behind them, reserved and silent, on the back seat. They separated just outside Port St. Mary, before Mr. Hawbury's house, Allan boisterously admiring the doctor's neat French windows, and pretty flower-garden and lawn, and wringing his hand at parting, as if they had known each other from boyhood upward. Arrived in Port St. Mary, the two friends found themselves in a second Castletown on a smaller scale. But the country round, wild, open, and hilly, deserved its reputation. A walk brought them well enough on with the day—still the harmless, idle day that it had been from the first—to see the evening near at hand. After waiting a little to admire the sun, setting grandly over hill, and heath, and crag, and talking, while they waited, of Mr. Brock and his long journey home, they returned to the hotel to order their early supper. Nearer and nearer the night, and the adventure which the night was to bring with it, came to the two friends; and still the only incidents that happened were incidents to be laughed at, if they were noticed at all. The supper was badly cooked; the waiting-maid was impenetrably stupid; the old-fashioned bell-rope in the coffee-room had come down in Allan's hands, and striking in its descent a painted china shepherdess on the chimney-piece, had laid the figure in fragments on the floor. Events as trifling as these were still the only events that had happened, when the twilight faded, and the lighted candles were brought into the room.

Finding Midwinter, after the double fatigue of a sleepless night and a restless day, but little inclined for conversation, Allan left him resting on the sofa, and lounged into the passage of the hotel, on the chance of discovering somebody to talk to. Here another of the trivial incidents of the day brought Allan and Mr. Hawbury together again, and helped—whether happily or not yet remained to be seen—to strengthen the acquaintance between them on either side.

The "bar" of the hotel was situated at one end of the passage, and the landlady was in at-

tendance there, mixing a glass of liquor for the doctor, who had just looked in for a little gossip. On Allan's asking permission to make a third in the drinking and the gossiping Mr. Hawbury civilly handed him the glass which the landlady had just filled. It contained cold brandy and water. A marked change in Allan's face, as he suddenly drew back and asked for whisky instead, caught the doctor's medical eye. "A case of nervous antipathy," said Mr. Hawbury, quietly taking the glass away again. The remark obliged Allan to acknowledge that he had an insurmountable loathing (which he was foolish enough to be a little ashamed of mentioning) to the smell and taste of brandy. No matter with what diluting liquid the spirit was mixed, the presence of it—instantly detected by his organs of taste and smell—turned him sick and faint if the drink touched his lips. Starting from this personal confession the talk turned on antipathies in general; and the doctor acknowledged, on his side, that he took a professional interest in the subject, and that he possessed a collection of curious cases at home, which his new acquaintance was welcome to look at, if Allan had nothing else to do that evening, and if he would call, when the medical work of the day was over, in an hour's time.

Cordially accepting the invitation (which was extended to Midwinter also, if he cared to profit by it) Allan returned to the coffee-room to look after his friend. Half asleep and half awake, Midwinter was still stretched on the sofa, with the local newspaper just dropping out of his languid hand.

"I heard your voice in the passage," he said, drowsily. "Who were you talking to?"

"The doctor," replied Allan. "I am going to smoke a cigar with him in an hour's time. Will you come too?"

Midwinter assented with a weary sigh. Always shyly unwilling to make new acquaintances, fatigue increased the reluctance he now felt to become Mr. Hawbury's guest. As matters stood, however, there was no alternative but to go; for with Allan's constitutional imprudence there was no safely trusting him alone any where, and more especially in a stranger's house. Mr. Brock would certainly not have left his pupil to visit the doctor alone; and Midwinter was still nervously conscious that he occupied Mr. Brock's place.

"What shall we do till it's time to go?" asked Allan, looking about him. "Any thing in this?" he added, observing the fallen newspaper and picking it up from the floor.

"I'm too tired to look. If you find any thing interesting read it out," said Midwinter, thinking that the reading might help to keep him awake.

Part of the newspaper, and no small part of it, was devoted to extracts from books recently published in London. One of the works most largely laid under contribution in this manner was of the sort to interest Allan: it was a highly-spiced narrative of *Traveling Adventures in*



the wilds of Australia. Pouncing on an extract which described the sufferings of the travelling-party, lost in a trackless wilderness, and in danger of dying by thirst, Allan announced that he had found something to make his friend's flesh creep, and began eagerly to read the passage aloud. Resolute not to sleep, Midwinter followed the progress of the adventure, sentence by sentence, without missing a word. The consultation of the lost travelers, with death by thirst staring them in the face; the resolution to press on while their strength lasted; the fall of a heavy shower, the vain efforts made to catch the rain-water, the transient relief experienced by sucking their wet clothes; the sufferings renewed a few hours after; the night-advance of the strongest of the party, leaving the weakest behind; the following a flight of birds when morning dawned; the discovery by the lost men of the broad pool of water that saved their lives—all this Midwinter's fast-failing attention mastered painfully, Allan's voice growing fainter and fainter on his ear with every sentence that was read. Soon the next words seemed to drop away gently, and nothing but the slowly-sinking sound of the voice was left. Then the light in the room darkened gradually; the sound dwindled into delicious silence; and the last waking impressions of the weary Midwinter came peacefully to an end.

The next event of which he was conscious was a sharp ringing at the closed door of the hotel. He started to his feet with the ready alacrity of a man whose life has accustomed him to wake at the shortest notice. An instant's look round showed him that the room was empty; and a glance at his watch told him that it was close on midnight. The noise made by the sleepy servant in opening the door, and the tread the next moment of quick footsteps in the passage, filled him with a sudden foreboding of something wrong. As he hurriedly stepped forward to go out and make inquiry the door of the coffee-room opened, and the doctor stood before him.

"I am sorry to disturb you," said Mr. Hawbury. "Don't be alarmed; there's nothing wrong."

"Where is my friend?" asked Midwinter.

"At the pier-head," answered the doctor.

"I am, to a certain extent, responsible for what he is doing now; and I think some careful person, like yourself, ought to be with him."

The hint was enough for Midwinter. He and the doctor set out for the pier immediately—Mr. Hawbury mentioning on the way the circumstances under which he had come to the hotel.

Punctual to the appointed hour Allan had made his appearance at the doctor's house; explaining that he had left his weary friend so fast asleep on the sofa that he had not had the heart to wake him. The evening had passed pleasantly, and the conversation had turned on many subjects—until, in an evil hour, Mr. Hawbury had dropped a hint which showed that he was fond of sailing, and that he possessed a pleasure-

boat of his own in the harbor. Excited on the instant by his favorite topic, Allan had left his host no hospitable alternative but to take him to the pier-head and show him the boat. The beauty of the night and the softness of the breeze had done the rest of the mischief—they had filled Allan with irresistible longings for a sail by moonlight. Prevented from accompanying his guest by professional hindrances which obliged him to remain on shore, the doctor, not knowing what else to do, had ventured on disturbing Midwinter rather than take the responsibility of allowing Mr. Armadale (no matter how well he might be accustomed to the sea) to set off on a sailing trip at midnight entirely by himself.

The time taken to make this explanation brought Midwinter and the doctor to the pier-head. There, sure enough, was young Armadale in the boat, hoisting the sail, and singing the sailor's "Yo-heave-ho!" at the top of his voice.

"Come along, old boy!" cried Allan. "You're just in time for a frolic by moonlight!"

Midwinter suggested a frolic by daylight, and an adjournment to bed in the mean time.

"Bed!" cried Allan, on whose harum-scarum high spirits Mr. Hawbury's hospitality had certainly not produced a sedative effect. "Hear him, doctor! one would think he was ninety! Bed, you drowsy old dormouse! Look at that—and think of bed if you can!"

He pointed to the sea. The moon was shining in the cloudless heaven; the night breeze blew soft and steady from the land; the peaceful waters rippled joyfully in the silence and the glory of the night. Midwinter turned to the doctor, with a wise resignation to circumstances: he had seen enough to satisfy him that all words of remonstrance would be words simply thrown away.

"How is the tide?" he asked.

Mr. Hawbury told him.

"Are the oars in the boat?"

"Yes."

"I am well used to the sea," said Midwinter, descending the pier steps. "You may trust me to take care of my friend, and to take care of the boat."

"Good-night, doctor!" shouted Allan. "Your whisky and water is delicious—your boat's a little beauty—and you're the best fellow I ever met in my life!"

The doctor laughed, and waved his hand; and the boat glided out from the harbor, with Midwinter at the helm.

As the breeze then blew they were soon abreast of the westward headland, bounding the bay of Poolvash; and the question was started whether they should run out to sea or keep along the shore. The wisest proceeding, in the event of the wind failing them, was to keep by the land. Midwinter altered the course of the boat, and they sailed on smoothly in a south-westerly direction, abreast of the coast.

Little by little the cliffs rose in height, and the rocks, massed wild and jagged, showed rifted



black chasms yawning deep in their seaward sides. Off the bold promontory called Spanish Head Midwinter looked ominously at his watch. But Allan pleaded hard for half an hour more, and for a glance at the famous channel of the Sound, which they were now fast nearing, and of which he had heard some startling stories from the workmen employed on his yacht. The new change which Midwinter's compliance with this request rendered it necessary to make in the course of the boat, brought her close to the wind; and revealed, on one side, the grand view of the southernmost shores of the Isle of Man, and, on the other, the black precipices of the islet called the Calf, separated from the main land by the dark and dangerous channel of the Sound.

Once more Midwinter looked at his watch. "We have gone far enough," he said. "Stand by the sheet!"

"Stop!" cried Allan, from the bows of the boat. "Good God! here's a wrecked ship right ahead of us!"

Midwinter let the boat fall off a little, and looked where the other pointed.

There, stranded midway between the rocky boundaries on either side of the Sound—there, never again to rise on the living waters from her grave on the sunken rock; lost and lonely in the quiet night; high, and dark, and ghostly in the yellow moonshine, lay the Wrecked Ship.

"I know the vessel," said Allan, in great excitement. "I heard my workmen talking of her yesterday. She drifted in here on a pitch-dark night when they couldn't see the lights. A poor old worn-out merchantman, Midwinter, that the shipbrokers have bought to break up. Let's run in and have a look at her."

Midwinter hesitated. All the old sympathies of his sea-life strongly inclined him to follow Allan's suggestion; but the wind was falling light, and he distrusted the broken water and the swirling currents of the channel ahead. "This is an ugly place to take a boat into when you know nothing about it," he said.

"Nonsense!" returned Allan. "It's as light as day, and we float in two feet of water."

Before Midwinter could answer the current caught the boat and swept them onward through the channel straight toward the Wreck.

"Lower the sail," said Midwinter, quietly, "and ship the oars. We are running down on her fast enough now, whether we like it or not."

Both well accustomed to the use of the oar, they brought the course of the boat under sufficient control to keep her on the smoothest side of the channel—the side which was nearest to the Islet of the Calf. As they came swiftly up with the wreck, Midwinter resigned his oar to Allan; and, watching his opportunity, caught a hold with the boat-hook on the forechains of the vessel. The next moment they had the boat safely in hand, under the lee of the Wreck.

The ship's ladder used by the workmen hung over the forechains. Mounting it, with the

boat's rope in his teeth, Midwinter secured one end, and lowered the other to Allan in the boat. "Make that fast," he said, "and wait till I see if it's all safe on board." With those words he disappeared behind the bulwark.

"Wait?" repeated Allan, in the blankest astonishment at his friend's excessive caution. "What on earth does he mean? I'll be hanged if I wait—where one of us goes the other goes too!"

He hitched the loose end of the rope round the forward thwart of the boat; and, swinging himself up the ladder, stood the next moment on the deck. "Any thing very dreadful on board?" he inquired, sarcastically, as he and his friend met.

Midwinter smiled. "Nothing whatever," he replied. "But I couldn't be sure that we were to have the whole ship to ourselves till I got over the bulwark and looked about me."

Allan took a turn on the deck, and surveyed the wreck critically from stem to stern.

"Not much of a vessel," he said; "the Frenchmen generally build better ships than this."

Midwinter crossed the deck, and eyed Allan in a momentary silence.

"Frenchmen?" he repeated, after an interval. "Is this vessel French?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"The men I have got at work on the yacht told me. They know all about her."

Midwinter came a little nearer. His swarthy face began to look, to Allan's eyes, unaccountably pale in the moonlight.

"Did they mention what trade she was engaged in?"

"Yes—the timber trade."

As Allan gave that answer Midwinter's lean brown hand clutched him fast by the shoulder, and Midwinter's teeth chattered in his head like the teeth of a man struck by a sudden chill.

"Did they tell you her name?" he asked, in a voice that dropped suddenly to a whisper.

"They did, I think. But it has slipped my memory. Gently, old fellow; those long claws of yours are rather tight on my shoulder."

"Was the name—?" he stopped, removed his hand, and dashed away the great drops that were gathering on his forehead—"Was the name *La Grace de Dieu*?"

"How the deuce did you come to know it? That's the name, suré enough. *La Grace de Dieu*."

At one bound Midwinter leapt on the bulwark of the wreck.

"The boat!!!" he cried, with a scream of horror that rang far and wide through the stillness of the night, and brought Allan instantly to his side.

The lower end of the carelessly-hitched rope was loose on the water; and ahead, in the track of the moonlight, a small black object was floating out of view. The boat was adrift.



## SHERIDAN'S VICTORY OF MIDDLETOWN.

SHERIDAN'S battle-fields of Strasburg and Middletown are near neighbors. A regiment of infantry can march from one to another in two hours; and both are overlooked, almost overhung, by the bold brow of the Massanutten Mountain. Indeed, if Early, on the 18th of October, the day previous to his brilliant attack and singular defeat, wished to view the length and breadth of the Union position, he had only to ascend the conical height which rises like a citadel close in rear of the gigantic natural parapets of Fisher's Hill, where his own army lay intrenched. Along the base of this cone I had seen his musketry flashing in a spiteful semicircle during half an hour of the evening of the 22d of September, making a desperate and vain struggle to secure, not victory, but undisturbed retreat. That headlong, night-long flight and pursuit did not cease until Sheridan was south of Mount Crawford. Then he returned at his leisure, sweeping the fertile Shenandoah Valley from mountain to mountain with his cavalry, destroying every barn and every stack of forage, and turning once to wrest from Lomax his head-quarter wagons, eleven of his twelve pieces of artillery, and two hundred prisoners. Fisher's Hill was abandoned because it presents no good defensible line on its southern slope. But four or five miles to the north of it Sheridan halted, and here was fought the extraordinary battle of the 19th of October.

The Union position was an echelon of three lines, posted on three separate crests of moderate height. The left and most advanced crest was held by the Army of Western Virginia; the central one, half a mile to the rear of the first, by the Nineteenth Corps; the right and rearmost by the Sixth Corps. Crook commanded the first step of the echelon, Emory the second, Wright the third. Behind Crook's left and at right angles to it, guarding against a turning movement from that quarter, lay a force about equivalent to a brigade, known as Kitching's Provisional Division. The fronts, and to some extent the flanks, of the Army of Western Virginia and of the Nineteenth Corps were strengthened by breast-works of logs and earth, with batteries in position. Between these two commands ran the Strasburg and Winchester pike, the great highway of this part of the valley. The entire echelon occupied by the infantry and artillery was at least three miles in length, in addition to which the rolling country on the right of the Sixth Corps was occupied by Torbert's superb cavalry. In front the position was impregnable except by a surprise, and to turn it was an enterprise so dangerous that it was hardly dreaded.

But it seems that it was not safe to rely on the timidity of Early. It is impossible not to accord admiration to this misguided man and unlucky General for his elasticity under misfortune. Undismayed by three severe defeats, or

possibly goaded by them to an act of sublime desperation, he planned and performed the most audacious, most difficult, and best-executed nocturnal flank movement of the war. He had just received a reinforcement of twelve thousand men, which increased his strength to twenty-seven thousand. Eight thousand, it is reported, were unarmed; but they were organized and officered, and were thus ready for service the moment they could get muskets; they needed only a successful attack to fit them out with the spoils of dead, wounded, and prisoners. Of this reinforcement, which arrived the day before the battle, we knew nothing. Indeed I suspect that we were very imperfectly aware of the condition of Early's army all the time that it lay in this position. Of course we had repeatedly pushed out strong reconnoitring columns; but to reconnoitre Fisher's Hill, with its bluffs and precipices and forests, was much like reconnoitring a first-class regular fortress; unless you stormed and took it you could not find out what was in it. Accordingly we no more knew the strength than we knew the designs of the army whose noiseless steps, like the footfalls of stealing panthers, were creeping upon us through that moonless, misty night of October. Early was equally uninformed, he was even misinformed, with regard to us. He attacked in the belief that the Sixth Corps was at Front Royal, whereas it was with us, and that Sheridan was in Washington, whereas he had come as far on his return as Winchester.

Before midnight Early's entire army was in motion. His cavalry and light artillery had orders to advance upon our right so as to occupy the attention of Torbert and of the Sixth Corps. His infantry marched in five columns, of which Gordon's, Ramseur's, and Pegram's were to place themselves by daybreak on the left-rear of the whole Union position, while Kershaw's and Wharton's should at the same hour be close under the intrenched crest held by the army of Western Virginia. To turn our left it was necessary to descend into the gorge at the base of the Massanutten Mountain, ford the north fork of the Shenandoah, and skirt Crook's position for miles, passing in some places within four hundred yards of his pickets. Three days previous the movement would have been impossible, as a brigade of our cavalry then held the road along which the rebels now filed without opposition. As it was, Early's enterprise was hazardous almost beyond parallel. Had we caught him in the midst of it we should have ruined him: our infantry would have cut his in two, while our cavalry would have prevented retreat to Fisher's Hill: he would have lost half his army, and we should not have lost a thousand men. But the management of the advance was admirable: the canteens had been left in camp lest they should clatter against the shanks of the bayonets: the men conducted themselves with the usual intelligence of the American soldier, whether Northern or Southern; and this fearfully perilous



night march under the nose of a powerful enemy was accomplished with a success little less than miraculous. There was a moment, indeed, when the audacious column trod on the brink of destruction. About two o'clock in the morning the pickets of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, serving as infantry in Kitching's Division, heard a rustling of underbrush and a muffled, multitudinous trampling. Two posts were relieved and sent into camp with the information. General Crook ordered his command to be upon the alert, and most of the front line went into the trenches. But there was not a private in the army, and hardly an officer, who believed that the often-beaten and badly-beaten Early would venture an attack. No reconnoissance was sent out to see if the alarm were well-founded; the gaps in the front line caused by the detachment of regiments on picket were not filled up from the reserve; and when the assault took place it found many muskets unloaded. An hour before daybreak the rebel infantry, shivering with cold, but formed and ready for battle, lay within six hundred yards of Union camps, which were either sleeping or only half awake with suspicion. On the extreme right was Gordon, diagonally in rear of the Nineteenth Corps; on the left of Crook, facing Kitching's provisional division, was Ramseur supported by Pegram; in front of Crook was Kershaw supported by Wharton. There is even an incredible story that Kershaw's men regularly relieved a portion of the pickets of the Army of Western Virginia.

That morning I was in my saddle before daybreak. The Second Division, Nineteenth Corps, was to make at early dawn a reconnoissance on Fisher's Hill; and General Emory had ordered that an aid should report to him the exact minute of the departure of the column. I mention this circumstance as an example, probably curious to civilians, of the careful supervision which a veteran officer maintains over his command. Accordingly I was with General Grover, the commander of the Second Division, waiting for the troops to move. The "awful rose of dawn," softened and sombered in color by thick morning mist, had just faintly blossomed over a low eastern crest, and dark lines of infantry were dimly visible in the gray light, when, far away on our left, a terrific rattle of musketry burst forth with amazing suddenness, followed by scream on scream of the well-known rebel battle-yell, the savage clamor revealing to us in an instant that Early, in great force, had assaulted Crook's position. Grover listened to the appalling outburst of battle without even a gesture of surprise, and said to an aid in his usual tranquil tone, "Tell the brigade commanders to move their men into the trenches."

I galloped back to corps head-quarters to inform General Emory of what he knew as well as I.

"Go and report to the General commanding," he replied, "that the enemy have attacked Crook's left in force."

As I rode away I heard him remark, "I said so. I knew that if we were attacked it would be there."

I must be permitted here to do justice to the prevision of my corps commander. Two days previous to this he had visited Crook's position, and had asserted that it did not command the valley in its front, and that we could be turned from that quarter. "They can march thirty thousand men through there," he said, "and we not know it till we have them on our flank."

I found General Wright, surrounded by his staff, preparing to mount.

"Have you any knowledge how the assault has succeeded?" he asked, when I had delivered my message.

"None. I can only guess. I suppose it has failed. I infer it from the sudden cessation of the firing and yelling."

It was a bad guess. Under cover of the fog Kershaw's column swept through Crook's pickets without responding to their scattering musketry, and took most of them prisoners. The men in the trenches, unable to see what was going on, and receiving no timely notice from the outposts, fired too late, or, caught with unloaded rifles, did not fire at all. There was a bloody struggle over the breast-works, but it did not last five minutes. Through the unmanned gaps in the lines poured the rebels in a roaring torrent; and then came a brief massacre, followed by lasting panic and disorganization. Less than a quarter of an hour of that infernal musketry and yelling, which we heard so plainly and understood so imperfectly, changed the gallant Army of Western Virginia—that army which had charged with such magnificent success at Winchester and Strasburg—into a mass of fugitives hurrying back upon the position of the Nineteenth Corps. There were regiments, indeed, which fought with a steadiness worthy of their ancient reputation; but no considerable nor continuing line of resistance was established any where after the first break, and the rebel advance was only checked to re-form. No day-break rush of moccasined savages was ever more silently, rapidly, and dextrously executed than this charge of Kershaw. The second battalion of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery was taken on the picket line almost entire; and the resistance of the whole command was so momentary that, while it lost seven hundred prisoners, it had hardly a hundred killed and wounded.

Now came the turn of the Nineteenth Corps to fight alone. The Army of Western Virginia had temporarily disappeared as an organization, and the Sixth Corps was menaced by cavalry and light artillery, covering no one knew what force of infantry. When I reached our headquarters on my return from General Wright's I was amazed by hearing on our left-rear a lively rattle of picket musketry. I thought of riding up to the misty crest, a quarter of a mile distant, which stopped the view in that direction; but no heavy firing ensued, and I concluded that it was only a trifling affair between our



outposts and some scouting party of cavalry. Had I put my first thought into execution I should have seen Gordon's column, solidly massed, coming swiftly up the slope, disdaining to reply to the pickets, and driving them with the mere weight of its advance. Here, as every where throughout the battle, the enemy knew our ground perfectly, and in consequence moved over it without wasting their time in reconnoitring or their troops in skirmishing. It was this amazing rapidity of manœuvre, this audacity which could not be foreseen nor guarded against, that beat us. To fight with any chance of success we must change our whole front; and yet we did not know it, nor had we the time to effect it. The position which Gordon was now on the point of seizing was a broad, bare hill, of which the southwestern declivity sloped gently toward the camp of the Nineteenth Corps, and commanded it. From the moment that he held it we were sure to go: ten thousand men there would easily drive out fifteen thousand here; all the more easily, of course, if they could take them, as we were taken, in reverse. The rebel force on this side, including the now not distant divisions of Ramseur and Pegram, was as strong as Emory's, and it was supported by another column, almost as numerous, coming up through the woods on our left and along the pike in our front. The Nineteenth Corps was not only attacked in rear, but it was outnumbered. It might hold on for an hour; and so it did hold on for a hopeless, sanguinary hour, but that was all that mortals could do.

General Emory had already been joined by Generals Wright and Crook when I found him near the breast-works. He knew consequently that a great disaster had happened, but he said nothing of it in my hearing, and I was far from guessing it. I saw, indeed, a ceaseless flow of stragglers pouring out of the wood on our left, and passing us toward the rear; but I supposed that they were the cooks, etc., of Crook's command getting out of the range of fire, according to the prudent custom of non-combatants. It seems that M'Millan's Brigade had already been pushed out in that direction to arrest the progress of the enemy, and to enable the West Virginian Army to rally. Fearing that this brigade had broken, General Emory sent me to find out who the stragglers were. As I approached the wood the stream of fugitives increased in volume until it was like a division in column of march, except that there were no files, no ranks, no organization. They were not breathless, not running, but they were going to the rear in utter confusion.

"To the Eighth Corps," "To the Eighth Corps," man after man responded when I asked what command they belonged to.

"Captain, what *does* this mean?" I said to the first officer whom I met.

"Why, I suppose it means that we are retreating," he replied, with a bitter smile.

"What! has Crook been driven from his position?" I exclaimed, realizing at last the all but incredible calamity.

"His men have," he said, with the same hopeless smile, glancing around at the horde of retreating soldiers.

In going back to the General I rode along the line of M'Millan's Brigade, and warned such regimental commanders as I could see that their fiery trial was at hand. I had scarcely left it when another aid came up with orders for it to advance, and, breasting the current of fugitives, it pushed into the tangled wood which was soon to be its slaughter-pen. About the same time General Emory ordered two other brigades across the pike, with instructions to face toward the crest on which Gordon was beginning to show himself. The remaining three brigades of the corps continued at the breast-works. It was evident that to hold our position we needed the help of the Sixth Corps, and it was almost equally evident that it would not arrive in time.

A roar of musketry from the wood told us that M'Millan's Brigade had opened its struggle, but did not tell us how hopelessly it was overmatched, flanked on the left as it was by Ramseur, and charged in front and on the right by Kershaw. Within a space of ten minutes a sanguinary drama was enacted in that tangled thicket of trees and undergrowth. My own old regiment, the Twelfth Connecticut, fired three volleys at close quarters before it was forced into the first retreat that it ever made under the assault of an enemy. The resistance of the other regiments was similarly desperate, bloody, brief, and hopeless. In the haste of slaughter men could not reload, but fought with their bayonets and clubbed rifles. After the battle was over we found corpses here with their skulls crushed by the blows of musket-butts, and with their life-blood clotted around the triangular wounds made by bayonets. The opposing troops were so intermingled that they could not in all cases distinguish each other as enemies. "What the devil are you firing this way for?" said Lieutenant Mullen, of the Twelfth Connecticut, to a squad which he supposed from its position to belong to the Eighth Vermont, but which was shooting down the men of his company. The answer was half a dozen rifle shots, fortunately ill-aimed, and an equally inefficacious summons of, "Surrender, you damned Yankee!" Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, of the same regiment, was saluted by cries of, "Shoot that officer!" followed by a scattering volley of harmless bullets. As the shattered ranks came out upon the open ground they were raked by the fire of a line drawn up across the very hollow through which they had entered the wood not twenty minutes previous. During that day the brigade lost more than one-third of its fighting men, the greater part of them on this horrible hill of sacrifice, where it offered itself up for the salvation of the army. Among those who died here was Corporal William Putnam, of Company C, Twelfth Connecticut, a lineal descendant of the revolutionary general and patriot, and a brave, noble young soldier.

Not a regimental color was lost, and the bri-



gade rallied two hundred yards from the scene of its defeat. But this second stand was feeble and momentary, effecting nothing but a little more useless bloodshed. As a rule, troops can not be rallied for good under the same fire that has already broken them, unless they are supported by a reinforcement strong enough to take the brunt of the contest off their hands at least for a few minutes. A semicircle of dropping musketry converged on the new position, coming up the pike on the right, out of the wood in front, and down the slope on the left. The men seemed bewildered, and could not be brought to fire; indeed, it was difficult for them to judge which way they ought to fire. As I rode along the rear, begging them to stand fast and use their rifles, I was amazed to observe how these veterans of many fights differed from their former selves as I had seen them on fields of victory. To get another desperate struggle out of them here was evidently impossible; and some one wiser than I, and possessed of more authority, ordered a retreat.

About this time our other two advanced brigades were pushed back, partially by the fire which came up the pike, but chiefly by that of Gordon, whose division was now deployed on the crest, stretching far behind us and even holding a wood in rear of the private grounds where both Sheridan and Emory had pitched their head-quarters. Our tents had been struck, loaded, and driven away under a shower of bullets. The ambulance, ammunition, and provision trains were in full retreat along a miserable country road, which crossed Cedar Creek by a single narrow ford and led in a circuitous direction toward Winchester. To carry off this immense mass of clumsy vehicles with a loss of only four or five was a wonderful feat under the circumstances, and greatly to the credit of our quartermasters and commissaries. Several of the drivers and animals were brought down by Gordon's musketry. The ammunition wagons had scarcely begun to file out of park when a bold rebel trooper dashed up and said, "Here, move that train out this way." One of the infantry guard, a recruit of the One Hundred and Seventy-sixth New York, answered, "What the hell have you got to do with this train?" and knocked the fellow over with a bullet.

As is usual in battles the comic was mingled with the tragic. Patrick, one of our negro waiters, made a gallant attempt to lead off the cow of our mess, but the creature was slow, and the pair were overtaken by half a dozen bullets and a shout of, "Come here, you black son of a gun!" Patrick dropped the leading rope and showed his heels, leaving the cow on the field with a ball in her comely round abdomen. At the little stone-house near our head-quarters a reporter of the New York *Herald* was yelling for his blanket-roll, and getting it through the half-opened door-way, which was immediately closed in his face to keep out the bullets. The poor woman and children who occupied this house remained shut in it all day, cowering below

the level of the windows for safety. The appearance of the country northward from this point was both curious and doleful. All who did not fight, and many whose business it was to fight, together with many whose bloody clothing showed that their fighting for that day was over, were moving to the rear confusedly, and yet with extraordinary deliberation. Over a space of a mile square the fields were dotted with wagons, ambulances, pack-mules, army followers, and soldiers, the latter chiefly from Crook's command, none of them running, but all unquestionably taking the directest safe route to Winchester.

About the time that our people on the pike gave way General Emory's white horse, a conspicuous mark on account of his color, was killed by a rifle bullet; but he remounted immediately, and rode to the right of the position to see what could be done with the brigades which still occupied the trenches and had not been brought into action. A few moments afterward, all show of resistance on this line having ceased, I followed in search of him. Looking rearward I saw a brigade, I do not know what brigade, or it might have been only a large regiment, retreat at double-quick until it fell into confusion, when I saw the officers spring out with drawn swords, struggle with the panic and overcome it, after which the retreat continued, but at the ordinary marching step and in good order. Another brigade, equally unknown to me, I saw come toward the pike, also at a double-quick, go into line, and make a momentary attempt to face the long, victorious front of Gordon. I did not see the noble death of Lieutenant Morton, of the First Maine Battery, although it must have happened at about this period of the battle. Ordered by Major Bradbury to check the rebels with grape, as they had been checked by the same battery during a dangerous crisis of the fight at Winchester, he galloped to the pike with two pieces, unlimbered and opened fire, without the support of infantry and within two hundred paces of the rebel line, losing his horses, his guns, half his men, and his life in the heroic, hopeless effort. With these temporary exceptions every thing that lived was drifting steadily toward the right of our position, swept thither by the steady tide of hostile musketry, through which the boom of Early's artillery began to thunder. The last belated stragglers were hurrying from our camps and parades, leaving behind them only the helpless wounded and the dead who needed no succor. The hard-trodden earth was flecked with little whiffs of dust raised by bullets, and their sharp, angry *whit-whit* sang perpetually through an atmosphere acrid with the smoke of gunpowder. Here and there were splashes of blood, and trailing zigzags of blood, and great clotting pools of blood, and stiffening bodies of men and horses. I never on any other battle-field saw so much blood as on this of Middletown. The firm limestone soil would not receive it, and there was no pitying summer grass to hide it.



When I rejoined General Emory he had just made his last possible disposition for further resistance on his original ground; he had formed Birge's Brigade on the reverse side of its own breast-works, while M'Millan had posted Davis's Brigade in a similar manner. This shallow ditch on the outside of a redoubt was the final hold that the Nineteenth Corps had on its position. It was in the case of a man who has been pushed out of a window, and who desperately clings to the sill with the ends of his fingers. Behind the troops was a steep and rocky hill-side, gnarled with stunted trees, affording no chance of rallying, and a miserable chance of orderly retreat. To me the condition of things seemed utterly forlorn and hopeless. But the General was bent upon fighting his ship, so to speak, till even her quarter-deck was under water.

"What has Bradbury stopped firing for?" he asked. "Captain, ride over to that hill, and tell the Chief of Artillery to reopen with those pieces."

Descending a rough gully, and mounting a stony height, I found Bradbury sitting on his horse behind Taft's Battery, and gave him the message.

"Our infantry is in the way," he said. "Moreover, we ought to move. The blackguards are between us and Winchester already, and we shall lose these guns if we stop any longer."

A broad view of the field was to be had from this elevated point; and I could clearly see that the battle on our present line was lost beyond redemption; was indeed already roaring and smoking half a mile to the rear of us. The Sixth Corps was pushing toward the wood behind the late site of our head-quarters, and endeavoring to regain possession of the pike, but with doubtful prospects of success. Gordon, extending constantly by the right, and supported now by the full force of Ramseur and Pegram, seemed to be outflanking them as he had previously outflanked us. Except the two brigades of Birge and Davis, all our Nineteenth Corps, unable to rally on an uncovered slope, was retreating across the front and toward the right of the Sixth Corps' position. I had scarcely taken in this fact when Taft was ordered to withdraw in the same direction. The only road left him was the natural face of the steep and rocky hill. The attempt was coolly and carefully made: no New Hampshire stage-driver could be more deliberately sagacious over a nasty piece of road than were these artillerymen; but three of the four brass Napoleons were left bottom up in the rugged gullies.

And now the struggle to retain possession of our camp was over. Birge's and Davis's brigades filed in good order down a stony slope overgrown with thickets, forded Cedar Creek, and mounted the irregular height on the right of the Sixth Corps. Here they formed line of battle along a low crest over which Kershaw's bullets were singing. Other troops were there; but what they were I can not say—I was too

busy to ask. One line had four regimental colors in it, and must have been a brigade, but could not have contained more than two hundred men. In front of us, firing from the undulating plateau which we had just quitted, we could see the rebel infantry. For a few minutes the battle was sharp here; and then it slowly swept rearward again. It was Early's continually extending right which turned us out of this, as it had turned us out of every other line that we had attempted to hold. The Sixth Corps could no more outfront it or resist it than we. All our fighting that morning was fragmentary, and consequently feeble in effect, however gallant in purpose and bloody in character. We never could get men enough into action at once; the enemy forever overlapped our front and doubled back our left. As a group of camp-followers passed me I heard one of them say loudly and cheerfully, "The bloody Sixth is going in. *They'll* stop these blasted cusses. They say that, by Jesus, *they'll* hold 'em!"

But the "bloody Sixth" was forced to go, like the Army of Western Virginia and the Nineteenth Corps before it, only perhaps with rather more deliberation and unity, just in proportion as it had more time to prepare for the struggle, and to learn the course of the hostile advance. I was beside Birge and close in rear of his brigade, when I saw him look anxiously toward the pike and then order a retreat. The Sixth Corps was retiring, and we were in danger of being enfiladed. A thousand yards further to the rear, on another crest, the line again halted, fronted, and opened fire, while strenuous efforts were made to bring up and reorganize the mass of stragglers who were sauntering across the fields toward Winchester. Chase's Battery and what remained of Taft's went into position; and for perhaps half an hour the battle raged with fury, our men standing up to their work with the persevering courage of veterans; and then, once more, we went slowly to the rear, the movement commencing inevitably on the left, where the Sixth Corps was anew outflanked by that indefatigable Gordon. Fifteen hundred yards further back we again turned at bay. The men hastily gathered rails and threw up rude field-works under a long-range fire of the enemy's artillery. A regiment of cavalry commanded by a jolly, red-faced colonel, whose name I did not learn, deployed in line with drawn sabres, and turned back some hundreds of stragglers, who were immediately clapped into whatsoever regiment came handiest. The Nineteenth and Sixth Corps were united. We had succeeded at last in dragging our left flank out of the grasp of Gordon. We were in fair condition to fight a defensive battle. Whether the rebels perceived this, or whether they were simply wearied and disorganized with pursuing, I can not say; but their advance was now slow and cautious. There was no musketry; only a little long-range artillery. I supposed that we should make a final stand in this position. But we had been driven clean off the pike; and, as



it was necessary to recover it before we could consider our communications secure, General Wright again ordered the whole army to retreat. No longer disturbed by the fire of the enemy the line filed into columns of march by regiments, and moved deliberately in the direction of Winchester, inclining diagonally toward the pike.

Allow me here a digression on fugitives. The non-combatant public must not be permitted to believe that defeated and retreating soldiers run at full speed for any considerable distance. When a regiment breaks it usually goes at first like one man, with a movement as simultaneous as if it were in obedience to an order, and for one or two hundred yards it keeps on a run, which of course shatters the organization in proportion to the speed of the fugitives and the nature of the country. But presently, one after another, even while the bullets are whizzing about them, the men drop into a walk. Once out of the immediate presence of the foe, they seem to be satisfied. They walk quietly toward the rear, not crazed with terror, but intelligently choosing the best cover, slipping through hollows and woods, stopping to rest in little knots behind buildings, and taking care of themselves with an admirable though provoking intelligence. But although they are so cool, you need not suppose that you will find it an easy task to rally them. Try it; they will stare at you and walk on; they seem to say by their looks, "We have already done our best, and done it uselessly; we have stood up with a better chance than you can show us, and been whipped; now let somebody else face the music." Draw your sword on them, and they will halt; but turn away, and they are again sidling rearward. The greatest trouble with them seems to be that they have got out of their places in the military machine. If one of them sees his own company he will generally rejoin it; he will even join another company of the same regiment, but not another regiment. An officer who loses his command appears similarly bewildered. He rarely attempts to rally any but his own men, and wanders about in search of them, letting the battle go. But if you are a superior officer, or even a staff officer, you can seize upon this lost being and put him in command of a squad of rallied men, and he will lead them gallantly back into the battle, his morale restored by the authority which he feels has been delegated to him, and the responsibility which has been thrust upon him.

This is about the kind of talk that I heard used in rallying fugitives: "Halt, men! Where the —— are you going to? You will be no safer at the rear than here. You can't retreat forever. This is the best cover you will find; and you must fight it out somewhere. Halt, and lie down and form a line. Don't be discouraged, boys. It's all right. I tell you, boys, it's all right. We were surprised this morning; it wasn't a fair fight. But we are wide awake now; we are all in shape now. We are ready to turn the joke on them."

"Bully for you!" replies one soldier. Another smiles incredulously, and says, "All right? It doesn't look much like it." But both fall into line, lie down behind the rough field-work which is being built, and recap their pieces.

Let us return to the retreating army. Its columns were three miles from the point where the fight had commenced, and the van of its multitudinous stragglers was already entering Winchester. I wish it to be distinctly understood that at this period of the day we had suffered a clear defeat; that we were in the condition under which most generals are satisfied to withdraw their troops from the scene of contest in decent order. We had completely lost one battle; we had lost camps, lines of earth-works, twenty-four guns, and twelve hundred prisoners; we had not been routed, but we had been undeniably and badly beaten. The battle of the morning and the battle of the afternoon were two different combats; in the first we were flanked and driven, in the second we flanked and pursued.

At this time, at the close of this unfortunate struggle of five hours, we were joined by Sheridan, who had passed the night in Winchester on his way back from Washington, and who must have heard of Early's attack about the time that its success became decisive. It was near ten o'clock when he came up the pike at a three-minute trot, swinging his cap and shouting to the stragglers, "Face the other way, boys. We are going back to our camps. We are going to lick them out of their boots."

The wounded by the roadside raised their hoarse voices to shout; the great army of fugitives turned about at sight of him, and followed him back to the front; they followed him back to the slaughter as hounds follow their master. The moment he reached the army he ordered it to face about, form line, and advance to the position which it had last quitted. Then for two hours he rode along the front, studying the ground and encouraging the men. "Boys, if I had been here this never should have happened," he said in his animated, earnest way. "I tell you it never should have happened. And now we are going back to our camps. We are going to get a twist on them. We are going to lick them out of their boots."

The Sixth Corps held the pike and its vicinity. On its right the Nineteenth Corps was formed in double line, under cover of a dense wood, the first division on the right, the second on the left. The rearmost line threw up a rude breast-work of stones, rails, and trees, covered by the advanced line standing to arms, and by a strong force of skirmishers stationed two hundred yards to the front but still within the forest. For two hours all was silence, preparation, reorganization, and suspense. Then came a message from Sheridan to Emory that the enemy in column were advancing against the Nineteenth Corps; and shortly afterward the column appeared among the lights and shadows of the autumnal woods, making for the centre of our



second division. There was an awful rattle of musketry, which the forest re-echoed into a deep roar, and when the firing stopped and the smoke cleared away no enemy was visible. Emory immediately sent word to Sheridan that the attack had been repulsed.

"That's good, that's good!" Sheridan answered, gayly. "Thank God for that! Now then, tell General Emory if they attack him again to go after them, and to follow them up, and to sock it to them, and to give them the devil. We'll get the tightest twist on them yet that ever you saw. We'll have all those camps and cannon back again." All this with the nervous animation characteristic of the man, the eager and confident smile, and the energetic gesture of the right hand down into the palm of the left at every repetition of the idea of attack.

At half past three came more explicit orders. "The entire line will advance. The Nineteenth Corps will move in connection with the Sixth Corps. The right of the Nineteenth will swing toward the left so as to drive the enemy upon the pike."

One of our staff officers exclaimed, "By Jove, if we beat them now it will be magnificent!"

"And we are very likely to do it," said General Emory. "They will be so far from expecting us."

It must be understood that the enemy's left was now his strong point, being supported by successive wooded crests; while his right ran out to the pike across undulating open fields which presented no natural line of resistance. Sheridan's plan was to push them off the crests by a turning movement of our right, and then, when they were doubled up on the pike, sling his cavalry at them across the Middletown meadows. With a solemn tranquillity of demeanor our infantry rose from the position where it had been lying, and advanced through the forest into the open ground beyond. There was a silence of suspense; then came a screaming, cracking, humming rush of shell; then a prolonged roar of musketry, mingled with the long-drawn yell of our charge; then the artillery ceased, the musketry died into spattering bursts, and over all the yell rose triumphant. Every thing on the first line, the stone-walls, the advanced crest, the tangled wood, the half-finished breast-works had been carried. The first body of rebel troops to break and fly was Gordon's Division, the same which had so perseveringly flanked us in the morning, and which was now flanked by our own first division of the Nineteenth Corps.

After this there was a lull in the assault, though not in the battle. The rebel artillery reopened spitefully from a new position, and our musketry responded from the crest and wood which we had gained. Sheridan dashed along the front, reorganizing the line for a second charge, cheering the men with his confident smile and emphatic assurances of success, and giving his orders in person to brigade, division, and corps commanders. He took special pains with the direction of our First Division, wheeling

it in such a manner as to face square toward the pike, and form nearly a right angle to the enemy's front. Now came a second charge upon a second line of stone-walls, crests, and thickets, executed with as much enthusiasm and rapidity as if the army had just come into action. Remember that our gallant fellows had eaten nothing since the previous evening; that they had lost their canteens, and were tormented with thirst; that they had been fighting and manœuvring, frequently at double-quick, for nearly twelve hours; and that they were sadly diminished in numbers by the slaughter and confusion of the morning. Remember, too, that this lost battle was retrieved without a reinforcement. Only veterans, and only veterans of the best quality, disciplined, intelligent, and brave, could put forth such a supreme effort at the close of a long, bloody, and disastrous conflict. As one of Sheridan's staff officers followed up our First Division, and watched the yelling, running, panting soldiers, not firing a shot, but simply dashing along with parched, open mouths, he said, "Those men are doing all that flesh and blood can."

"Your fellows on the right went in mighty pretty this afternoon," I heard Custer say that evening to Emory. "I had to sing out to my men, 'Are you going to let the infantry beat you?'"

Every body now knows by reputation this brilliant officer, and can understand that we have a right to be proud of his praise.

The battle was over. Cavalry on the flanks and infantry in the centre, we carried the second line with the same rush and with even greater ease than the first. Again Early's army was "whirling up the Valley," in more hopeless confusion this time than after Winchester or Strasburg, no exertions of the rebel officers being sufficient to establish another line of resistance, or to check, even momentarily, the flow and spread of the panic. Colonel Love of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York dashed his horse into the broken ranks of the Second South Carolina and captured its battle-flag, escaping unhurt from the bullets of the color-guard. But the fighting soon swept far ahead of the tired infantry, which followed in perfect peace over the ground that during the morning it had stained with the blood of its retreat. Dead and wounded men, dead and wounded horses, dismounted guns, broken-down caissons, muskets with their stocks shattered and their barrels bent double by shot, splinters of shell, battered bullets, and blood over all, like a delirium of Lady Macbeth or the Chourineur, bore testimony to the desperate nature of the long, wide-spread conflict. The number of slaughtered horses was truly extraordinary, showing how largely the cavalry had been used, and how obstinately the artillery had been fought. I noticed that almost every dead soldier was covered by an over-coat or blanket, placed over him by some friend or perhaps brother. Of the wounded a few lay quiet and silent; here and there one uttered



wild, quavering cries expressive of intense agony or despair; others, and these the majority, groaned from time to time gently and with a pitiful, patient courage. One man, whose light-blue trousers were clotted with that dull crimson so sickeningly common, and whose breath was short and voice hoarse, called feebly as we passed, "Hurrah for General Emory!"

"Are you badly hurt, my lad?" asked Emory, stopping his horse.

"My leg is broken by a rifle-ball, General. I suppose I shall lose it. But I still feel—as if I could say—Hurrah for General Emory. I fought under you—at Sabine Cross Roads—and Pleasant Hill."

The General dismounted to give the sufferer a glass of whisky, and left a guard to see that he was put into an ambulance.

It was nearly dark when our corps reached its camps. No new arrangement of the line was attempted; in the twilight of evening the regiments filed into the same positions that they had quitted in the twilight of dawn; and the tired soldiers lay down to rest among dead comrades and dead enemies. They had lost every thing but what they bore on their backs or in their hands; their shelter-tents, knapsacks, canteens, and haversacks had been plundered by the rebels; and they slept that night, as they had fought that day, without food.

But there was no rest for the enemy or for our cavalry. All the way from our camps to Strasburg, a distance of four miles, the pike was strewn with the debris of a beaten army; and the scene in Strasburg itself was such a flood of confused flight and chase, such a chaos of wreck and bedlam of panic, as no other defeat of the war can parallel. Guns, caissons, ammunition wagons, baggage wagons, and ambulances by the hundred, with dead or entangled and struggling horses, were jammed in the streets of the little town, impeding alike fugitives and pursuers. Our troopers dodged through the press as they best could, pistoling, sabring, and taking prisoners. A private of the Fifth New York Cavalry, riding up to a wagon, ordered the five rebels who were in it to surrender; and when they only lashed their horses into a wilder gallop he shot two with his revolver and brought in the three others. The usually gallant and elastic Southern infantry was so stupefied by fatigue and cowed by defeat that it seemed like a flock of animals, actually taking no notice of mounted men and officers from our army who wandered into the wide confusion of its retreat. Lieutenant Gray, Company D, First Rhode Island Artillery, galloped up to a retreating battery and ordered it to face about. "I was told to go to the rear as rapidly as possible," remonstrated the sergeant in command. "You don't seem to know who I am," answered Gray. "I am one of those d—d Yanks. Countermarch immediately!" The battery was countermarched, and Gray was leading it off alone, when a squadron of our cavalry came up and made the capture a certainty.

The victory was pushed, as Sheridan has pushed all his victories, to the utmost possible limit of success, the cavalry halting that night at Fisher's Hill, but starting again at dawn and continuing the chase to Woodstock, sixteen miles from Middletown.

It was a gay evening at our head-quarters, although we were worn-out with fatigue, and as chilled, starved, and shelterless as the soldiers, our tents, baggage, rations, and cooks having all gone to Winchester. Notwithstanding these discomforts, notwithstanding the thought of slain and wounded comrades, it was delightful to talk the whole day over, even of our defeat of the morning, because we could say, "All's well that ends well." It was laughable to think of the fugitives who had fled beyond the hearing of our victory, and who were now on their way to Martinsburg, spreading the news that Sheridan's army had been totally defeated, and that they (of course) were the only survivors. Then every half hour or so somebody galloped in from the advance with such a tale of continuing success that we could hardly grant our credence to it before a fresh messenger arrived, not so much to confirm the story as to exaggerate it.

It was "Hurrah! twenty cannon taken at Strasburg. That makes twenty-six so far."

"Glorious!—Don't believe it.—Isn't it splendid?—Impossible!—All our own back again," answered the contradictory chorus.

Then came another plunge of hoofs reining up with another "Hurrah! forty-six guns! More wagons and ambulances than you can count!"

In truth the amount of material captured in this victory was extraordinary. Two days after the battle I saw near Sheridan's head-quarters a row of forty-nine pieces of artillery, of which twenty-four had been lost by us and retaken, while the others were Early's own. In addition the rebels lost fifty wagons, sixty-five ambulances (some of them marked "Stonewall Brigade"), sixteen hundred small-arms, several battle-flags, fifteen hundred prisoners, and probably two thousand killed and wounded. Our own losses were: Crook's command, one hundred killed and wounded, and seven hundred prisoners; the Nineteenth Corps, sixteen hundred killed and wounded, and one hundred prisoners; the Sixth Corps, thirteen hundred killed and wounded; total, three thousand eight hundred.

Of all retrieved battles, in all history that I can remember, this one, it seems to me, is the most remarkable. It is more wonderful than Shiloh or Marengo in this respect, that the abandoned arena was regained by the very men who had lost it, without other aid than their own unwearied courage guided by a master spirit. There was here no Buell with twenty thousand fresh soldiers; no Desaix with six thousand veteran grenadiers. The only reinforcement which the Army of the Shenandoah received or needed to recover its lost field of battle, camps, intrenchments, and cannon was one man—Sheridan.



## “WANTED—AN EDUCATION.”

WHEN I was a child I wrote (as a child) a “composition.” Its subject was “Education,” as stated in large letters at the head of the sheet, and it went on in the following original manner:

“Education is a very good thing. We ought all to try to get an education. We ought to study all we can and get our lessons perfectly, that we may get an education, and that our teacher may be pleased with us. Nobody is much respected who has not an education. That is what our parents send us to school for, to learn our books, and not to spend our time in talk and play, as idle children do,” etc., etc.

I wrote it very carefully, and copied it neatly. The teacher said, “Very well, indeed!” So did my parents, and exhorted me to live up to my precepts. I did my best at it, and nearly killed myself. Inasmuch as it did *not* absolutely finish my career, it modified my views essentially.

Did it ever occur to any body what was expected of an unfortunate woman-child? I dare say not, in detail.

At about eighteen she is expected to leave school an educated, “finished” young lady, ready for society and its criticisms; ready for the home circle and its duties. She is expected by some to flutter forth an accomplished belle—for did she not graduate from Madame Fandango’s celebrated seminary last summer?

“She must be an excellent scholar,” says papa, looking over Madame Fandango’s prospectus: “Mathematics, history, literature, music, French, German, Italian, drawing, painting, embroidery. What a number of things! She will be a charming companion for us at home!” and Paterfamilias folds away Madame Fandango’s crow-quilled receipt—“for Tuition of Angelina”—with a complacent smile.

“She ought to sew nicely by this time!” remarks Aunt Faithful; “when I was her age I had worked a splendid sampler.”

“When I was her age,” sighs Grandma, “I was the best cook and housekeeper in the county.”

“And when I was her age,” caps on the Mother, with a look of triumph at Aunt Faithful which age could not wither nor custom stale, “*I was engaged to be married!*”

It would take a great deal to satisfy such critics, and one could hardly expect it. But she did her best. Angelina worked like Hercules over her appointed tasks. In an evil hour she was discovered by her teacher to be a bright and ambitious scholar, and whip and spur have been applied (metaphorically) ever since. Since she was eight or nine years old she has trudged daily back and forth, to and from school, with a load of books, port-folio, and slates, big enough to discourage an aspirant for college honors. She had only time for an hour or two of play in the course of the entire day; and this, by teachers and parents, was deemed amply sufficient, and more time could not be spared if she was to keep up with her classes.

“Our school has but one session,” says mamma, “and Angelina comes home for the day at two o’clock.”

“True; but from half past eight till two is a long stretch of study for a growing girl with no dinner.”

“She can carry a lunch if she likes, and generally does.”

“Yes, but it does not amount to much after all. Firstly, it generally consists of a dough-nut, a pickle, a piece of mince-pie, and a bit of pound-cake—a good recipe for sick headache of itself. Then the recess is but half an hour, and if she will keep up with her class, she must take that time to look over the lesson which comes directly after the brief intermission. Besides, you and I well remember that school lunches, except of candy and lemons, are not ‘genteel.’”

After school, nearly the entire session having been passed in recitations, she goes home loaded with books; makes a savage raid on the pantry in search of the remains of the family dinner or lunch, eating far too much, if indeed her head does not ache so badly that she can not eat at all. Then back to study for next day’s lesson. The binomial theorem must be solved, a composition or French exercise be written, and the history and geometry looked over for to-morrow. Her lunch has destroyed her relish for the evening meal. She has had no exercise to awaken an appetite, and it is little more than a matter of form, from which she hurries back to her studies for the evening. There is no social family intercourse. Papa dozes over his paper; mamma follows suit over her knitting; the brothers study in like manner, or, if grown up, stroll down town to see what is going on—and generally find out. At nine or ten she goes to bed. Early in the morning comes up the well of the staircase the trilling of scales. She is at her lessons again, practicing her two hours before breakfast!

“How in the world else is she to get an education?”

Nor can it be otherwise if the girl is to keep up to her daily drill. It is a forced march up the Hill of Science from September till June, when the blessed country out of doors, in some shape, may claim the weary head and exhausted frame.

Angelina graduates. She has been a bright scholar, and perhaps takes a medal; maybe more than one. But the muslin of her dress on that memorable evening is not whiter than her cheeks; except, probably, a spot of hectic excitement. She has “finished” now, and Brother Fred says, “Sis knows it all.”

Does she?

She could not make a tea-biscuit to save her life. Of bread she is as ignorant as of the philosopher’s stone. She cannot mend a stocking, nor make a garment fit to be seen; and as for nursing the sick, she would be as likely to insist upon her patient making an inward application of a poultice as an outward. But perhaps, poor girl! she has learned nursing by experience of



sickness and suffering in her own person. Otherwise, woe to her patients!

"But, at least, her intellectual training has been such that she will readily acquire new accomplishments and adapt herself to new contingencies."

That is nearly the only good thing in the whole system; for it is undoubtedly true that knowing one thing will help one to learn others, and that the habit of systematic application is invaluable as a life-discipline. But this severe course of scholastic training has been as much as her mind could bear, and far too much for the physical constitution of a growing girl. She has had no girlhood if she is faithful to the exactions of her teachers. Setting aside for once (for the subject has already been ably discussed) the bad ventilation of many school-rooms, their foul air, hot stoves, and cold draughts, and uncomfortable, figure-destroying desks and seats, half an hour's play (provided she plays, which, in nine cases out of ten, she does *not* do) is not nearly enough for one's daily exercise to give one's muscles fair play. Young girls of that age (twelve to sixteen) often feel a disinclination to exercise. They are too old for childish romps, and no provision is made for others more suited to their early maturity. Every school ought to possess a "romping gymnasium," and a teacher who would give the girls just enough instruction in the use of the apparatus that they might not injure themselves or each other, and then let them alone to be as wild tomboys as they liked. It will be their best teacher, depend upon it. Let them even scream, if they like. It will be bad for nervous neighbors, but good for the girls. Nature is not so far extinct that they will not soon enter into the genuine spirit of the thing, in a way that will astonish prim people.

There are some excellent private schools in which a day is set apart for reading fine selections of poetry, history, travels, or fiction, and recitations of the best poetry; and at such times all not occupied with the exercises are encouraged and taught to practice needle-work or knitting. This is a good arrangement, and has the best results in its way. But for some reason it is not known in public schools, which is a pity, where most of the system is so good. Pupils of the public schools take as prominent a position in life as others, and ought to be as well fitted for their places; and literary taste is a necessity, and not a luxury, in this land of books, to say nothing of the incidental knowledge of needle-work, and the habit of gleaning up the moments which might otherwise be wasted.

It would be a beneficial thing, too, if teachers would occasionally go over, with deliberation, the daily tasks of their pupils. The mechanical labor of the written exercises, both mathematical and lingual, is considerable, as they would discover; and the length of time consumed in even a perfect recitation ought to afford some idea of the time required for a young and inexperienced mind to acquire it.

A page or two of mathematical problems, a page or two of French or German exercises, from six to twenty pages of history, dates, events, personages, and a written abstract of the whole, are not half, even, of an ordinary day's work. There are, besides, chemistry, philosophy, rhetoric, and half a dozen more things.

Just try it, dear teacher, and tell me how much time it leaves for wholesome play, what time to bring papa's slippers, to help little brother's lesson, to tell little sister a story, because she has been so lonesome all day, or to take the slightest interest in the business of her parents' household, and help play the agreeable to big Brother Tom, who is inclined to be wild, but stays at home tolerably contented if "Sis will only keep him company. Somehow it's so dull for a fellow after tea."

So far from expecting girls to do more than they do, it is a perpetual wonder to me that they do so much.

If any of this elaborate training went to serve a practical purpose regrets would be idle. The only real use to which this hard-earned treasure of an education can be put, that of instructing her own little children, if haply her married life is blest with them, is superseded by the multitude of family and household cares, poor health, consequent upon an overtaxed constitution, and accomplishments are forgotten and cast aside by the press of unpostponable duties. She is broken down with her precious load, for she attempted so much that nothing was thoroughly learned, and nothing was well done. Her French is not spoken in France; her German and Italian are equally unsatisfactory; her trills and quavers pass away like a dream; and her music is forgotten, except, perchance, a *very* simple set of quadrilles, which she sometimes plays for birthdays and Christmases; and of school-days she has little left but bad headaches and a disinclination to study for the remainder of her natural life.

Schools are good, but so much school and so little home is very bad. It would be well if parents would insist that no longer lessons should be given out than could be both learned and recited in school-hours, even if the plan necessitated longer school sessions. This might even be a benefit, for then the recess might be a little longer; and the girls, not feeling so hurried, would enjoy the rest and the play-time far better than now. And if the health of your daughters and the happiness of your home circle be of any consequence, it is time something were done to modify and moderate the interminable lessons and study-hours at home which are now exacted by teachers.

Many good purposes would be attained by this. Sufficient time for exercise would be secured—for a ride, perhaps, if that height of equestrian felicity be attainable; or a walk, for either business or pleasure; for mother's errands, or a call on a sick friend; for a deed of charity, or a careless girl-stroll in search of nothing but the pure pleasure of simply being out of doors.



The climate of America is stimulating, the air is keen and vivifying. It is natural to be lithe, active, nervous, ambitious, and intellectual, intense in feeling, and impulsive in action. We require different diet and habits of life from Europeans. The weather is variable, and dress must conform to it. The present style for young ladies leaves little to be desired in this, for the range of modes is so great that one may adapt dress to taste in a way never before permitted by the fickle goddess. Thick shoes and flannels, warm cloaks, furs, and water-proof mantles are "stylish." And this is good; but it is of no avail to own as many garments as Queen Elizabeth if one must never go out to wear them; "if one must stay at home and study, rain or shine, blow high or low, for fear of black marks," and blame in class for imperfect, because endless lessons.

Or, if need be, that the last touches of the tea-table (or even the *first*), or bit of nice cookery, to please father and brothers when they come home in the evening, it will be all the better for the emancipated school-girl. There'll be time then for a pleasant word to the little one, who is so glad to see sister after "all day at school;" time for the evening hymn, or the tender old ballad, so dear to the elders of the family; for the romp, the game, the family dance, or to give a rest to mother's tired fingers sometimes at the missing buttons, or the big basket of stockings that need "only a stitch."

Then we should not see so many girls with ceaseless headaches, and unblushing ignorance of every home-like accomplishment. Then, perhaps, when the neighbor or old friend, or the guest whose experience of life and travel has given him a greater breadth of view, and whose talents and attainments make his society almost a liberal education in itself, shall fill a chair at the fireside, the young lady may be spared from her books to receive that finer culture which attrition with minds of a better scope and rarer training can alone produce, which is a thing impossible when the dry routine of school-books and school rules are solely relied upon as the only mechanism of education. This is a very different thing from an early introduction into society, a thing almost always very undesirable; for it is true that no being is so ignorant as a newly-fledged graduate of either a fashionable seminary or a first-class public school of a high grade. She knows a little music, a little singing, a little—a *very* little—drawing and painting, and some embroidery (a good deal of the pictorial accomplishment being due to the assistance of the teacher), a good deal of mathematics, which she forgets as speedily as possible; and, as an old gentleman friend of mine remarks, "a smattering of English," besides attempts at all the other modern languages; for she must know a little of every thing, and neither teacher nor parents are satisfied unless this intellectual salsmagundi is inevitably set before them when Miss graduates.

Setting rare genius out of the question, ex-

cellence is rarely attained in many things. Why not adhere to *one* accomplishment—the one for which taste is shown—and cultivate that to a pitch of real excellence? The result would be more satisfactory; and in event of reverses, a livelihood is so much easier obtained by *one* well learned, than by a sprinkling of so many.

Then Society claims its victim, and Iphigenia is ready for the altar. She is weary of school and worn-out by routine, and eagerly seizes the opportunity now offered for a general good time. She has been cheated out of her girlhood, and now the "young lady" takes her revenge. She is in a whirl of pleasant engagements all day, and nearly all night, and it certainly looks as if the one thing desirable were to forget all about the "odious school and the dreadful studies!"

Who can blame the girl if she does feel thus? She *must* be a girl sometime, and it is partly your fault, father and mother of the beautiful daughter. So look to it that girlishness and frolic and genuine old-fashioned fun have a place in the programme of your child's life; for if she does not, she may sometime be extremely ridiculous, if nothing worse happens.

There is no objection to a high order of study for girls; the more of the right sort the better; and the study of any branch of education is a culture and a discipline to the mind, and in that a benefit. But as a woman's, especially an American woman's, life is always more or less practical and homely in its detail, whether one chance to be the Judge's lady or only Maud Muller, it is not well to lose sight of the necessary preliminary training for these possibilities. Though, as a people, we possess a wonderful faculty of many-sidedness, it is always difficult, even for us, to do well what one is unaccustomed to do; and though I would never seek to narrow the sphere of woman's activity and possible civilization, I would modestly suggest that too much is expected of young people, and too little of those that are older. There may be no discernible boundary to one's mental acquirements in the way of careful study and reflection, but there is an absolute limit to the stretch of one's memory; and we must take care that the blanket which we are tucking so luxuriously about our shoulders does not leave our feet bare to the January night.

The teachers persist in this routine because the parents have not moral courage to insist upon a different order of things; and parents let it go on, partly from a certain timidity at encountering the objections of the learned preceptors to any innovations, partly from the pressure of home and business cares; taking it for granted that the teachers know best, after all. It redounds to pocket and position that Miss So-and-so's pupils are so thoroughly taught. The pallid faces, curved spines, and aching heads tell a story of different import at home; and parents may well tremble, even if they do admire the intellectual result. And, though the carefully educated young lady may, when she marries, forget the most of what was so labori-



ously learned, and she retain little of her school-acquisition but her neuralgia, dyspepsia, and weak back, yet she feels just as much anxiety that *her* daughters shall go through this process as did her own parents. And so *Da capo*.

There is coming a day to this country which calls for a different sort of training from all this. An impatience of control, and a contempt for the rules by which commonwealths, either large or small, are governed, are among the symptoms. There is scarcely a lady in the land who will not tell you that it is as difficult again to rule well her household as it was years ago. "How are you going to do without me?" said an "insulted" cook the other day. "You can't cook yourself, nor can you get any body else, for I shall tell all the girls to stay away from you, for you ain't a nice person to live with."

Then, if you are able to walk quietly into the kitchen, as my friend did, and successfully prepare a nice dinner, without fear or favor, while she is getting ready to fulfill her threat of "laving," see if Bridget does not cool down, and wash up the china afterward, and swallow down her wrath, and be a better servant ever after. And if she does carry out her purpose you will even enjoy the interregnum, and feel fully qualified to train any decent girl to take her place.

"But some are invalids, and can not do this; chronic invalids, perhaps."

God help the invalid who falls alive into the hands of hireling servants! But if so many girls were not so broken in health by the severities of a fashionable education and the follies of a fashionable life, there would not be nearly the number of invalids over which to lament.

If the kitchen cabinets are sure that the head of the house is equal to all the details of the concern—from dusting the statuette in the drawing-room and the books and papers of the library, down to sponging and kneading the bread, making coffee, and roasting the joint, getting-up "his" linen, or "baby's" frocks—they will be far less exacting, for they know then that they only hold their place by the tenure of good and faithful conduct, and that they are luxuries, not necessities.

How many bitter tears have been shed over the long years so utterly wasted in learning what seems in one's extremity of so little avail, when the very thing most needed is of so little account! Angelina sings gloriously the Borgia drinking-song; but Edwin will wait long for his breakfast if he waits for Angelina's coffee.

"She will learn all this in time. No use slaving a girl in the kitchen before she is married, just to teach her."

Trials and troubles come fast enough, and we ought to spare the dear young people all we can. And, after all, these things are not so difficult. One wonders sometimes that, when they are so easily learned, they are not oftener better known. But it is the fate of simple acquisitions. "Are not the rivers of Damascus better than the waters of Jordan?" Suppose, for example, the mother says to the daughters, "Girls, to-morrow

is mince-pie day, let us all help prepare the meat together. It is so lonesome in the kitchen alone!" The mother has seen that the kitchen is warm, clean, and lighted; the apple-parers come out, the nice cold meat is sliced and chopped, the apples selected and prepared, the sweets and spices delicately adjusted to the taste of the family; and the process takes the rank of a fine art under the critical supervision of the lady-workers. Having assisted in this way a few times, actually participating in the process, the proportions become familiar, and mince-pie becomes a formula, not a lottery. (N.B. I detest mince-pie, but have mentioned it to illustrate my subject, the process being so eminently gregarious.)

By thus making common cause with the good mother or housekeeper, three results are attained: Firstly, "a good time," for one can gossip as merrily over the apple-pan as over crochet-work; the assistance is a real rest to the "working bee;" and the young ladies acquire much useful information. Furthermore, any thing which tends to cement a comfortable confidence between mother and daughter is good. It is better to talk honest, good, loving talk than to have one read aloud, as some recommend. Our people are reading too much and talking too little. Were the case reversed we should all come to a better knowledge of each other, and conversation might become a real power in the land. So, girls, talk with mother all you can!

"Any body can learn any thing," is the king of American maxims (I mean the President). The thing is to choose what is best and most expedient to learn.

Clearly that for which we shall have most need and shall use oftenest. To care for the house and the household, and especially the *home*; to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest;" to enliven the winter evenings; to comfort the sorrowing, and nurse the sick; to superintend the "daily bread;" to wash, dress, train, and pet the little ones God has given you; to feed your own soul with life everlasting; and to sympathize in all pursuits and tastes of your family with ready love and patience.

To do all of this requires health and education in that direction. How much of either does any ordinary course of scholarship insure? The old custom of a family governess, though liable to great abuse (of the governess principally), was preferable to this, by bringing every thing under the parents' eyes. But it is not American in its spirit. Masses must collide with masses in the politico-social system; and so it occurs that the idea of gregarious education is so popular. There is no real objection to schools. Whatever tends to foster a genial and kindly feeling among all grades of the people of this great republic is a public benefit.

The doctrine of fair play and equal rights has no better exponent than an honest, intelligent school-boy or girl; and to their credit be it spoken, that there are no better patriots than the pupils of the public schools. An active,



working kind of patriots too, if they are young. And it is to insure to all young people the entire benefit of this generally excellent system that we throw out these hints, and utter our moan over the aching heads and overtaxed minds of the half-risen generation. It is that clear heads, not aching ones, may be the rule, not the exception; that students may not be so overtaxed that their acquisitions of learning become a burden and no help, and the brightest and best may not fall exhausted by the way-side; and most of all, that the central point of life for which men toil and fight, and for which women pray—which children love, and the aged revere as they look with misty eyes down the vista of by-gone years—may be indeed the Home for which we have striven through tears and blood, worthy to be the watchword of a nation.

"Marrying for a home," is often used as a term of reproach. It should not be so. It is a legitimate reason and excuse for marriage. But it should be a home in the best sense which presents itself as such a goal of desire. It should not be a hospital merely, nor a lodging-house, nor a study, nor an upholsterer's show-room, nor a ball-room, nor an office, nor a dress-maker's shop, nor a nursery, nor any other domestic "means of grace." Though it may be all these in turn, they are not the end and aim of a home. And to this end let us see to it that too ambitious children and too exacting teachers do not rob us of our jewels; that they do not claim all the strength and interest of our children, but especially our daughters, from our homes and firesides to swell the triumph of some "institute" or other—those firesides which too many regard as a means and not the end of their education; and not stopping at the harm done, their own parents insure that their own possible homes of the future be prematurely darkened by sickness, sorrow, and early death, or, what is even sadder, endless years of chronic suffering. Visit the schools in person, look over the lessons of your children, and you will soon discover sufficient cause for the languid step and pale face and habitual air of care and anxiety, and you will take courage to claim for yourselves and your own loving nurture some of those unreasonable hours of study now more than uselessly spent.

Then your care and teaching will have power to make a home with them now, and for them by-and-by, whose atmosphere is peace, industry, rest, and hearty happiness; where each one bears his share of the burden of life cheerfully and patiently; where comfort is not sacrificed to show; where cruel debts do not grin between the damask curtains and leer over the costly arm-chairs; where soft colors and choice books make up the most of the outer beauty, and neatness and care insure that the hidden corners are a part of the harmonious whole; where harsh words do not intrude; where common interest, common pursuits, and common amusements unite parents and children; and where it is no sin to laugh loudly nor shame to pray earnestly.

VOL. XXX.—No. 177.—B B

## ENGLISH FOR THE PORTUGUESE.

MESSRS. J. P. AILLAUD AND CO., of Paris, "Booksellers to their Majesties the Emperor of Brazil and the King of Portugal," have put forth "The New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English," by those two eminent linguists José da Fonseca and Pedro Carolino, the second edition of which now lies before us. The Preface, which is written in English, sets forth the nature and scope of the book. The Authors say:

"A choice of *familiar dialogues*, clean of gallicisms, and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious portuguese and brazilian Youth; and also to persons of other nations, that wish to know the portuguese language. We sought all we may do, to correct that want, composing and divising the present little work in two parts. The first includes a greatest vocabulary proper names by alphabetical order; and the second forty three *Dialogues* adapted to the usual precisions of the life. For that reason we did put, with a scrupulous exactness, a great variety own expressions to english and portuguese idioms; without to attach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation; translation what only will be for to accustom the portuguese pupils, or-foreign, to speak very bad any of the mentioned idioms.

"We were increasing this second edition with a phraseology, in the first part, and some familiar letters, anecdotes, idiotisms, proverbs, and to second a coin's index.

"The *Works* which we were conferring for this labour, fond use us for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted in the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that carelessness to rest these *Works* fill of imperfections, and anomalies of style; in spite of the infinite typographical faults which some times, invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of those *Works* the figured pronunciation of the english words, nor the prosodical accent in the portuguese: indispensable object whom wish to speak the english and portuguese languages correctly.

"We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptance of the studious persons, and especialy of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

The work opens with a vocabulary, in which an attempt is made to give the Portuguese student an idea of the pronunciation of the English words. Bearing in mind that the Portuguese *x* represents our *sh*, our readers are requested to guess the very common English words indicated by the following figured Pronunciation: *baú-elz, es-teu-meuk, legue, djá, txine, irs, ai-bal, biúti, es-pi-txe, uotx-in-gue, pé'-xenn'ce, keux'-eune, u-umen-ne-hu-ai-eune lin-ine, bé'-thin-gue-teub, xi'-se, keur-ten'-ze, u-ud-kok, skritxe-aul*. Then follows a series of Dialogues in Portuguese, with translations into English, of which we quote "Dialogue 15: For to Speak French:"

Cómo vái Vm. côm ô sêu francêz? Está já muito adiantado?	How is the french? Are you too learned now?
Bêm pouco; êu não sêi quá-si náda.	No too much, i know almost nothing.
Côm tudo, dizem qué Vm. ô fália muito bêm.	They tell however that you speak very well.
Ôs qué tál dizem estão múi enganados.	These which tell it they mistake one's.
Certifico-lhê qué assim m'ô dissêrão.	I assure you who was told me.
Púde articular algúmas pá-lavras qué aprendí dè côr.	I could to tell some word's that i know by heart.
É quánto bástá pára começár á fallár.	It is what it must for to commence to speak.
Não bástá qué êu comêce, é necessário qué acábe.	It is not the whole to begin, it must finish.
Recêio commettêr êrros.	I apprehend, to make some faults.
Fálle sêmpre bêm ôu má.	Speak always, right or bad.



Não tenha medo; a lingua franceza não é difficil. Not apprehend you, the french language is not difficult.

Conheço isso; e quê é muito engraçada. Pôr feliz me daria se a soubesse! I know it, and she have great deal of agreeableness. Who i would be. If i was know it!

A applicação é o único meio d'apprendê-la. It must to study for to learn it.

Quanto tempo há quê a está-da? How long there is it what you learn it?

Inda não há um mês. It is not yet a month.

Cômo se chama seu mestre? How is called your master?

Chama-se N\*\*\*. It is called N\*\*\*.

Há muito tempo quê o conheço. Elle deu lições a alguns amigos meus. Não diz elle a Vm. ser urgente fallar francez? I know him it is long; he has taught a many of my friends. Don't he tell you that it must to speak french?

Sim, senhor, é muitas vezes. Yes, sir, he tell me it often.

Pois porque o não falla Vm. Then why you not speak french?

Côm quem quer Vm. quê eu o falle? With which will you that i speak?

Côm os quê o fallarem côm Vm.? With them who shall speak you.

Eu bém quizera fallar-o, mas não me atrevo. I would to speak too, bud i don't dare.

Deve ser ousado, e não ter vergonha. It must not fear; it must to be hardy.

Afterwards follows a collection of Letters and Anecdotes. These are usually translated from French classic authors into Portuguese, with a translation into English "clean of gallicisms," as the authors assure the readers, "without to attach us selves (as make some others), almost at a literal translation."

Boileau writes to Racine; his letter, translated into Portuguese, and thence into the English of the "New Guide of the Conversation," reads thus:

I can't, my dear sir, to express you my surprise; and though i might had the greatest hopes of the world, i was not leave yet to challenge my self of the fortune of Master the Dean. Are you who have all do, since it is to you than we owe the happy protection of Mistress of Maintenon. All my embarrasement it is to know as i will discharge my so much obligations what i ought you. Adieu, my dear sir, believe me don't there is any body which love you more sincerely, neither bi more reasons as me.

Rousseau writes to M. Boulet:

With a single friend as you, sir, should be one's self a lways quiet, if the acknowledgment was exclude the confusion. The mine grow to the sight of yours kindnesses. It is true that having now, by to serv me, three or four persons that it must to main tain and to pay them, i went some a helps; but i went not that of the fourth part what you send me. I am too much better, but i saw not to keep as a fillet so thin what the attachement at the idle trashes from that world. There it a moment, sir, where all fancy disappear, and to the appiness what one owe to content one's self to work.

Flechier writes "at M<sup>m</sup> of the Roure" the following exquisite congratulatory note:

More i was impatient, madam, at do you my compliment on your wedding; more pleasure i have to do you to day. The heaven was seems, since several years, to go for or to prepare you a husband who might be worthy you. I was give you at him: the happyness it is like of one and another pars. Think which benedictions shall be followed the union of two hearts well matched!

The following anecdotes, selected from the best authors, are not altogether unfamiliar to readers of English, though they look a little odd in their present shape:

Siward, duke of Northumberland, being very ill, though, he was unworthy of their courage to expect the death in a bed; he will die the arms on the hands. As he fell to approach her last hour he was commanded to hers servants to arm of all parts, and they were put him upon a arm-chair, keeping the bare-sword. He was challenged the death as a blusterer.

Cuttler, a very rich man too many avaricious, commonly he was travel at a horse, and single for to avoid all expences. In the evening at to arrive at the inn did feign to be indispense. to the end that one bring him the supper. He did ordered to the stable knave to bring in their room some straw. for to put in their boots he made to warm her bed and was go to sleep. When the servant was draw again, he come up again, and with the straw of their boots, and the candle what was leave him he made a small fire where he was roast a herring what he did keep of her pochet. He was always the precaution one to provide him self of a small of bread and one bring up a water bottle, and thus with a little money.

A little master frizzled, perfumed and covered of gold, had leaded to the church, for to marry, a coquethish to the dye glistening the parson, having considered a minute that disfigured couple, told him: "Now before to pronounce the *conjungo*, let avow me for fear of *quiproquo*, which from both is the bride?"

A traveller, which a storm had bennumb of cold, he come in a field's inn, and find it so fill of companies that he cannot to approach of the chimney. "What carry to the my horse a oyster's basket," tell him to the host. "To your horse cry out this. Do you think that he wake eating them?—Make what i command you," reply the gentleman. At the words, all the assistants run to the stable, and our traveller he get warm him self. Gentleman, tell the host coming again, i shall have lay it upon my head the horse will not it.—So, take again the traveller, which was very warmed one's, then it must that i eat them."

Two friends who from long they not were seen meet one's selves for hazard. "How do is thou? told one of the two.—No very well, told the other, and i am married from that i saw thee." Good news!—Not quit, because i had married with a bad woman.—So much worse!—"Not so much great deal worse; because her dower was from two thousand lewis."—Well, that comfort.—"Not absolutely; why i had emploted this sum for to buy some muttons, which are all deads of the rot."—That is indeed very sorry!—"Not so sorry, because the selling of hers hide have bring me above the price of the muttons."—So you are then indemnified?—"Not quit, because my house where i was deposed my money, finish to be consumed by the flames."—Oh! here is a great misfortune!—"Not so great nor i either, because my wife and my house are burned together."

Cesar, seing one day to Roma, some strangers very riches, which bore between hir arms little dogs and little monkeles and who was carressign them too tenderly, was asking, with so many great deal reason; whether the women of her country don't had some children?

Then follows a collection of "Idiotisms and Proverbs," in Portuguese, with their corresponding equivalents as expressed in English. We select a few common ones. If the subjects of Don Pedro do not learn to speak very curious English, it will not be the fault of Senhores da Fonseca and Carolino.

Dar de narizes a alguem.	To meet any-one nose at nose.
Tantas cabeças, tantas sentenças.	So many heads so much opinions.
As paredes teem ouvidos.	The walls have hearsay.
Não merece o pão que come.	He is not valuable to breat that he eat.
Lança poeira nos olhos.	He throw the dust to eyes.
Isso faz agua na boca.	That make to come water in the mouth.
Do dito ao feito vai muita differença.	A thing is tell, and another thing is make.
Quem se pica alhos come.	That which feel one's snotty blow blow one's nose.
A cavallo dado não se lhe olha para o dente.	A horse baared don't look him the tooth.
Dar de olho a alguem.	To do a wink to some body.
Não é tão feio como o pintão.	He is not so devil as he is black.
Vogue a galé, venha o que vier.	Come weal, arrive what he may be.
Não há melhor mostarda que a fome.	There is not better sauce who the appetite.
Não tem eira, nem ramo de figueira.	He is beggar as a church rat.
Voltar á vaca fria.	To come back at their muttons.
Nem tudo o que luz é ouro.	All what shine is not gold.





PA'S LODGER, AND PA'S DAUGHTER.—[SEE JANUARY NUMBER, PAGE 246.]

## OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE SECOND. BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

## CHAPTER XI.

SOME AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

**L**ITTLE Miss Peecher, from her little official dwelling-house, with its little windows like the eyes in needles, and its little doors like the covers of school-books, was very observant indeed of the object of her quiet affections. Love, though said to be afflicted with blindness, is a vigilant watchman, and Miss Peecher kept him

on double duty over Mr. Bradley Headstone. It was not that she was naturally given to playing the spy—it was not that she was at all secret, plotting, or mean—it was simply that she loved the irresponsible Bradley with all the primitive and homely stock of love that had never been examined or certificated out of her. If her faithful slate had had the latent qualities of sympathetic paper, and its pencil those of invisible ink, many a little treatise calculated to astonish



the pupils would have come bursting through the dry sums in school-time under the warming influence of Miss Peecher's bosom. For, oftentimes when school was not, and her calm leisure and calm little house were her own, Miss Peecher would commit to the confidential slate an imaginary description of how, upon a balmy evening at dusk, two figures might have been observed in the market-garden ground round the corner, of whom one, being a manly form, bent over the other, being a womanly form of short stature and some compactness, and breathed in a low voice the words, "Emma Peecher, wilt thou be my own?" after which the womanly form's head reposed upon the manly form's shoulder, and the nightingales tuned up. Though all unseen, and unsuspected by the pupils, Bradley Headstone even pervaded the school exercises. Was Geography in question? He would come triumphantly flying out of Vesuvius and Ætna ahead of the lava, and would boil unharmed in the hot springs of Iceland, and would float majestically down the Ganges and the Nile. Did History chronicle a king of men? Behold him in pepper-and-salt pantaloons, with his watch-guard round his neck. Were copies to be written? In capital B's and H's most of the girls under Miss Peecher's tuition were half a year ahead of every other letter in the alphabet. And Mental Arithmetic, administered by Miss Peecher, often devoted itself to providing Bradley Headstone with a wardrobe of fabulous extent: fourscore and four neck-ties at two and ninepence-halfpenny, two gross of silver watches at four pounds fifteen and sixpence, seventy-four black hats at eighteen shillings; and many similar superfluities.

The vigilant watchman, using his daily opportunities of turning his eyes in Bradley's direction, soon apprised Miss Peecher that Bradley was more preoccupied than had been his wont, and more given to strolling about with a downcast and reserved face, turning something difficult in his mind that was not in the scholastic syllabus. Putting this and that together—combining under the head "this," present appearances and the intimacy with Charley Hexam, and ranging under the head "that" the visit to his sister, the watchman reported to Miss Peecher his strong suspicions that the sister was at the bottom of it.

"I wonder," said Miss Peecher, as she sat making up her weekly report on a half-holiday afternoon, "what they call Hexam's sister?"

Mary Anne, at her needle-work, attendant and attentive, held her arm up.

"Well, Mary Anne?"

"She is named Lizzie, ma'am."

"She can hardly be named Lizzie, I think, Mary Anne," returned Miss Peecher, in a tuncfully instructive voice. "Is Lizzie a Christian name, Mary Anne?"

Mary Anne laid down her work, rose, hooked herself behind, as being under catechisation, and replied: "No, it is a corruption, Miss Peecher."

"Who gave her that name?" Miss Peecher

was going on, from the mere force of habit, when she checked herself, on Mary Anne's evincing theological impatience to strike in with her god-fathers and her godmothers, and said: "I mean of what name is it a corruption?"

"Elizabeth, or Eliza, Miss Peecher."

"Right, Mary Anne. Whether there were any Lizzies in the early Christian Church must be considered very doubtful, very doubtful." Miss Peecher was exceedingly sage here. "Speaking correctly, we say, then, that Hexam's sister is called Lizzie; not that she is named so. Do we not, Mary Anne?"

"We do, Miss Peecher."

"And where," pursued Miss Peecher, complacent in her little transparent fiction of conducting the examination in a semi-official manner for Mary Anne's benefit, not her own, "where does this young woman, who is called but not named Lizzie, live? Think, now, before answering."

"In Church Street, Smith Square, by Mill Bank, ma'am."

"In Church Street, Smith Square, by Mill Bank," repeated Miss Peecher, as if possessed beforehand of the book in which it was written.

"Exactly so. And what occupation does this young woman pursue, Mary Anne? Take time."

"She has a place of trust at an outfitter's in the City, ma'am."

"Oh!" said Miss Peecher, pondering on it; but smoothly added, in a confirmatory tone, "At an outfitter's in the City. Ye-es?"

"And Charley—" Mary Ann was proceeding, when Miss Peecher stared.

"I mean Hexam, Miss Peecher."

"I should think you did, Mary Anne. I am glad to hear you do. And Hexam—?"

"Says," Mary Anne went on, "that he is not pleased with his sister, and that his sister won't be guided by his advice, and persists in being guided by somebody else's; and that—"

"Mr. Headstone coming across the garden!" exclaimed Miss Peecher, with a flushed glance at the looking-glass. "You have answered very well, Mary Anne. You are forming an excellent habit of arranging your thoughts clearly. That will do."

The discreet Mary Anne resumed her seat and her silence, and stitched, and stitched, and was stitching when the schoolmaster's shadow came in before him, announcing that he might be instantly expected.

"Good-evening, Miss Peecher," he said, pursuing the shadow, and taking its place.

"Good-evening, Mr. Headstone. Mary Anne, a chair."

"Thank you," said Bradley, seating himself in his constrained manner. "This is but a flying visit. I have looked in, on my way, to ask a kindness of you as a neighbor."

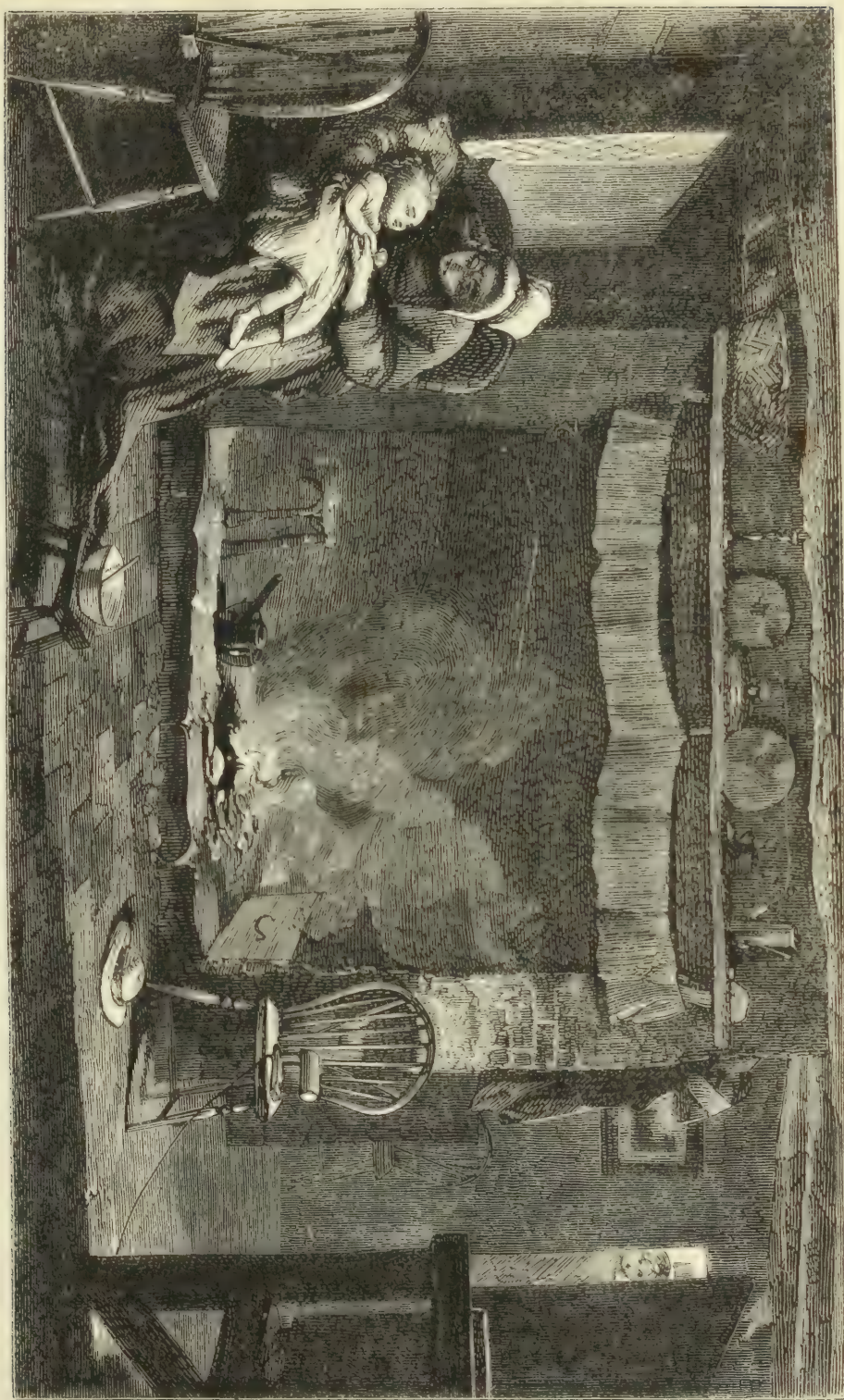
"Did you say on your way, Mr. Headstone?" asked Miss Peecher.

"On my way to—where I am going."

"Church Street, Smith Square, by Mill



OUR JOHNNY.—[SEE JANUARY NUMBER, PAGE 250.]



Bank," repeated Miss Peecher, in her own thoughts.

"Charley Hexam has gone to get a book or two he wants, and will probably be back before me. As we leave my house empty, I took the liberty of telling him I would leave the key here. Would you kindly allow me to do so?"

"Certainly, Mr. Headstone. Going for an evening walk, Sir?"

"Partly for a walk, and partly for—on business."

"Business in Church Street, Smith Square, by Mill Bank," repeated Miss Peecher to herself.

"Having said which," pursued Bradley, laying his door-key on the table, "I must be already going. There is nothing I can do for you, Miss Peecher?"

"Thank you, Mr. Headstone. In which direction?"

"In the direction of Westminster."

"Mill Bank," Miss Peecher repeated in her own thoughts once again. "No, thank you, Mr. Headstone; I'll not trouble you."

"You couldn't trouble me," said the schoolmaster.

"Ah!" returned Miss Peecher, though not aloud; "but you can trouble *me*!" And for all



her quiet manner, and her quiet smile, she was full of trouble as he went his way.

She was right touching his destination. He held as straight a course for the house of the dolls' dress-maker as the wisdom of his ancestors, exemplified in the construction of the intervening streets, would let him, and walked with a bent head hammering at one fixed idea. It had been an immovable idea since he first set eyes upon her. It seemed to him as if all that he could suppress in himself he had suppressed, as if all that he could restrain in himself he had restrained, and the time had come—in a rush, in a moment—when the power of self-command had departed from him. Love at first sight is a trite expression quite sufficiently discussed; enough that in certain smouldering natures like this man's, that passion leaps into a blaze, and makes such head as fire does in a rage of wind, when other passions, but for its mastery, could be held in chains. As a multitude of weak, imitative natures are always lying by, ready to go mad upon the next wrong idea that may be broached—in these times generally some form of tribute to Somebody for something that never was done, or, if ever done, that was done by Somebody Else—so these less ordinary natures may lie by for years, ready on the touch of an instant to burst into flame.

The schoolmaster went his way, brooding and brooding, and a sense of being vanquished in a struggle might have been pieced out of his worried face. Truly, in his breast there lingered a resentful shame to find himself defeated by this passion for Charley Hexam's sister, though in the very self-same moments he was concentrating himself upon the object of bringing the passion to a successful issue.

He appeared before the dolls' dress-maker, sitting alone at her work. "Oho!" thought that sharp young personage, "it's you, is it? I know your tricks and your manners, my friend!"

"Hexam's sister," said Bradley Headstone, "is not come home yet?"

"You are quite a conjuror," returned Miss Wren.

"I will wait, if you please, for I want to speak to her."

"Do you?" returned Miss Wren. "Sit down. I hope it's mutual."

Bradley glanced distrustfully at the shrewd face again bending over the work, and said, trying to conquer doubt and hesitation:

"I hope you don't imply that my visit will be unacceptable to Hexam's sister?"

"There! Don't call her that. I can't bear you to call her that," returned Miss Wren, snapping her fingers in a volley of impatient snaps, "for I don't like Hexam."

"Indeed?"

"No." Miss Wren wrinkled her nose, to express dislike. "Selfish. Thinks only of himself. The way with all of you."

"The way with all of us? Then you don't like me?"

"So-so," replied Miss Wren, with a shrug and a laugh. "Don't know much about you."

"But I was not aware it was the way with all of us," said Bradley, returning to the accusation, a little injured. "Won't you say, some of us?"

"Meaning," returned the little creature, "every one of you, but you. Hah! Now look this lady in the face. This is Mrs. Truth. The Honorable. Full-dressed."

Bradley glanced at the doll she held up for his observation—which had been lying on its face on her bench, while with a needle and thread she fastened the dress on at the back—and looked from it to her.

"I stand the Honorable Mrs. T. on my bench in this corner against the wall, where her blue eyes can shine upon you," pursued Miss Wren, doing so, and making two little dabs at him in the air with her needle, as if she pricked him with it in his own eyes; "and I defy you to tell me, with Mrs. T. for a witness, what you have come here for."

"To see Hexam's sister."

"You don't say so!" retorted Miss Wren, hitching her chin. "But on whose account?"

"Her own."

"Oh, Mrs. T.!" exclaimed Miss Wren. "You hear him!"

"To reason with her," pursued Bradley, half humoring what was present, and half angry with what was not present; "for her own sake."

"Oh, Mrs. T.!" exclaimed the dress-maker.

"For her own sake," repeated Bradley, warming, "and for her brother's, and as a perfectly disinterested person."

"Really, Mrs. T.," remarked the dress-maker, "since it comes to this, we must positively turn you with your face to the wall." She had hardly done so when Lizzie Hexam arrived, and showed some surprise on seeing Bradley Headstone there, and Jenny shaking her little fist at him close before her eyes, and the Honorable Mrs. T. with her face to the wall.

"Here's a perfectly disinterested person, Lizzie dear," said the knowing Miss Wren, "come to talk with you, for your own sake and your brother's. Think of that. I am sure there ought to be no third party present at any thing so very kind and so very serious; and so, if you'll remove the third party up stairs, my dear, the third party will retire."

Lizzie took the hand which the dolls' dress-maker held out to her for the purpose of being supported away, but only looked at her with an inquiring smile, and made no other movement.

"The third party hobbles awfully, you know, when she's left to herself," said Miss Wren, "her back being so bad, and her legs so queer; so she can't retire gracefully unless you help her, Lizzie."

"She can do no better than stay where she is," returned Lizzie, releasing the hand, and laying her own lightly on Miss Jenny's curls. And then to Bradley: "From Charley, Sir?"



In an irresolute way, and stealing a clumsy look at her, Bradley rose to place a chair for her, and then returned to his own.

"Strictly speaking," said he, "I come from Charley, because I left him only a little while ago; but I am not commissioned by Charley. I come of my own spontaneous act."

With her elbows on her bench, and her chin upon her hands, Miss Jenny Wren sat looking at him with a watchful sidelong look. Lizzie, in her different way, sat looking at him too.

"The fact is," began Bradley, with a mouth so dry that he had some difficulty in articulating his words: the consciousness of which rendered his manner still more ungainly and undecided; "the truth is, that Charley, having no secrets from me (to the best of my belief), has confided the whole of this matter to me."

He came to a stop, and Lizzie asked: "What matter, Sir?"

"I thought," returned the schoolmaster, stealing another look at her, and seeming to try in vain to sustain it; for the look dropped as it lighted on her eyes, "that it might be so superfluous as to be almost impertinent, to enter upon a definition of it. My allusion was to this matter of your having put aside your brother's plans for you, and given the preference to those of Mr. —I believe the name is Mr. Eugene Wrayburn."

He made this point of not being certain of the name, with another uneasy look at her, which dropped like the last.

Nothing being said on the other side he had to begin again, and began with new embarrassment.

"Your brother's plans were communicated to me when he first had them in his thoughts. In point of fact he spoke to me about them when I was last here—when we were walking back together, and when I—when the impression was fresh upon me of having seen his sister."

There might have been no meaning in it, but the little dress-maker here removed one of her supporting hands from her chin, and musingly turned the Honorable Mrs. T. with her face to the company. That done she fell into her former attitude.

"I approved of his idea," said Bradley, with his uneasy look wandering to the doll, and unconsciously resting there longer than it had rested on Lizzie, "both because your brother ought naturally to be the originator of any such scheme, and because I hoped to be able to promote it. I should have had inexpressible pleasure, I should have taken inexpressible interest, in promoting it. Therefore I must acknowledge that when your brother was disappointed, I too was disappointed. I wish to avoid reservation or concealment, and I fully acknowledge that."

He appeared to have encouraged himself by having got so far. At all events he went on with much greater firmness and force of emphasis: though with a curious disposition to set his teeth, and with a curious tight-screwing movement of his right hand in the clenching

palm of his left, like the action of one who was being physically hurt, and was unwilling to cry out.

"I am a man of strong feelings, and I have strongly felt this disappointment. I do strongly feel it. I don't show what I feel; some of us are obliged habitually to keep it down. To keep it down. But to return to your brother. He has taken the matter so much to heart that he has remonstrated (in my presence he remonstrated) with Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, if that be the name. He did so quite ineffectually. As any one not blinded to the real character of Mr. —Mr. Eugene Wrayburn—would readily suppose."

He looked at Lizzie again, and held the look. And his face turned from burning red to white, and from white back to burning red, and so for the time to lasting deadly white.

"Finally, I resolved to come here alone and appeal to you. I resolved to come here alone, and entreat you to retract the course you have chosen, and instead of confiding in a mere stranger—a person of most insolent behavior to your brother and others—to prefer your brother and your brother's friend."

Lizzie Hexam had changed color when those changes came over him, and her face now expressed some anger, more dislike, and even a touch of fear. But she answered him very steadily.

"I can not doubt, Mr. Headstone, that your visit is well meant. You have been so good a friend to Charley that I have no right to doubt it. I have nothing to tell Charley, but that I accepted the help to which he so much objects before he made any plans for me; or certainly before I knew of any. It was considerably and delicately offered, and there were reasons that had weight with me which should be as dear to Charley as to me. I have no more to say to Charley on this subject."

His lips trembled and stood apart, as he followed this repudiation of himself, and limitation of her words to her brother.

"I should have told Charley, if he had come to me," she resumed, as though it were an afterthought, "that Jenny and I find our teacher very able and very patient, and that she takes great pains with us. So much so, that we have said to her we hope in a very little while to be able to go on by ourselves. Charley knows about teachers, and I should also have told him, for his satisfaction, that ours comes from an institution where teachers are regularly brought up."

"I should like to ask you," said Bradley Headstone, grinding his words slowly out, as though they came from a rusty mill; "I should like to ask you, if I may without offense, whether you would have objected—no; rather, I should like to say, if I may without offense, that I wish I had had the opportunity of coming here with your brother and devoting my poor abilities and experience to your service."



"Thank you, Mr. Headstone."

"But I fear," he pursued, after a pause, furtively wrenching at the seat of his chair with one hand, as if he would have wrenched the chair to pieces, and gloomily observing her while her eyes were cast down, "that my humble services would not have found much favor with you?"

She made no reply, and the poor stricken wretch sat contending with himself in a heat of passion and torment. After a while he took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead and hands.

"There is only one thing more I had to say, but it is the most important. There is a reason against this matter, there is a personal relation concerned in this matter, not yet explained to you. It might—I don't say it would—it might—induce you to think differently. To proceed under the present circumstances is out of the question. Will you please come to the understanding that there shall be another interview on the subject?"

"With Charley, Mr. Headstone?"

"With—well," he answered, breaking off, "yes! Say with him too. Will you please come to the understanding that there must be another interview under more favorable circumstances, before the whole case can be submitted?"

"I don't," said Lizzie, shaking her head, "understand your meaning, Mr. Headstone."

"Limit my meaning for the present," he interrupted, "to the whole case being submitted to you in another interview."

"What case, Mr. Headstone? What is wanting to it?"

"You—you shall be informed in the other interview." Then he said, as if in a burst of irrepressible despair, "I—I leave it all incomplete! There is a spell upon me, I think!" And then added, almost as if he asked for pity, "Good-night!"

He held out his hand. As she, with manifest hesitation, not to say reluctance, touched it, a strange tremble passed over him, and his face, so deadly white, was moved as by a stroke of pain. Then he was gone.

The dolls' dress-maker sat with her attitude unchanged, eying the door by which he had departed, until Lizzie pushed her bench aside and sat down near her. Then, eying Lizzie as she had previously eyed Bradley and the door, Miss Wren chopped that very sudden and keen chop in which her jaws sometimes indulged, leaned back in her chair with folded arms, and thus expressed herself:

"Humph! If he—I mean, of course, my dear, the party who is coming to court me when the time comes—should be *that* sort of man, he may spare himself the trouble. *He* wouldn't do to be trotted about and made useful. He'd take fire and blow up while he was about it."

"And so you would be rid of him," said Lizzie, humoring her.

"Not so easily," returned Miss Wren. "He

wouldn't blow up alone. He'd carry me up with him. *I* know his tricks and his manners."

"Would he want to hurt you, do you mean?" asked Lizzie.

"Mightn't exactly want to do it, my dear," returned Miss Wren; "but a lot of gunpowder among lighted lucifer-matches in the next room might almost as well be here."

"He is a very strange man," said Lizzie, thoughtfully.

"I wish he was so very strange a man as to be a total stranger," answered the sharp little thing.

It being Lizzie's regular occupation when they were alone of an evening to brush out and smooth the long fair hair of the dolls' dress-maker, she unfastened a ribbon that kept it back while the little creature was at her work, and it fell in a beautiful shower over the poor shoulders that were much in need of such adorning rain. "Not now, Lizzie dear," said Jenny; "let us have a talk by the fire." With those words, she in her turn loosened her friend's dark hair, and it dropped of its own weight over her bosom, in two rich masses. Pretending to compare the colors and admire the contrast, Jenny so managed a mere touch or two of her nimble hands, as that she herself laying a cheek on one of the dark folds, seemed blinded by her own clustering curls to all but the fire, while the fine handsome face and brow of Lizzie were revealed without obstruction in the sober light.

"Let us have a talk," said Jenny, "about Mr. Eugene Wrayburn."

Something sparkled down among the fair hair resting on the dark hair; and if it were not a star—which it couldn't be—it was an eye; and if it were an eye, it was Jenny Wren's eye, bright and watchful as the bird's whose name she had taken.

"Why about Mr. Wrayburn?" Lizzie asked.

"For no better reason than because I'm in the humor. I wonder whether he's rich!"

"No, not rich."

"Poor?"

"I think so, for a gentleman."

"Ah! To be sure! Yes, he's a gentleman. Not of our sort; is he?"

A shake of the head, a thoughtful shake of the head, and the answer, softly spoken, "Oh no, oh no!"

The dolls' dress-maker had an arm round her friend's waist. Adjusting the arm, she slyly took the opportunity of blowing at her own hair where it fell over her face; then the eye down there, under lighter shadows sparkled more brightly and appeared more watchful.

"When He turns up, he sha'n't be a gentleman; I'll very soon send him packing, if he is. However, he's not Mr. Wrayburn; I haven't captivated *him*. I wonder whether any body has, Lizzie!"

"It is very likely."

"Is it very likely? I wonder who!"

"Is it not very likely that some lady has



been taken by him, and that he may love her dearly?"

"Perhaps. I don't know. What would you think of him, Lizzie, if you were a lady?"

"I a lady!" she repeated, laughing. "Such a fancy!"

"Yes. But say: just as a fancy, and for instance."

"I a lady! I, a poor girl who used to row poor father on the river. I, who had rowed poor father out and home on the very night when I saw him for the first time. I, who was made so timid by his looking at me, that I got up and went out!"

("He did look at you, even that night, though you were not a lady!" thought Miss Wren.)

"I a lady!" Lizzie went on in a low voice, with her eyes upon the fire. "I, with poor father's grave not even cleared of undeserved stain and shame, and he trying to clear it for me! I a lady!"

"Only as a fancy, and for instance," urged Miss Wren.

"Too much, Jenny dear, too much! My fancy is not able to get that far." As the low fire gleamed upon her, it showed her smiling mournfully and abstractedly.

"But I am in the humor, and I must be humored, Lizzie, because after all I am a poor little thing, and have had a hard day with my bad child. Look in the fire, as I like to hear you tell how you used to do when you lived in that dreary old house that had once been a wind-mill. Look in the—what was its name when you told fortunes with your brother that I *don't* like?"

"The hollow down by the flare?"

"Ah! That's the name! You can find a lady there, I know."

"More easily than I can make one of such material as myself, Jenny."

The sparkling eye looked steadfastly up, as the musing face looked thoughtfully down. "Well?" said the dolls' dress-maker, "We have found our lady?"

Lizzie nodded, and asked, "Shall she be rich?"

"She had better be, as he's poor."

"She is very rich. Shall she be handsome?"

"Even you can be that, Lizzie, so she ought to be."

"She is very handsome."

"What does she say about him?" asked Miss Jenny, in a low voice: watchful, through an intervening silence, of the face looking down at the fire.

"She is glad, glad, to be rich, that he may have the money. She is glad, glad, to be beautiful, that he may be proud of her. Her poor heart—"

"Eh? Her poor heart?" said Miss Wren.

"Her heart—is given him, with all its love and truth. She would joyfully die with him, or, better than that, die for him. She knows he has failings, but she thinks they have grown

up through his being like one cast away, for the want of something to trust in, and care for, and think well of. And she says, that lady rich and beautiful that I can never come near, 'Only put me in that empty place, only try how little I mind myself, only prove what a world of things I will do and bear for you, and I hope that you might even come to be much better than you are, through me who am so much worse, and hardly worth the thinking of beside you.'"

As the face looking at the fire had become exalted and forgetful in the rapture of these words, the little creature, openly clearing away her fair hair with her disengaged hand, had gazed at it with earnest attention and something like alarm. Now that the speaker ceased, the little creature laid down her head again, and moaned, "O me, O me, O me!"

"In pain, dear Jenny?" asked Lizzy, as if awakened.

"Yes, but not the old pain. Lay me down, lay me down. Don't go out of my sight to-night. Lock the door and keep close to me." Then turning away her face, she said in a whisper to herself, "My Lizzie, my poor Lizzie! O my blessed children, come back in the long bright slanting rows, and come for her, not me. She wants help more than I, my blessed children!"

She had stretched her hands up with that higher and better look, and now she turned again, and folded them round Lizzie's neck, and rocked herself on Lizzie's breast.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MORE BIRDS OF PREY.

ROGUE RIDERHOOD dwelt deep and dark in Limehouse Hole, among the riggers, and the mast, oar, and block makers, and the boat-builders, and the sail-lofts, as in a kind of ship's hold stored full of waterside characters, some no better than himself, some very much better, and none much worse. The Hole, albeit in a general way not over-nice in its choice of company, was rather shy in reference to the honor of cultivating the Rogue's acquaintance; more frequently giving him the cold shoulder than the warm hand, and seldom or never drinking with him unless at his own expense. A part of the Hole, indeed, contained so much public spirit and private virtue that not even this strong leverage could move it to good fellowship with a tainted accuser. But there may have been the drawback on this magnanimous morality, that its exponents held a true witness before Justice to be the next unneighborly and accursed character to a false one.

Had it not been for the daughter whom he often mentioned, Mr. Riderhood might have found the Hole a mere grave as to any means it would yield him of getting a living. But Miss Pleasant Riderhood had some little position and



connection in Limehouse Hole. Upon the smallest of small scales, she was an unlicensed pawnbroker, keeping what was popularly called a Leaving Shop, by lending insignificant sums on insignificant articles of property deposited with her as security. In her four-and-twentieth year of life, Pleasant was already in her fifth year of this way of trade. Her deceased mother had established the business, and on that parent's demise she had appropriated a secret capital of fifteen shillings to establishing herself in it; the existence of such capital in a pillow being the last intelligible confidential communication made to her by the departed, before succumbing to dropsical conditions of snuff and gin, incompatible equally with coherence and existence.

Why christened Pleasant, the late Mrs. Riderhood might possibly have been at some time able to explain, and possibly not. Her daughter had no information on that point. Pleasant she found herself, and she couldn't help it. She had not been consulted on the question, any more than on the question of her coming into these terrestrial parts, to want a name. Similarly, she found herself possessed of what is colloquially termed a swivel eye (derived from her father), which she might perhaps have declined if her sentiments on the subject had been taken. She was not otherwise positively ill-looking, though anxious, meagre, of a muddy complexion, and looking as old again as she really was.

As some dogs have it in the blood, or are trained, to worry certain creatures to a certain point, so—not to make the comparison disrespectfully—Pleasant Riderhood had it in the blood, or had been trained, to regard seamen, within certain limits, as her prey. Show her a man in a blue jacket, and, figuratively speaking, she pinned him instantly. Yet, all things considered, she was not of an evil mind or an unkindly disposition. For, observe how many things were to be considered according to her own unfortunate experience. Show Pleasant Riderhood a Wedding in the street, and she only saw two people taking out a regular license to quarrel and fight. Show her a Christening, and she saw a little heathen personage having a quite superfluous name bestowed upon it, inasmuch as it would be commonly addressed by some abusive epithet: which little personage was not in the least wanted by any body, and would be shoved and banged out of every body's way, until it should grow big enough to shove and bang. Show her a Funeral, and she saw an unremunerative ceremony in the nature of a black masquerade, conferring a temporary gentility on the performers, at an immense expense, and representing the only formal party ever given by the deceased. Show her a live father, and she saw but a duplicate of her own father, who from her infancy had been taken with fits and starts of discharging his duty to her, which duty was always incorporated in the form of a fist or a

leathern strap, and being discharged hurt her. All things considered, therefore, Pleasant Riderhood was not so very, very bad. There was even a touch of romance in her—of such romance as could creep into Limehouse Hole—and maybe sometimes of a summer evening, when she stood with folded arms at her shop-door, looking from the reeking street to the sky where the sun was setting, she may have had some vaporous visions of far-off islands in the southern seas or elsewhere (not being geographically particular), where it would be good to roam with a congenial partner among groves of bread-fruit, waiting for ships to be wafted from the hollow ports of civilization. For, sailors to be got the better of, were essential to Miss Pleasant's Eden.

Not on a summer evening did she come to her little shop-door, when a certain man standing over against the house on the opposite side of the street took notice of her. That was on a cold shrewd windy evening, after dark. Pleasant Riderhood shared, with most of the lady inhabitants of the Hole, the peculiarity that her hair was a ragged knot, constantly coming down behind, and that she never could enter upon any undertaking without first twisting it into place. At that particular moment, being newly come to the threshold to take a look out of doors, she was winding herself up with both hands after this fashion. And so prevalent was the fashion, that on the occasion of a fight or other disturbance in the Hole, the ladies would be seen flocking from all quarters universally twisting their back-hair as they came along, and many of them, in the hurry of the moment, carrying their back-combs in their mouths.

It was a wretched little shop, with a roof that any man standing in it could touch with his hand; little better than a cellar or cave, down three steps. Yet in its ill-lighted window, among a flaring handkerchief or two, an old peacoat or so, a few valueless watches and compasses, a jar of tobacco and two crossed pipes, a bottle of walnut ketchup, and some horrible sweets—these creature discomforts serving as a blind to the main business of the Leaving Shop—was displayed the inscription SEAMAN'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

Taking notice of Pleasant Riderhood at the door, the man crossed so quickly that she was still winding herself up, when he stood close before her.

"Is your father at home?" said he.

"I think he is," returned Pleasant, dropping her arms; "come in."

It was a tentative reply, the man having a sea-faring appearance. Her father was not at home, and Pleasant knew it. "Take a seat by the fire," was her hospitable words, when she had got him in; "men of your calling are always welcome here."

"Thankee," said the man.

His manner was the manner of a sailor, and his hands were the hands of a sailor, except that



they were smooth. Pleasant had an eye for sailors, and she noticed the unused color and texture of the hands, sunburnt though they were, as sharply as she noticed their unmistakable looseness and suppleness, as he sat himself down with his left arm carelessly thrown across his left leg a little above the knee, and the right arm as carelessly thrown over the elbow of the wooden chair, with the hand curved, half open and half shut, as if it had just let go a rope.

"Might you be looking for a Boarding-House?" Pleasant inquired, taking her observant stand on one side of the fire.

"I don't rightly know my plans yet," returned the man.

"You ain't looking for a Leaving Shop?"

"No," said the man.

"No," assented Pleasant, "you've got too much of an onfit on you for that. But if you should want either, this is both."

"Ay, ay!" said the man, glancing round the place. "I know. I've been here before."

"Did you Leave any thing when you were here before?" asked Pleasant, with a view to principal and interest.

"No." The man shook his head.

"I am pretty sure you never boarded here?"

"No." The man again shook his head.

"What *did* you do here when you were here before?" asked Pleasant. "For I don't remember you."

"It's not at all likely you should. I only stood at the door, one night—on the lower step there—while a ship-mate of mine looked in to speak to your father. I remember the place well." Looking very curiously round it.

"Might that have been long ago?"

"Ay, a goodish bit ago. When I came off my last voyage."

"Then you have not been to sea lately?"

"No. Been in the sick bay since then, and been employed ashore."

"Then, to be sure, that accounts for your hands."

The man with a keen look, a quick smile, and a change of manner, caught her up. "You're a good observer. Yes. That accounts for my hands."

Pleasant was somewhat disquieted by his look, and returned it suspiciously. Not only was his change of manner, though very sudden, quite collected, but his former manner, which he resumed, had a certain suppressed confidence and sense of power in it that were half threatening.

"Will your father be long?" he inquired.

"I don't know. I can't say."

"As you supposed he was at home, it would seem that he has just gone out? How's that?"

"I supposed he had come home," Pleasant explained.

"Oh! You supposed he had come home? Then he has been some time out? How's that?"

"I don't want to deceive you. Father's on the river in his boat."

"At the old work?" asked the man.

"I don't know what you mean," said Pleasant, shrinking a step back. "What on earth d'ye want?"

"I don't want to hurt your father. I don't want to say I might, if I chose. I want to speak to him. Not much in that, is there? There shall be no secrets from you; you shall be by. And plainly, Miss Riderhood, there's nothing to be got out of me, or made of me. I am not good for the Leaving Shop, I am not good for the Boarding-House, I am not good for any thing in your way to the extent of sixpenn'orth of halfpence. Put the idea aside, and we shall get on together."

"But you're a sea-faring man?" argued Pleasant, as if that were a sufficient reason for his being good for something in her way.

"Yes and no. I have been, and I may be again. But I am not for you. Won't you take my word for it?"

The conversation had arrived at a crisis to justify Miss Pleasant's hair in tumbling down. It tumbled down accordingly, and she twisted it up, looking from under her bent forehead at the man. In taking stock of his familiarly worn rough-weather nautical clothes, piece by piece, she took stock of a formidable knife in a sheath at his waist ready to his hand, and of a whistle hanging round his neck, and of a short jagged knotted club with a loaded head that peeped out of a pocket of his loose outer jacket or frock. He sat quietly looking at her; but, with these appendages partially revealing themselves, and with a quantity of bristling oakum-colored head and whisker, he had a formidable appearance.

"Won't you take my word for it?" he asked again.

Pleasant answered with a short dumb nod. He rejoined with another short dumb nod. Then he got up and stood with his arms folded, in front of the fire, looking down into it occasionally, as she stood with her arms folded, leaning against the side of the chimney-piece.

"To while away the time till your father comes," he said—"pray is there much robbing and murdering of seamen about the water-side now?"

"No," said Pleasant.

"Any?"

"Complaints of that sort are sometimes made, about Ratcliffe and Wapping, and up that way. But who knows how many are true?"

"To be sure. And it don't seem necessary."

"That's what I say," observed Pleasant. "Where's the reason for it? Bless the sailors, it ain't as if they ever could keep what they have without it."

"You're right. Their money may be soon got out of them, without violence," said the man.

"Of course it may," said Pleasant; "and then they ship again, and get more. And the best thing for 'em, too, to ship again as soon as ever they can be brought to it. They're never so well off as when they're afloat."

"I'll tell you why I ask," pursued the visitor,



looking up from the fire. "I was once beset that way myself, and left for dead."

"No?" said Pleasant. "Where did it happen?"

"It happened," returned the man, with a ruminative air, as he drew his right hand across his chin, and dipped the other in the pocket of his rough outer coat, "it happened somewhere about here as I reckon. I don't think it can have been a mile from here."

"Were you drunk?" asked Pleasant.

"I was muddled, but not with fair drinking. I had not been drinking, you understand. A mouthful did it."

Pleasant with a grave look shook her head; importing that she understood the process, but decidedly disapproved.

"Fair trade is one thing," said she, "but that's another. No one has a right to carry on with Jack in *that* way."

"The sentiment does you credit," returned the man, with a grim smile; and added, in a mutter, "the more so, as I believe it's not your father's.—Yes, I had a bad time of it, that time. I lost every thing, and had a sharp struggle for my life, weak as I was."

"Did you get the parties punished?" asked Pleasant.

"A tremendous punishment followed," said the man, more seriously; "but it was not of my bringing about."

"Of whose, then?" asked Pleasant.

The man pointed upward with his forefinger, and, slowly recovering that hand, settled his chin in it again as he looked at the fire. Bringing her inherited eye to bear upon him, Pleasant Riderhood felt more and more uncomfortable, his manner was so mysterious, so stern, so self-possessed.

"Any ways," said the damsel, "I am glad punishment followed, and I say so. Fair trade with sea-faring men gets a bad name through deeds of violence. I am as much against deeds of violence being done to sea-faring men, as sea-faring men can be themselves. I am of the same opinion as my mother was, when she was living. Fair trade, my mother used to say, but no robbery and no blows." In the way of trade Miss Pleasant would have taken—and indeed did take when she could—as much as thirty shillings a week for board that would be dear at five, and likewise conducted the Leaving business upon correspondingly equitable principles; yet she had that tenderness of conscience and those feelings of humanity, that the moment her ideas of trade were overstepped, she became the seaman's champion, even against her father whom she seldom otherwise resisted.

But she was here interrupted by her father's voice exclaiming angrily, "Now, Poll Parrot!" and by her father's hat being heavily flung from his hand and striking her face. Accustomed to such occasional manifestations of his sense of parental duty, Pleasant merely wiped her face on her hair (which of course had tumbled down)

before she twisted it up. This was another common procedure on the part of the ladies of the Hole, when heated by verbal or fistic altercation.

"Blest if I believe such a Poll Parrot as you was ever learned to speak!" growled Mr. Riderhood, stooping to pick up his hat, and making a feint at her with his head and right elbow; for he took the delicate subject of robbing seamen in extraordinary dudgeon, and was out of humor too. "What are you Poll Parroting at now? Ain't you got nothing to do but fold your arms and stand a Poll Parroting all night?"

"Let her alone," urged the man. "She was only speaking to me."

"Let her alone too!" retorted Mr. Riderhood, eying him all over. "Do you know she's my daughter?"

"Yes."

"And don't you know that I won't have no Poll Parroting on the part of my daughter? No, nor yet that I won't take no Poll Parroting from no man? And who may *you* be, and what may *you* want?"

"How can I tell you until you are silent?" returned the other, fiercely.

"Well," said Mr. Riderhood, quailing a little, "I am willing to be silent for the purpose of hearing. But don't Poll Parrot me."

"Are you thirsty, you?" the man asked, in the same fierce, short way, after returning his look.

"Why nat'rally," said Mr. Riderhood, "ain't I always thirsty!" (Indignant at the absurdity of the question.)

"What will you drink?" demanded the man.

"Sherry wine," returned Mr. Riderhood, in the same sharp tone, "if you're capable of it."

The man put his hand in his pocket, took out half a sovereign, and begged the favor of Miss Pleasant that she would fetch a bottle. "With the cork undrawn," he added, emphatically, looking at her father.

"I'll take my Alfred David," muttered Mr. Riderhood, slowly relaxing into a dark smile, "that you know a move. Do *I* know *you*? N—n—no, I don't know you."

The man replied, "No, you don't know me." And so they stood looking at one another surly enough, until Pleasant came back.

"There's small glasses on the shelf," said Riderhood to his daughter. "Give me the one without a foot. I gets my living by the sweat of my brow, and it's good enough for *me*." This had a modest self-denying appearance; but it soon turned out that as, by reason of the impossibility of standing the glass upright while there was any thing in it, it required to be emptied as soon as filled, Mr. Riderhood managed to drink in the proportion of three to one.

With his Fortunatus's goblet ready in his hand, Mr. Riderhood sat down on one side of the table before the fire, and the strange man on the other: Pleasant occupying a stool between the latter and the fireside. The back-ground, com-



posed of handkerchiefs, coats, shirts, hats, and other old articles "On Leaving," had a general dim resemblance to human listeners; especially where a shiny black sou'wester suit and hat hung, looking very like a clumsy mariner with his back to the company, who was so curious to overhear, that he paused for the purpose with his coat half pulled on, and his shoulders up to his ears in the uncompleted action.

The visitor first held the bottle against the light of the candle, and next examined the top of the cork. Satisfied that it had not been tampered with, he slowly took from his breast-pocket a rusty clasp-knife, and, with a cork-screw in the handle, opened the wine. That done, he looked at the cork, unscrewed it from the cork-screw, laid each separately on the table, and, with the end of the sailor's knot of his neckerchief, dusted the inside of the neck of the bottle. All this with great deliberation.

At first Riderhood had sat with his footless glass extended at arm's-length for filling, while the very deliberate stranger seemed absorbed in his preparations. But gradually his arm reverted home to him, and his glass was lowered and lowered until he rested it upside down upon the table. By the same degrees his attention became concentrated on the knife. And now, as the man held out the bottle to fill all round, Riderhood stood up, leaned over the table to look closer at the knife, and stared from it to him.

"What's the matter?" asked the man.

"Why, I know that knife!" said Riderhood.

"Yes, I dare say you do."

He motioned to him to hold up his glass, and filled it. Riderhood emptied it to the last drop and began again.

"That there knife—"

"Stop," said the man, composedly. "I was going to drink to your daughter. Your health, Miss Riderhood."

"That knife was the knife of a seaman named George Radfoot."

"It was."

"That seaman was well beknown to me."

"He was."

"What's come to him?"

"Death has come to him. Death came to him in an ugly shape. He looked," said the man, "very horrible after it."

"Arter what?" said Riderhood, with a frowning stare.

"After he was killed."

"Killed? Who killed him?"

Only answering with a shrug, the man filled the footless glass, and Riderhood emptied it: looking amazedly from his daughter to his visitor.

"You don't mean to tell a honest man—" he was recommencing with his empty glass in his hand, when his eye became fascinated by the stranger's outer coat. He leaned across the table to see it nearer, touched the sleeve, turned the cuff to look at the sleeve-lining (the man, in his

perfect composure, offering not the least objection), and exclaimed, "It's my belief as this here coat was George Radfoot's too!"

"You are right. He wore it the last time you ever saw him, and the last time you ever will see him—in this world."

"It's my belief you mean to tell me to my face you killed him!" exclaimed Riderhood; but, nevertheless, allowing his glass to be filled again.

The man only answered with another shrug, and showed no symptom of confusion.

"Wish I may die if I know what to be up to with this chap!" said Riderhood, after staring at him, and tossing his last glassful down his throat. "Let's know what to make of you. Say something plain."

"I will," returned the other, leaning forward across the table, and speaking in a low, impressive voice. "What a liar you are!"

The honest witness rose, and made as though he would fling his glass in the man's face. The man not wincing, and merely shaking his forefinger half knowingly, half menacingly, the piece of honesty thought better of it and sat down again, putting the glass down too.

"And when you went to that lawyer yonder in the Temple with that invented story," said the stranger, in an exasperatingly comfortable sort of confidence, "you might have had your strong suspicions of a friend of your own, you know. I think you had, you know."

"Me my suspicions? Of what friend?"

"Tell me again whose knife was this?" demanded the man.

"It was possessed by, and was the property of—him as I have made mention on," said Riderhood, stupidly evading the actual mention of the name.

"Tell me again whose coat was this?"

"That there article of clothing likewise belonged to, and was wore by—him as I have made mention on," was again the dull Old Bailey evasion.

"I suspect that you gave him the credit of the deed, and of keeping cleverly out of the way. But there was small cleverness in *his* keeping out of the way. The cleverness would have been, to have got back for one single instant to the light of the sun."

"Things is come to a pretty pass," growled Mr. Riderhood, rising to his feet, goaded to stand at bay, "when bullyers as is wearing dead men's clothes, and bullyers as is armed with dead men's knives, is to come into the houses of honest live men, getting their livings by the sweats of their brows, and is to make these here sort of charges with no rhyme and no reason, neither the one nor yet the other! Why should I have had my suspicions of him?"

"Because you knew him," replied the man; "because you had been one with him, and knew his real character under a fair outside; because on the night which you had afterward reason to believe to be the very night of the murder, he



came in here, within an hour of his having left his ship in the docks, and asked you in what lodgings he could find room. Was there no stranger with him?"

"I'll take my world-without-end everlasting Alfred David that you warn't with him," answered Riderhood. "You talk big, you do, but things look pretty black against yourself, to my thinking. You charge again' me that George Radfoot got lost sight of, and was no more thought of. What's that for a sailor? Why there's fifty such, out of sight and out of mind, ten times as long as him—through entering in different names, re-shipping when the out'ard voyage is made, and what not—a turning up to light every day about here, and no matter made of it. Ask my daughter. You could go on Poll Parroting enough with her, when I warn't come in: Poll Parrot a little with her on this pint. You and your suspicions of my suspicions of him! What are my suspicions of you? You tell me George Radfoot got killed. I ask you who done it and how you know it. You carry his knife and you wear his coat. I ask you how you come by 'em? Hand over that there bottle!" Here Mr. Riderhood appeared to labor under a virtuous delusion that it was his own property. "And you," he added, turning to his daughter, as he filled the footless glass, "if it warn't wasting good sherry wine on you, I'd chuck this at you, for Poll Parroting with this man. It's along of Poll Parroting that such like as him gets their suspicions, whereas I gets mine by arguement, and being nat'rally a honest man, and sweating away at the brow as a honest man ought." Here he filled the footless goblet again, and stood chewing one half of its contents and looking down into the other as he slowly rolled the wine about in the glass; while Pleasant, whose sympathetic hair had come down on her being apostrophized, rearranged it, much in the style of the tail of a horse when proceeding to market to be sold.

"Well? Have you finished?" asked the strange man.

"No," said Riderhood, "I ain't. Far from it. Now then! I want to know how George Radfoot come by his death, and how you come by his kit?"

"If you ever do know, you won't know now."

"And next I want to know," proceeded Riderhood, "whether you mean to charge that what-you-may-call-it-murder—"

"Harmon murder, father," suggested Pleasant.

"No Poll Parroting!" he vociferated, in return. "Keep your mouth shut!—I want to know, you Sir, whether you charge that there crime on George Radfoot?"

"If you ever do know, you won't know now."

"Perhaps you done it yourself?" said Riderhood, with a threatening action.

"I alone know," returned the man, sternly shaking his head, "the mysteries of that crime. I alone know that your trumped-up story can

not possibly be true. I alone know that it must be altogether false, and that you must know it to be altogether false. I come here to-night to tell you so much of what I know, and no more."

Mr. Riderhood, with his crooked eye upon his visitor, meditated for some moments, and then refilled his glass, and tipped the contents down his throat in three tips.

"Shut the shop-door!" he then said to his daughter, putting the glass suddenly down. "And turn the key and stand by it! If you know all this, you Sir," getting, as he spoke, between the visitor and the door, "why han't you gone to Lawyer Lightwood?"

"That, also, is alone known to myself," was the cool answer.

"Don't you know that, if you didn't do the deed, what you say you could tell is worth from five to ten thousand pound?" asked Riderhood.

"I know it very well, and when I claim the money you shall share it."

The honest man paused, and drew a little nearer to the visitor, and a little further from the door.

"I know it," repeated the man, quietly, "as well as I know that you and George Radfoot were one together in more than one dark business; and as well as I know that you, Roger Riderhood, conspired against an innocent man for blood-money; and as well as I know that I can—and that I swear I will!—give you up on both scores, and be proof against you in my own person, if you defy me!"

"Father!" cried Pleasant, from the door. "Don't defy him! Give way to him! Don't get into more trouble, father!"

"Will you leave off a Poll Parroting, I ask you?" cried Mr. Riderhood, half beside himself between the two. Then, propitiatingly and crawlingly: "You Sir! You han't said what you want of me. Is it fair, is it worthy of yourself, to talk of my defying you afore ever you say what you want of me?"

"I don't want much," said the man. "This accusation of yours must not be left half made and half unmade. What was done for the blood-money must be thoroughly undone."

"Well; but Shipmate—"

"Don't call me Shipmate," said the man.

"Captain, then," urged Mr. Riderhood; "there! You won't object to Captain. It's an honorable title, and you fully look it. Captain! Ain't the man dead? Now I ask you fair. Ain't Gaffer dead?"

"Well," returned the other, with impatience, "yes, he is dead. What then?"

"Can words hurt a dead man, Captain? I only ask you fair."

"They can hurt the memory of a dead man, and they can hurt his living children. How many children had this man?"

"Meaning Gaffer, Captain?"

"Of whom else are we speaking?" returned the other, with a movement of his foot, as if Rogue Riderhood were beginning to sneak be-



fore him in the body as well as the spirit, and he spurned him off. "I have heard of a daughter, and a son. I ask for information; I ask *your* daughter; I prefer to speak to her. What children did Hexam leave?"

Pleasant, looking to her father for permission to reply, that honest man exclaimed with great bitterness:

"Why the devil don't you answer the Captain? You can Poll Parrot enough when you ain't wanted to Poll Parrot, you perverse jade!"

Thus encouraged, Pleasant explained that there were only Lizzie, the daughter in question, and the youth. Both very respectable, she added.

"It is dreadful that any stigma should attach to them," said the visitor, whom the consideration rendered so uneasy that he rose, and paced to and fro, muttering, "Dreadful! Unforeseen? How could it be foreseen!" Then he stopped, and asked aloud: "Where do they live?"

Pleasant further explained that only the daughter had resided with the father at the time of his accidental death, and that she had immediately afterward quitted the neighborhood.

"I know that," said the man, "for I have been to the place they dwelt in, at the time of the inquest. Could you quietly find out for me where she lives now?"

Pleasant had no doubt she could do that. Within what time, did she think? Within a day. The visitor said that was well, and he would return for the information, relying on its being obtained. To this dialogue Riderhood had attended in silence, and he now obsequiously bespake the Captain.

"Captain! Mentioning them unfort'net words of mine respecting Gaffer, it is contrairily to be bore in mind that Gaffer always were a precious rascal, and that his line were a thieving line. Likeways when I went to them two Governors, Lawyer Lightwood and the t'other Governor, with my information, I may have been a little over-eager for the cause of justice, or (to put it another way) a little over-stimulated by them feelings which rouses a man up, when a pot of money is going about, to get his hand into that pot of money for his family's sake. Besides which, I think the wine of them two Governors was—I will not say a hocussed wine, but fur from a wine as was elthy for the mind. And there's another thing to be remembered, Captain. Did I stick to them words when Gaffer was no more, and did I say bold to them two Governors, 'Governors both, wot I informed I still inform; wot was took down I hold to?' No. I says, frank and open—no shuffling, mind you, Captain!—'I may have been mistook, I've been a thinking of it, it mayn't have been took down correct on this and that, and I won't swear to thick and thin, I'd rayther forfeit your good opinions than do it.' And so far as I know," concluded Mr. Riderhood, by way of proof and evidence to character, "I *have* actiwallly forfeited the good opinions of several persons—even

your own, Captain, if I understand your words—but I'd sooner do it than be forswore. There; if that's conspiracy, call me conspirator."

"You shall sign," said the visitor, taking very little heed of this oration, "a statement that it was all utterly false, and the poor girl shall have it. I will bring it with me for your signature when I come again."

"When might you be expected, Captain?" inquired Riderhood, again dubiously getting between him and the door.

"Quite soon enough for you. I shall not disappoint you; don't be afraid."

"Might you be inclined to leave any name, Captain?"

"No, not at all. I have no such intention."

"'Shall' is summ'at of a hard word, Captain," urged Riderhood, still feebly dodging between him and the door, as he advanced. "When you say a man 'shall' sign this and that and t'other, Captain, you order him about in a grand sort of a way. Don't it seem so to yourself?"

The man stood still, and angrily fixed him with his eyes.

"Father, father!" entreated Pleasant, from the door, with her disengaged hand nervously trembling at her lips; "don't! Don't get into trouble any more!"

"Hear me out, Captain, hear me out! All I was wishing to mention, Captain, afore you took your departer," said the sneaking Mr. Riderhood, falling out of his path, "was, your handsome words relating to the reward."

"When I claim it," said the man, in a tone which seemed to leave some such words as "you dog" very distinctly understood, "you shall share it."

Looking steadfastly at Riderhood, he once more said in a low voice, this time with a grim sort of admiration of him as a perfect piece of evil, "What a liar you are!" and, nodding his head twice or thrice over the compliment, passed out of the shop. But to Pleasant he said good-night kindly.

The honest man who gained his living by the sweat of his brow remained in a state akin to stupefaction, until the footless glass and the unfinished bottle conveyed themselves into his mind. From his mind he conveyed them into his hands, and so conveyed the last of the wine into his stomach. When that was done, he awoke to a clear perception that Poll Parroting was solely chargeable with what had passed. Therefore, not to be remiss in his duty as a father, he threw a pair of sea-boots at Pleasant, which she ducked to avoid, and then cried, poor thing, using her hair for a pocket-handkerchief.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A SOLO AND A DUET.

THE wind was blowing so hard when the visitor came out at the shop-door into the darkness and dirt of Limehouse Hole, that it almost blew



him in again. Doors were slamming violently, lamps were flickering or blown out, signs were rocking in their frames, the water of the kennels, wind-dispersed, flew about in drops like rain. Indifferent to the weather, and even preferring it to better weather for its clearance of the streets, the man looked about him with a scrutinizing glance. "Thus much I know," he murmured. "I have never been here since that night, and never was here before that night, but thus much I recognize. I wonder which way did we take when we came out of that shop. We turned to the right as I have turned, but I can recall no more. Did we go by this alley? Or down that little lane?"

He tried both, but both confused him equally, and he came straying back to the same spot. "I remember there were poles pushed out of upper windows on which clothes were drying, and I remember a low public house, and the sound flowing down a narrow passage belonging to it of the scraping of a fiddle and the shuffling of feet. But here are all these things in the lane, and here are all these things in the alley. And I have nothing else in my mind but a wall, a dark doorway, a flight of stairs, and a room."

He tried a new direction, but made nothing of it; walls, dark doorways, flights of stairs and rooms, were too abundant. And, like most people so puzzled, he again and again described a circle, and found himself at the point from which he had begun. "This is like what I have read in narratives of escape from prison," said he, "where the little track of the fugitives in the night always seems to take the shape of the great round world, on which they wander; as if it were a secret law."

Here he ceased to be the oakum-headed, oakum-whiskered man on whom Miss Pleasant Riderhood had looked, and, allowing for his being still wrapped in a nautical over-coat, became as like that same lost wanted Mr. Julius Handford as never man was like another in this world. In the breast of the coat he stowed the bristling hair and whisker, in a moment, as the favoring wind went with him down a solitary place that it had swept clear of passengers. Yet in that same moment he was the Secretary also, Mr. Boffin's Secretary. For John Rokesmith, too, was as like that same lost wanted Mr. Julius Handford as never man was like another in this world.

"I have no clew to the scene of my death," said he. "Not that it matters now. But having risked discovery by venturing here at all, I should have been glad to track some part of the way." With which singular words he abandoned his search, came up out of Limehouse Hole, and took the way past Limehouse Church. At the great iron gate of the church-yard he stopped and looked in. He looked up at the high tower spectrally resisting the wind, and he looked round at the white tombstones, like enough to the dead in their winding-sheets, and he counted the nine tolls of the clock-bell.

"It is a sensation not experienced by many mortals," said he, "to be looking into a church-yard on a wild windy night, and to feel that I no more hold a place among the living than these dead do, and even to know that I lie buried somewhere else, as they lie buried here. Nothing uses me to it. A spirit that was once a man could hardly feel stranger or lonelier, going unrecognized among mankind, than I feel.

"But this is the fanciful side of the situation. It has a real side, so difficult that, though I think of it every day, I never thoroughly think it out. Now, let me determine to think it out as I walk home. I know I evade it as many men—perhaps most men—do evade thinking their way through their greatest perplexity. I will try to pin myself to mine. Don't evade it, John Harmon; don't evade it; think it out!

"When I came back to England, attracted to the country with which I had none but most miserable associations, by the accounts of my fine inheritance that found me abroad, I came back, shrinking from my father's money, shrinking from my father's memory, mistrustful of being forced on a mercenary wife, mistrustful of my father's intention in thrusting that marriage on me, mistrustful that I was already growing avaricious, mistrustful that I was slackening in gratitude to the two dear noble honest friends who had made the only sunlight in my childish life or that of my heart-broken sister. I came back, timid, divided in my mind, afraid of myself and every body here, knowing of nothing but wretchedness that my father's wealth had ever brought about. Now, stop, and so far think it out, John Harmon. Is that so? That is exactly so.

"On board serving as third mate was George Radfoot. I knew nothing of him. His name first became known to me about a week before we sailed through my being accosted by one of the ship-agent's clerks as 'Mr. Radfoot.' It was one day when I had gone aboard to look to my preparations, and the clerk, coming behind me as I stood on deck, tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Mr. Radfoot, look here,' referring to some papers that he had in his hand. And my name first became known to Radfoot, through another clerk within a day or two, and while the ship was yet in port, coming up behind him, tapping him on the shoulder and beginning, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Harmon—' I believe we were alike in bulk and stature but not otherwise, and that we were not strikingly alike, even in those respects, when we were together and could be compared.

"However, a sociable word or two on these mistakes became an easy introduction between us, and the weather was hot, and he helped me to a cool cabin on deck along-side his own, and his first school had been at Brussels as mine had been, and he had learned French as I had learned it, and he had a little history of himself to relate—God only knows how much of it true, and



how much of it false—that had its likeness to mine. I had been a seaman too. So we got to be confidential together, and the more easily yet, because he and every one on board had known by general rumor what I was making the voyage to England for. By such degrees and means he came to the knowledge of my uneasiness of mind, and of its setting at that time in the direction of desiring to see and form some judgment of my allotted wife, before she could possibly know me for myself; also to try Mrs. Boffin and give her a glad surprise. So the plot was made out of our getting common sailors' dresses (as he was able to guide me about London), and throwing ourselves in Bella Wilfer's neighborhood, and trying to put ourselves in her way, and doing whatever chance might favor on the spot, and seeing what came of it. If nothing came of it I should be no worse off, and there would merely be a short delay in my presenting myself to Lightwood. I have all these facts right? Yes. They are all accurately right.

"His advantage in all this was, that for a time I was to be lost. It might be for a day or for two days, but I must be lost sight of on landing, or there would be recognition, anticipation, and failure. Therefore, I disembarked with my valise in my hand—as Potterson the steward and Mr. Jacob Kibble my fellow-passenger afterward remembered—and waited for him in the dark by that very Limehouse Church which is now behind me.

"As I had always shunned the port of London, I only knew the church through his pointing out its spire from on board. Perhaps I might recall, if it were any good to try, the way by which I went to it alone from the river; but how we two went from it to Riderhood's shop I don't know—any more than I know what turns we took and doubles we made after we left it. The way was purposely confused no doubt.

"But let me go on thinking the facts out, and avoid confusing them with my speculations. Whether he took me by a straight way or a crooked way what is that to the purpose now? Steady, John Harmon.

"When we stopped at Riderhood's, and he asked that scoundrel a question or two, purporting to refer only to the lodging-houses in which there was accommodation for us had I the least suspicion of him? None. Certainly none until afterward when I held the clew. I think he must have got from Riderhood in a paper the drug, or whatever it was, that afterward stupefied me, but I am far from sure. All I felt safe in charging on him to-night was old companionship in villainy between them. Their undisguised intimacy, and the character I now know Riderhood to bear, made that not at all adventurous. But I am not clear about the drug. Thinking out the circumstances on which I found my suspicion, they are only two. One: I remember his changing a small folded paper from one pocket to another after we came out, which

he had not touched before. Two: I now know Riderhood to have been previously taken up for being concerned in the robbery of an unlucky seaman, to whom some such poison had been given.

"It is my conviction that we can not have gone a mile from that shop before we came to the wall, the dark doorway, the flight of stairs, and the room. The night was particularly dark, and it rained hard. As I think the circumstances back I hear the rain splashing on the stone pavement of the passage, which was not under cover. The room overlooked the river, or a dock, or a creek, and the tide was out. Being possessed of the time down to that point, I know by the hour that it must have been about low water; but while the coffee was getting ready I drew back the curtain (a dark-brown curtain), and, looking out, knew by the kind of reflection below, of the few neighboring lights, that they were reflected in tidal mud.

"He had carried under his arm a canvas bag, containing a suit of his clothes. I had no change of under-clothes with me, as I was to buy slops. 'You are very wet, Mr. Harmon'—I can hear him saying—'and I am quite dry under this good water-proof coat. Put on these clothes of mine. You may find on trying them that they will answer your purpose to-morrow, as well as the slops you mean to buy, or better. While you change, I'll hurry the hot coffee.' When he came back I had his clothes on, and there was a black man with him, wearing a linen jacket, like a steward, who put the smoking coffee on the table in a tray and never looked at me. I am so far literal and exact? Literal and exact, I am certain.

"Now I pass to sick and deranged impressions; they are so strong, that I rely upon them; but there are spaces between them that I know nothing about, and they are not pervaded by any idea of time.

"I had drank some coffee, when to my sense of sight he began to swell immensely, and something urged me to rush at him. We had a struggle near the door. He got from me, through my not knowing where to strike, in the whirling round of the room, and the flashing of flames of fire between us. I dropped down. Lying helpless on the ground, I was turned over by a foot. I was dragged by the neck into a corner. I heard men speak together. I was turned over by other feet. I saw a figure like myself lying dressed in my clothes on a bed. What might have been, for any thing I knew, a silence of days, weeks, months, years, was broken by a violent wrestling of men all over the room. The figure like myself was assailed, and my valise was in its hand. I was trodden upon and fallen over. I heard a noise of blows, and thought it was a wood-cutter cutting down a tree. I could not have said that my name was John Harmon—I could not have thought it—I didn't know it—but when I heard the blows, I thought of the wood-cutter and his axe, and had some dead idea that I was lying in a forest.



"This is still correct? Still correct, with the exception that I can not possibly express it to myself without using the word I. But it was not I. There was no such thing as I, within my knowledge.

"It was only after a downward slide through something like a tube, and then a great noise and a sparkling and crackling as of fires, that the consciousness came upon me, 'This is John Harmon drowning! John Harmon, struggle for your life. John Harmon, call on Heaven and save yourself!' I think I cried it out aloud in a great agony, and then a heavy horrid unintelligible something vanished, and it was I who was struggling there alone in the water.

"I was very weak and faint, frightfully oppressed with drowsiness, and driving fast with the tide. Looking over the black water, I saw the lights racing past me on the two banks of the river, as if they were eager to be gone and leave me dying in the dark. The tide was running down, but I knew nothing of up or down then. When, guiding myself safely with Heaven's assistance before the fierce set of the water, I at last caught at a boat moored, one of a tier of boats at a causeway, I was sucked under her, and came up, only just alive, on the other side.

"Was I long in the water? Long enough to be chilled to the heart, but I don't know how long. Yet the cold was merciful, for it was the cold night air and the rain that restored me from a swoon on the stones of the causeway. They naturally supposed me to have toppled in, drunk, when I crept to the public house it belonged to; for I had no notion where I was, and could not articulate—through the poison that had made me insensible having affected my speech—and I supposed the night to be the previous night, as it was still dark and raining. But I had lost twenty-four hours.

"I have checked the calculation often, and it must have been two nights that I lay recovering in that public house. Let me see. Yes. I am sure it was while I lay in that bed there, that the thought entered my head of turning the danger I had passed through to the account of being for some time supposed to have disappeared mysteriously, and of proving Bella. The dread of our being forced on one another, and perpetuating the fate that seemed to have fallen on my father's riches—the fate that they should lead to nothing but evil—was strong upon the moral timidity that dates from my childhood with my poor sister.

"As to this hour I can not understand that side of the river where I recovered the shore, being the opposite side to that on which I was ensnared, I shall never understand it now. Even at this moment, while I leave the river behind me, going home, I can not conceive that it rolls between me and that spot, or that the sea is where it is. But this is not thinking it out; this is making a leap to the present time.

"I could not have done it, but for the fortune

in the water-proof belt round my body. Not a great fortune, forty and odd pounds, for the inheritor of a hundred and odd thousand! But it was enough. Without it I must have disclosed myself. Without it I could never have gone to the Exchequer Coffee-house, or taken Mrs. Wilfer's lodgings.

"Some twelve days I lived at that hotel, before the night when I saw the corpse of Radfoot at the Police Station. The inexpressible mental horror that I labored under, as one of the consequences of the poison, makes the interval seem greatly longer, but I know it can not have been longer. That suffering has gradually weakened and weakened since, and has only come upon me by starts, and I hope I am free from it now; but even now, I have sometimes to think, constrain myself, and stop before speaking, or I could not say the words I want to say.

"Again I ramble away from thinking it out to the end. It is not so far to the end that I need be tempted to break off. Now, on straight!

"I examined the newspapers every day for tidings that I was missing, but saw none. Going out that night to walk (for I kept retired while it was light), I found a crowd assembled round a placard posted at Whitehall. It described myself, John Harmon, as found dead and mutilated in the river under circumstances of strong suspicion, described my dress, described the papers in my pockets, and stated where I was lying for recognition. In a wild incautious way I hurried there, and there—with the horror of the death I had escaped, before my eyes in its most appalling shape, added to the inconceivable horror tormenting me at that time when the poisonous stuff was strongest on me—I perceived that Radfoot had been murdered by some unknown hands for the money for which he would have murdered me, and that probably we had both been shot into the river from the same dark place into the same dark tide, when the stream ran deep and strong.

"That night I almost gave up my mystery, though I suspected no one, could offer no information, knew absolutely nothing save that the murdered man was not I, but Radfoot. Next day while I hesitated, and next day while I hesitated, it seemed as if the whole country were determined to have me dead. The Inquest declared me dead, the Government proclaimed me dead; I could not listen at my fireside for five minutes to the outer noises but it was borne into my ears that I was dead.

"So John Harmon died, and Julius Handford disappeared, and John Rokesmith was born. John Rokesmith's intent to-night has been to repair a wrong that he could never have imagined possible, coming to his ears through the Lightwood talk related to him, and which he is bound by every consideration to remedy. In that intent John Rokesmith will persevere, as his duty is.

"Now, is it all thought out? All to this time? Nothing omitted? No, nothing. But beyond



this time? To think it out through the future is a harder though a much shorter task than to think it out through the past. John Harmon is dead. Should John Harmon come to life?

"If yes, why? If no, why?"

"Take yes, first. To enlighten human Justice concerning the offense of one far beyond it who may have a living mother. To enlighten it with the lights of a stone passage, a flight of stairs, a brown window-curtain, and a black man. To come into possession of my father's money, and with it sordidly to buy a beautiful creature whom I love—I can not help it; reason has nothing to do with it; I love her against reason—but who would as soon love me for my own sake as she would love the beggar at the corner. What a use for the money, and how worthy of its old misuses!

"Now, take no. The reasons why John Harmon should not come to life. Because he has passively allowed these dear old faithful friends to pass into possession of the property. Because he sees them happy with it, making a good use of it, effacing the old rust and tarnish on the money. Because they have virtually adopted Bella, and will provide for her. Because there is affection enough in her nature, and warmth enough in her heart, to develop into something enduringly good, under favorable conditions. Because her faults have been intensified by her place in my father's will, and she is already growing better. Because her marriage with John Harmon, after what I have heard from her own lips, would be a shocking mockery, of which both she and I must always be conscious, and which would degrade her in her mind, and me in mine, and each of us in the other's. Because if John Harmon comes to life and does not marry her, the property falls into the very hands that hold it now.

"What would I have? Dead, I have found the true friends of my lifetime still as true as tender, and as faithful as when I was alive, and making my memory an incentive to good actions done in my name. Dead, I have found them when they might have slighted my name, and passed greedily over my grave to ease and wealth, lingering by the way, like single-hearted children, to recall their love for me when I was a poor frightened child. Dead, I have heard from the woman who would have been my wife if I had lived the revolting truth that I should have purchased her, caring nothing for me, as a Sultan buys a slave.

"What would I have? If the dead could know, or do know, how the living use them, who among the hosts of dead has found a more disinterested fidelity on earth than I? Is not that enough for me? If I had come back, these noble creatures would have welcomed me, wept over me, given up every thing to me with joy. I did not come back, and they have passed unspoiled into my place. Let them rest in it, and let Bella rest in hers.

"What course for me then? This. To live

the same quiet Secretary life, carefully avoiding chances of recognition, until they shall have become more accustomed to their altered state, and until the great swarm of swindlers under many names shall have found newer prey. By that time, the method I am establishing through all the affairs, and with which I will every day take new pains to make them both familiar, will be, I may hope, a machine in such working order as that they can keep it going. I know I need but ask of their generosity to have. When the right time comes, I will ask no more than will replace me in my former path of life, and John Rokesmith shall tread it as contentedly as he may. But John Harmon shall come back no more.

"That I may never, in the days to come afar off, have any weak misgiving that Bella might, in any contingency, have taken me for my own sake if I had plainly asked her, I *will* plainly ask her; proving beyond all question what I already know too well. And now it is all thought out, from the beginning to the end, and my mind is easier."

So deeply engaged had the living-dead man been, in thus communing with himself, that he had regarded neither the wind nor the way, and had resisted the former as instinctively as he had pursued the latter. But being now come into the City, where there was a coach-stand, he stood irresolute whether to go to his lodgings, or to go first to Mr. Boffin's house. He decided to go round by the house, arguing, as he carried his over-coat upon his arm, that it was less likely to attract notice if left there than if taken to Holloway: both Mrs. Wilfer and Miss Lavinia being ravenously curious touching every article of which the lodger stood possessed.

Arriving at the house, he found that Mr. and Mrs. Boffin were out, but that Miss Wilfer was in the drawing-room. Miss Wilfer had remained at home, in consequence of not feeling very well, and had inquired in the evening if Mr. Rokesmith were in his room.

"Make my compliments to Miss Wilfer, and say I am here now."

Miss Wilfer's compliments came down in return, and, if it were not too much trouble, would Mr. Rokesmith be so kind as to come up before he went?

It was not too much trouble, and Mr. Rokesmith came up.

Oh she looked very pretty, she looked very, very pretty! If the father of the late John Harmon had but left his money unconditionally to his son, and if his son had but lighted on this lovable girl for himself, and had the happiness to make her loving as well as lovable!

"Dear me! Are you not well, Mr. Rokesmith?"

"Yes, quite well. I was sorry to hear, when I came in, that you were not."

"A mere nothing. I had a headache—gone now—and was not quite fit for a hot theatre, so



I staid at home. I asked you if you were not well, because you look so white."

"Do I? I have had a busy evening."

She was on a low ottoman before the fire, with a little shining jewel of a table, and her book and her work, beside her. Ah! what a different life the late John Harmon's, if it had been his happy privilege to take his place upon that ottoman, and draw his arm about that waist, and say, "I hope the time has been long without me? What a Home Goddess you look, my darling!"

But the present John Rokesmith, far removed from the late John Harmon, remained standing at a distance. A little distance in respect of space, but a great distance in respect of separation.

"Mr. Rokesmith," said Bella, taking up her work, and inspecting it all round the corners, "I wanted to say something to you when I could have the opportunity, as an explanation why I was rude to you the other day. You have no right to think ill of me, Sir."

The sharp little way in which she darted a look at him, half sensitively injured, and half pettishly, would have been very much admired by the late John Harmon.

"You don't know how well I think of you, Miss Wilfer."

"Truly you must have a very high opinion of me, Mr. Rokesmith, when you believe that in prosperity I neglect and forget my old home."

"Do I believe so?"

"You *did*, Sir, at any rate," returned Bella.

"I took the liberty of reminding you of a little omission into which you had fallen—insensibly and naturally fallen. It was no more than that."

"And I beg leave to ask you, Mr. Rokesmith," said Bella, "why you took that liberty?—I hope there is no offense in the phrase; it is your own, remember."

"Because I am truly, deeply, profoundly interested in you, Miss Wilfer. Because I wish to see you always at your best. Because I—shall I go on?"

"No, Sir," returned Bella, with a burning face, "you have said more than enough. I beg that you will *not* go on. If you have any generosity, any honor, you will say no more."

The late John Harmon, looking at the proud face with the downcast eyes, and at the quick breathing as it stirred the fall of bright brown hair over the beautiful neck, would probably have remained silent.

"I wish to speak to you, Sir," said Bella, "once for all, and I don't know how to do it. I have sat here all this evening, wishing to speak to you, and determining to speak to you, and feeling that I must. I beg for a moment's time."

He remained silent, and she remained with her face averted, sometimes making a slight movement as if she would turn and speak. At length she did so.

"You know how I am situated here, Sir, and

you know how I am situated at home. I must speak to you for myself, since there is no one about me whom I could ask to do so. It is not generous in you, it is not honorable in you, to conduct yourself toward me as you do."

"Is it ungenerous or dishonorable to be devoted to you; fascinated by you?"

"Preposterous!" said Bella.

The late John Harmon might have thought it rather a contemptuous and lofty word of repudiation.

"I now feel obliged to go on," pursued the Secretary, "though it were only in self-explanation and self-defense. I hope, Miss Wilfer, that it is not unpardonable—even in me—to make an honest declaration of an honest devotion to you."

"An honest declaration!" repeated Bella, with emphasis.

"Is it otherwise?"

"I must request, Sir," said Bella, taking refuge in a touch of timely resentment, "that I may not be questioned. You must excuse me if I decline to be cross-examined."

"Oh, Miss Wilfer, this is hardly charitable. I ask you nothing but what your own emphasis suggests. However, I waive even that question. But what I have declared I take my stand by. I can not recall the avowal of my earnest and deep attachment to you, and I do not recall it."

"I reject it, Sir," said Bella.

"I should be blind and deaf if I were not prepared for the reply. Forgive my offense, for it carries its punishment with it."

"What punishment?" asked Bella.

"Is my present endurance none? But excuse me; I did not mean to cross-examine you again."

"You take advantage of a hasty word of mine," said Bella, with a little sting of self-reproach, "to make me seem—I don't know what. I spoke without consideration when I used it. If that was bad, I am sorry; but you repeat it after consideration, and that seems to me to be at least no better. For the rest, I beg it may be understood, Mr. Rokesmith, that there is an end of this between us, now and forever."

"Now and forever," he repeated.

"Yes. I appeal to you, Sir," proceeded Bella with increasing spirit, "not to pursue me. I appeal to you not to take advantage of your position in this house to make my position in it distressing and disagreeable. I appeal to you to discontinue your habit of making your misplaced attentions as plain to Mrs. Boffin as to me."

"Have I done so?"

"I should think you have," replied Bella. "In any case it is not your fault if you have not, Mr. Rokesmith."

"I hope you are wrong in that impression. I should be very sorry to have justified it. I think I have not. For the future there is no apprehension. It is all over."

"I am much relieved to hear it," said Bella. "I have far other views in life, and why should you waste your own?"



"Mine," said the Secretary. "My life!"

His curious tone caused Bella to glance at the curious smile with which he said it. It was gone as he glanced back. "Pardon me, Miss Wilfer," he proceeded, when their eyes met; "you have used some hard words, for which I do not doubt you have a justification in your mind that I do not understand. Ungenerous and dishonorable! In what?"

"I would rather not be asked," said Bella, haughtily looking down.

"I would rather not ask, but the question is imposed upon me. Kindly explain; or if not kindly, justly."

"Oh, Sir!" said Bella, raising her eyes to his, after a little struggle to forbear, "is it generous and honorable to use the power here which your favor with Mr. and Mrs. Boffin and your ability in your place give you against me?"

"Against you?"

"Is it generous and honorable to form a plan for gradually bringing their influence to bear upon a suit which I have shown you that I do not like, and which I tell you that I utterly reject?"

The late John Harmon could have borne a good deal, but he would have been cut to the heart by such a suspicion as this.

"Would it be generous and honorable to step into your place—if you did so, for I don't know that you did, and I hope you did not—anticipating, or knowing beforehand, that I should come here, and designing to take me at this disadvantage?"

"This mean and cruel disadvantage," said the Secretary.

"Yes," assented Bella.

The Secretary kept silence for a little while; then merely said, "You are wholly mistaken, Miss Wilfer; wonderfully mistaken. I can not say, however, that it is your fault. If I deserve better things of you, you do not know it."

"At least, Sir," retorted Bella, with her old indignation rising, "you know the history of my being here at all. I have heard Mr. Boffin say that you are master of every line and word of that will, as you are master of all his affairs. And was it not enough that I should have been willed away, like a horse, or a dog, or a bird; but must you too begin to dispose of me in your mind, and speculate in me, as soon as I had ceased to be the talk and the laugh of the town? Am I forever to be made the property of strangers?"

"Believe me," returned the Secretary, "you are wonderfully mistaken."

"I should be glad to know it," answered Bella.

"I doubt if you ever will. Good-night. Of course I shall be careful to conceal any traces of this interview from Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, as long as I remain here. Trust me, what you have complained of is at an end forever."

"I am glad I have spoken, then, Mr. Rokesmith. It has been painful and difficult, but it

is done. If I have hurt you, I hope you will forgive me. I am inexperienced and impetuous, and I have been a little spoiled; but I really am not so bad as I dare say I appear, or as you think me."

He quitted the room when Bella had said this, relenting in her willful inconsistent way. Left alone, she threw herself back on her ottoman, and said, "I didn't know the lovely woman was such a Dragon!" Then she got up and looked in the glass, and said to her image, "You have been positively swelling your features, you little fool!" Then she took an impatient walk to the other end of the room and back, and said, "I wish Pa was here to have a talk about an avaricious marriage; but he is better away, poor dear, for I know I should pull his hair if he *was* here." And then she threw her work away, and threw her book after it, and sat down and hummed a tune, and hummed it out of tune, and quarreled with it.

And John Rokesmith, what did he?

He went down to his room, and buried John Harmon many additional fathoms deep. He took his hat and walked out, and, as he went to Holloway or any where else—not at all minding where—heaped mounds upon mounds of earth over John Harmon's grave. His walking did not bring him home until the dawn of day. And so busy had he been all night, piling and piling weights upon weights of earth above John Harmon's grave, that by that time John Harmon lay buried under a whole Alpine range; and still the Sexton Rokesmith accumulated mountains over him, lightening his labor with the dirge, "Cover him, crush him, keep him down!"

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH SNOB.

SOME years ago there came to this country the Honorable Grantley F. Berkeley. He was accompanied by a considerable pack of hunting dogs and a number of rifles. He quarreled with every body, had several bouts at fist-icuffs, was once put out of a railroad car for incivility and refusal to obey the rules of the road; went out West and tried, with but indifferent success, to kill buffaloes; returned to England full of hatred for the Yankees, and wrote a book in which he detailed his griefs, and expressed the opinion that America was not a country for a gentleman to live in. In short, the Honorable Grantley F. Berkeley proved himself a snob of the first water, and, according to the general opinion of our Western hunters, but a poor shot.

This person has just favored the world with his autobiography. The world ought to be grateful; and as the book is too dull to incur the danger of reprint on this side of the water we propose to give, in a few pages, to the reading world of America, some notion of the boon which Mr. Berkeley has conferred upon his race. Such a flower as he ought not to blush unseen.

In the first place, of course, Mr. Berkeley informs his readers that he comes of a very an-



cient and powerful family. It requires the successive efforts of a great many "progenitors" to produce such a marvel as this Honorable. In the very first chapter we read of "the Berkeley influence," "the witch of Berkeley," "the customs of the Berkeleys—their duties and privileges," "value of the Berkeley estates," "strength and antiquity of the Castle," and, finally, of the practice of "Lynch law" by the Berkeleys. It might be expected that they would leave this practice to the "dirty Yankees;" but great men have their weaknesses—as a French writer once remarked, "most men are mortal." Not only this, but in this very first chapter we are introduced to a Prince of Wales and to several dukes. This is only a foretaste of what is to follow, however. The book is full of the best company; titles gleam on every page; and if what Mr. Berkeley has to tell of his friends the princes, royal dukes, earls, counts, barons, and other high and mighty "nobility and gentry" is of the dullest, and often not of the most decent, that is perhaps because these personages were in truth neither brilliant nor decorous.

The book opens with "Mary Oldacre, my nurse," and the remarkable incident that she handed him, one day, "the keys of the Shrubbery Gate of the Castle." "It is impossible," he tells us, "to express the affection with which, at this age and long subsequently, I regarded this most faithful and attached servant." Turning over the page, we are informed farther that she and her husband now "share the sleep of eternal peace," whatever that may mean; and our author adds, "I do not remember what is their epitaph." Much as he loved them, he evidently did not trouble himself about a gravestone for them.

The Honorable Mr. Berkeley tells us that his mother was the daughter of a petty tradesman, and for many years his father's mistress. Her sister Susan was also, at one time, "living under the protection of a man able to maintain her." He adds: "There is reason to believe that she, in addition, received a considerable sum of money from Lord Berkeley (the writer's father), for placing her sister in his hands." One of Mr. Berkeley's earliest recollections, he tells us, is of an attempt at something very like forgery, practiced under his father's roof, by "the heads of the family." An "extraordinary instrument, made to hold two pens, connected, but at some distance from each other, by a brass rod," was used in these attempts; "one was dry, the other the operators charged with ink; and then, holding the dry one in their hands, passed it carefully over some signatures or writing, on an old paper or parchment, anxiously observing if the marks made by the inked pen corresponded with those they traced with the dry one."

The father practiced summary Lynch law upon his estates. Riding along a public path one day he met "a fellow" carrying what the lord suspected, for some reason, to be a well-filled game-bag. Whereupon he coolly perpetrated

this brutality: "He slipped his right foot back out of the stirrup, and kept it in readiness on the flank of his horse; then, manœuvring to make the man pass on that side, he launched the toe of his heavy boot against the pit of the man's stomach with such force that the latter [the man, not his stomach, Mr. Berkeley means] went down like a shot." Then he searched his victim's bag, and "was extremely disappointed to find in it nothing but rabbits."

"The Prince of Wales and his royal brothers" were frequent visitors to the Castle, where they amused themselves by making sport of the other visitors. One "Jeremiah Hawkins, Esq., of the Haws," a Gloucestershire Squire, was among these, and the Duke of Clarence thus "drew him out:"

"Well, my good friend," the Duke said, after dinner, "do you ever wear breeches and top-boots?"

"Please your Greece," replied Jerry, "I seldom wears only thing else."

"I hear you are not afraid of water," continued the sportive "Royal Highness;" "do you ever wash your feet?"

"Sometimes in summer, please your Greece, when it's hot!" was Squire Hawkins's honest reply.

When Mr. Berkeley's father died there was a quarrel about the succession between two of the brothers, which was carried to the House of Peers, and in the course of it the history of "Miss Tudor"—the name by which the mother of these hopefuls was known during a part of her life at the Castle—was pretty thoroughly published. It was decided that she was not legally married to Lord Berkeley till after her fourth son was born. Of one of his brothers, Colonel Berkeley, he says that he has no virtues and all the vices. He preferred the most disreputable society, and traveled the country as an amateur actor. Some of the other brothers appear to have been no better than this one. Mr. Berkeley relates that after his mother's death, when his sister, Lady Mary Berkeley, desired to live in "the old house in Spring Gardens," she was driven out of it, because her brother, Colonel Berkeley, insisted on bringing his mistress to the house.

Young Berkeley was early taught boxing by his elder brothers, who thought it fine sport to make him fight the stable-boys or to pick a quarrel with street boys or men. His brother Moreton, when at college, instead of studying, kept a pack of hounds, and in spring kept a gun in his room, and with small charges "dropped the old rooks on the heads of contemplative Dons, as they walked unsuspectingly beneath the trees of Corpus." Boxing, horse-racing, and hunting were held in greater honor among the young Berkeleys than books or study; and of schooling the writer of this book appears to have received but a moderate quantity. He became an officer in "the Guards" when he was scarcely more than a boy; and appears, from his own accounts, to have passed the remainder of his life either in



Parliament—where, as he mentions with great pride, he on all occasions voted as his brother desired him to—and in the hunting field, where he became a doughty hunter of foxes, and a ready promoter of quarrels among his fellow-hunters. The two volumes of his autobiography contain here and there a few traits of English life which possess a little interest.

Mr. Berkeley relates that the Duke of St. Alban's, on going out for a day's shooting, tied his left eye up with a black silk handkerchief, saying, "I hear you have a lot of game, so I am blinding my eye to avoid the trouble of having to shut it so often when I fire." The late Lord Rokeby "went to Greenwich behind a pair of posters," and on returning was upset by the post-boy, who was drunk. The next time he went the same road he noticed that the same post-boy had the horses in charge. "Now mind, my good fellow," said the noble lord, "you had your jollification last time; it's my turn now, so I shall get drunk, and you must keep sober."

Here is a really good story of John and Charles Kemble, who sat one night in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre, listening to a play. Charles Kemble remarked to his brother, in the course of the evening,

"I really think this the very best play for representation Shakspeare ever wrote."

No sooner had he made this remark than a huge, red-headed, broad-shouldered Irishman, who sat immediately behind him, leant forward and tapped him on the shoulder to secure his attention.

"I think, Sir," he observed, with a strong brogue, "ye said it was one Shakspeare what wraught that play. It was *not* Shakspeare, Sir, but me friend, Linnard M'Nally, what wraught that play."

"Oh, Sir," replied Charles Kemble, coolly, "very well."

A short time after this the Irishman tapped him on the shoulder again.

"Do ye belave, Sir," he demanded, "that it was me friend Linnard M'Nally what wraught that play?"

"Oh yes, certainly, Sir—if you say so," was the peaceable answer.

For a while he remained unmolested, but at last he felt the heavy finger once more upon him.

"Your friend what sits on your left hand," exclaimed the Irishman, "don't *look* as if he belaved it was me friend Linnard M'Nally what wraught that play!"

This was too much for the brothers; they rose together and left the house, not deeming it either pleasant or safe to stay in such belligerent society. Who the man was they never knew, says Mr. Berkeley; but the friend whom he was so determined to pass off as the greatest dramatic genius of every age and country was an obscure song-writer and playwright. In the former line he deserves remembrance only as the author of "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

The Gunters—celebrated pastry-cooks of London—were fond of fox-hunting.

"That is a fine horse you're on, Mr. Gunter," said Lord Alvanley to one of them one day.

"Yes he is, my lord," replied the pastry-cook; "but he is so hot I can't hold him."

"Why the deuce don't you ice him then?" politely rejoined his lordship.

The same nobleman described a day's sport with Mr. Berkeley's hounds in the neighborhood of town: "The melon and asparagus beds were very heavy—up to our hocks in glass all day; and all Berkeley wanted was a landing-net to get his deer out of the water."

The present Bishop of Oxford, Wilberforce, is called by the wicked "Soapy Sam," and Mr. Berkeley tells the following story of him, which shows that the nickname is not amiss. The Bishop was sitting in a first-class car, where all the seats were full but one in front of him, upon which he had stretched his legs. A gentleman in search of a place asked the bishop if the seat in front of him was occupied, who replied that it was. The gentleman was obliged to accept an uncomfortable seat in a second-class car; but, straying into the first-class during the journey, was disgusted to find the bishop's legs still in possession.

"My lord," he exclaimed, indignantly, "at least I expected the truth from you! You told me the seat was taken."

"I did not, Sir," replied the bishop. "You asked me if the seat was *occupied*, and with much sincerity I replied in the affirmative."

This was pretty sharp practice for a bishop. The story reminds our author of a retort by Thesiger, the present Lord Chelmsford. Going down St. James's Street, one day, he passed a stranger, who turned, and said, with a look of pleased recognition, "Mr. Birch, I believe?" "If you believe that," replied Thesiger, "you'll believe any thing."

A bosom friend of the Berkeley's, we are told, was Lord William Lennox, a nobleman of somewhat odd habits. When an opera box was lent him, he let it out for money to a stranger; when he was intrusted by Lord Segrave with money to pay for a dinner, he pocketed the sum designed to reward the waiters; when he was presented with a purse of money to bring a certain lady to Berkeley Castle in good style, he sent her down in the coach and kept the money. All this was done simply and only for amusement, we are repeatedly assured; and "in spite of this reckless determination to have his fun, there was no one whom Lord Segrave desired to have about him more than he did William Lennox." Truly there is no accounting for tastes.

Mr. Berkeley tells us that he had a quarrel with Dr. Maginn, the cause being a young lady to whom Maginn was said to have made infamous proposals. In the course of this quarrel, our author relates that he thrashed Mr. Fraser, the publisher of *Fraser's Magazine*, and fought a duel with Maginn. Mr. Dalrymple, afterward Earl of Stair, is another of the charming people to whom this autobiography introduces us. This



nobleman was a glutton, and besides "very fond of low female society." At Crockford's this person once met Mr. Berkeley, and invited him to dine "at eight." "I've ordered *such* a dinner here to-day, of old Ude!" he said. "There's enough for two; and I'll order something more. Let's dine together." At eight Mr. Berkeley came, but found no dinner. The Earl of Stair had "dined long ago—and deuced good it was," as he explained, picking his teeth by the window. He had eaten a dinner for two.

Our author informs the world that in fox-hunting his brother, Colonel Berkeley, "had a peculiar knack of his own of applying very wild names and rough epithets personally to such people" as did not ride to suit him. "His language," he adds, "though extremely violent and abusive, was not a bit more severe than that of Assheton Smith, Lord Southampton, mine, or Lord Ducie's;" and he relates that Colonel Berkeley once said to the last-named, "Well, I hear you're a greater blackguard, out with your hounds, than I am."

"No, I'm not," replied Ducie; "you beat me; for I never d—d a man's soul by the color of his horse."

Colonel Berkeley, it seems, had "fancifully" addressed himself to an offender's "chestnut soul."

As it is an autobiography from which we have been culling these few stories, it is but right that we should finish with a personal trait of character. Mr. Berkeley relates of himself: "In Hyde Park I very nearly bought at my own price rather a nice horse. It had just bolted with its owner, who could not ride. He was evidently a muff in hand and seat, and the animal went clean over the rails that separated the grass from the gravel, while he fell heavily off without the horse coming down. The latter did not run away, and the rider was unhurt, but as he again took hold of the reins I saw that he regarded his steed with a look of distrust.

"'That, Sir, is a vicious beast,' I exclaimed, 'and not fit to ride in London; if you'll sell him I'll give you twenty pounds, and run all risks from his temper.'

"'Thank you, Sir,' replied the discomfited equestrian, rather confused by his fall; 'I do not think him safe, and I will take—' Here he hesitated, and having reflected for a moment, added, 'No, Sir, I will *not* take your offer.' So saying, and regarding me at the same time with rather an offended look, as if he fancied I intended to do him, he led his horse away."

This would be counted pretty sharp practice in some countries and in more unsophisticated society than that of London.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of December.—Congress met on the 5th of December. In the Senate Mr. Farwell appeared from Maine in place of Mr. Fessenden, who had resigned to accept the post of Secretary of the Treasury. In the House Mr. Ingersoll took the place of Mr. Lovejoy, from Illinois, deceased; Mr. Knox that of Mr. Frank Blair, from Missouri, resigned; Mr. Townsend that of Mr. Stebbins from New York, resigned. Mr. Poston appeared as delegate from the Territory of Arizona; Mr. Worthington was qualified as member from the new State of Nevada. The only important changes in the standing committees are that in the Senate Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, is chairman of the Committee on Finance, in place of Mr. Fessenden, appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, was appointed chairman of the Naval Committee in place of Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire. The credentials of five Representatives and two Senators, claiming seats from Louisiana, were presented and referred. The question will come up for consideration whether the election at which they were chosen was a valid one.

Hon. Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, was nominated by the President, and unanimously confirmed by the Senate, as Chief Justice of the United States, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Chief Justice Taney. Mr. Chase was born in New Hampshire, January 13, 1808. He commenced the practice of the law at Cincinnati in 1831. In 1841 he first began to take a prominent part in politics, acting with that portion of the Democratic party opposed to the extension of slavery, and was elected

United States Senator in 1849. On the disruption of the parties in 1852, Mr. Chase went over to the newly organized Republican party. In 1855 he was elected Governor of Ohio, and was re-elected in 1857, his second term closing in 1860. In that year he was one of the leading candidates for the Presidency, and had also been again chosen Senator. He resigned this post to accept the office of Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet; he held this post until June 30, 1864, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Mr. Fessenden. In 1864 he was suggested for the Presidency, but declined to become a candidate, and gave his support to Mr. Lincoln.

The President's Message opens with a brief resumé of our relations with foreign Powers, which are pronounced to be "reasonably satisfactory." No mention, however, is made of our relations with France; the complications with Brazil, growing out of the capture of the *Florida*, are only briefly alluded to; and in consequence of the outrages on our Canadian frontier, the President recommends that notice shall be given that, after six months, the United States will be at liberty to increase its naval force on the northern lakes. He recommends further legislation to protect immigrants, and encourage emigration to this country. He estimates the production of gold and silver in the mineral region of the Pacific slope at \$100,000,000 for the last year.—The movement for the total abolition of slavery is, he says, though short of success, still in the right direction. In Arkansas and Louisiana loyal State Governments, with free Constitutions, have been organized; movements to the same end, though



less definite, have been made in Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee; Maryland is secure for freedom. The President recommends the passage by the present Congress of the Act, passed by the Senate at the last session, but which failed to receive the requisite two-thirds vote in the House, submitting to the States an amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting Slavery in the United States. The recent election shows, he says, that this Act will pass the next Congress, and it is merely a question of time when the matter shall be referred to the States. The vote at the late Presidential election is referred to as showing that, in spite of the waste of war, the loyal States have increased in population. A table was furnished showing that in 1860 the States which are now loyal cast 3,870,222 votes. The same States, with the addition of the two new States of Kansas and Nevada, cast, in 1864, 4,015,773 votes; showing, notwithstanding a decrease of nearly 150,000 votes in Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, a net increase of 145,751 votes; to which should be added at least 90,000 for the votes of soldiers in States which failed to pass laws enabling soldiers to vote. The table, as made up in the Message, was formed partly from estimates, and contained many inaccuracies; but the general result is nearly correct. To this increased strength of the Union should be also added the augmented population of the Territories, and the numbers of whites and blacks in the insurgent States who join us as our arms press back the enemy.—The President emphatically opposes all attempts at negotiation with the insurgent leader, who has repeatedly declared that he will accept no terms which do not involve the severance of the Union. This does not necessarily apply to his followers. Although he can not accept the Union they can. A year ago pardon and a general amnesty were offered to all except certain specified classes, and it was announced that these classes were within the contemplation of special clemency. The door for return is still open; but, adds the President, "The time may come, and probably will come, when public duty will demand that it be closed, and that in lieu more rigorous measures than heretofore shall be adopted." The Message closes with an emphatic declaration that the President will retract nothing which he has heretofore said in respect to slavery. "While I remain in my present position," he says, "I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation; nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the Acts of Congress. If the people should, by whatever acts or means, make it an Executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it. In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it."

The Report of the *Secretary of the Treasury* furnishes an elaborate exposé of the fiscal affairs of the country, and contains many practical suggestions. We can here present only a few of the essential points. The fiscal year closed on the 1st of July, 1864; at which time the entire public debt amounted to \$1,740,699,000, the interest upon which is \$91,810,000, of which \$56,000,000 is payable in coin. If the war continues probably this debt will be increased by \$500,000,000 during the present year. The actual receipts and expenditures for the past fiscal year, closing June 30, 1864, were as follows:

RECEIPTS.	
From Customs .....	\$102,316,152 99
From Lands .....	588,333 29
From Direct Taxes .....	475,648 96
From Internal Revenue .....	109,741,134 10
From Miscellaneous Sources .....	47,511,448 10
From Loans .....	623,443,919 13
Total receipts .....	\$884,076,646 77
EXPENDITURES.	
War Department .....	\$600,791,842 97
Navy Department .....	85,793,292 79
Interest of Public Debt .....	53,685,421 69
Civil Service .....	27,505,599 46
Pensions and Indians .....	7,517,930 97
Total expenditures .....	\$865,234,087 86
Balance on hand .....	\$18,842,558 91

The two most important items of Miscellaneous sources are premiums on gold and silver, about \$18,644,000, and Commutation Money, \$12,451,000. The Secretary estimates the actual expenditures of the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1865, at \$895,729,000, and the receipts under existing laws at \$382,355,000, leaving to be provided for, \$512,374,000. He hopes that Congress will so modify the Internal Revenue law as to produce \$50,000,000 additional, which will leave \$482,374,000 to be added to the public debt; which will then be, on the 1st of July, 1865, about \$2,223,000,000. For the next fiscal year, ending June 30, 1866, for which provision must be made this year, he estimates a gross deficiency of about \$422,000,000, making the public debt on the 1st of July, 1866, about \$2,645,000,000. These estimates are, of course, based upon the supposition that the war continues. The Secretary recommends, among other things, that the Internal Revenue Tax be augmented; that the Income Tax be applied to all incomes, graduated, however, according to their amount; that the mineral domains of the United States be made available either by absolute sale or by renting them; and that there should be no banks of issue except such as are authorized by the national Government.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Navy* presents a comprehensive survey of the operations of that Department. The following are some of the leading points: We have now in service and under construction 671 vessels carrying 4610 guns, with a tonnage of 510,000, a net increase of 83 vessels, 167 guns, 42,000 tons. There are in the naval service about 51,000 men. During the year 324 vessels have been captured; the whole number during the war being 1379, of which 267 are steamers. The gross proceeds of the sale of prize property is nearly \$14,500,000, and a large amount is still under adjudication. The entire expense of the Naval Department from March 4, 1861, to November 1, 1864, has been \$288,647,000.

According to the Report of the *Postmaster-General* the expenditures of the Department, during the year ending June 1, 1864, were \$12,644,786 20, the receipts \$12,468,253 78, leaving a deficit of \$206,652 42; so that, were the franked matter which passes through the mails paid for, the Department would now for the first time be more than self-sustaining.

The Report of the *Secretary of War* has not been published.

The action of Congress thus far has been mainly confined to the consideration of measures proposed for action. In the Senate, the following are the principal bills introduced, and subjects of inquiry referred to the appropriate committees: That the President inform what proposition of aid for rebels

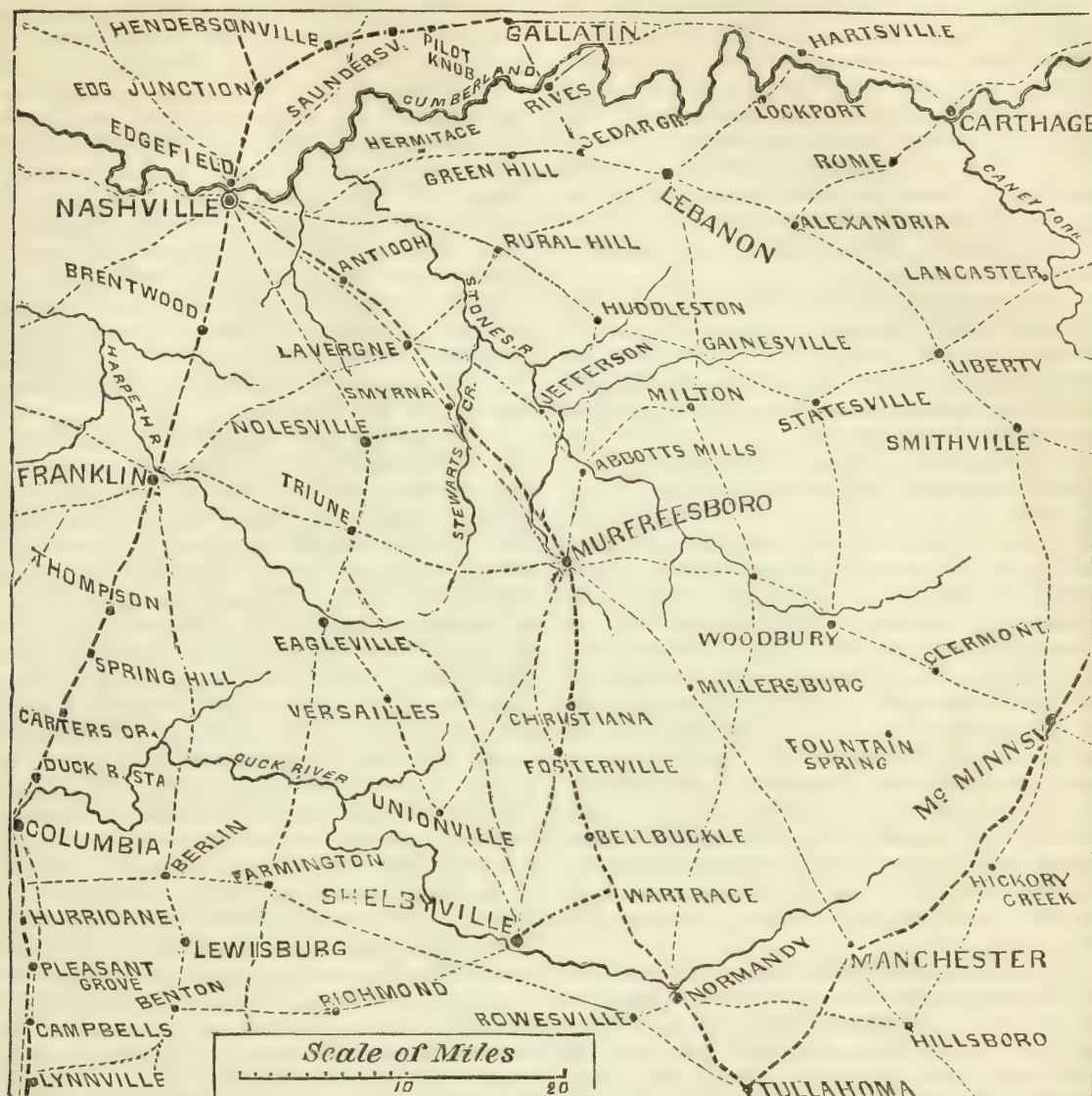


had been received: answered that a request to distribute among rebel prisoners £17,000 collected at a bazar in Liverpool, had been made and refused.—For establishing a home for disabled soldiers and sailors.—For constructing revenue cutters on the lakes.—Thanking Captain Winslow and Lieutenant Cushing.—Petition of General Weitzel and others for increase of pay.—To inquire into the expediency of an Act to increase the revenue by a tax on sales and fares; and to retrench the currency by prohibiting the establishment of additional banks.—Resolutions by Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, for consolidating Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire into one State; Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island into another; Maryland, Delaware, and a part of Virginia into another: and that the President and Vice-President of the United States shall be chosen alternately from the Free and Slave States.—To compel all vessels engaged in foreign trade to take one American boy for each 500 tons.—Authorizing the President to transfer a gun-boat to the Republic of Liberia.—Declaring wives and children of colored soldiers to be free.—Whether an army corps is necessary to defend our Northern frontier.—Whether it is expedient to enroll all male citizens, irrespective of color, in the militia.—Bill passed removing disqualification for carrying the mails by reason of color.—The following bills have passed the House; those which have also passed the Senate being specially noted: Establishing a uniform system of Bankruptcy, to take effect June 1, 1865.—Requesting the President to give notice of the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain.—Providing that any alien of twenty-one who has been honorably discharged from the army or navy may become a citizen without previous declaration.—The Senate bill providing for the construction of six revenue cutters on the lakes.—Dropping from the army roll all generals who have been for three months out of service, except their absence is occasioned by wounds or disability incurred in service, or by being a prisoner or under parole.—The Senate joint resolution thanking Captain Winslow and Lieutenant Cushing.—Resolution declaring the right of Congress to shape the foreign policy of the United States.—The Senate bill creating the rank of Vice-Admiral, of equal grade with the Lieutenant-General in the army, with a pay of \$7000 when at sea, \$6000 when on shore duty, and \$5000 when waiting orders. This bill was immediately signed by the President, who nominated Admiral Farragut for the post, and the nomination was confirmed by the Senate.—In the House the following are the principal bills introduced, and subjects of inquiry referred to the appropriate committees: To prohibit the exportation or sale at a premium of gold and silver; laid on the table.—To exempt from tax the inheritance of widows in their husbands' estates.—What caused the failure of General Banks's Red River expedition?—To prohibit the sale of goods in rebel territory, and to allow the purchase for cash of the products of such territory.—To amend the Constitution so as to apportion representatives to voters.—What justice is due to soldiers held beyond their terms of enlistment?—Shall bounties be discontinued, and the pay of soldiers increased?—To include sailors in the bill naturalizing soldiers.—Shall there be an *ad valorem* tax on sales?—For dropping unemployed officers from the navy roll.—Shall persons going abroad to escape the draft be denaturalized?—To inquire into the expediency of modifying the pension law.

Our last Record left General Sherman just setting out on his adventurous march through Georgia. The order for the expedition was issued on the 8th of November from Kingston, Georgia, northwest from Atlanta, around which place the army was again concentrated. On the 15th Atlanta was evacuated, the principal buildings having been destroyed, and Sherman's army began its march toward the coast, nearly 200 miles distant in a straight line, and about 300 by the most direct traveled routes. The army marched in two main columns, which, with its detachments, swept a belt of territory about 60 miles wide, comprising a fertile country abounding in supplies. For nearly a month our only intelligence was gained through hostile sources. Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, was occupied on the 20th by a small detachment, which soon left to rejoin their column, while other detachments threatened Macon and Augusta. The march of the main columns was leisurely, the only opposition encountered being to detached corps. Millen, where the great body of Union prisoners had been for a time confined, was taken on the 2d of December; but the prisoners had been removed. On the 9th Captain Duncan, one of Sherman's scouts, left the army, descended the Ogechee River, and brought to General Foster, at Hilton Head, the first direct tidings from Sherman. On the 12th the whole army was within ten miles of Savannah. On the 13th Fort M'Allister, which commands the approach to Savannah by sea, was taken by storm. On that day Sherman forwarded his first dispatch to the War Department from the deck of a vessel. He wrote: "The army is in most splendid order, and equal to any thing. Our march was most agreeable, and we were not at all molested by guerrillas. We have not lost a wagon on the trip, but have gathered in a large supply of negroes, horses, and mules, and our teams are in far better condition than when we started. I regard Savannah as already gained." General Hardee had been placed in command of Savannah, with about 15,000 men. It had been hoped that these might be captured with the city; but it was found to be impossible to invest the place so closely to prevent their escape, and on the 20th Hardee got off with his army. Savannah was occupied by Sherman on the 21st. On the 22d he wrote to the President: "I beg to present to you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns, and plenty of ammunition, and also about 25,000 bales of cotton." General Foster, in his dispatch of the same day, says: "The captures include 800 prisoners, 150 guns, 13 locomotives in good order, 190 cars, a large supply of ammunition and materials of war, 3 steamers, and 33,000 bales of cotton safely stowed in warehouses."

While Sherman was accomplishing his march through Georgia, Hood was operating against Thomas, who fell back in the direction of Nashville. The Confederate cavalry, under Forrest, on the 29th of November, came up with our forces, under Wilson, at Spring Hill, Tennessee, where a brisk though partial action ensued, in which Forrest was repulsed; but our forces kept falling back to Franklin, 18 miles south of Nashville. Here they were attacked, on the 30th, by the entire force of the enemy. A severe battle ensued, the Confederates repeatedly making most desperate charges upon our intrenchments. At one time the day seemed lost; but a vigorous charge restored the fortunes of the day, and the assailants were repulsed with great loss. The loss





VICINITY OF NASHVILLE.

of the enemy is put down at about 5000 killed and wounded, and 1000 prisoners. Our loss was about 2500. Our forces, however, fell back upon Nashville, and in consequence the Confederates claim a victory at Franklin. Hood followed, and set himself down to besiege Nashville, throwing up lines of investment. On the 15th of December Thomas assumed the offensive against Hood, who held a strong position on the southern approaches to Nashville. Thomas's line was formed with Wilson's cavalry on the right, then A. J. Smith, Wood, and Steedman, Schofield's Corps being in reserve. After an opening fire from the batteries Steedman made a strong demonstration on the enemy's right, the real attack being designed for their centre and left. Wood carried the strong works at the centre. Our batteries then advanced, and Smith assailed the hostile left; Schofield came up on Smith's right, outflanking the enemy, who began to give way. Our right was thus thrown between the river and the Confederate left, which was rolled back on the centre. Wilson's cavalry now pushed forward, and our whole line was advanced in the face of a hot fire. The enemy's works were carried, and he fell back in confusion, leaving his cannon and many prisoners. It was now night, and the action was suspended. It was renewed the next morning, with still more decided success, the enemy being

successively driven from his lines of intrenchments, falling back in the direction of Franklin, the scene of the battle of the 30th of November. On the 17th Hood was pressed back beyond Franklin, where he left 2500 wounded. The pursuit was kept up on the 18th, but was partially interrupted by heavy rains on the 19th, Hood continually falling back, losing guns and prisoners. The latest accounts, which come down to December 27, represent that Hood had reached the Tennessee River, which he was endeavoring to cross.—In twenty days Hood's losses, as nearly as can be estimated, were 9000 killed and wounded, and 10,000 prisoners, of whom 2500 were wounded, making a net loss of 16,500 men, and 51 cannon, being about one-third of his entire force, and more than half of his guns. His loss is especially heavy in officers, six generals having been killed, six wounded, and six captured.

Besides these leading operations in the South and West, several minor operations of considerable importance have been undertaken. Toward the close of November General Canby sent expeditions from Baton Rouge and Vicksburg to co-operate with Sherman. That from Vicksburg moved toward Jackson, destroying bridges on the Mississippi Central Railroad, cutting off Hood from a large quantity of supplies which had been accumulated for him at Jackson. The column from Baton Rouge



advanced in the direction of Mobile. He had reached Pascagoula on the 14th of December. Three days before, Governor Watts, of Alabama, issued a proclamation calling upon the people of the State to defend Mobile, which was threatened both by land and water.—At Ashbyville, Kentucky, December 17, General M'Cook defeated the Confederate General Lyon, who had invaded the State.—There has been some skirmishing in the Valley of the Shenandoah, but with no very important results.

A very important expedition has just been made in Southwestern Virginia. In this region, near the Tennessee border, are situated the valuable salt-works and lead mines of Saltville and Leadville. One or two expeditions had been sent to destroy these, but without success. Breckinridge, who commanded in this region, defeated Gillem on the 12th of November. Gillem was reinforced, and the command of the whole body, now numbering 6000, was taken by General Stoneman, who organized another expedition, against the salt and lead works, under the immediate command of General Burbridge. This expedition started on the 12th. On the march they successively met and dispersed scattered bodies of the enemy, and succeeded in reaching Saltville on the 20th, which they occupied long enough to effect the thorough destruction of the works. Besides the destruction of the salt and lead works, among the most important in the Confederacy, General Burbridge enumerates among the results of his enterprise the destruction of the bridges on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, the seizure of 13 trains of cars with their engines, the capture of 2000 horses, 1000 mules, 24 officers, and 845 men.

The only important operation of the Army of the Potomac during the month is a raid made under the lead of General Warren upon the Weldon Railroad. The expedition comprised Warren's Fifth Corps, Mott's Division of the Second, and Gregg's cavalry. This force set out on the 7th of December, having been previously withdrawn from the lines around Petersburg. In the midst of a driving rain, which continued all day and the next night, Warren moved rapidly to the Nottaway River, which he crossed by means of a pontoon. The next day, leaving a cavalry guard at the crossing, and protected on his flanks by cavalry, he continued his march by Sussex Court House toward Nottaway Bridge. This point was covered by the enemy's cavalry, which was steadily driven back. The bridge was reached at noon and destroyed. It was 200 feet long, and spanned the Nottaway River. The column, now secure against any attack from Petersburg, destroyed the railroad south of the bridge for a distance of eight miles. The track was lifted up, ties and rails together, heaped in piles, and burned. Jarret's dépôt was burned early in the morning of the 9th, and the work of destruction continued thence southward. During the day two bridges—each 60 feet long—were burned, and at night Warren had reached Bellfield Station, near the Meherrin River. Twenty miles of the railroad had been completely destroyed, and no opposition had been encountered. A reconnaissance toward Hicksford on the river having developed the fact that the enemy was strongly posted at that point, with considerable artillery, Warren turned northward on the 10th. On the return the town of Sussex Court House was burned in retaliation for the murder of several of our soldiers by the enemy at

that point. A large number of contrabands accompanied the returning column. In estimating the value of this raid it must be remembered that Lee had previously contrived to convey a large amount of supplies to his army by means of the Boydton plank-road, which connected the Southside Railroad with the point where the Weldon had been interrupted. He had also nearly completed a branch railroad from Stony Creek Station to the Southside Road. The portion of the railroad destroyed by Warren is south of Stony Creek Station, and until the road is repaired Lee is entirely cut off from eastern North Carolina, and from the portion of Virginia east of the Weldon Road. The work was done in three days, and it was effected with the loss of less than one hundred men.

On the 13th of December a great naval and military expedition started from Fortress Monroe. The naval portion, under Admiral W. D. Porter, comprised 65 vessels of war, including the *Ironsides*, and five "Monitors." Besides these there were more than a hundred transports. The military force, under General Butler, with whom was General Weitzel, numbered about 7000. The expedition set out under sealed orders; but it soon transpired that its object was to assail Fort Fisher, at the mouth of Cape Fear River, commanding the approaches to Wilmington, the only considerable port now held by the Confederates, through which for more than a year they have gained the greater part of their supplies from abroad. Large hopes had been entertained from a new experiment in warfare, which was to explode a vessel loaded with powder as nearly as possible under the walls of the fort. The steamer *Louisiana* was selected for this purpose. The vessels experienced rough weather, but rode it out without any serious accident, the "Monitors" especially "behaving beautifully," though one of them, the *Mahopac*, sprung a leak. On the 20th the fleet met at the appointed rendezvous, some twenty-five miles at sea from the fort. For two days bad weather prevented any effective operations; but on the 23d the *Louisiana*, Commander Rhind, was directed to undertake its mission. With more than 200 barrels of powder on board, she was towed within sight of the fort. She had been fitted up so as to resemble a Confederate blockade-runner, and was mistaken for such, and was not fired upon from the fort. She was successfully run near the beach, within 500 yards of the fort. The small crew having set her on fire, escaped by boats. At a quarter before two on the morning of the 24th the explosion took place. Those on the fleet, which lay some miles away, had no means of knowing the amount of damage sustained, only that the shock was far less than had been anticipated. Subsequent information indicates that no serious damage was done to the fort; at all events the explosion of the magazines, which had been hoped for, was not attained. At daylight on the 24th the fleet got under way, formed in line of battle, and proceeded to bombard the fort. The bombardment began about noon. In an hour and a quarter, according to the report of Admiral Porter, the fire of the fort was completely silenced, and two of its magazines had been blown up. A moderate fire was kept up until night, in the hope of attracting the attention of the transports containing the co-operating land-force to the spot. Our casualties this day were occasioned almost entirely by the bursting of six 100-pounder Parrott guns on as many vessels; by these 13 men were killed and 35



wounded. A shell from the fort passed through the boiler of the *Mackinaw*, badly scalding ten or twelve persons. The *Osceola* was also struck by a shell near the magazine, and for a short time was in a sinking condition; but the leak was finally stopped. The bombardment was suspended by the approach of night. The next morning, the transports having arrived, a plan of attack was arranged by Porter and Weitzel. The navy was again to assail the fort, while troops were landed to storm it. About 3000 troops were landed. Some of the outside works were carried, and nearly 300 prisoners taken. Weitzel's skirmishing lines were advanced close to Fort Fisher. A few of the pickets, under fire from the boats, actually scaled the parapet; but, according to the account of General Butler, the work was found by Weitzel too strong to be taken without a regular siege. As soon as darkness caused the naval force to cease, the works were again fully manned. The weather being threatening, and the southwest wind, which had arisen, preventing any further landing through the surf, Butler ordered the troops to re-embark. Seeing, he says, "that nothing further can be done by the land-forces, I shall sail for Hampton Roads as soon as the transport fleet can be got in order." The expedition certainly wholly failed of its object. There is evidently a wide difference of opinion between the naval and military commanders as to the necessity of abandoning the attack. Butler and Weitzel think that the fort was substantially uninjured, as a defensive work, by the naval assault, and that it was too strong, and too strongly manned, to be taken by the force at their command. Porter thinks that the fort was effectually reduced by his attack, and that while yielding to the opinion of Weitzel, it would have proved no very difficult task for the land-force to have taken it. "At all events," he adds, "I can not help thinking that it was worth while to make the attempt, after arriving so far."

The case of the St. Albans raiders finally came up before Justice Coursal, of Montreal, on the 13th of December. The Justice decided that by the law the warrant under which the prisoners were arrested should be signed by the Governor-General; this not being the case, he had no jurisdiction in the matter, and should discharge the prisoners. They were accordingly set at liberty, and the money which they had seized from the St. Albans banks was given to them. The liberated prisoners at once made off in different directions. This decision caused intense feeling in the United States. General Dix, who commands the Northern Department, issued an order directing military commanders on the frontier to shoot down marauders, and, if necessary, to pursue them into Canada. The latter clause of the order was countermanded by the President, probably on information that the action of Judge Coursal was disapproved by the Canadian authorities. The Governor-General of Canada ordered the re-arrest of the raiders, and several of them, including Young, the leader, have been apprehended, and are again in custody. Meanwhile an official order was given by our Government, directing that, except in case of immigrants directly entering an American port by sea, no traveler should be allowed to enter the United States from a foreign country without a passport, properly signed. This direction was designed to apply especially to persons coming from the British provinces.

On the night of the 25th of November an attempt was made to burn the city of New York. Fires

were kindled in several of the large hotels, which adjoin the principal theatres. These attempts were made by persons who took lodgings in the hotels, the fires being kindled by means of a mixture of phosphorus and oil. The actual damage done was very slight. It is believed that the attempt was made by emissaries of the Confederate Government, and in consequence an order was issued that all persons from the insurgent States, residing in New York, should report themselves for registry, upon pain, in case of neglect, of being treated as spies. The result of this order was to show that the wives and families of several distinguished Confederate leaders were residing in New York.

The Confederate cruiser *Florida*, captured by the *Wachusett*, was, while lying at anchor in Hampton Roads, run into on the 19th of November, by the army transport *Alliance*, and sunk in nine fathoms' water. The Brazilian Government has officially represented that the capture of the *Florida* in Brazilian waters was a gross outrage upon neutral rights, and demanded apology and reparation. The Secretary of State replied that jealousy of foreign intervention was a cardinal principle in the policy of the United States. The President, therefore, disavowed and regretted the proceedings in the harbor of Bahia; would suspend Captain Collins, and direct him to appear before a court-martial. The Consul at Bahia, having admitted that he had advised and incited the captain, would also be dismissed; the flag of Brazil would receive from the United States navy the honor customary in the intercourse of friendly maritime powers. The crew of the *Florida* would also be set at liberty, to seek a refuge wherever they could find it, with the hazard of recapture when beyond the jurisdiction of the Government of the United States. The Secretary adds, that the Government does not give credit to the charges of falsehood, treachery, and deception brought against the captain and consul; and also protests against the recognition by the Brazilian Government of the Confederates as belligerents, as being an act of intervention derogatory of the law of nations, unfriendly and injurious to the United States; but he says it does not belong to the naval or military officers of the United States, nor to consuls, to choose the time and manner of asserting the rights and of redressing the wrongs of the United States.

The steamship *North America* left New Orleans Dec. 16, with a crew of 44, and 215 passengers, most of whom were sick soldiers. On the night of the 22d the vessel sunk at sea. Of those on board 197 were lost, and only 67 saved.

On the 20th of December the President issued a proclamation calling for 300,000 volunteers for one, two, or three years. If this call is not previously filled, a draft will be ordered on the 15th of February to meet the deficiency.

Hon. William L. Dayton, the American Minister to France, died suddenly of apoplexy on the 1st of December, at Paris, at the age of 57 years. In 1856 he was the Republican nominee for Vice-President, Mr. Frémont being the candidate for the Presidency. They were defeated by Buchanan and Breckinridge, who received 174 electoral votes, Frémont and Dayton having 114, and 8 being cast for Fillmore and Donelson.—Hon. George M. Dallas, Vice-President of the United States from 1844 to 1848, and Minister to England from 1856 to 1860, died suddenly at Philadelphia on the 31st of December, aged 74 years.



## Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair again reminds its readers that it is not the editor of this Magazine, and therefore shafts like the following, delicately tipped with sarcasm, do not quiver in its sides:

"The author of MS. No. — presents her thanks to the editor of *Harper's Magazine* for his courteous rejection of it. She has no wish to reclaim it; but hopes, since he can find no place for it, he will oblige her by lighting with its leaves an occasional cigar for the solace of the Easy Chair."

The gentle author of manuscript Number blank is hereby informed that the Easy Chair could not be solaced by the spectacle of such consuming leaves, however courteously rejected—"declined" the wise it call. Every expiring spark, as it died upon the hearth, would bitterly reproach him. "Why did you not save me?" would be the piteous refrain of the departing tale, essay, poem, treatise, description, sketch, *jeu d'esprit*, or whatever may be the character of manuscript Number blank. No, the Easy Chair is not an ogre. It does not delight in the torture of thumbing; no, Madame, nor of Briareus, to which your own Number blank may more fitly be compared. It will not willingly see them simmer, broil, roast, stew, or boil. It is the door over the way to which you must address your quips and darts. It is to the fearful being who sits behind it, and delights to fatten upon callow manuscripts, that your silver smile of wrath, or sorrow, or plaintive disappointment—or whatever the exact emotion may be—must be directed. An editor, as is well known, is the foe of mankind, and pursues with peculiar animosity the whole tribe of authors. As his life depends upon literature, he naturally hates and despises every writer and aspirant. As he would have no function if manuscripts were not prepared, he shows the most savage hostility to those who prepare them. As he would be a superfluity, and starve to death but for the fecund brains and nimble hands of the great fraternity of letters, it is evident that his sheerest interest, to say nothing of his sympathy and taste and genius, must lead him inevitably to outrage his brethren in every possible way. Merchants, lawyers, carpenters, doctors, masons, it is notorious, if they wish to succeed, always do what they can to alienate the friends upon whose favor and good-will they depend; and editors, of course, do the same. You may ask any gentleman whose little sprightly essay did not, in his pleasant and unexasperated phrase, "please his High Mightiness the Grand Lama who edits that puerile and contemptible," etc., etc., if an editor is not the most despicable of men. You may ask any lady whose touching elegy on a Thanksgiving Turkey was rudely returned, "with many thanks, and without the least expression of opinion upon the intrinsic merits, as hardly suitable just at this moment," whether an editor is not the most unfeeling and brutal of his sex.

No;—please apply at the door opposite. The Easy Chair is not an editor, a headsman, a Jack Ketch, a villain in a mask. He doesn't delight in wringing the necks of poor little pullets of manuscripts, or in dragging great oxen (Juno ox-eyed) down to the fatal ring, or in any other editorial diversions. What goes on in that fatal room he forbears to inquire. Probably it is paved with the white remains of manuscripts—as other good intentions are reported to furnish pavement for another mysterious retreat. Doubtless over the door the

demon who inhabits it has written, "Rubbish shot here." It is horrible! Can you not fancy him gnashing his teeth, grinning ghastly grins, beating his head, tearing his hair, exploding in contemptuous laughter, and flinging himself about his den, as he surveys the manuscripts, his victims, and reads them! I can. Sometimes there are awful roarings in his chimney. The Easy Chair shudders, and can only imagine that the editor—the chimera—is feeding his huge black-throated fire-place with the torn and quivering remains of the most comely manuscripts. Ah me! what noxious gas has doubtless escaped at the top of that chimney!

No—by no means. Please not to make the mistake again. The Easy Chair is not the editor. Are you in the habit of confounding a cackling bantam, a timorous barn-door fowl, with the eagle of dreadful talons? It is the modest ambition of the bantam to balance itself for a few moments upon a doubtful perch and feebly essay a transitory crow, and then hop safely down again—not to sweep the heavens and gaze at the sun (namely, read manuscripts Numbers — and — and —), or tear the prey with strenuous claw (namely, commit to combustion manuscripts Numbers — and — and —). These latter be the editorial functions.

The Easy Chair hereby announces that the contributions for the *Magazine*, which are sent to him, will be delivered unread to the tender mercies which abide behind the opposite door; and he begs his friends to remember that when manuscript No. — is declined, it is the Editor and not the Easy Chair who is to be invited to put it in his pipe and smoke it.

THE Easy Chair lately tried a dangerous experiment. He went to hear the lecturer who first charmed him, and whom he had not heard for many years. Time plays such pranks that we can not be prepared for him. Our impressions are so much in ourselves and our condition that it is hard to determine how much belongs to the seal itself. Upon the young, ardent, flowing, sensitive wax the airiest curve of the bird's wing cut in diamond will perfectly reproduce itself. But the most exquisite device will not impress itself when the mass has grown cold and hard. When Fanny Kemble reappeared after many years of retirement from the stage, with what curious emotion the frequenter of the theatre in her youthful prime must have awaited the rising of the curtain! How painfully acute his observation and memory must have been! In what a limbo of doubt and wonder he must have remained through the performance! And when the curtain fell, and he who had been a youth when he saw her before rose to go home—then what? As he paced the hard London streets, in which he could see no change for many and many a year—as he looked up at the changeless sky, with the same old familiar moon, the same familiar stars, he must needs have pondered the question, "Is it the seal or the wax?"

For Mrs. Kemble did not succeed. She played a few evenings, and again retired. It was easy for the Londoner to say, "What a pity! How she is changed! How her power has failed! Can this be that audacious girl of my youth!" It was easy—but how if he substituted *he* for *she*? How if he asked can this—*this* elderly, grayish-haired gentleman, plodding meditatively home from the theatre, be the gay, graceful, agile youth who knelt and



offered flowers to that wondrous young divinity of other years, and sang the merry chorus at the club amidst the ringing of jovial glasses, while as yet wife, children, gray hairs, were not? Ah me! the Londoner might have sighed, as he paused beneath the lamp-post to read again upon the play-bill the name of the remembered enchantress, has the seal become worn and dull—or is the wax hardening?

If he were familiar with the country—if he had lived at Mackery End, for instance, or had summered at Blakesmoor—he would have gone forward revolving the still-vexed doubt, are the cherries smaller or has my mouth grown, for surely the fruit do not seem as vast as in the other days.

He might have added another question to these—and have asked, How could I hope that she should seem more to me now than then, and yet how could she please me as much now without being really more? For when Fanny Kemble reappeared, she was obliged to be not only all that she had been but all that the magnifying imagination of ardent men believed her to have been. She must play up to the demand of unlimited imagination, or she must necessarily seem to be less than she was.

Whether in her case it was the wax or the seal was probably never settled. Whether the cherries really were larger was never yet known. But suppose Grayhead had gone home, bumping the stars, and happy, asking no question, but full of undoubting delight? Suppose each single cherry of to-day were as a yoke of the ox-hearts of yore? Suppose that the slender tops which used to seem close against the sky had caught the sky and slipped it a little nearer to the ground?

Many years ago the Easy Chair—a mere foot-stool in those days—used to hear Ralph Waldo Emerson lecture. Perhaps it was in the small Sunday-school room under a country meeting-house, on sparkling winter nights, when all the neighborhood came stamping and chattering to the door in hood and muffler, or else ringing in from a few miles away, buried under buffalo skins. The little low room was dimly lighted with oil lamps, and the boys clumped about the stoves in their cowhide boots, and laughed and buzzed and ate apples and peanuts and giggled, and grew suddenly solemn when the grave men and women looked at them. In the desk stood the lecturer and read his manuscript, and all but the boys sat silent and enthralled by the musical spell. Some of the hearers remembered the speaker as a boy, as a young man. Some wondered what he was talking about. Some thought him very queer. All laughed at the delightful humor or the illustrative anecdote that beaded for a moment upon the surface of his talk; and some sat inspired with unknown resolves and soaring upon lofty hopes as they heard. A nobler life, a better manhood, a purer purpose, wooed every listening soul. It was not argument, nor description, nor appeal. It was wit and wisdom, and hard sense and poetry, and scholarship and music. And when the words were spoken and the lecturer sat down, the poor little foot-stool sat still and heard the rich cadences lingering in the air, as the young Priest's heart throbs with the long vibrations when the organist has risen.

The same speaker had been heard a few years previously in the Masonic Temple in Boston. It was the fashion among the gay to call him transcendental. When some one said that, he had the air of having said something he understood. It

was uttered in the same tone with which certain lovely beings declare that they are not "strong-minded." And, dear lovely beings! was it ever suspected that you were? Grave parents were quoted as saying, "I don't go to hear Mr. Emerson; I don't understand him. But my daughters do." Extinction of the lecturer was supposed by many to have been achieved by that remark. Then came a volume containing the discourses. They were called "Essays." Has our literature produced any wiser or more influential book?

As the lyceum or lecture system extended the philosopher whom "my daughters understood" was called to speak. A simplicity of manner that could be called rustic if it were not of a shy, scholarly elegance; perfect composure, clear, clean, crisp sentences; maxims as full of glittering truth as a winter night sky of stars; an incessant spray of fine fancies like the November shower of meteors; and the same intellectual and moral lift, expansion, and aspiration, were the peculiarity of all his lectures.

He was never exactly popular, but always gave a tone and flavor to the whole course, as the lump of ambergris serves the Sultan for his year's cups of coffee. "We can have him once in three or four seasons," said the Committees. But really they had him all the time without knowing it. It was the philosopher Proteus who spoke through the more popular mouths. The speakers were acceptable because they were liberal, and he was the great liberalizer. They were, and they are, the middle-men between him and the public. They watered the nectar, and made it easy to drink.

The little foot-stool, gradually becoming an Easy Chair, heard from time to time of Proteus on the platform—how he was more and more eccentric—how he could not be understood—how abrupt his manner was; but the Chair did not believe that the flame which had once been so pure could ever be dimmer, especially as he recognized its soft lustre on every aspect of life around him.

And so, after many years, the opportunity to hear him came again; and although the experiment was dangerous the Chair did not hesitate to try it. The hall was pretty and not too large, and the audience was the best that the country could furnish. Every one came solely to hear the speaker, for it was one lecture in a course of his only. It was pleasant to look around and mark the famous men and the accomplished women gathering quietly in the same city where they used to gather to hear him a quarter of a century before. How much the man who was presently to speak had done for their lives, and their children's, and the country! The power of one man is not easily traced in its channels and details, but it is marked upon the whole. The word "Transcendentalism" had long passed by. It has not perhaps gone out of fashion to smile at wisdom as visionary, but this particular wise man had been acquitted of being "understood by my daughters," and there were rows of "hardheads," "practical people," curious and interesting to contemplate in the audience.

The tall figure entered at a side-door, and sat down upon a sofa behind the desk. Age seemed not to have touched him since the evenings in the country Sunday-school room. As he stood at the desk the posture, the figure, the movement, were all unchanged. There was the same rapt introverted glance as he began in a low voice, and for an hour the older tree shook off a ceaseless shower of riper, fairer fruit. The topic was Table-Talk, or



Conversation; and the lecture was its own most perfect illustration. It was not a sermon, nor an oration, nor an argument; it was the perfection of talk; the talk of a poet, of a philosopher, of a scholar. Its wit was a rapier, smooth, sharp, incisive, delicate, exquisite. The blade was pure as an icicle. You would have sworn the hilt was diamond. The criticism was humane, lofty, wise, sparkling. The anecdote so choice and apt, and trickling from so many sources, that we seemed to be hearing the best things of the wittiest people. It was altogether delightful, and the audience sat suffused with a warm glow of satisfaction. There was no rhetoric, no oratory, no grimace, no dramatic familiarity and action; but the manner was self-respectful and courteous to the audience, and the tone supremely just and sincere. "He is easily King of us all," whispered one orator to another; and if the Easy Chair had been of the brotherhood how heartily it would have cried Amen!

Yet it was not oratory either in its substance or purpose. It was a statement of what this wise man, and all other wise men and women, believed conversation ought to be. Its inevitable influence—the moral of the lecture, dear Lady Flora—was a purification of daily talk, and the general good influence of incisive truth-telling. If preaching itself has any higher influence than purging the world and our lives of falsehood, what is it?

In their extreme simplicity and impatience of pretense Emerson's lectures are like Thackeray's, and the quiet manner is not unlike. We shall not soon have such again. Yet who that ever heard Thackeray will not always hear that rich, racy voice, that earnest pathetic tone, and see the bluff, honest, defiant face?

But this other, too, is not less memorable. The glory of the terrestrial is one, and the glory of the celestial is another.

A BRONZE statue of Hercules has been lately discovered in Rome, and is valued at fifty thousand dollars. It was buried under a mass of Roman rubbish, and inevitably suggests the question how many more precious remains of old art are waiting to be unearthed.

But there has been a still more interesting exhumation nearer home. A faithful disciple of Elia has brought to light, from the old magazines in which they have long lain buried, "the hitherto uncollected writings of Charles Lamb." The editor—is it unfair to name Mr. Babson of Chelsea, Massachusetts?—evidently a faithful lover and loving reader of good books, says, in his genial preface: "With me, as with Michel de Montaigne and Hans Andersen, there is no pleasure without communication; and therefore, partly to please myself, and partly to please the admirers of Elia, I have collected and published all of Charles Lamb's writings that I found 'sleeping' in out-of-fashion books and out-of-date periodicals."

Elia is a passion with all his lovers, and this book brings a delightful surprise. Most readers suppose that Moxon's edition of the works, which Talfourd edited, comprises all, or all that Lamb wished to have published. But "Elia," the title of this new work, is its own ample justification. Raphael is not more Raphael-like than these fragments are truly Elia. The very first half page of "Table-Talk" is in the richest raciest vein of the delightful book-keeper of the India House and book-maker for all the world.

Here is the Biographical Memoir of Mr. Liston, and the Autobiography of Mr. Munden, with Elia's Autobiography, and the Adventures of Ulysses, paraphrased from old Chapman's translation of the Odyssey, in such stately, quaint, and idiomatic English that a man might fear lest his charmed children, reading this, would scarcely care to explore the original. Indeed every reader, and that is to say every lover of Charles Lamb, ought to know that this volume is essential to his complete knowledge of Elia.

Among these recovered essays there are some fragments and some studies of the works which were afterward more fully finished. But there are no lees here, no dregs; nothing which has not the inimitable tone and touch of the master. Master we call him as truly as Benvenuto Cellini, and master in a larger style of his own art than Cellini in his. The essays of Elia have the grand element of permanence. The texts are simple, obvious, occasional, but the essential treatment is of no limited time and place; it appeals to the general and immortal humanity. There is the same genial and universal wisdom in them which is the deepest charm of the best essays of Montaigne and Bacon and Emerson and Thackeray, and in the delightful little volume of Lowell's "Fireside Travels."

It is impossible, after the "Final Memorials" of Lamb by Talfourd, ever to read what he wrote without thinking of what he was. What a hero! What a gentleman! Tommy Moore met him one day at a dinner, and records that he was a maker of poor puns. Yes, and Horace Walpole passed Goldsmith in the Park, and was of the opinion that he was an inspired idiot! The Bohemians like to claim Lamb, because he smoked and drank punch and wrote in the magazines. When Bohemia devotes itself to the noiseless and unknown sacrifice of a life which was so sad and so sublime in Charles Lamb, Bohemia will need no apologist.

We thank Mr. Babson most heartily for his tender love and faithful, patient service, and Mr. William Veazie, his publisher, for the comely form he has given to this characteristic and last memorial of Charles Lamb.

LORD LYONS and Goldwin Smith went home to England in the same ship. It would be a curious and interesting inquiry, which has most truly fulfilled the duty of an ambassador between two friendly and related powers, the official lord or the unofficial commoner?

The duties of ambassadors are laid down in many grave and portentous tomes. But there are many of their duties not recorded in books, and seldom written upon the ambassadorial heart. He best keeps the peace between two homogeneous and friendly nations who helps them to understand each other better; and here is a bold fellow, this Easy Chair, who ventures to affirm in black and white upon this page that he believes all the dinners, and balls, and private theatres of his truly worthy and respectable Excellency, Lord Lyons, have not helped England and America to so fair or mutual intelligence as the one discourse delivered by Goldwin Smith before the Fraternity in the Boston Music Hall.

The old jest has become untrue, that an ambassador is a gentleman who lies abroad for his country's benefit. There can be no doubt that Lord Lyons told exactly what he believed to be the truth of this country. But how little he knew about it! How little sympathy he had with it! He was here



*ex officio*. He was sent to the United States by Earl Russell and the regular order of diplomatic promotion; not by his own heart or studies. The letter in which he informed his chief that he had been waited upon by Northern friends of the rebels in New York showed the tendency of his sympathies, which went with his order and with the rebel allies at the North, against the people. Lord Lyons took no part. Even in that letter he did not declare himself a partisan of those who waited upon him. It was not necessary. They waited upon him; and they, and he, and every body else, knew why.

Lord Lyons was here to carry out a policy. His duty was not to secure a truer understanding, and therefore a firmer friendship, between the two countries; but to observe and report upon the condition of what was believed and hoped to be, as Russia said of Turkey, "a sick man" and a dying. If, in a friendly spirit, Lord Russell and Lord Lyons had devoted themselves to cementing the friendship of England and the United States, would England have been the loser? would not civilization have been the gainer?

This country had a traditional friendship with France. The French alliance as such, and as opposed to the English, was necessarily an illusion. France helped the colonies, not because she loved them, but because she hated England. France was the ally of the revolutionary colonies, not because she favored their cause—how could a Bourbon favor revolution?—but because she thought them in themselves unimportant, but offering her a masterly *point d'appui* for annoying Great Britain and regaining her losses in the French-American war. How little she cared for the United States was seen in her conduct toward us under the Directory. But we were always sentimental about France.

Now the man who did the two countries the most service was not Monsieur Genet, at the close of the last century, nor Monsieur Mercier, at the beginning of this war; it was no official personage whatsoever, it was De Tocqueville. He came from a sincere interest in civilization and free government. He explored our country and our society, and he embodied the results in the most sagacious and valuable book ever written about us. We have all liked France better ever since because of De Tocqueville. The dreary host of British travelers, Fiedler, Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hamilton, Basil Hall and Company, dilated upon the interesting facts that some Americans chewed tobacco, and expectorated indiscriminately, and wore black satin waistcoats, and talked through the nose, and slept in feather-beds, and asked a great many questions, and, in fact, were different from some Englishmen. London cockneys came over the sea—cockneys, whether they were in the army or not—sighed for the sound of Bow Bells and the delights of the Strand, and pitied us because we were not cockneys.

Certainly England in America cut rather a contemptible figure. But when De Tocqueville came, saw, and wrote, we felt that the better France had seen the better America. Mutual intelligence seemed to be established. We confessed the expectoration, the questioning, the waistcoats, and the beds charged upon us by the British tourist; but our indignation that he saw nothing else ought to have exploded in laughter, instead of swelling into wrath as it did. For such gentlemen give their own measure. The American girl who went to Rome and then went to Naples, and said that Naples was funny, but not so funny as the Coliseum, has no oc-

casion to call in Professor Fowler to describe her; she describes herself. Did not the lively Mrs. Trollope do likewise? Yet how we stormed about Mrs. Trollope!

When De Tocqueville came he saw not only the impromptu puddles—alas! there *were* puddles—upon many a floor; not only the corduroy roads, not only the feather-beds, but a great nation upon a fresh continent, striving, under entirely new conditions, to solve the problem of peaceful and progressive human society. He saw both the actual condition and the tendency of our country much more truly than most Americans; and the spirit of his observation seemed so just and generous that, for his sake, we loved his nation. His true friendship revived the tradition of the French alliance. "France was always our friend," we said, a little truculently, as we added, muttering, "You — John Bull!" De Tocqueville was the most useful French ambassador that ever came to this country; and Goldwin Smith the most useful and noble English minister.

The important point in our relations with Great Britain is that the English people shall understand what this nation is doing, and that we shall comprehend the state of English feeling. This great result can not be accomplished by each nation standing on the shore of its country, clenching its fists and howling insults over the sea:

"You lantern-jawed, gawky, drawling, spitting, underbred, boasting booby!"

"You mutton-headed beer-vat, you mean bully, you whining, sniveling lackey of Louis Napoleon; you selfish, insolent brute!"

It is not in that way that we are to find or to keep peace with any nation. Nor can it be done by saying that John Bull is too intolerably insolent, and ought to be soundly thrashed out of his boots. A friend came and leaned upon the Chair the other day, and said, "I want war with England. She must be taken down." The Chair asked him, in reply, "What is war with England? Has England, as a nation, done any thing to this country for which you are willing to be killed, or to send your children to fight? The governing class in England hate us; the people of England, the substantial, working-class, do not. It is the last who would fight, not the aristocracy which insults us. It is the people, and not the aristocracy, which would suffer. How many noble American youth are you ready to slay that England may have 'a good drubbing?' Will you take Canada? England will thank you, and cry good riddance, while you will have drawn an elephant. Will you liberate Ireland? No, you will not. And don't you think we are exactly in the condition to undertake a foreign war which will involve all the European powers? Ought an honorable American to suffer the name of England to exasperate him as a red rag does a bull! The bull rushes into the arena. Some foolish fellow flourishes a little scarlet flag. The bull lowers his head and dashes blindly toward it, bellowing dreadfully. The people shout, and become painfully excited. They cheer the bull. They cry bravo! They shriek with emotion. But there is no thoughtful spectator who does not pity the bull. I, for one, do not wish to be pitied, and I protest against running at red flags."

They sailed in the same ship, Goldwin Smith and Lord Lyons. But surely the unaccredited ambassador has fulfilled a most creditable mission. If you would lay a ghost, touch it; if you would di-



minish hostility, make men or nations acquainted. With the utmost admiration of the principle of our Government, with the deepest interest in the development of American society, as possibly prefiguring a higher civilization than that of England, and with the most intelligent and noble sympathy in our present struggle, Goldwin Smith saw this country racked with cruel civil war, and did not doubt for a moment that the war was itself a sign of the great although painfully late fidelity of the country to its own principles. His faith in the result was confirmed, and his hearty admiration of the tendency of American life increased. But he felt a just pride in the fact that the civilization of this country was an offshoot of that of his native land, and that in real purpose, however obscured it might be by jealousy and ignorance upon both sides, the two nations are essentially brethren. He came from the England of John Milton and John Hampden to the America of Washington and Franklin; and while we are friends of that we may smile at the Brummagem England of the *Deerhound* and the *London Times*.

THERE is to be a bust of Thackeray erected near the monument of Addison in Westminster Abbey. The news comes just a year after his death, while his memory is perfectly fresh, and the genial holiday season recalls his noble heart and tender sympathy. In one of the Roundabout Papers there is a picture of him drawn by himself. He is standing with his back toward the spectator, looking with some children at a Christmas pantomime. The form is his; the likeness is characteristic; but he will never turn about; we shall never see his face again. Yet how pleasant and natural the glimpse of him among children whom he dearly loved! Indeed, he was a boy always. His heart had a boy's readiness, and thoughtlessness, and impulsiveness. How angry he was with the Mr. Yates who gossiped about him in print! It was an elephant tossing his trunk at a midge. But because he was a boy he had that wonderful knowledge of youth which fascinates them in his books. Ah! if he could finish for us "Denis Duval!"

There is also to be a tablet to Thackeray at the Charter House School in London. For Charles Lamb's sake many a musing traveler turns his steps to Enfield, merely because Elia lived somewhere there. And how often hereafter will the grateful wanderer seek out the Charter House and listen with almost painful emotion to its evening bell, not only because Thackeray went to school there, but because Colonel Newcome died there!

A new and beautiful uniform edition of Thackeray's works—a model of typographical excellence, and illustrated with a portrait expressly engraved for the edition, with the delightful original illustrations carefully reproduced—is in preparation by the Harpers. Some time we hope, and before long, there may be an adequate biography of this manly, simple, noble English humorist.

REPOSING quietly upon four legs the Easy Chair was lately surprised by the entrance of an imposing procession which sounded, as it approached, like the coming of the marble-footed Commendatore in the opera of Don Giovanni. The company proved to be nothing less than the eight completed volumes of *Harper's Weekly*, neatly dressed, or bound, in muslin—which it is cool for the season, as Mrs. Lirriper would say, but good for permanent wear. Accost-

ing the last volume, the Eighth, the Easy Chair required it to give an account of itself. Upon which the sturdy volume replied that he hoped a glance would show how much thought and labor and money he had cost; that he alone carried under his muslin jacket no less than eight hundred illustrations, of which more than five hundred related to the war, and that of these more than a hundred were portraits of our famous soldiers and sailors who are multiplying themselves every day. The sturdy Eighth averred further that his pockets were full of sketches from his regular artist correspondents who marched with every great division of the army, as well as plenty of tales, essays, and poems by all the best writers.

"That is pretty well," answered the Easy Chair; "and how much do you consider yourself worth, my fine fellow?"

"I alone am worth six dollars," he replied; and, stepping to the window, he shouted as if he expected to be heard in California, "and I, or any of my companions, will be sent for that sum without further expense to any body who wants me, to any point in the United States accessible by express, and not more than three thousand miles from New York."

"And which it is an uncommonly tempting offer," the Easy Chair thought he heard Mrs. Lirriper again murmuring; "and if any body wanted the whole eight volumes together couldn't find any where so perfect an illustrated history of the war which deeply regret but as no fault of ours can only hope its speedy termination and all for so slight a sum and most valuable for children, and indeed every body is children when it comes to pictures and portraits."

"We're quite of your opinion, ma'am," exclaimed the Easy Chair and the stout little procession which is still standing in its pretty uniform dressed for review.

### Editor's Drawer.

THE QUEENS OF SONG are celebrated in one of the most delicious and delightful volumes published in many a year. The Drawer man has been reading it, and reveling in the sweet intoxication of the ear, as the triumphs of these celebrated singers passed before him, and the memory of many whom he has heard on the stage came back with the freshness of early love. Let all who love music (and who does not?) get this charming book, and thank the Drawer, while they read, for telling them of the joy in store for them.

But we open it again to copy an incident in our line. Mrs. Billington was the great vocalist of the London stage about the beginning of the present century. One night when she was singing at the very height of her splendid voice, and carrying every thing before her in a storm of song, her husband, who was seated in the orchestra, considering that the trumpeter did not accompany her with sufficient force, whispered frequently to him, "Louder! louder!" The leader of the band, agreeing with Billington, repeated the same command so often that at length the indignant German, flinging down his trumpet in a rage, turned to the audience and exclaimed, in a tone of angry remonstrance, "It be vary easy to say 'louder and louderer,' but, by gar, vare is de vind?"

Now if any of the readers of the Drawer want the Drawer to laugh louder, or make them laugh louder, let them supply the "vind."



A WRITER in Providence; Rhode Island, vouches for the truth of the following:

Deacon W—— had felt the silken halter for the second time. On the last marriage tour he visited, by request, the family of Mr. H——, of your city. He presented his bride, on arrival, thus: "This is Miss W——; 'taint t'other Miss W——: I wish it was!"

THE same Deacon W—— was connected with one of the Congregational societies of Providence, an honest man, and devout Christian; was the owner of a large bakery, which business he continued to prosecute in connection with an extensive wholesale grocery trade.

His habits and manners were as primitive as his dress. He often led in the vestry conference and vestry exhortations. He had speculated heavily during the close of the war of 1812. A vestry prayer-meeting was in full conference on the evening on which the news of the treaty of peace was received in February, 1815. In this (then) town the bells rung out the joyful tidings.

The Deacon ceased his exhortations, and in reflective terms remarked, "Lord a marcy! what are these bells ringing for? If for *fire*, 'tis well enough; if for peace, I'm a ruined man!" He then resumed his petitions.

GENERAL H—— and Colonel R—— were popular members of the Rhode Island bar. General H—— had been the popular Chief Justice of our Supreme Court. Colonel R—— was one of the most brilliant men of his day—the Sheridan of the legal profession. A Rhode Island clam-bake and chowder is a State institution. In the mysteries of the chowder these gentlemen were unequaled as experts; there existed a generous rivalry; each had his partisans. A pleasant party had assembled to test the relative powers of General H—— and Colonel R——; each exceeded his previous effort; the crowd was fed; the verdict of the boys unanimous in favor of General H——. Colonel R—— asked consent to propose a toast to his successful competitor. He said a few words as only *he* could say and look such things, and proposed the health of General H——, "The Great Chowder Head of Rhode Island!"

AN Irishman "just over from Cork," and as emerald as his native land, was directed by his master to hitch up the oxen and go to drawing in wood. The season was winter, and the vehicle a bran-new sled. After a while Pat came in with a most lugubrious expression of countenance, and reported that it wouldn't do, the sled was broken to pieces. "What! broken?" said the farmer; "how did that happen?" "It kept running against the snags," was the unsatisfactory reply. Upon going to reconnoitre the oxen were found fastened to the back end of the sled, which had been bumping against the stumps till the shoes were torn off. "What did you hitch to the sled in that way for?" exclaimed the indignant farmer. "An' sure," answered Pat, innocently, "shouldn't it carry its tail behind!"

A LADY writes to the Drawer:

As I was traveling through a Western State, some years since, I was obliged by the inclemency of the weather to "put up" at a country tavern in the backwoods. The hotels of these sections are built of logs, and are generally fifteen by twenty feet in

size. They have but one room, which answers for hall, drawing-room, sleeping-rooms, dressing-room, and kitchen. It being the first time that I ever had the "extreme felicity" of registering my name in the book of one of these metropolitan accommodations, I was very much surprised at the arrangements. I observed a few men changing their clothes—or, more properly, performing their toilet; and I addressed the landlord with,

"Is this all the apartment that this house has?"

"Yes, Sar; isn't dat enough?"

"But, Sir, have you no other room for ladies?"

"No."

"What a horrible arrangement! But how do the ladies do?" I queried.

"Oh, dey ish pooty well, I tank you!"

I WAS one time invited to a dinner-party, with the great inducement offered me that I should meet some Spanish gentlemen who were very interesting and *handsome*. It is needless to add that the invitation was from one of the "fair sex." I arrived in time to engage in some pleasant conversation with the numerous young ladies present, and then we were invited to partake of the dinner spread in honor of our Spanish friends.

Francisco R—— was decidedly the "lion" of the assembly, whose fine looks and "cunning ways" made a deep impression upon our fair sisters. He, however, knew little or nothing of the names we gave our barn-yard ornaments—such as turkeys, chickens, etc. Señor Francisco was offered some eggs cooked in a fancy style by a young lady, and, to the astonishment of the persons present, he not only refused to have them on his plate, but showed quite plainly his antipathy for them by sundry nauseating expressions of countenance.

"Why," remarked our silvery-voiced belle, "you are not fond of eggs!"

"No," he replied, with a wink; "but I likes—likes 'em *when they grows up!*"

IRISHMEN are often accused of "bulls." Will the New Yorkers charge the following "bull" to the Irish because it is made of an Irishman:

"Hughes, Archbishop, lying in state at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York—*taken from life!*"

It appears in the Catalogue of a prominent New York photographic publisher.

THE Drawer has contained many good things from Colorado, but I have not seen the following about Soulé, of the Colorado First:

One night Lieutenant Clark, Lieutenant Soulé, and Captain Wilson were very dry. A most stringent order against the introduction of any ardent into camp being just then most rigorously executed, they had been discussing the ways and means of procuring something "hot," when Soulé cried out, "I've got it! You, Clark, are very sick—you must go to bed—you have got cramps—you must be covered up—you must have some brandy immediately!" In a moment Clark was very sick abed, covered with all the blankets at command, and Soulé was off in breathless haste to the hospital steward for brandy. There he met the conscientious objections of the steward by the most earnest representations of the urgency of the case. He could wait for no surgeon's order—Lieutenant Clark might die! In a moment he was again with the "boys," flourishing a bottle of brandy in the air in triumph, and a jolly time they had drinking it. But what was



one bottle to them after a fortnight's total abstinence? They were still dry! Before the bottle was quite empty Soulé snatched it out of the hands of Clark, held it up to the light, eying it critically, took one more swig, and then said, "Now, boys, for another bottle!" Raising the window-curtain, it was but the work of a moment to catch a hundred flies and put them in the bottle, to be drowned with the small amount of brandy remaining. Rushing back to the hospital steward in as breathless haste as before—this time holding up the bottle containing a spoonful of brandy and an equal amount of flies—cried out, "See there! Is that the kind of brandy you dispense to a sick man here?" With as many apologies as Soulé would wait to listen to, the poor steward handed him another bottleful of brandy, with which he returned to his comrades. The noise which soon issued from Lieutenant Clark's quarters attracted attention, and a good many other officers took a taste of the second bottle. Even the Colonel himself felt inclined to indulge; but as he never drinks, he punished himself by smoking a cigar.

THE Drawer is sometimes accused of speaking lightly when serious things are up for remark, but it seldom gets off so solemn a joke as the *Presbyterian Record* does when it calls on the good people in the *oil regions* to give largely to the Church, and says: "If God's people do not sanctify their rapid accumulations of worldly goods, they may learn at no distant day that their *grease-spot* will be removed."

The Bible says, "I will come and remove thy candle-stick out of its place;" but the *Record* substitutes grease-spot, with a taste somewhat worse than questionable.

I OVERHEARD the following the other day between two grave fellows, and send it to the Drawer:

"If you had your choice, what death would you die of?"

"Why, old age, to be sure. What would you?"

"Oh! I would be petted to death by a clever woman."

"Well, that would be *capital* punishment, to be sure!"

THE three that follow are from the State of Michigan:

Isn't it queer sometimes when we have an idea clearly in our minds which we wish to express, how a little excitement or embarrassment will "mix up" the words in which we wish to clothe it terribly? A good man had the honor once upon a time of having a minister by the name of James to dine with him. Imagine the good pastor's astonishment when, on sitting down to the table, his worthy host addressed him in these words: "Mr. Blessing, will you please ask the James?" He attempted, as soon as he comprehended what was required of him, to "ask the James;" but alas for the credit of the cloth, laughed outright in the midst of it, thus proving that ministers have a realizing sense of the ridiculous as well as ordinary mortals.

HERE is a specimen of murdered Queen's English which out-Partingtons Mrs. Partington, and has moreover the merit of being an actual fact: An illiterate man who hailed from Down East had occasion one day to purchase a new Bible, and as it was quite an event to him, the next neighbor he met was duly informed of the fact that he "had got a

Polywog Bible with the Hypocrisy in it." It was some little time before his friend decided that it must be a Polyglot Bible containing the Apocrypha. The same individual one day related to an admiring group of listeners some wonderful event which he said "happened way up North, where the 'Squeemox Indians live.'"

VARIOUS instances have been cited to prove how lazy a man may be and live; but it remains for a Michigander to cap the climax. One hot day during the heated term of last summer one Mr. F——, of Jackson County, was observed to throw himself down on the grass under the spreading branches of a shade-tree, and to exclaim, emphatically, to himself, "There! breathe if you want to—I sha'n't!"

SOME years ago, in the great State of Indiana, lived and flourished a popular young preacher. He was not specially noted for his gravity, and some of his friends expressed an opinion that he was entirely too wild for one of his profession. A little girl of some ten summers replied indignantly that it was not so; at least, if he were wild at times, "he was tame enough in the pulpit!" and there the defense rested.

REV. MR. E——, of St. Paul, Minnesota, was inimitable as a child's orator, and was never as we know of disconcerted in addressing the little folks but once. He was addressing some Sunday-school scholars, and was in his usual popular and effective way enforcing the duty of gratitude to God for His blessings. "What," said he, "would you say to me if I were to give each one of you a fine new suit of clothes?" From every part of his youthful audience bright eyes twinkled with delight, and a chorus of boyish voices answered, "Bully for you!"

WHILE the United States transport ——, with troops on board, was lying at Cairo last spring, Captain C——'s wife visited him, and was of course greatly interested in what she observed going on.

She had noticed the sentinel passing to and fro at the shore-end of the stage-plank, and as a dark, rainy night was setting in, she was observed to be more quiet and thoughtful than usual.

At length, looking up at her husband, she asked, "Are you going to keep that poor soldier out there in the rain all night?" When it was understood who she meant it was explained to her that it was necessary to do so; but that he didn't have to remain there all the time, being relieved by two others in turn. But she didn't seem quite satisfied, and presently asked again, "Couldn't you let him come in on the boat and stand under shelter?" This proposition was promptly negatived, and her innocent solicitude on account of the imagined hardship to that "poor soldier" became so apparent as to cause a smile among the listeners. A short silence followed, during which it was evident she was devising in her tender little heart some scheme for his relief, when suddenly a bright idea seemed to have struck her, and looking up into her husband's face with a countenance full of anxious hope, she said, "Dear, couldn't you lend him your umbrella?"

IN the city of La Crosse, Wisconsin, resides the pastor of a flourishing church, and on the night of November 21, 1864, the members of his congregation were to give him a donation party. Ten years since he was married to his present wife, an accom-



plished lady. The Sunday preceding the donation visit, after morning service and benediction, Judge Dean arose and asked as a favor that the congregation would remain till the pastor retired. His wish was complied with, when he again arose, and said, with the deep look of wisdom peculiar to the man:

"It is to be hoped that this audience will not forget the donation party to-morrow night. Besides being the night set apart for donation visit, it is the anniversary of our pastor's tenth wedding!"

OLD Billy Taylor, whose good stories and witty sayings will long be remembered by his acquaintances, used to relate the following: When I was young, just admitted to the bar in Kentucky, I was appointed by the Court to defend a man who had been indicted for the murder of his mother. Determined to make out of the matter as much reputation for myself as the case would admit of, I took the accused aside and told him it was necessary for me, as his counsel, to know the whole truth in reference to the charge against him. After assuring him that what he might say to me could not be used against him, I put the plain question, "Did you kill your mother?" "Yes," was the reply. "What made you do it?" "Because," said he, "*she wasn't worth wintering!*"

NOR long since a Company of negroes was raised in the town of Piqua, who were to join a certain colored regiment being organized in Massachusetts. The night preceding their departure for the camp of rendezvous a meeting was held in the African Church, at the close of which the venerable minister, in a prayer, made the following remarkable request: "That when these men went on the battlefield they might be as bold as lions and *harmless as doves!*"

In Princeton, Massachusetts, at one time there were only two Democrats in town. A Democratic President had just been elected, and one of the two aspired to the office of postmaster. He found no difficulty, as he was the only competitor, in getting the appointment. He was a very ignorant man, and after having entered upon his official duties several letters came to the office addressed P. M. Here was a quandary! He could not conjecture who P. M. was. A large number had accumulated, when one day he happened to think that there was an old farmer living in town named Paul Myrick, so he bundled up the letters and sent them to him!

ANY one ought to be able to see the point of the following; but if he can't see it, and is anxious to do so, let him enter the army:

Two Scotch miners were quarreling. One of them was very boastful, and was making considerable parade of his valorous deeds. The other quietly listened until boaster had talked himself down, and then said: "Oh yes, yer brave, nae doubt. Tak aff yer shirt an' shake it, and ye can say ye *stood* where thousands *fell*." Report says boaster was annihilated.

SOME thirty years ago, in Washington County, New York, before ready-made shoes came in vogue, a venerable shoemaker, Old Phenix, was in the habit of going from house to house, and there making up shoes and boots for the families under his jurisdiction. Among the rest of his customers he visited the family of one Mr. Parish, and shod old

and young. One of the boys was endowed with a big pair of slogy boots, and on the succeeding Sabbath went to church much more occupied with the boots than the sermon. At the noon intermission, when good old Dr. Proudfit came around, as was his custom, to catechise the youngsters, the boy's thoughts still ran downward. The old Doctor coming up to the boy, in his turn, inquired of him, "John, who made you?" "Father found the leather, and old Phenix did the work!" was the natural but unexpected reply.

UP in Morris County, New Jersey, lives old Uncle Pete, who always votes the ticket that bids the highest. A few evenings before the last Presidential election some Republicans went to his house to outbid some Democrats who had been there. But Uncle Pete informed them he had sold his vote three days before to the Democrats for ten dollars. He was told that if he would carry his ticket and the ten dollars back to the one who gave them, and vote the Republican ticket, they would give him twenty dollars, which offer Uncle Pete immediately accepted. Just as the party had left the house they heard a couple of men coming up whom they knew to be Democrats. Being convinced they were on their way to Uncle Pete's, they hid themselves till the second party had passed into the house, and went back to listen. The Democrats had hardly become seated when Uncle Pete said: "Gentlemen, you called upon me the other day, and offered ten dollars if I would vote the M'Clellan ticket. I am poor, and took your money and the ticket. Here are both, take them back; I never sell my vote!" They tried to urge him to stick to his first promise to them; but it was no go; for Uncle Pete said, "There is no use to talk, gentlemen. I am a Lincoln man, and have been for over ten years!" And getting a little warmed up at the thought of the twenty dollars, he continued, "No, gentlemen, there is no use trying to change my mind, as I always vote on principle, and money can't buy my vote. I am a Lincoln man, and have been a Lincoln man all my life!" While the Democrats left in disappointment, the Lincoln men felt sure of Uncle Pete's vote—unless a higher bid came before election.

AN Irishman, Pat by name, was employed in one of the Newark manufactories. Pat had a habit of getting on sprees and neglecting his work when it was most needed. Mr. W——, one of the firm, and who had the supervision of the establishment, frequently remonstrated with him, but to little purpose, until one day, as Pat came in rather the worse for the "crathur," and became rather noisy, Mr. W—— called him into the office. After a while Pat came out, when a number went to him to hear what Mr. W—— had said this time. Pat said:

"Misther W—— is a fine man, a very gintleman."

"Well, what did he say to you?"

"Och, an' sure he talked kindly to me—just like a fahther. An' sure he is a kind-hearted Christian, an' wouldn't harrum the feelin's of the manest man in the wuruld."

"Well, what did he tell you?"

"An' sure Misther W—— is a fine man, an' he spaked to me jist like a kind fahther; an' told me if I ever came in dhrunk agin he wud kick me out of the shop!"

A LEGAL friend sends us the following account



of a trial which occurred many years ago in W——, Massachusetts:

One of the smartest attorneys in W—— was called on one day for the defense in a suit for the value of sundry bean-poles. His client instructed him: "Fact is, Squire, I had the bean-poles; but we was alone when I bought 'em, and alone when I come next day after 'em; so I don't see how he can prove it." So the attorney appeared at the trial day, when the plaintiff produced an old pocket-book, in which he swore he kept his accounts, and in which he had charged two dollars for the bean-poles. This evidence made the case look squally for the defendant, who hastily called his only witness, and he swore that he heard the defendant say he never had the bean-poles. Even our non-professional readers will see that to admit such a statement is an admission by the party himself without the solemnity of an oath. But the plaintiff's lawyer "didn't see it;" he was struck by the quantity of the evidence rather than its quality. He cross-examined the witness again and again; but the latter stuck to his statement that the defendant did say he never had the bean-poles.

Here the case rested, and it was agreed to leave it to the justice without argument. But his Honor angrily declined to give judgment. "How could he decide a case when there was one witness on each side, and so the testimony was equal?" But being told that it was his duty to decide, he said he should give judgment for the defendant, with costs against the plaintiff. "For though the testimony was equal on both sides, that of the plaintiff's was interested, for he testified in favor of his own bean-poles, while that for the defense was given by a third party who was disinterested." And so the defendant got his bean-poles, but never paid for them.

SOME thirty years ago, when the military organization in Maine commanded more attention from the "assembled wisdom" of that State than of late, a law was passed prescribing the uniform of militia officers, which provided that, at the May trainings, they should wear "*black citizens' hats!*"

In the rear of General Grant's head-quarters at City Point is the camp of Head-quarters Cavalry Escort. While passing through this camp last week I overheard the following dialogue, coming from a group of soldiers lounging under a shelter of pine boughs.

Says A. "I tell you that a majority *don't* elect the President."

Says B. "I know better; it *does* elect, and there ain't nothing else can elect."

A. "Well, it ain't so in *our* State, any how."

B. "Well, if the majority don't elect I should like to know who does?"

A. "Well, I'll tell you who does elect: it's the *Pleurisy*."

B. "The what-i-sy? What the —— is that?"

A. "Well, I don't know exactly, but I know it ain't the *majority*."

A. was right. He only got the pleurisy for *plurality*, that's all.

A CONNECTICUTER sends to the Drawer the following:

Two lawyers were walking out one summer morning when they were met by an Irishman noted for his ready wit.

"Good-morning, Pat," says one of the lawyers,

who happened to be acquainted with the Irishman, and wishing to show his friend some of Pat's wit.

"Good-morning, your Honor," says Pat.

"Pat, my friend and myself have had quite an argument this morning as to whether there ever was an Irishman in heaven or not, and we have concluded to ask your opinion on the matter."

"Faith there was one," says Pat.

"Well, how did he happen to get there?" says the lawyer, at the same time nudging his friend to notice Pat's witty answer.

"Well," continued Pat, "there was once a good old Quaker who had an Irishman living with him, and the Quaker told him that if he kept on and served him as faithfully as he had until he (the Quaker) died that he would take him to heaven with him. In the course of time the Quaker died, and the Irishman went to heaven with him. But when it was known that there was an Irishman in heaven there was a great time, and he was ordered to leave, but he refused to leave, unless he was put out by a regular course of law; and they searched heaven all over, but the divil a lawyer could they find; so there was one Irishman, but never a bit of a lawyer."

A TALL Sucker volunteer, who is in this city "on detached service," having lost his health, and having but little faith in the skill of army surgeons, called upon Doctor S——, a resident practitioner, for treatment. The Doctor gave the case a careful examination, and wrote out a couple of prescriptions, which he handed the soldier, at the same time giving the necessary directions as to diet, etc. Being asked for his bill, the physician blandly answered, "Fifteen dollars, Sir." Our boy in blue opened his eyes pretty wide at the (to him) fabulous price of the slips of paper, but slowly drew the greenbacks and counted out the amount.

Going to the nearest apothecary's he handed in the mystical papers, and the compounds were speedily made up and given to the soldier, with the intimation that "two and a half" was expected as an equivalent.

"Why," said our friend the Sucker, "I just paid an old feller fifteen dollars for that stuff."

"You paid the Doctor for the *prescription*," replied the vendor of pills; "this is for the *medicine*."

"I tell you I paid that old chap fifteen dollars, and I won't pay another cent. Now you just leave these bottles right here, and give me the prescription, and if that old secesh sawbones don't make it all right I'll break his head for him."

So taking the prescription and assuming an air of injured indignation he proceeded to the office of Dr. S——. Marching straight up to that gentleman, he addressed him:

"Look here, old feller, didn't I pay you fifteen dollars for this 'ere rag?"

"Yes, Sir—yes, Sir," says Medicus.

"Well, this pill-shop man down here wants to make me pay two and a half more."

"That is right, my friend. You see I only charge you for the prescription; the medicine is extra."

"Medicine! You fellers want to skin a feller because he's a soldier! You can't come it over me, though—I'm a *veteran*! Now you just give me back my fifteen dollars and take your old prescription!"

The Doctor disgorged the money, and our Illinois Yankee threw down the prescription in disgust be-



fore him, and, with a twinkle in his eye, left the office.

This little financial transaction over, our friend went straightway to the drug-store, and with a satisfied expression told the druggist that he would pay for that medicine now; he had fixed it all up with the doctor; and forking over the requisite sum he left.

Upon comparing notes with the druggist a few days after, Dr. S— was apprised of the sell that had been practiced on him, and the joke soon became known, but to this day he is decidedly sensitive on the subject of his military practice.

BARTIMEUS WILLARD, one of the early settlers of Egremont, Massachusetts, was a ready wit, a keen satirist, and a natural poet. He was one day at Lenox during session of County Court, and the lawyers there were much diverted with his poetical effusions and sallies of wit. One of the lawyers said to him, "Come, Barty, and take dinner with us; it sha'n't cost you any thing." He consented and accompanied the lawyers. One said to him, "Barty, we want you to ask a blessing." Barty, who made no pretension to religion, said, "Well, if I do I hope you will behave as men should do on such an occasion, and not make a mock of it; and I want some one to return thanks." One was accordingly appointed. All stood up around the table and Barty began thus:

"Lord of the climes,  
Haste on the times  
When death makes lawyers civil;  
Lord stop their clack  
And send them back  
Unto their father devil.  
Don't let this band  
Infest our land,  
Nor let these liars conquer;  
Oh, let this club  
Of Beelzebub  
Insult our land no longer!  
They are bad indeed  
As the thistle weed,  
Which chokes our fertile mowing;  
Compare them nigh  
To the Hessian fly,  
Which kills our wheat when growing.  
Come sudden death,  
And cramp their breath,  
Refine them well with brimstone;  
And let them there  
To hell repair,  
And turn the devil's grin'stone."

The landlord said they ate but very little dinner; and the one appointed to return thanks rose, turned on his heel, and did not make the attempt.

PRETTY good for Sandy this is:

During the battle of Antietam the Eighth Connecticut Regiment, one company of which was commanded by Captain Tubbs, of Norwich, Connecticut, was ordered to a new field a little distant from the lines, to be on hand to check any advance there might be in that quarter from the enemy. It was not expected there would be any work for them to perform, and the Captain's servant, a stalwart darkey called Sandy, accompanied them to their new position; but hardly had they got there when the balls commenced to fly around like hail, wounding the Captain and cutting up the men. After the Captain had got to hospital and his servant had been found, the Captain began questioning him as to where he was during the fight. "Well," says Sandy, "I thought it was getting rather too hot for

me, and seein' a big tree on the ground I laid down behind it, so they wouldn't hit me." "How did you feel while you was lying there?" asked the Captain. Said Sandy, "I just felt as if every hair of my head was a brass band, and every band playing '*Home, sweet Home!*'"

AN officer at Atlanta, Georgia, writes to the Drawer:

In a late number of *Harper* I had the pleasure of reading some good anecdotes of that brave old German, Brigadier-General Matthies, formerly commanding a brigade in the Fifteenth Corps, but now resigned. When the number containing the anecdotes came out General M. was commanding at Decatur, Alabama. The "good ones" were read to him, in company with other officers, causing much hearty laughter, in which the General joined, and said they were true enough.

Those anecdotes were good, but not better nor more characteristic than the following:

Just before going into the engagement at Mission Ridge the General told Captain John —, one of his staff-officers, that if he should fall in the engagement he should take his sword and keep it in remembrance of him. Very soon, in the heat of the action, when our brave boys were driving the enemy at every point, General M., riding along the lines, enjoying the conflict, fell suddenly from his horse, wounded in the head. Captain John —, seeing his beloved commander fall, rushed to the spot, threw himself from his saddle, knelt down by the prostrate form, and began an examination to find whether indeed it were lifeless, when the General, recovering a little from the shock, opened his eyes, and seeing the Captain, who was fumbling about his sword-belt and uniform to loosen them, raised his hand as if in remonstrance, and said, in a feeble voice, "No, John; no, my dear John, you no get him yet, you no get him yet; I bees not dead!"

ANOTHER: While the General was commanding at Decatur, Alabama, last May, he had very strong works constructed round the town. One pleasant morning, as I was walking about, "a mere looker-on in Vienna," I happened to meet the General near where the men were at work, and said to him, "General, you will soon have your fort completed."

"Yes," said he; "and as strong as pepper, as strong as pepper, Sir!"

A NEW ORLEANS correspondent writes:

I know that the Drawer is not the place for notices of new books, but perhaps it may admit a reference to a late English novel, for the sake of what is certainly one of the "curiosities of literature," and a very funny one.

I have lately happened upon and read a novel announced to be "by Lady Jane Scott, a daughter-in-law of Sir Walter Scott." (Is the public expected to believe that the Lady Jane has inherited the genius of her father-in-law?) A passably good story, with some rather clever analysis of society in England, and two or three well-drawn characters, but with the absurdest incongruity in the *dénouement*. The first husband of the heroine, whom it is thought best to remove from this sublunary sphere, has a fall on a wharf, and breaks his arm badly. Mortification ensues, and the arm is amputated above the elbow. Quite an original incident for a novel, certainly, and one which the author, at least, might be expected to remember for a few



pages. But amputation was of no avail, was performed too late, and the poor fellow dies about ten pages after the operation. Just before he dies he calls his young and lovely wife and his friend, who is to be her second husband, to his bedside, and "takes the hand of his wife *in one of his*, and with *the other* seizes that of his friend."

THE following I vouch for as fact, as well as the preceding:

In the Academy located in — Village, at one time, some years ago, albums became very popular among the fair ones. Among the gentlemen was a good-natured, careless, heedless fellow, by name Jim F——, who, whatever other qualifications he might have lacked, had a large share of self-esteem. Miss Lucy had one of the nicest albums in school, which was sent to Jim, "with Miss Lucy's compliments, hoping he would favor her with something from his pen." Any thing original was, of course, beyond expectation; so he sat down to search the fields of poesy for something appropriate. At last he found it, as the following lines, copied from the good old "English Reader," attest:

"How loved, how valued once, avails thee not  
To whom related, or by whom begot;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

It is needless to add that Jim's contributions were at a discount thereafter.

OLD Venango is one of the counties of Western Pennsylvania, and its county seat, sometimes called "the nursery of great men," has had more *characters* in its history than most towns of the same population. Among these was one known familiarly as "Van," the proprietor of a restaurant, well stocked with the popular drinks of the day. Although in the liquor business, Van's friends claimed that he was doing more for the *temperance* cause than any man in town, on the principle that he diluted his liquors so thoroughly with water as to render them harmless.

We have another character known as "the Major," famous for his politeness and harmlessness, but liable at times to become very thirsty. The Major one summer afternoon repaired to Van's grocery to indulge in a quiet bender. Seating himself in the back-room he commenced imbibing, all alone in his glory. After drinking all afternoon most persistently, and yet without the desired effect, he called Van, and with an exclamation better omitted in the recital, he declared his liquor was "the meanest he ever saw in his life, as *the more he drank the more sober he grew!*" The Major then returned home musing on the uncertainty of this world's pleasures.

On another occasion the Major called at the office of a young sprig of the law, Tom N——, who has since disappeared in the mazes of Secessiondom. A difficulty soon arose between them, resulting in Tom preemptorily ordering the Major out of his office. The latter not exhibiting a disposition to leave, Tom, who was more famous for strength of lungs than of muscle, assured him of his legal right to eject him forcibly, and taking a law-book from the shelf proceeded to read his authority for the use of just as much force as should be necessary for such ejection.

"Very good," says the Major, with imperturbable gravity, and still occupying his seat; "but

where is the *force*? I have been waiting for that for some time!"

ANY one who has sojourned in Chicago, the "Garden City," for a fortnight can bear testimony to the abominable character of the aqueous fluid, as sometimes dispensed to the city by the Water Commissioners, and can perhaps appreciate the following table-talk:

MR. SMITH (*holding up a glass of water*). "I guess, Margaret, you forgot to filter this water."

MARGARET. "Indade, Sir, I filtered it as well as I could, Sir."

MRS. SMITH. "How did you filter it, Margaret?"

MARGARET. "Through flannel, ma'am."

MRS. SMITH. "Through flannel? Why, where did you get flannel to make a filter?"

MARGARET. "Oh! I jist took one of your husband's undershirts, ma'am."

MRS. SMITH. "Why, *Margaret*, I'm surprised at your doing such a thing."

MARGARET. "Oh, ma'am, I didn't take one of the clean ones; I jist took one out of the clothes-basket, ma'am."

A CORRESPONDENT in San Francisco writes to the Drawer:

The following, which is positively true, occurred in one of the so-called cow counties in this State, in the summer of 1859:

A lady who was authorized to act as agent for the Mount Vernon Association called upon a wealthy neighbor, one of the District School Directors, and presented the subscription list to his lady, with the request that she should aid in the patriotic object. Aunt Polly, as she was familiarly called, said that her old man usually 'tended to the money, and that when he came in from work he 'mout give su'hin' to'rd it." Soon the old man presented himself, and, upon being requested to subscribe, said that "he wa'n't acquainted much about sich affairs, and didn't know but thar mout be some humbug 'bout it." He wanted to know how the money was to be used, and disclaimed all knowledge of General Washington and Mount Vernon. He wanted to know how much the "old farm" was "a-going" to cost; and upon being told \$250,000, he burst out with "Humph! I know it's a humbug now. Why, I've seen as fine farms as ever lay out door sell in old Kanetuck for five thousand. No, they can't catch me with any sich humbug as that. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Humph!" and the poor fellow went out to his work, probably counting on his fingers how many five-thousand-dollar farms that would buy.

A few days after this transpired I was relating the circumstance to a neighbor friend, a young man some twenty-five years of age, a good talker, and a heavy electioneerer at local elections. He listened with marked attention until I had got through, when, somewhat to my astonishment, he came out with, "Well, I've often hern tell of Washington, but don't know where he lives." I explained to him that he was the father of our country, and but for him and his co-operators we should not now be enjoying the liberties of a free people. He thanked me for the information, and promised that if our country called for aid that he should be "thar." He has kept his promise. The last I heard of him he was with Carlton's command in New Mexico, proving that the name of Washington is the watch-word of at least one brave man.



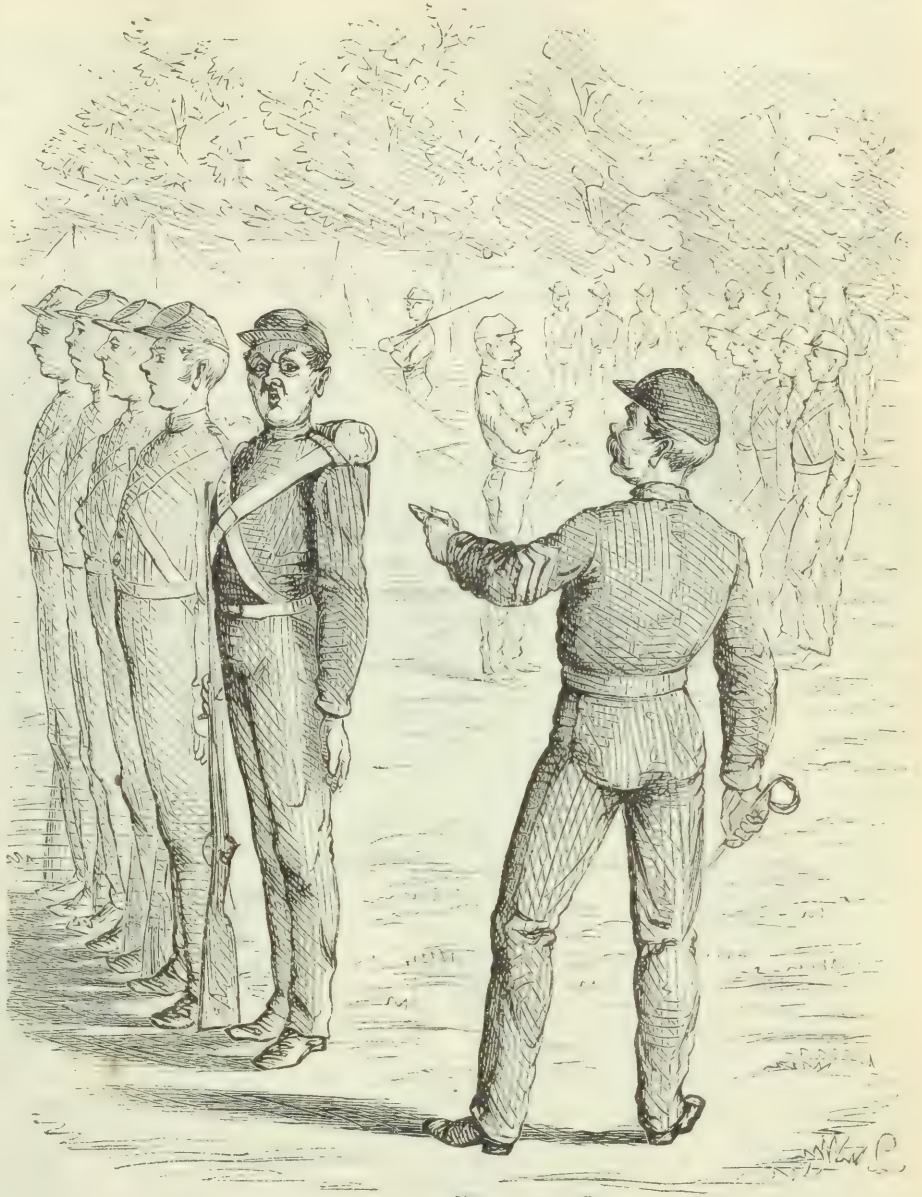
A CONTRIBUTOR sends the following:

Ben Barse, one of the settlers in Jackson Township, Potter County, Pennsylvania, kept a "house of entertainment" on Pine Creek, for stray travelers through that thickly wooded, sparsely settled country. His nearest neighbor was a man named Post, who lived three quarters of a mile distant, up "the other fork." Post was a small, sore-eyed man, with a large family, and eked out rather a scanty livelihood by cultivating about four acres of "clearing" and by fiddling at all the dances in the neighborhood.

Nine years ago a friend of mine was traveling through that lonely country, and stopped at Barse's for the night. After supper my friend, who sat upon the stoop smoking a cigar, was startled by a terrific yell or howl from an object coming in full career down the road toward the house.—Supposing it to be some creature of the surrounding forest, my friend advanced cautiously to reconnoitre, for it was now nearly dark, and discovered the "creature" to be an overgrown boy, barefooted and bareheaded, who succeeded, between sobs and howls, to explain that he was Post's oldest boy, and that his mother, who had been sick for some time, had just died. Of course a messenger was dispatched from Barse's to the other neighbors, and all was done that could be to comfort the bereaved and to perform such kindly offices as the occasion required. The next morning Post came down to Barse's, and requested Barse and my friend to go with him and pick out a suitable spot as a last resting-place for his deceased wife, there being no burying-ground in the neighborhood. They went back with him to his clearing, and after looking over the ground, they indicated as their choice a retired spot at some distance from the house. The bereaved husband was evidently disappointed, and said:

"Friends, suppose you go down into the woods and pick out a spot to bury her. For my part I don't see any use in taking up cleared land with her!"

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#### SQUAD DRILL.

DRILL-SERGEANT.—"What do you mean, Sir, by making faces at your Superior Officer?"

RECRUIT.—"Nose itches!"

ONE of our soldier boys, whose time had expired a few months since, met some of his comrades at home on furlough, who insisted that he should take a drink with them. Now Alf is not a drinking man, but they urged so hard that finally he compromised, and agreed to take some ale. To drink with one, and not with all, would never answer, and he continued until there was a good-sized "bee in his bonnet." While carefully steering his way home he came face to face with the minister and one of the deacons of the church to which he belonged. They commenced a serious conversation with him, which was respectfully listened to, until they wound up by saying "that they did not know how such conduct could be overlooked, and were afraid that he must be expelled." Here Alf found words, and answered, "No, no, gentlemen, I don't want to be expelled, but I'll tell you what I will do—I'll resign!" His experience with army officers suggested this expedient.

WE have a little "five-year-old" in this new



country (California), who never heard the word "tailor." One day an older brother placed on him a dress-coat, and taking the shears he transformed it into a jacket. A neighbor coming to the house, the following conversation took place:

"Good-morning, Albert! you have a new coat, I see."

"Yes, Sir; a new one."

"Who made it for you?"

"Brother Lellie made it."

"Your brother Lellie must be a good tailor."

"Yes, he is first-rate tailor; he cut the tail right square off!"

A YOUNG lawyer, just "establishing" out West, writes:

"I am getting into practice. The voice of forensic eloquence—in logical argument, pathetic appeal, or fiery invective—is heard in the courts of justice [that's mine]! The innocent and oppressed seek the protection and defense of the strong arm of the law [them's my clients]! There are, however, unworthy members of the profession who look upon the noble science of jurisprudence as a system of sophistry and chicanery; who use the laws, intended as a shield for the innocent and a staff for the weak, to uphold injustice and protect the guilty [that's opposite counsel]! But not always, even in this world, does crime go unwhipped of justice; not always do the wicked [that's his clients] escape the fruit of their iniquity [that's judgment, with costs and damages]; nor the virtuous [that's me again] fail to receive their just reward [and that's FEES]!!!"

FROM Petrolia comes the following:

A few evenings since, while in your city, in company with Mr. John S—, of Warren, and Mr. C—, of Titusville, in this State (both successful "oil-men"), I attended the performance of Coriolanus at Niblo's. For the benefit of your non-oleaginous readers let me premise the story by stating that the original mode of procuring petroleum among us was by granting the land to parties willing to operate, reserving a royalty in kind, in lieu of rent, the interest granted being called "the working interest." In the last scene of the tragedy, where the artist had

given a view of the Volscian camp, with the city of Rome in the distance, he had painted a signal-station having every appearance of a derrick over an oil-well. Observing it, I turned to S—, and remarked, "Why, S—, they have been boring for oil in the Volscian camp there; do you see the derrick?"

"Yes," he answered; "so they have. I wonder if they found any?"

"Oh yes," chimed in C—; "they struck oil there. Seneca had the working interest in that well, and to this day they call petroleum Seneca oil!"

A MICHIGANDER sends a good one:

An old sea-captain, who was in the habit of spending his time while in port among a set of hard-drinking fellows, returned to his hotel in Fulton Street, Brooklyn, one evening, in a partially-intoxicated condition. In going up to his room he walked out of one of the windows in the second story, and landed upon the pavement. Fortunately he was not hurt by his descent, and upon going back into the house met the landlord. "Look here, Mr. —," says he, "if you *don't shorten the steps* in your stairs I won't stop with you any more!"



#### A REASONABLE EXCUSE.

MRS. BROWN.—"Why, how is this, Bridget? Nine o'clock, and the fire not made yet!"

BRIDGET.—"Oh, ma'am, I was looking at my Photographic Album, an' forgot me-self entirely!"



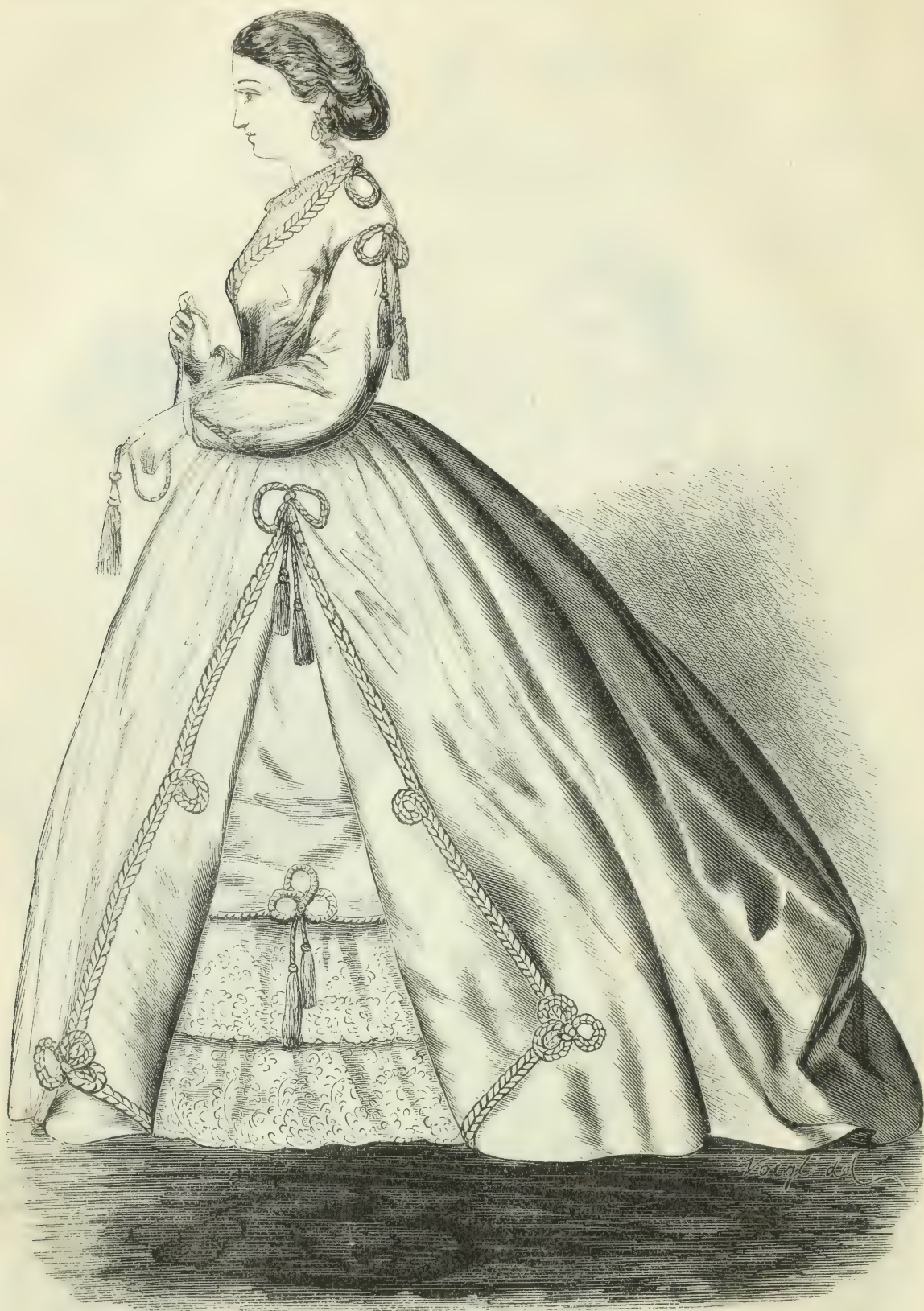
# Fashions for February.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by  
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—DINNER AND STREET TOILETS.





MORNING NEGLIGÉE.

**I**N the DINNER and STREET TOILETS the robes are, as to their character of ornament, very similar, and may be regarded as front and back views of the same, although the first figure, or front, is a *Soutane*, and the tails or basque-like shape in the back view are not, as in the front, sewed flat upon the dress, but are entirely separate. The skirt of the second view is also festooned under thin lozenges, and exposes an under-skirt trimmed, but striped, not lozenged, to match the upper dress.

**MORNING NEGLIGÉE.**—Among several novelties we have seen one that buttons from the neck to the bottom of the skirt in front, and from the waist down all the way at the back, the last few buttons being left open. The robe was perfectly plain. We illustrate above one with *revers* formed by cutting up the *sides* of the skirt. The material is maize-colored merino, trimmed with a deeper hued or buff plait of silk, and with cords and tassels upon the sleeves and chest.

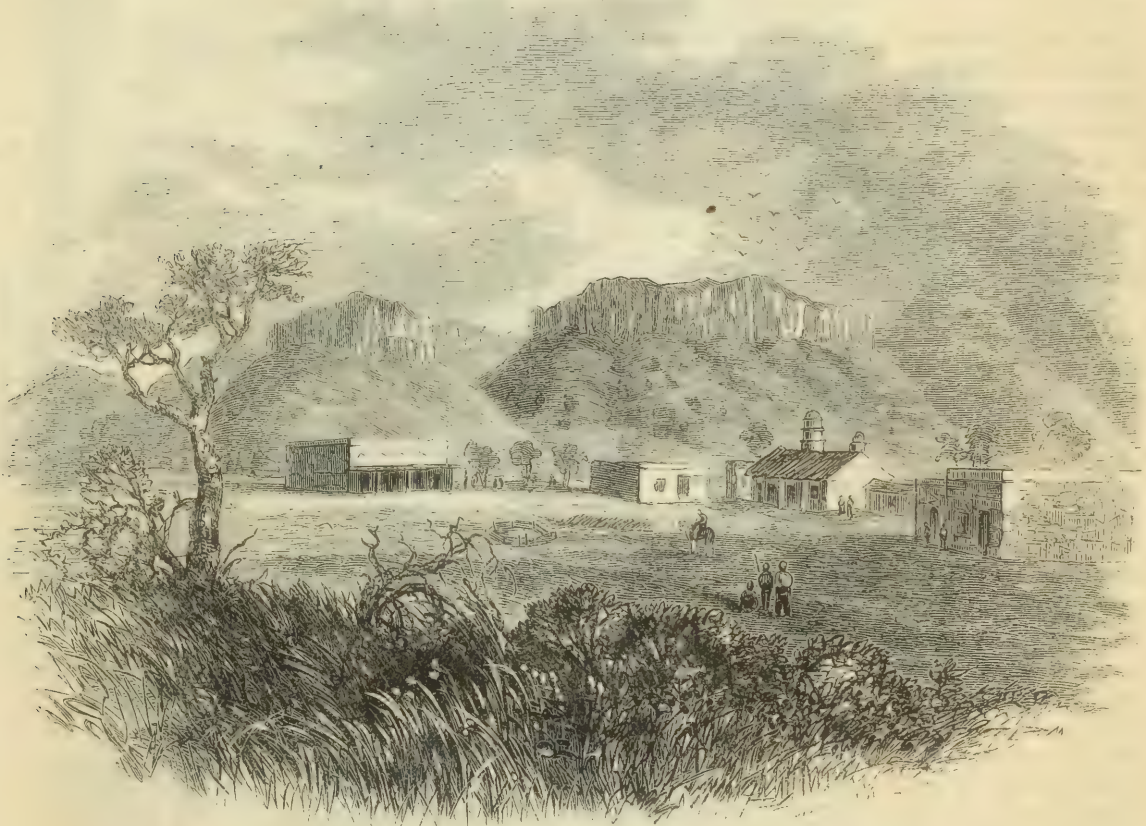


# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CLXXVIII.—MARCH, 1865.—VOL. XXX.

## A TOUR THROUGH ARIZONA.

[Sixth Paper.]



HACIENDA OF THE SANTA RITA MINING COMPANY.

AS five or six days would elapse before the return of our wagon from Tucson, a small party, consisting of Mr. Poston, Lieutenant Arnold, and myself, accompanied by ten men belonging to the escort, took advantage of the opportunity to visit the mines of the Santa Rita district. For this expedition we provided ourselves with a pack-mule for our provisions and carried our own blankets on horseback. Crossing the Santa Cruz at the foot of the milpas, opposite the town of Tubac, we followed an arroya for about four miles, when we ascended the right bank and entered a dry elevated plain, called in this country a mesa, or table, stretching almost as far as we could see north and south, and bounded on the east by the mountains of Santa Rita, and on the west by the Santa Cruz Valley and the mountains of Atacosa. It was a matter of surprise to most of us how luxuriant the grass

was on this mesa, and what an inexhaustible support it affords for innumerable herds of cattle. No water, however, is to be found nearer than the Santa Cruz River and the cañons of the Santa Rita Mountains. The Pecacho on the left forms a bold and striking feature in the scene, rising like a massive fortress directly on the edge of the plain, and backed by the rugged ribs of the Santa Ritas, the two main peaks of which, called "the teats," form a prominent land-mark to travelers for a circuit of over two hundred miles. Our trail over the mesa, otherwise monotonous, was pleasantly diversified by groves of palo-verde and bunches of cactus; but apart from the peculiarity of the vegetation, it was a luxury to breathe the air. Nothing more pure or invigorating could exist upon earth. The unclouded sky and glowing tints of the mountains; the unbounded opulence of sun-

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shine, which seemed to sparkle in atmospheric scintillations, inspired us with a perfect overflow of health and spirits; and it was no wonder we built many castles in the air, and reveled in dreamy regions of enchantment in which the glittering silver mines of Arizona played a prominent part.

At the first break of the mesa we struck an arroya, or rather rocky ravine, in which I noticed some very remarkable geological formations. A large area of the earth was covered by immense columns of sandstone, standing like the ruined colonnade of some grand old castle, many of them capped by prodigious boulders of rock, which no human power could have elevated to their present resting-places. How they came there, or how long they have thus stood battling with the elements, was beyond our ability to decide. Lieutenant Ives, in his admirable report on the Colorado, refers to similar geological phenomena in the region of the Great Cañon. I believe the theory of geologists is, that the earth has been washed away from these columns, leaving them standing in the open air as they stood in their natural strata underground.

Not far beyond the mesa we entered upon a rugged region, abounding in breaks and arroyas very rocky and difficult for our horses. In one of these desolate places we visited the spot where Mr. H. C. Grosvener, the last manager of the Santa Rita mines, and the last of three managers whose fate was similar, was killed by the Apaches about two years ago. It appears that a wagon containing supplies had been sent out from Tubac and was on its way to the hacienda, when the men who accompanied it were attacked and killed. Mr. Grosvener and Mr. Pompelly



SANDSTONE COLUMNS.

had passed the wagon and teamsters a few minutes before and proceeded to the hacienda. As the freight-party did not arrive within a reasonable time, Grosvener walked out alone to see what was the cause of the delay. The Apaches had meantime made their murderous attack on the teamsters and plundered the wagon; and were moving up the cañon, when they saw Grosvener coming, and immediately formed an ambush behind the rocks and shot him dead as he approached. His grave lies a few hundred yards from the head-quarters of the hacienda. A marble head-stone, upon which his name is inscribed, with the additional words not uncom-



mon in Arizona: "Killed by the Apaches," marks the spot. By the side of this grave is another headstone, bearing the name of Mr. Slack, his predecessor, who lost his life by the same ruthless tribe of Indians. Another of the managers, also killed by the Apaches, lies buried at Tubac.

Early in the afternoon we reached the beautiful hacienda of the Santa Rita Company, now solitary and desolate. The houses have gone to ruin, and only a few adobe walls, furnaces, and the frame-work of the mill remain to mark the spot formerly so full of life and enterprise. It was sad to stand among these ruins and think how hard a fate had been the reward of nearly all the enterprising men who had built up this little community. A few years ago these houses, now empty and crumbling down in dusty fragments, were replete with busy life; the reduction works were in full blast, and every heart throbbed with the brightest anticipations of the future.

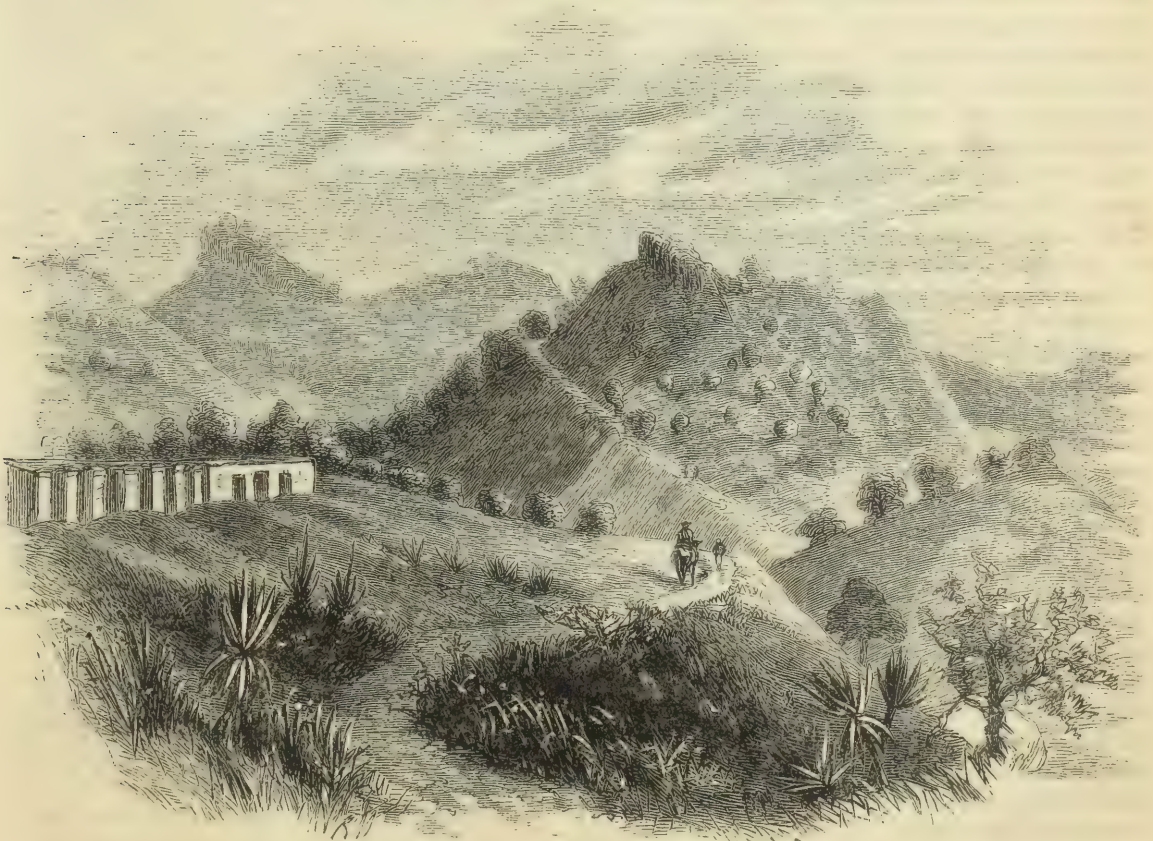
Mr. Poston, who had done more perhaps than any other man to develop the resources of this vast mineral region, had some depressing reflections as he gazed upon this scene of ruin. He had suffered too much, however, in Arizona, and seen too many reverses of fortune to waste much time in retrospection. The future was still bright and promising. It would not be long before these tenements would be again inhabited, and the sounds of life and industry again enliven the place. With the necessary protection now promised the Company is prepared to re-establish the works; an experienced manager, Mr.

Wrighton, who has had long experience in this region, is now on the way out, and probably not more than a few months will elapse before the mines and hacienda will be occupied by a large working force.

At the distance of a few hundred yards from the hacienda is a silver lead, situated strangely enough in the valley, close by the bed of the creek, upon which some explorations have been made. An assay of the ore, made in 1861, yielded \$400 to the ton. Water is furnished by the mine itself, which is not considered a disadvantage in this country, where that element is the great desideratum.

A mile beyond we reached the foot of the Salero Mountain, near which, in a pleasant little valley, stand the ruins of the peon houses, once occupied by the operatives on the Salero Mine. The surrounding hills are clothed with a rich growth of grass, and there is an abundance of oak timber scattered over these hills and the adjacent mountains to supply the requisite fuel for the reduction works for many years. Water is found in an adjacent cañon a few hundred yards from the quarters, but not in sufficient quantities for stock. There would be no difficulty, however, in increasing the quantity by digging.

The Salero, which is the principal mine in this region, is situated in the side of a conical mountain of the same name, rising immediately from this little valley, and presenting some very striking mineral phenomena. The shaft is seen about a third of the way up its face, and is approached by a wagon road, which cuts and leaves



THE SALERO MINE.



exposed a number of veins running into the mountain in nearly the same direction, and all bearing more or less indications of silver.

This mine has long been known to the Mexicans, and was worked more than a century ago under the direction of the Jesuits at Tumacacori. A legend is told of the derivation of the name, *SALERO* or Salt-cellar, which may be worthy of record. On the occasion of a visit from the Bishop of Sonora to Tumacacori, the good father in charge of that establishment furnished, as in duty bound, the best entertainment for his superior that his limited resources would allow. The Bishop was delighted with the sumptuous feast laid before him; the chickens, the fruits, the wines were all excellent; there was only one thing lacking to complete his temporal happiness—a salt-cellar! The poor Padre was deeply mortified; he had forgotten all about the salt-cellar; in fact, had long since forgotten the use of such luxuries. Salt-cellars were as scarce in Arizona then as they are now. “Never mind!” said he, as a happy thought struck him, “your Excellency shall have a salt-cellar to-morrow.” A few trusty men were dispatched to the Santa Rita mountains, with orders to dig and smelt some silver ore and make a salt-cellar, and sure enough, by dinner-time the next day a massive salt-cellar was presented to the Bishop, and from that day forth the mine out of which the ore was dug was called the *Salero*. History does not record, but there can be little doubt that the worthy Bishop of Sonora enjoyed his dinner at Tumacacori.

During the afternoon, and on the following day, we visited at least fifteen or twenty distinct mines, all partially opened and well tested, forming what might be termed a perfect net-work of silver-bearing ledges. Among these were the *Salero*, *Bustillo*, *Crystal*, *Encarnation*, *Cazador*, and *Fuller*, each one of which has yielded, under a very imperfect system of working, at the rate of four to fourteen hundred dollars to the ton. This of course was from selected ores. The average would probably not fall short of two hundred dollars, though sufficient work has not yet been done upon which to base a reliable calculation. The assays and experiments of such men as *Küstel*, *Pompey*, *Booth*, *Garnett*, *Mainzer*, *Blake*, *Dr. Jackson* of Boston, and others, demonstrate at least that there is a great abundance of rich ores in the Santa Rita district.

As a grazing country for cattle and sheep the valleys and foot-hills of the Santa Rita can not be surpassed. Grass of every variety known in Arizona covers the ground all the year, and there is practically no winter for live-stock. The climate is so mild, even in the months of January and February, that it is a positive luxury to sleep in the open air. Wood can be obtained in limited quantities in the neighborhood, and when that is exhausted the valley of the Santa Cruz, only twelve miles distant, furnishes an inexhaustible supply. The mines abound in ores easy of reduction by smelting, and they are

so situated that access to all of them by good roads can be had at a small expense. The transit to Tucson and Guyamas is over the best natural roads in the world, but will require military protection for some time to come.

Within the distance of eight miles lies the beautiful Valley of the *Sonoita*, which is watered by the river of the same name, and abounds in very promising gold and silver ledges. Some of the finest farming lands in the Territory lie along the borders of this stream. When Fort Buchanan was occupied, several families from Texas and the borders of Missouri lived in this valley; and I have been told the wheat and corn crops raised by them were absolutely wonderful. There can be no doubt that, with the protection afforded by the mines when in operation, the *Sonoita* Valley will be settled once more, and the soil again cultivated.

We took a ride over the intervening hills to see a gold ledge, called the “*Tenaja*,” or “*Tank*,” of which I made a sketch. The croppings are very fine; but I could not see any gold in them by the naked eye.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, having completed our tour among the mountains of the Santa Rita, we returned to *Tubac*, greatly pleased with our ramble, though somewhat tired and hungry. A bath in the Santa Cruz River refreshed us after our rough experience of the past few days; and it was not unpleasant to be once more within hail of a public highway, even though it brought us no news either from above or below. We were all anxious to hear from home. Nothing had reached us from “the States” for over two months. It might be that the war had come to an end, so little did we know or hear of the turmoil of strife or the excitement of speculation. Isolated as we were in a country fraught with dangers, it seemed strange how calm and peaceful the solitude around us looked. Not a stir, not a sound beyond the limits of our own encampment disturbed the intense quietude that reigned over the slumbering earth. Yet every thicket and ravine had its



A GRAVE ON THE SANTA CRUZ ROAD.



story of bloodshed and death, and around us lay the graves of murdered men!

No tidings of our wagon, which we had dispatched to Tucson for provisions and forage, having been received, up to the morning of the sixth day, we resolved to leave Tubac and proceed on our journey toward Sopori and the mines of the Cerro Colorado. It was our intention to camp at the Revanton Ranch, eight miles below Tubac, where we hoped to meet the wagon on its way up; nor were we disappointed, for some four or five Papago Indians, of whom the chief was our friend, Captain José, came dashing up with the pleasing intelligence that the wagon and detachment were close behind. These doughty warriors were all armed, some with old muskets and others with bows and arrows, and presented something of a stylish appearance in their mixed costume of military coats, serapas, loose pantaloons, rawhide sandals, and straw sombreros. One of them, a very important old gentleman in his own estimation, was peculiarly distinguished for the brilliancy of his uniform. He wore a blue cloth coat with two rows of buttons down in front and the same number on the back; so that, with a tremendous shock of hair, which fell loosely over his face and neck, it was difficult to tell, at a short distance, whether he was riding with his face or his back to the horse's head. Nor was the illusion quite dissipated by the appearance of his legs, which were quite bare, and fortunately so colored by nature that they corresponded exactly with the skin of his horse. We suspected that this doughty old warrior had so fashioned and equipped himself as a decoy for the enemy, whom he doubtless intended to deceive with the appearance of a retreat, when in reality he was making an advance.

Captain José, although of higher rank, was less ostentatiously accoutred, having only a plain blue coat with brass buttons in front, white cotton pantaloons, buckskin leggings, and moccasins of the same, all a little the worse for the wear and tear of travel. The rest of the party were stout young fellows of the tribe, who had probably distinguished themselves in some of the late forays against the Apaches. Mr. Poston had written down to San Xavier, to the Padre Mesa, to send up these chiefs and warriors, in order that they might accompany us on our proposed tour through the region of the Papago villages lying west of the Baboquivori. We found their services very useful as scouts, guides, and interpreters. Captain José speaks good Spanish, and is a man of excellent character, remarkable for his sobriety and good sense. Of all the Papagoes he is perhaps the most reliable and intelligent.

We soon had the pleasure of meeting the wagon and escort, by which we anxiously expected food both for body and mind. Only those who have been, as we were, nearly two months without a word of news from home, can appreciate the eagerness with which we crowded around the Sergeant and asked for the letters and news-

papers; and only such can appreciate our disappointment, when we found that we had neither news nor newspapers of a later date than that of our departure from Tucson. Private letters there were for some of our party, but nothing that threw the least light upon the progress of the war. For all the information we had, we might as well have been in Timbuctoo or China. I could not but marvel that there existed within the limits of the United States a spot so completely isolated from the civilized world. Military expresses are all that now serve the purposes of communication in Arizona. So far as they go they are a great convenience; but it is hard for private citizens engaged in business to be dependent upon such precarious means of intercourse with the outside world. At this moment Arizona is, practically, more distant from San Francisco and New York than either of those cities is from China or Norway. I made the trip from Germany to Iceland and back much more easily, and with much less expense and loss of time, than from San Francisco to Sonora and back. Now that the Governor and his staff have located the capital, and put the wheels of the Territorial Government in operation, it is to be hoped that this great desideratum will attract the attention of Congress. Without mails and newspapers Arizona will never be a thriving country. At the time of our visit there was not a printing-press in the Territory. Mr. Secretary M'Cormick has since established the *Arizona Miner*, a very excellent little paper, edited with spirit and ability. It is the pioneer of a new and more enlightened era, and well deserves the patronage of the public. Newspapers and mails will of course follow the settlement of the country in natural order; but since the Territory of Arizona, with all its vast mineral resources, is subject to much greater difficulties of position and settlement than any other within our limits, and has received as yet but little consideration or aid from Government, it seems peculiarly deserving of encouragement from our Federal authorities. So far as I have seen, the people generally are loyal to the Union; the recent election, showing a large Union majority, has sufficiently determined that. Some discontent has heretofore prevailed against the military department for alleged neglect of protection; but measures have been taken to remedy the evils complained of. The recent vigorous and liberal measures taken by the departments in Washington to develop the resources of the Territory will undoubtedly result in a large increase of emigration.

It was our intention to camp at Revanton; but upon our arrival there we found it entirely destitute of water. There was not so much as a pool left in the Santa Cruz River from which we could satisfy our own thirst, much less water our animals. Thus it is that the rivers of Arizona disappear at the most unexpected points. The oldest Mexicans and Indians of our party had never before known the Santa Cruz to be dry at Revanton. From other causes this fine ranch



has been deserted for several years. It was at one time claimed and occupied by Elias Brevoort, who built upon it a fine adobe house, with a large corral and garden, at the crossing of the river, where the road takes off to Sopori and the Cerro Colorado. This palatial edifice occupies a square of several hundred varas, and is perhaps the largest and most imposing private residence in Arizona. Sixteen thousand dollars were expended in the building of the house and improvement of the premises. Mr. Brevoort, as I was informed, had some connection with the Quarter-master's Department of the Army, and was sent down into Chihuahua to recover some absconding wagons and teams belonging to the United States Government. The wagons and teams remained there, and so did Brevoort. Subsequently "old Jimmy Caruthers," a frontiersman, squatted upon the ranch, and cultivated it to some extent, raising a good crop of corn and wheat; but the Apaches stole his cattle and broke him up. The first and last time I saw this eccentric character was on the rise of the mesa near Oatman's Flat, as mentioned in the second number of these papers.

The Revanton is now a ruin; the house is deserted—a death-like silence reigns over the premises. The grass is crisped, the trees are withered, the bed of the river is dry, the sap of life seems to have deserted the place with its inhabitants, and left nothing but ruin and decay to mark the spot. Yet a more beautiful region of country than that occupied by this ranch it would be hard to find any where. It is naturally rich in vegetation; the climate is unsurpassed, and during the season of rain, when the earth is clothed in verdure, it must be one of the loveliest spots in the world. But without water, of what avail are all the advantages of soil and climate?

The road by which we traveled on leaving the Revanton had not been much used of late, and was difficult to trace amidst the sandy arroyos and patches of mesquit and cactus. Our Mexican vaqueros, however, were never long at fault; their instinct on the subject of roads and trails is equal to that of a dog.

A delightful ride of five or six miles through a broad, rich valley of grass, pleasantly diversified with groves of mesquit and palo-verde, brought us to a narrow pass, on the right elevation of which stand all that remains of the buildings and store-houses of the Sopori Land and Mining Company. Little is now left save ruined adobe walls and tumbled-in roofs. As usual, not a living thing was to be seen. Silence and desolation reigned supreme.

At the time Colonel James W. Douglass lived here the Sopori was one of the most flourishing ranches in the country. He had herds of fat cattle ranging over the pastures; fields of grain and vegetables in the rich bottom that lies just in front of the dwelling-house; domestic animals and fowls of various kinds; and could always afford the traveler a generous reception. In fact the hospitality of "old Jimmy Doug-

lass" was noted even in this country, where hospitality has long been considered one of the necessary virtues of existence. Prior to 1861, in the palmy days of Phil Herbert, Ned McGowan, and their confrères, all men who had acquired, by their industry or otherwise, houses and homes, and who had food to eat and blankets to lend, were expected, as a matter of course—indeed, compelled, from the necessity of the case—to lodge and feed (and often to clothe and lend money to) all other men who chose to go drifting about the country without means, and without the desire to procure any by honest labor.

This is the case to some extent in all new countries; but it was especially the case at Tubac, where the private quarters of the chief manager of the "Sonora Exploring and Mining Company" were invaded without ceremony, and their occupant never permitted to enjoy an hour's solitude, except when away from his own house. To feed the hungry and clothe the naked was his legitimate business, since he was one of the few men in the country who had enterprise enough to possess food and raiment; but when, after the exercise of many Christian virtues, in addition to those of patience and hospitality, it became pretty generally understood that "Poston's Hotel" got up about the best dinners and beds in the country, Tubac became a favorite place of resort for the various adjacent communities. Neither board nor lodging cost any thing at this agreeable place, which was a matter of some moment, considering the high price of provisions and the general scarcity of funds. Poston's was famous as the best "hotel" of the kind in Arizona, and being on the public highway to and from Sonora, had by far the largest number of "boarders." It was not a profitable institution in a pecuniary point of view. To be boarded out of one's house is a common calamity, but a few more such boarders as Poston had would have boarded him out of his boots.

The Sopori Ranch, although at present uninhabited, possesses advantages as a mining and grazing region which have long since given it a reputation in Sonora. Embracing over twenty square leagues of mountain and valley, it comprises within its boundaries some of the best silver and copper lodes and cattle-ranges in the country. During the greater part of the year it is well watered, but there are times when the water is scarce, except in the vicinity of the head-quarters, where the supply is never-failing. By means of acequias a considerable extent of bottom land of a very productive quality has already been cultivated. The usual cereal crops thrive well here, and esculents are especially fine. Wood of many valuable varieties—such as oak, ash, walnut, cotton-wood, willow, and mesquit—grows in the ravines and along the margin of the creek. Lying twelve miles south of Tubac, bordering on the Mission lands of San Xavier del Bac to the north, and distant but forty-five miles from Tucson, on the highway to the Cerro Colorado, Arivaca, and Sonora,



it possesses great advantages of location and a climate unrivaled for its salubrity.

I spent the afternoon rambling over the hills, making sketches of the scenery, which at this season of the year is Italian in its atmospheric coloring. Indeed that land which possesses the "fatal gift of beauty" is fairly outrivaled by the Sopori.

The principal mine, which I also visited, is about two miles from the head-quarters. As yet the lode has been but little explored. A shaft has been sunk, from which some very rich ore has been taken, portions of it in small particles of pure silver.

I do not believe, however, from my own casual observation, that the mother vein has yet been struck. The average of ores taken out, and upon which experiments have been made, demonstrates a yield of \$150 to the ton, and this by the rudest process of smelting. Selected specimens have yielded \$700 to the ton. Still the vein does not appear to me sufficiently defined, at the point now reached, to warrant the belief that large results can be expected without further exploration. Mr. Bartlett, I believe, has taken a great interest in the development of this region, and has organized a company at Providence, Rhode Island, for the working of the mines on an extensive scale.

The whole country bears strong indications of rich mineral deposits. The Mexicans for many years past have worked some gold placers in the ravines of the neighboring mountains; and we saw the remains of *arastras*, where they had formerly ground and smelted silver ores. All this district of country needs development. With capital, energy, and patience it must eventually become one of the most valuable mining districts in the Territory.

It was late when we returned to our pleasant camping place under the wide-spreading "nogales," or walnut-trees, by the margin of the creek. The grass was luxuriant, and our animals enjoyed it with amazing zest. A fat deer, which we had killed on the way, enabled us to recompense ourselves for the fatigues of our tramp over the hills. When we turned-in upon our soft, grassy beds, and looked up at the clear star-spangled sky above us, there were some among us, I have no doubt, who thought that a home in such a charming wilderness would not be unpleasant, if one could be assured of such peace among men as reigned over the quiet earth. But peace like that is not for the races that inhabit this world. I lay for hours thinking over the unhappy condition of our country, and a profound sadness oppressed me as vision after vision of bloodshed and suffering and death passed like some funeral cortège through the silent watches of the night. Far away friends were falling in sanguinary strife; every where God's beautiful earth was desecrated by the wickedness of man; even here, in this remote wilderness, we were not exempt from the atrocities of a savage foe. We had seen the recent tracks of an Apache band on the road; and the

cautious manner in which our animals were picketed and the guard stationed sufficiently manifested the insecurity of life and property in this region.

An early start enabled us to reach by noon the Heintzelman Mine—or, as it is more commonly called, the "Cerro Colorado." This celebrated mine belongs to a company of New York capitalists known as the "Arizona Mining Company." The distance by the road from Tubac is as follows: To Revanton, 8 miles; Sopori, 5; Cerro Colorado, 11; total, 24 miles. A much shorter road could be made across the foot-hills of the Atacosa range of mountains, but the work would be attended by considerable expense. From Sopori, the road now used is the public highway to Altar, Saric, and other points in Sonora, and will probably form a branch of the projected route to Port Libertad, on the Gulf of California. It runs through a broad open valley abounding in groves of walnut, oak, ash, and mesquit, fringing the bed of a creek which is usually dry at this season. Numerous arroyas extending down from the gulches of the neighboring mountains, in which the sands are drifted by the floods of former years, show that the country is not always so destitute of water as it is at present. The valley extends nearly all the way up from the Sopori to the foot-hills of the Cerro Colorado. It is covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, and is one of the finest grazing regions for cattle and sheep I have seen in the Territory. Sufficient water for stock can be had any where along the bed of the creek by digging a few feet. On the north side there is a rise of several hundred feet to the level of a mesa, which extends as far as the eye can reach, toward San Xavier del Bac. This plateau is dry and rocky, but produces fine grama grass, and furnishes an inexhaustible range for sheep. To the southward lie the rolling hills that join the Atacosa mountains. These are also covered with grass, and dotted with palo-verde, mesquit, and cactus. Deer are abundant in this region, having been but little disturbed during the past few years. We killed two as we traveled along the road, and saw many more. Wild turkeys, rabbits, quails, and other game also abound in great numbers, so that we had no difficulty in keeping our camp well supplied.

A prominent landmark for several miles before reaching the head-quarters of the Arizona Mining Company is the conical hill of reddish-colored rock called by the Mexicans the "Cerro Colorado," from which the district derives its name. Standing on a rise of rolling land, isolated from the neighboring mountains, it presents in its conformation and coloring a singularly picturesque feature in the scene. Back of this curious peak to the north lies a rugged range of mountains, upthrown, as it were, out of the earth by some tremendous volcanic convulsion. In this the strangest confusion of outlines and colors prevails; it is literally a chaotic wilderness of rocks, boulders, porphyritic pillars, masses of lava and scoria; weird and terrible,





HEINTZELMAN MINE AND WORKS.

yet magnificent in the immensity of its desolation. Well has it been named by the old Spaniards the *Mal Pais*; yet no part of God's creation is utterly valueless to man. By that system of compensation which every where prevails, and of which Arizona furnishes some of the most remarkable examples, this desolate range of mountains abounds in veins of gold and silver, some of which have been profitably worked by the Mexicans. As yet, however, it has been but little explored by the Americans; and it would be difficult to estimate what may be the value of these deposits of precious minerals. Future exploration will doubtless develop them.

I was surprised on our arrival at the mine to see the amount of work which had been done at this place. The head-quarters lie on a rise of ground, about a mile distant from the foot of the Cerro Colorado, and present at the first view the appearance of a Mexican village built around the nucleus of a fort.

Scarcely three years ago the hacienda of the Cerro Colorado presented probably the most striking scene of life and energy in the Territory. About a hundred and twenty peons were in the employ of the Company; the works were in active operation; vast piles of ore were cast up daily from the bowels of the earth; wagons were receiving and discharging freights; the puff and whistle of the steam-engine resounded over the hills; herds of cattle, horses, mules, and other stock ranged over the valleys. At the time of our visit it was silent and desolate—a picture of utter abandonment. The adobe houses were fast falling into ruin; the engines

were no longer at work; the rich piles of ore lying in front of the shafts had been sacked and robbed by marauding Mexicans; nothing was to be seen but wreck and ruin, and the few solitary graves on a neighboring hill, which tell the story of violence and sacrifice by which the pathway to civilization has been marked in Arizona.

We took up our quarters within the walled fortifications which mark the entrance to the mine. The works are well protected by a tower in one corner of the square, commanding the plaza and various buildings and store-houses, as also the shafts of the mine which open along the ledge for a distance of several hundred yards. We found the steam-engine still standing within the inclosure, but rusty and partially imbedded in the ground. Remains of *arastras* and "whims," with various massive beams scattered about, showed to some extent the large amount of labor expended upon these works.

The entrance to the mine is close by the tower. The shaft has been sunk to a depth of a hundred and forty feet, and has been for some time partially filled with water. Poston and myself descended by the ladders as far as we could. About sixty feet of water stopped us from going any farther. I was surprised at the completeness and durability of the work—the more so knowing with what difficulty every part of it had been accomplished.

Of the quality of the ores in this mine I am not prepared to express any opinion of my own. The best practical evidence I saw of their value was that the Mexicans had been plundering the different shafts which were accessible, just prior to our arrival; and judging from their rude sys-



tem of reduction I scarcely think they would waste time in stealing ore of little value, and transporting it across the border line through an Apache country. It is well known that the town of Saric, in Sonora, has been built upon the proceeds of ore stolen from the Heintzelman mine. I saw scattered about the premises piles of ore, which had just been broken up ready for packing away; and the fresh tracks of mule-trains and wagon-wheels, on the well-beaten road to Saric, showed how profitable this sort of enterprise must be to the Sonorians.

Mr. S. F. Butterworth, who visited the Cerro Colorado eight days prior to our arrival, caught a party of them emerging from the mine. I may here mention that he was accompanied by Mr. Küstel, Mr. Higgins, and Mr. Janin—all gentlemen of learning and experience in mining matters—who assisted him in making a thorough examination of this mine and its resources. In the opinion of Mr. Butterworth and these gentlemen, the lode is one of the richest in Arizona, and will, under a judicious system of working, amply repay the capital invested in its development.

The average product of the Real del Monte mines in Mexico is \$52 to the ton. That of the Gould and Curry, prior to the recent depression of mining interests in Nevada, was about \$65. Assays of selected ores form no reliable criterion of the value of a mine. Some of the best ores have been taken from some of the poorest mines. It is the quantity of good average ore, and the facilities for working, that form the true criterion of value in this precarious business. Nothing is more unreliable, therefore, than estimates based upon exceptional tests. What the average of the Heintzelman mine is, has never, I believe, been determined by any systematic calculation, the operations having been of a transitory and progressive character. An assay of selected ore made by Dr. Garnett of San Francisco, in 1857, yielded \$8624 of silver to the ton, and \$111 20 of copper. The average of eight assays on different ores from the same mine, made by Professors Booth, Torry, Lock, Kinsey, and others, yielded \$1424 45 to the ton. Recent assays made by Professor Jackson, of Boston, show 13 to 16 per cent. of silver, and 37 per cent. of copper to the ton. From the best information I can get, the average of ore worked at the Cerro Colorado hacienda, and at the hacienda of Arivaca, where a considerable portion of it was reduced, did not fall short of \$250 to the ton; so that there can be no reasonable doubt as to the richness of the vein. It is clearly defined on the surface of the ground for a distance of two miles, and so far as subterranean explorations have gone, increases in width and quality as it descends.

The rich mineral district of the Cerro Colorado was first brought to the notice of Eastern capitalists by Mr. Poston, my friend and traveling companion, who explored it in March, 1856. To his indomitable energy is due the succession of discoveries since made in this and the neigh-

boring districts of Santa Rita, Sopori, and Arivaca. During the summer of 1861, when the Federal troops were withdrawn, the Apaches renewed their depredations, and the barbarous races of Sonora turned loose to complete the work of destruction. Murder after murder followed in rapid succession. Mr. Poston's brother, who was in charge of the Heintzelman mine, was assassinated by the native employés. Within a few weeks every mine in the country, except that of Mr. Mowry, was deserted. After a series of hardships and difficulties almost incredible Poston and a single friend (Mr. Pompelly) made their escape to California. Those who have read the exquisite productions of Margaret and Lucretia Davidson—and few there are who have not—will feel interested in a brief notice of the only surviving member of that gifted family, Mr. M. O. Davidson, recently appointed Superintendent of the Heintzelman mine. This gentleman, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at San Xavier del Bac on our return from the Papagoria, arrived by the way of Guyamas with a party of thirty men, comprising some of the best practical miners, engineers, and artisans to be had in the Atlantic States. Mr. Davidson has had many years' experience of mining and engineering operations, as Superintendent of the Cumberland Coal Works and Chief Manager of the Havana Railroad in Cuba, and comes well prepared in other respects to develop the great mineral resources of Arizona. Already his men are at work, the engine is in operation, the main shaft will soon be sunk to a depth of several hundred feet, the buildings and reduction works will be refitted for occupation, new machinery erected, and contracts made for additional labor and supplies. Mr. Davidson will have many difficulties to contend with in this new field of enterprise; but with the protection of a Territorial Government it is to be hoped he will be exempt from those disheartening casualties which have so often fallen upon his predecessors. His views of the future destiny of Arizona are liberal and enlarged. He believes it to be a Territory destined to attract great attention within a few years. With a railway to Libertad and a free port on the Gulf, for which the people must look to the aid of Government, he is of opinion the prosperity of Arizona will be assured beyond question.

Seven miles from the Cerro Colorado we reached the Arivaca Ranch, long celebrated for its rich mines and fine pastures. This ranch, called by the Mexicans *La Aribac*, comprises within its boundaries 17,000 acres of agricultural land, 25 silver mines formerly worked by the Mexicans, and numerous gold, copper, and lead mines, as yet undeveloped. It contains a large amount of rich meadow-land, bordering on a never-failing stream; is well wooded with oak, walnut, ash, cotton-wood, and mesquit, and is capable of sustaining a population of five or six thousand souls. The range for cattle and sheep is almost without limit, extending over a belt of grazing country as far south as the Ari-



zuma Mountains; west to the great peak of the Baboquivori, and north and east into the heart of the neighboring mountains. This goes far beyond the boundaries of the ranch; but in Arizona, as in California, the possession of water is tantamount to the possession of the whole surrounding country. The title is held by the Arizona Mining Company, and is derived from Thomas and Ignatio Orteiz, who perfected it as early as 1802. It was surveyed by Lieutenant A. B. Gray, of the Boundary Commission, in 1859. Up to the abandonment of the Territory in 1861 it was in a progressive state of improvement under the auspices of the Company's agent. The reduction works of the Heintzelman mine were situated on this ranch for the convenience of wood, water, and pasturage, and were projected on a costly and extensive scale. Little now remains of them save the ruins of the mill and furnaces, the adobe store-houses and offices, and a dilapidated corral.

We camped in the old mill, and spent a couple of days very pleasantly in visiting the mines and exploring the gulches of the neighboring mountains. Game was abundant. Some of our escort, who were good shots, brought in several fat deer, and we lived in sumptuous style during our stay.

A couple of miles below the head-quarters is situated another mining establishment belonging to the same Company, and designed for the use of certain mines in the same vicinity—one of which we visited and found to present very favorable indications of lead and silver ore. Several buildings in a fair state of preservation comprise what is left of the hacienda; also a double corral for horses and cattle.

To this corral hangs a tale. When Arivaca was occupied great precautions were taken to prevent the loss of stock by theft. The work animals were driven into the corral every evening before dark. A small adobe house, in which the vaqueros slept, stands opposite the entrance, with the door fronting the gate, so that it was supposed nothing could go in or out without attracting the attention of the guard. Watch-dogs were kept in order that the guard might be aroused in case he should happen to fall asleep during his watch, and the vaqueros were obliged to keep their door open. The bars of the gate were fastened with a heavy chain lashed around them, so that the least movement would be likely to make a noise. Besides there were white men in several of the quarters, well armed and always on the *qui vive*.

With all these precautions a band of four or five Apaches came one night and attempted to cut through the wall by sawing a gap in it with their hair riatas; but finding the material too hard they chose the alternative of making an attempt on the gate. To get the bars down without making a noise, they carefully unfastened the chain, and taking it link by link in their serapes as they moved it, actually succeeded in effecting an opening without even arousing the dogs. The Mexicans in charge were barely

aroused in time to see thirty-nine valuable mules and several fine horses in full flight for the mountains. A party of five men was immediately dispatched in pursuit. The main body of the Apaches lay in ambush on the trail, and as soon as the pursuing party approached within a few paces, fired upon them, killing one, wounding another, and compelling the rest to fly for their lives. This was the last of the mules then belonging to the "Sonora Exploring and Mining Company;" which respectable body of capitalists will probably have to explore the mountains of Arizona a long time before they recover their property.

A still more adroit case of horse-stealing occurred in Sonora some years ago. A wealthy ranchero built a stone corral ten feet high, determined that the Apaches should never get possession of his stock. The gate was massive and iron-bound, and locked with a strong iron lock. One night a small band of these dextrous thieves climbed over the wall and lay down quietly under its shadow. At the usual time in the morning the vaqueros, unsuspecting of danger, unlocked the gate, swung it back to let the animals out as usual, and were profoundly astonished to see them dash forth in a stampede, five or six of them ridden by yelling devils of Apaches. Before they could fully realize the state of affairs there was not an Indian or an animal in sight; nor did the horses ever come in sight again. This is a well-authenticated incident, and has long been a favorite camp-story in Arizona.

From Arivaca we traveled through a broad open grazing country, over the proposed route to Libertad, on the Gulf of California. The first part of our journey, after passing the boundaries of the Arivaca ranch, some five or six miles below the haciendas, lay along a series of foothills to the left, with a fine pasture range to the right, extending to the Baboquivori Mountains. No water is found in this tract of country, but it is well wooded with mesquit, and the grass is excellent. The road continues through this valley till it strikes the rise of an extensive mesa to the right, over which it continues for twelve miles. A vast plain covered with small stones and pebbles and a scanty growth of grass and cactus, bounded in the distance by rugged ranges of mountains, is all the traveler can depend upon for enjoyment during the greater part of this day's journey. It becomes oppressively monotonous after a few hours. Nothing possessed of animal life is to be seen, save at very remote intervals, and then perhaps only a lonely rabbit or a distant herd of antelope. Even the smallest shrubs afford relief in this dreary wilderness of magnificent distances. The road winds, mile after mile, over the undulations of the mesa, turning to the right or to the left, like a great snake, often without any apparent reason save to measure the distance. Experience, however, taught us never to leave the main highway in Arizona; for in doing so the traveler is sure, sooner or later, to encounter an impracticable arroya or some impassable ridge of rocks. Col-



onel Ferguson had passed over this route nearly a year before, and we had the advantage of his wagon track, which was still comparatively fresh. This is another peculiarity of the country—the extraordinary length of time which even the slightest indentation in the ground lasts where the climate is so dry and equable. We saw wagon and mule-tracks which had been made, to the knowledge of some of our party, more than three years before.

Descending from the mesa, as we approached the mountain-range on the right, we entered a beautiful little valley, in which the grass was wonderfully luxuriant; but as usual there was no sign of water. The country is well wooded in this vicinity, abounding in fine specimens of cumero, a tree resembling the hackberry, and occasionally groves of oak on the hill-sides. Five miles through the bed of the valley brought us to a sign-board on the road-side, upon which we found written in Spanish and English:

“WATER 1 MILE.”

On referring to Colonel Ferguson's report, we ascertained that the water was to be found at certain seasons about a mile up a cañon to the right, the entrance of which was marked by a cumero-tree. This camp is known as Zazabe, and is distant twenty-four miles from Arizona.

In full view to the east, between the Altar and Magdalena roads, lies the group of mountains called the Arizuma, in which the richest discovery of native silver known in the history of mining was made more than a century ago by the Spaniards. We had passed within fifteen or twenty miles of this famous mine on our way down into Sonora, and were now camped on the western side within about the same distance. It was with extreme reluctance that we were compelled to abandon the idea of visiting this interesting place. Our animals were much reduced in flesh, and our supplies of forage and provisions would be exhausted before we could complete our projected tour through the Cahuabia and the Papagoria.

Poston and myself, being a few miles ahead of the escort, availed ourselves of the chance to go up the cañon alone in search of the water, thinking we might see a deer on the way. I saw two, and shot one of them; but it did not stop on that account. The trail was marked by Apache tracks, apparently only a few days old. It was possible they were even then looking out for us. We found the water, as stated on the sign-board, about a mile from the cumero-tree. I must confess I kept a pretty sharp eye on the brush thickets and rocky fortresses that lined the sides of the cañon. Poston seemed rather to enjoy the prospect of losing his life than otherwise. I think he was reckless on account of a remark I had inadvertently made in camp the night before, that there would never be peace in Arizona or any where else until the whole human race was exterminated; and it was questionable if there would be then, for the animals would keep on fighting and killing one another. This thing of being shot through the

body with rifle-balls and arrows, impaled with lances, and hung by the heels to a tree with a slow fire under one's head may be all very well as an adventure, but I am willing to let other people enjoy all the reputation that may attach to it.

A day's travel in Arizona is generally determined by the watering-places. We usually managed to make from twenty to twenty-five miles, but in some places were compelled to make forty or fifty, watering at the last place and dry-camping for the night. Whenever it became necessary to make a long stretch we started in the afternoon, traveled till midnight, camped till daylight, and then made the rest of the *journada* by noon.

Poso-Verde, or Green Wells, was our next encampment after leaving Zazabe. We followed the route to Altar till it intersects the wagon-road from Saric to Fresnal, passing on the way a deserted Indian village and some curious basaltic formations. Twelve miles below the point of the Baboquivori range of mountains we struck the road to Fresnal, which carried us back almost in an acute angle. There was no reason that we could perceive why we should not cut across by the Tualote trail, except that we were not on a tour of discovery, and could not afford time to experiment in short cuts. Nothing worthy of note occurred during this day's journey. We arrived at the Poso-Verde about two P.M., and found it a good camping-place, rather scarce of wood, but pleasantly sheltered by the mountains. The Boundary Commission spent some weeks at this point recruiting their animals and making explorations in the vicinity. The water is contained in a sort of pit, or natural tank, and has rather a strong flavor of alkali, corn-manure, dead coyotes, Indian sign, and decayed vegetable matter. A few hundred yards from the well is an adobe fort built by the Papago Indians as a protection to their frontier village and grazing range. The remains of a few bacquas are all the evidences of habitation we saw at this point. In former years it was frequented a good deal by Apache bands, but the Papagoes generally came off victorious in the battles that ensued. At this time they rarely appear except in squads of three or four, who descend from the mountains at night and make sudden raids upon the Papago cattle. Captain José, our chief, evidently felt a good deal of pride in the prowess of his people, though I must do him the justice to say he was quite modest about it.

I took my rifle during the afternoon and rambled up the cañon in search of a deer. About two miles from the well there is a beautiful little valley encircled by rugged mountains. The oak groves which adorn the pastures have much the appearance of apple orchards in a civilized country. The valley abounds in game. In several places near the water-holes the deer tracks were so thick that they reminded me of a sheep corral. Strange to say I saw but one deer during my ramble, yet this is not an uncommon experience in Arizona. We all saw



acres of deer tracks and turkey tracks during our journey; but few of us saw the deer or the turkeys that made them. Game is exceedingly wild, and difficult to kill when shot. The tenacity of animal life is extraordinary. Indians must be riddled with balls before they can be killed. I know of a deer that ran half a mile without his liver and lights. As for quail they require about four ounces of duck-shot, and then they won't die easy. Several that I killed myself afterward made their escape into the bushes—a fact that I boldly assert on the veracity of a hunter.

There was a Californian volunteer in our party, holding the position of high-private, who declared on his word and honor as a gentleman that he shot a large hare four times and carried away a leg every time, so that the body of the poor animal had nothing left on it but the ears and tail; yet with even such limited means of locomotion it actually escaped by whirling over on its ears and tail, though he ran after it as fast as he could. Another even more remarkable— But I decline further revelations on the subject; and for additional information concerning the natural wonders of Arizona respectfully refer the reader to Buckskin Alick, a resident of San Xavier del Bac.

Leaving our camp at the Poso-Verde, we entered upon the extensive region of country lying to the west of the Baboquivori, and stretching, with occasional interruptions of detached sierras, as far as the Gulf of California. This vast tract of territory is for the most part a gravelly desert, intersected at remote intervals with arroyas and patches of palo-verde, mesquit, suarero, petaya, oquitoia, and choya—the shrubs and cacti usually found in the desert regions of Arizona. Water exists only in the “tenagas,” or natural tanks, formed at remote intervals in hollow basins by the action of the sun and rain; yet so scanty is the supply that men and animals have often been known to perish in attempting to cross this inhospitable region during the dry season.

A day's journey through the portion of the Papagoria lying along the foot-hills of the Baboquivori brought us to the first of the inhabited rancherias, near which is the small Mexican town of Fresnal, a collection of adobe hovels built at this point within the past two years, on account of the convenience afforded by the Indian wells for the reduction of ores stolen from the Cahuabia mines. There are also some rich silver-bearing veins in the neighborhood, but they have not been developed to any considerable extent.

A curious feature in Arizona mining operations that frequently attracted my attention was here exemplified. The Cahuabia district is situated in a detached range of mountains, distant about twenty-five miles from Fresnal, and although a limited quantity of water exists there, which could be increased by a small amount of labor, the Mexicans steal the ore from abandoned or neglected mines, and pack it across

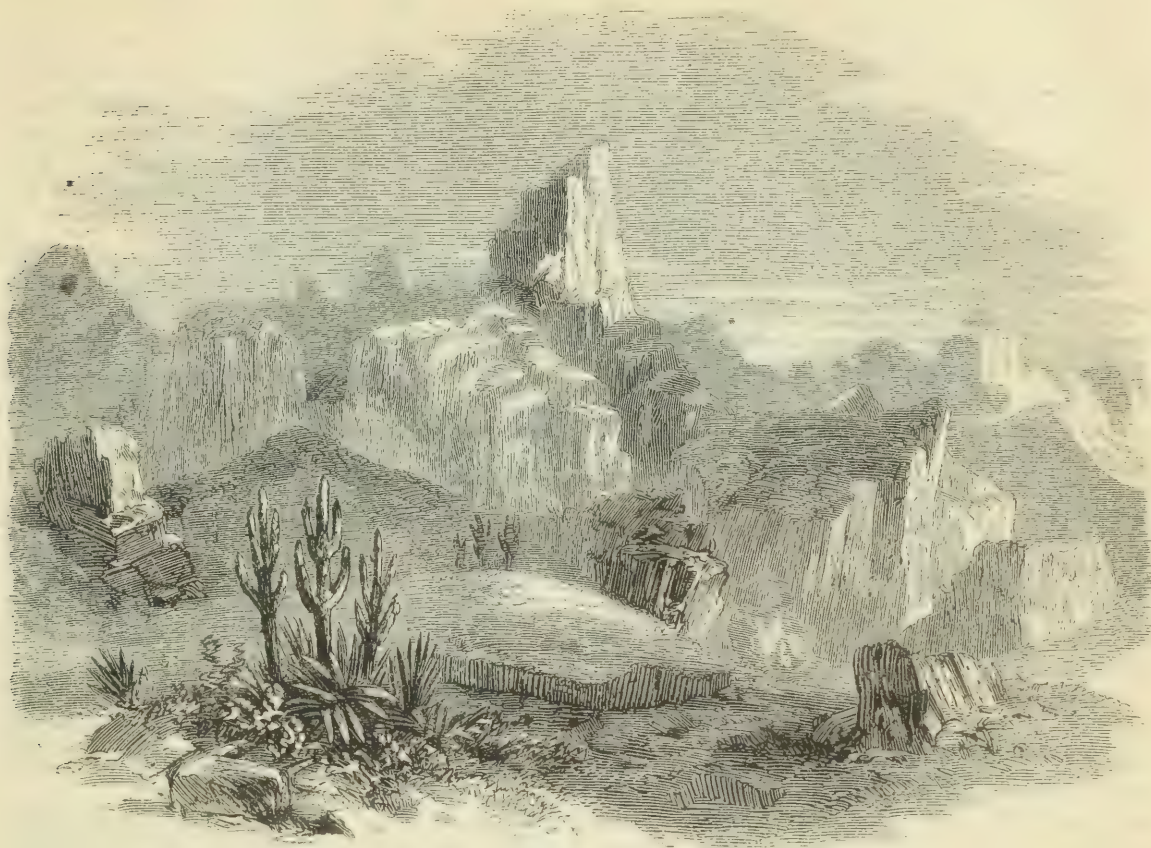
the intervening desert sooner than go to the trouble of digging wells for themselves and reducing the silver on the spot. There is no advantage in the way of wood or other supplies at Fresnal which could not be had by a little trouble at the Cahuabia.

I asked the Padrone, whom we found at work driving a blind horse around one of his arastras, why he went to the trouble of making trips to the Cahuabia mines and packing the ore twenty-five miles to reduce it when he could do it as well on the spot. His reply was, “*Quién sabe?*” I suggested to him that, from all I heard, water was as plenty in the ground there as it was here, and wood still more so. To this he answered: “*Si Señor—quién sabe—quisas si—quisas no—yo no sai.*” I ventured to hint that if the owners of the ore chose to prevent him from stealing it they could do so as well at Fresnal as they could at Cahuabia. “*Si Señor,*” said the Padrone, “*yo pienso co si—yo no sai—quisas si, quisas no—quién sabe. Yo son muy pauvera.*” This was all I could get out of him, and was as satisfactory as any thing I had ever derived from a Mexican thief. I think he was slightly rattled by the formidable appearance of our escort. Doubtless he thought we had come to raze the town, or seize the old blind horse that was at work in the arastra.

Fresnal contains some ten or a dozen rude adobe hovels, roofed and partially walled with the favorite building material of the country, oquitoia—a kind of hard, thorny cactus which grows on the deserts. We found here about twenty vagabond Sonorians, who were engaged in grinding and smelting the ores which they had stolen from the Cahuabia mines. The yield, according to their own account, was about \$300 to the ton. I made a sketch of the grand old peak of the Baboquivori from this point. This is one of the most remarkable landmarks in Arizona, and is seen at the distance of sixty or eighty miles from the surrounding deserts.

We crossed the desert of the Papagoria the next day, and made an exploration of the Cahuabia district. The principal mines in this district are owned by the Cahuabia Mining Company. From the report of Mr. Mainzer, a very able practical engineer, it would appear that the silver lodes are among the richest in Arizona; and I can readily believe this to be the case from my own observation. I have seen nothing in Washoe or elsewhere that presents more favorable indications. Mr. Jaeger, our Fort Yuma friend “Don Diego,” of whose history I gave a brief sketch in my first paper, owns the “Pecacho,” a very rich lead, upon which considerable work has been done. A few Mexicans were engaged in getting out the ores at the time of our arrival. This mine was leased to a Mexican during the past two years, who, by the rudest system of working, managed to get about forty thousand dollars out of it, over and above expenses. I apprehend Don Diego is furnishing more silver to his Mexican friends out of the Pecacho than he is to himself. In the hands





THE LABOQUIVORI.

of a company of capitalists who would properly work the mine, I believe it would be a very profitable investment; but Don Diego is one of those eccentric men who considers himself rich as long as he has a large amount of property. Whether it pays himself or others is nothing to the point. He reminds me of a celebrated gentleman who is ambitious to own fifty millions of acres on the Colorado Desert—it would be such a magnificent piece of property!

Wood and water are scarce in the Cahuabia district, but grazing for animals is good during the greater part of the year. There would be no difficulty in procuring abundance of water by means of artesian wells; which, after all, must eventually be the salvation of Arizona.

We visited the Bahia, a silver lode of extraordinary richness, belonging to the Cahuabia Mining Company. From some Mexicans who were helping themselves to the ore we learned that it yielded an average of \$300 to \$350 to the ton, and occasionally they struck it in nearly a pure state. There are also very fine copper mines in the vicinity. Mr. Hill d'Amit, who was a member of our party on the trip to Sonora, is largely interested in one of these; and considers it one of the best copper leads in the country—quite equal to the celebrated Maricopa lead on the Gila. Difficulty of transportation is the great drawback to copper-mining in this part of Arizona. I am satisfied, from my own observation and from the concurrent testimony of others, that the Cahuabia is a mineral region of more than ordinary richness. It abounds in almost

all the precious metals; but is as yet scarcely known beyond Tucson. No finer field for exploration and enterprise exists south of the Gila.

Our sojourn was necessarily limited. Water was scarce, the grass nearly used up, and our forage entirely out. Provisions, too, were becoming scanty; and we had a long journey yet to make across the barren wastes of the Papagoria.

Leaving our camping-place at the old hacienda of the Cahuabia Mining Company, we struck across for the next watering-place on the route to San Xavier, called Coyote, where we overtook the escort and baggage-wagons, having sent them on to that point from Fresnal. This is a desolate little spot, under the shadow of the mountains, with a pool of dirty water, the only attraction of the place. We distributed some few trinkets among the poor Indians living in the vicinity, and were kindly furnished in return with three eggs—all their village afforded.

From the Coyote to San Xavier del Bac is a stretch of forty-five miles without water. By starting late in the afternoon, after our animals had fed and quenched their thirst, we were enabled to make a dry camp on the desert, some thirty miles distant, by twelve o'clock at night. Before reaching camp we met a party of three horsemen, one of whom proved to be our friend Hill d'Amit on the way from Tucson to the Cahuabia. They brought letters from home—the first I had received. Too impatient to wait for a fire I lingered behind the train and read my letters by moonlight, the only light then avail-



able. A curious place to receive and read letters from home—the desert of Papagoria!

On our arrival at San Xavier we called a gathering of the Papagoes from all the villages of the Papagoria, and had a grand time for the next two weeks, delivering to them the goods and agricultural implements purchased by the Government for their use. There was great rejoicing among the women over their fine calico dresses and fancy-colored beads, and the men seemed much pleased to receive their hoes, picks, and shovels. If the hymns of praise sung by these simple people for the health and happiness of Mr. Commissioner Dole do not favorably affect his standing in the next world, it will not be owing to the ingratitude of his red children, or to the lack of eloquent speeches made in his behalf by Poston and myself.

We lodged in the grand old Mission Church. The good Padre Messea greatly contributed to our comfort and happiness by his unceasing kindness; and we had no reason to regret the time we were obliged to spend at this interesting place.

Sundry complimentary visits from our military friends stationed at Tubac resulted in the withdrawal of our escort and the seizure of our mules. Left on foot, with but scanty means of subsistence, we were compelled to cast ourselves upon the generosity of Captain José, who got us some provisions, and agreed to escort us down to the Pimo villages. By various adroit negotiations Poston secured a couple of private mules and a burro. Mr. J. B. Allen, of Tucson, a

most estimable gentleman, to whom we were indebted for the most generous attention on several occasions, furnished us with a team for our ambulance. Thus provided with all the necessities of life, with Captain José as our Chief and Buckskin Alick as our Adjutant, we made perhaps the grandest sortie out of Tucson ever witnessed in that famous city. In due time we reached the Pimo villages.

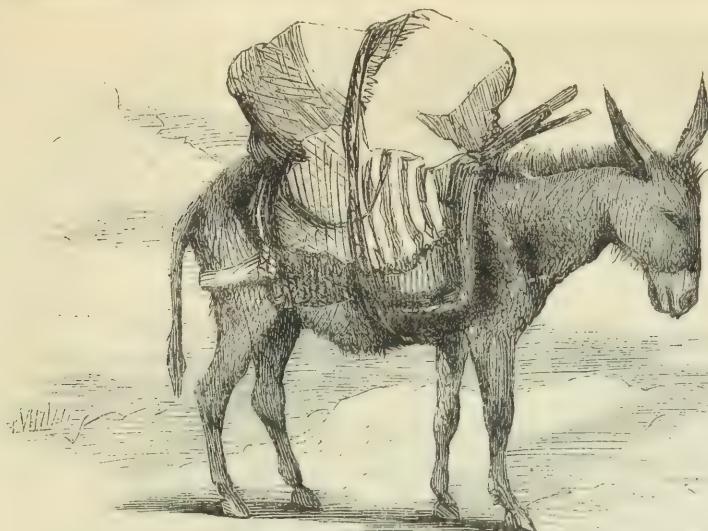
Here I was compelled reluctantly to part from my good friend Poston, whose intelligent conversation and unremitting kindness had cheered and encouraged me through the entire tour. He was bound for the North on a political campaign, and I for my cottage home in Oakland, where my presence was rendered necessary by illness in my family. Mr. Allen kindly gave me a seat in his buggy as far as Fort Yuma. There I met an old friend, Mr. Ames, Superintendent of the Military Express, who had just arrived from Camp Drum. In the most generous manner he started on the return trip several days before his customary time, in order to furnish me with the means of conveyance home. We crossed the Colorado Desert and reached Los Angeles without serious accident, and in a few days more I was safely landed in San Francisco.

My impressions of Arizona may be summed up in a few words. I believe it to be a Territory wonderfully rich in minerals, but subject to greater drawbacks than any of our territorial possessions. It will be many years before its mineral resources can be fully and fairly devel-



HEAD-QUARTERS AND OFFICES OF THE MOWRY SILVER MINE.





OUR BURRO.

oped. Emigration must be encouraged by increased military protection; capital must be expended without the hope of immediate and extraordinary returns; civil law must be established on a firm basis, and facilities of communication fostered by legislation of Congress.

No country that I have yet visited presents so many striking anomalies as Arizona. With millions of acres of the finest arable lands, there was not at the time of our visit a single farm under cultivation in the Territory; with the richest gold and silver mines, paper-money is the common currency; with forts innumerable, there is scarcely any protection to life and property; with extensive pastures, there is little or no stock; with the finest natural roads, traveling is beset with difficulties; with rivers through every valley, a stranger may die of thirst. Hay is cut with a hoe, and wood with a spade or mattock. In January one enjoys the luxury of a bath as under a tropical sun, and sleeps under double blankets at night. There are towns without inhabitants, and deserts extensively populated; vegetation where there is no soil, and soil where there is no vegetation. Snow is seen

where it is never seen to fall, and ice forms where it never snows. There are Indians the most docile in North America, yet travelers are murdered daily by Indians the most barbarous on earth. The Mexicans have driven the Papagoes from their southern homes, and now seek protection from the Apaches in the Papago villages. Fifteen hundred Apache warriors, the most cowardly of the Indian tribes in Arizona, beaten in every fight by the Pimos, Maricopas, and Papagoes, keep these and all other Indians closed up as in a corral; and the

same Apaches have desolated a country inhabited by 120,000 Mexicans. Mines without miners and forts without soldiers are common. Politicians without policy, traders without trade, store-keepers without stores, teamsters without teams, and all without means, form the mass of the white population. But here let me end, for I find myself verging on the proverbs.



CHARLES D. POSTON.



ARIZONIAN IN SIGHT OF HOME.





### DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass  
He turned them into the river-lane;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober pace;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said  
He never could let his youngest go:  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun  
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,  
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had lain;  
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late.  
He went for the cows when the work was done;  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;  
Cropping the butter-cups out of the grass—  
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again;  
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;  
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb  
And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.





DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

## HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

## IV.—SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF PORT HUDSON.

Port Hudson.—Its Situation.—Admiral Farragut.—Preparing the Fleet.—Running the Batteries.—The Midnight Battle.—Failure and Success.—Death of Lieutenant Cummings.—Loss of the *Mississippi*.—Various Incidents.—Coolness of Captain Smith.—Investment of Port Hudson.—Sunday Assault.—Heroism of the Soldiers.—Failure.—Fall of Vicksburg.—Surrender of Port Hudson.—Interesting Scenes.

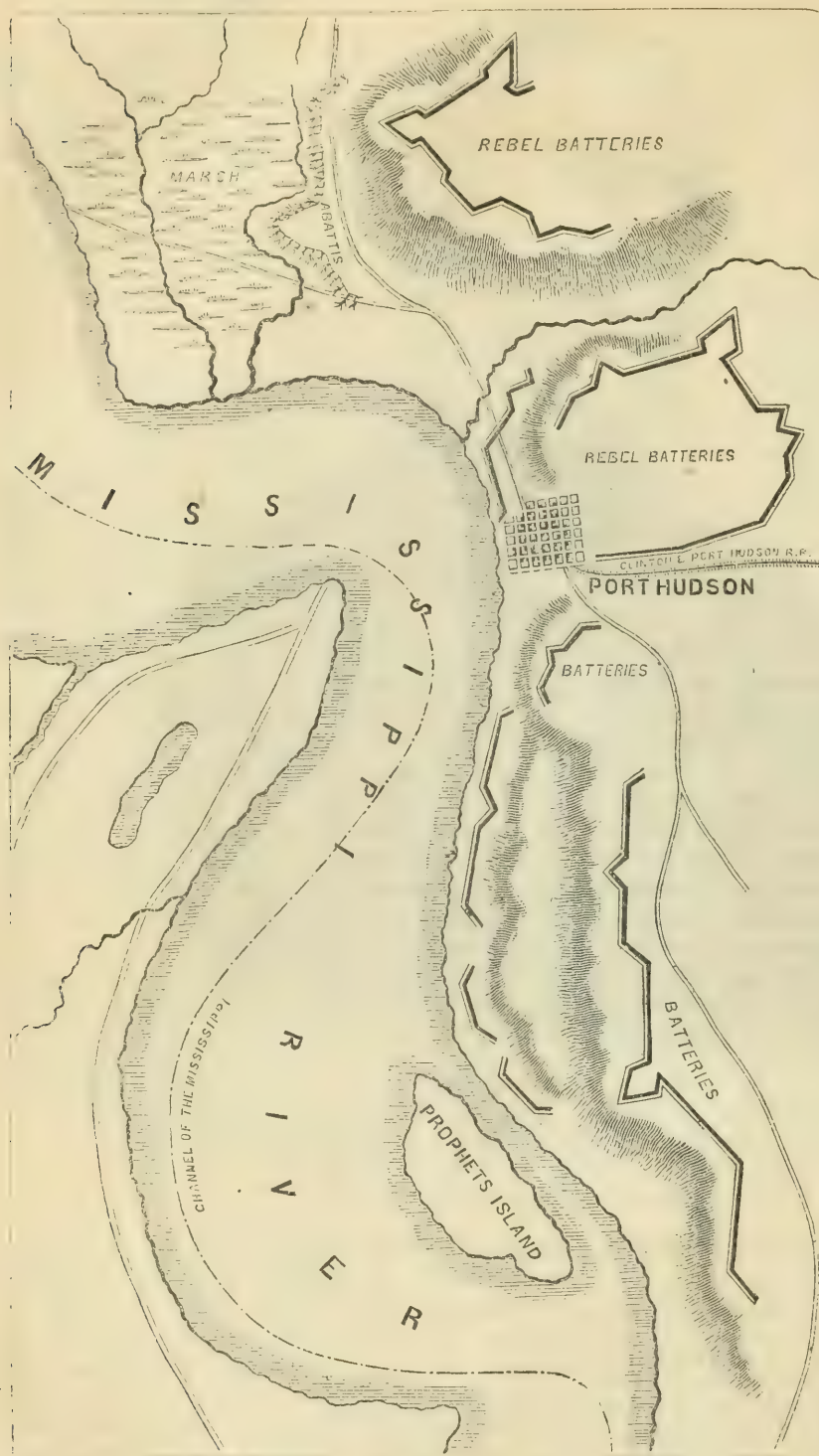
**T**HE passage by the Union gun-boats of the tremendous batteries which the rebels had erected at Port Hudson, was one of the most heroic deeds of the war. Port Hudson, or Hickey's Landing, as it used to be called, is situated on a bend, on the eastern side of the Mississippi River, about twenty-two miles above Baton Rouge, and one hundred and forty-seven miles below Vicksburg. The bluff, rising forty feet above the level of the river, was covered with forts for a distance of nearly four miles, constructed upon the most scientific principles of modern military art, and armed with the most approved and heaviest ordnance, which

England, seeking the ruin of our republic, could furnish the rebels. The river, just at the bend, suddenly narrows, and the current, striking upon the west bank, is thrown across, running with great velocity, and carrying the channel almost directly under the base of the precipitous cliffs. Any vessel attempting the passage would be compelled to run the gauntlet of a plunging fire from batteries which commanded the range for several miles above and below.

It was proposed, in order that our fleet might be able to co-operate with General Grant in the siege of Vicksburg, to attack Port Hudson, and, under the fire of the bombardment, to attempt to force a passage, by several of our gun-boats, up the river. Rear-Admiral Farragut, who was intrusted with this perilous adventure, was the man for the hour. He had already acquired world-wide renown in the capture of New Orleans, a feat for which no parallel can be found in the annals of naval warfare.

This distinguished officer was born in Tennessee in 1803. His father was an army offi-





cer, much esteemed by General Jackson. When but nine years of age the boy, David Glasgow Farragut, entered the navy as a midshipman under Commodore Porter. From earliest childhood he has developed alike grandeur and magnanimity of character. Nursed in the midst of hardships and perils, he has ever proved himself adequate to any emergence. A Southerner by birth he married a Southern lady, established his home in Norfolk, Virginia, and was mainly surrounded by those whose sympathies were with the rebellion. But nobly he proved true to his country and his flag. As the madness of secession seized upon the community, Admiral Farragut, in his own home at Norfolk, ex-

pressed, with a sailor's frankness, his decided opposition to the disloyal proceedings.

"You can not be permitted to remain here," said the traitors, "while you hold such sentiments."

"Very well," replied the Admiral, "I will then go where I can live with such sentiments."

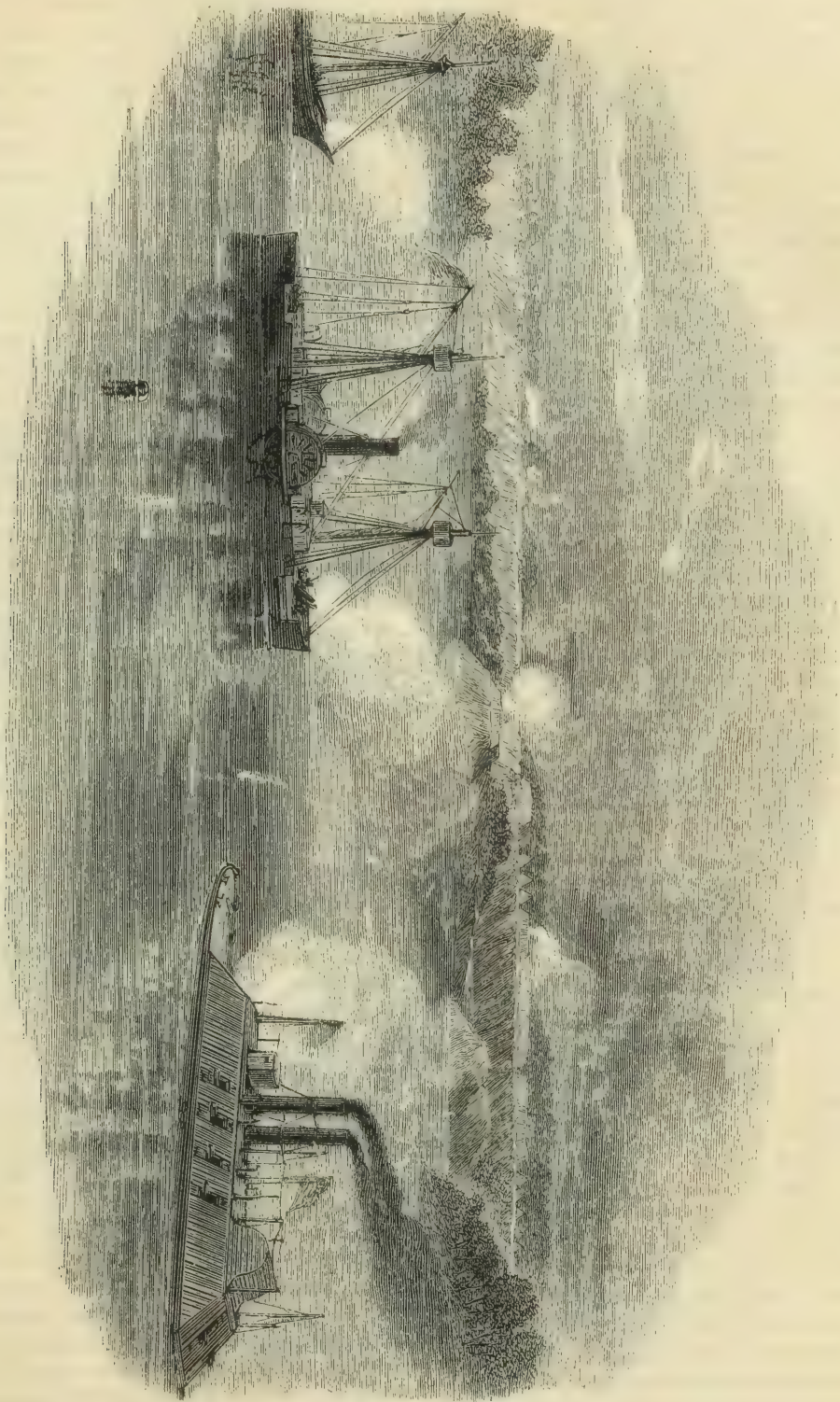
He knew the temper of the rebels, and went home and informed his family that they must take their departure from Norfolk for New York in a few hours. He left the next morning, April 18, 1861. The next night the navy-yard was burned. When he arrived in Baltimore he found that the rebel mob had possession of the streets, having torn up the railroad track. With difficulty he secured a passage to the North in a canal-boat. Reaching New York he obtained a safe retreat for his family at Hastings, on the Hudson, and then went forth to battle for that banner beneath which he had proudly sailed for more than half a century. Had he remained in Norfolk one day longer he would have been imprisoned and perhaps hung for his loyalty.

Treason in the Cabinet had scattered all our ships, that there might be no naval force at hand to oppose the rebels. For several months Admiral Farragut had no command, simply because the Government had no vessel to give him.

At length when the naval expedition was fitted out against New Orleans, he was selected as the right man to lead it. With his entire fleet, in an engagement which impartial history has pronounced almost superhuman in its daring and its accomplishment, he ran the batteries, surmounted all the obstructions in the river, and crushed the gun-boats of the enemy—aided, heroically aided, by Commodore Porter with his mortar-boats. On the 25th of April, 1862, he anchored before the city which treason had seized. Under the menace of his guns he compelled every rebel flag to go down into the dust. For this achievement he was elevated to the rank of Rear-Admiral; and



PORT HUDSON.



probably now, after his achievements at Port Hudson and Mobile, no one will dispute his title to be the foremost naval hero of the war. Such was the man who was intrusted with the command of the fleet which was destined to run the batteries of Port Hudson.

The following anecdote, illustrative of his character is worthy of record. The Admiral has always been, from boyhood, thoughtful, earnest, studious. While in foreign ports he was ever busy in acquiring the language of the people. He spoke Italian, Spanish, French, and Arabic with almost as much fluency as his own language. On one occasion, in approaching an

island in the Mediterranean, the captain of the ship remarked that he did not know how he should communicate with the people, as he had no interpreter. Just then a boat came alongside filled with natives.

"Captain," said one of the officers, "we have an officer on board who seems to speak all languages. He is doubtless in league with the 'Old Boy.' Suppose you send for him."

Lieutenant Farragut was called for. He looked into the boat and saw an old Arab woman there, with whom he immediately entered into conversation, alike to the surprise and amusement of all.



Eight war vessels comprised the expedition to ascend the Mississippi from New Orleans. The splendid flag-ship *Hartford* led, a first-class steam sloop of war. Her armament consisted of twenty-six 8 and 9 inch Paixhan guns. Then came the *Richmond*, a ship of the same class, armed with twenty-six 8 and 9 inch Columbiads. The first-class steam sloop of war *Mississippi* followed with twenty-two guns of the same calibre. The *Monongahela*, a second-class steam sloop, carried sixteen heavy guns. The gun-boats *Kineo*, *Albatross*, *Sachem*, and *Genesee* followed, each carrying three Columbiads and two rifled 32-pounders. All these vessels were screw-propellers except the *Mississippi*, which was a side-wheel steamer.

This little fleet ascended the river from New Orleans, and passing the smouldering ruins of Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, anchored, on the morning of the 14th of April, 1863, a few miles below the long series of rebel batteries at Port Hudson. In ascending the river the starboard sides alone of the ships would be exposed to the fire of the rebels, and the starboard guns alone could be called into action. Every precaution was adopted in preparation for the terrible ordeal. The bulwarks consisted of solid timber, fifteen inches in thickness, impervious to bullets, but offering but little resistance to solid shot or shells. One remarkable feature of the preparation is worthy of especial notice. The passage was to be attempted in the darkness of the night. It would not be safe to have any light upon the deck, as that would guide the fire of the foe. The simple yet ingenious measure was adopted of white-washing the deck, the gun-carriages, and nettings, so that the stands of grape and canister were as visible as a black hat would be upon drifted snow. The effect of this contrivance struck all with surprise.

Early in the morning the squadron reached Prophet's Island, from which place the frowning batteries of the rebels could be plainly seen. Six mortar-boats, prepared to take part in the bombardment, but not designed to run the batteries, were here moored along the shore. They threw ponderous missiles, more destructive than the mythological bolts of Jove. At half past one o'clock these mortars opened fire, at a signal-gun from the *Hartford*, to try their range. The shells rose majestically into the air, through a curve of between three and four miles, and exploded over the rebel guns, without apparently doing much harm. In the mean time a small land-force, which had been sent by back-country roads to distract the attention of the garrison at Port Hudson by an attack in the rear, signified their arrival at their designated position by opening fire.

At half past nine o'clock at night a red light from the flag-ship signaled the ships and gun-boats to weigh anchor. The *Hartford* led, towing the *Albatross* lashed on her starboard side. The *Richmond*, following, towed the *Genesee*. The *Monongahela* towed the *Kineo*. The *Mississippi* and the *Sachem* followed.

The mortar-boats were anchored just above Prophet's Island, under shelter of the eastern banks, but from which point they could easily pitch their shells into the works of the foe.

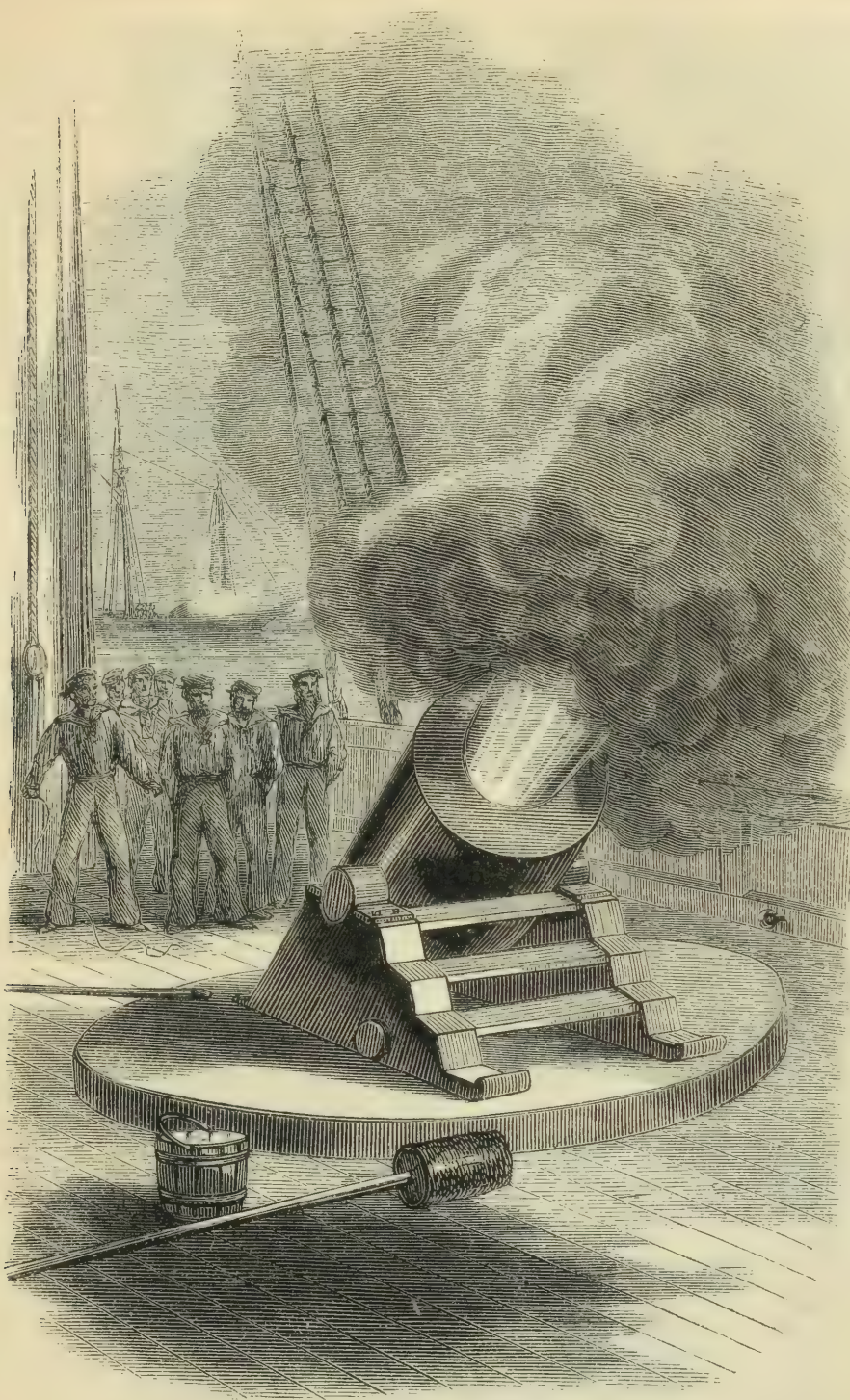
Signal-lights were flashing along the rebel batteries, showing that they were awake to the movements of the Union squadron. Soon the gleam of a fire kindled by the rebels was seen, which blazed higher and more brilliant till its flashes illumined the whole river opposite the batteries with the light of day. This immense bonfire was directly in front of the most formidable of the fortifications, and every vessel ascending the stream would be compelled to pass in the full blaze of its light, exposed to the concentrated fire of the heaviest ordnance. Still it was hoped, notwithstanding the desperate nature of the enterprise, that a few at least of the vessels of the squadron would be able to effect a passage.

Silently in the darkness the boats steamed along, until a rebel field-piece, buried in the foliage of the shore, opened fire upon the *Hartford*. The challenge thus given was promptly accepted, and a broadside volley was returned upon the unseen foe. The rebel batteries, protected by strong redoubts, extended, as we have mentioned, with small intervening spaces, a distance of nearly four miles, often rising in tier above tier on the ascending bluff. Battery after battery immediately opened its fire; the hill-sides seemed peopled with demons hurling their thunder-bolts, while the earth trembled beneath the incessant and terrific explosions. And now the mortar-boats uttered their awful roar, adding to the inconceivable sublimity of the scene. An eye-witness thus describes the appearance of the mammoth shells rising and descending in their majestic curve:

"Never shall I forget the sight that then met my astonished vision. Shooting upward, at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the rapidity of lightning, small globes of golden flame were seen sailing through the pure ether—not a steady, unfading flame, but coruscating like the fitful gleam of a fire-fly, now visible and anon invisible. Like a flying star of the sixth magnitude the terrible missile—a 13-inch shell—nears its zenith, up and still up, higher and higher. Its flight now becomes much slower, till, on reaching its utmost altitude, its centrifugal force becoming counteracted by the earth's attraction, it describes a parabolic curve, and down, down it comes, bursting, it may be, ere it reaches *terra firma*, but probably alighting in the rebel works ere it explodes, where it scatters death and destruction around."

The air was breathing gently from the east, and dense volumes of billowy smoke hung over the river, drifting slowly across in clouds which the eye could not penetrate, and adding greatly to the gloom and sublimity of the scene. It strains a ship too much to fire all the guns simultaneously. The broadsides were consequently generally discharged by commencing with the





A MORTAR

forward gun, and firing each one in its turn in the most rapid manner possible—as fast as the ticking of a clock. The effect of this bombardment, from ship and shore, as described by all who witnessed it, was grand and terrific in the extreme. From the innumerable batteries, very skillfully manned, shot and shell fell upon the ships like hail. Piercing the awful roar, which filled the air as with the voice of ten thousand thunders, was heard the demoniac shrieks of the shells, as if all the demons of the pit had broken loose, and were reveling in hideous rage through the darkness and the storm.

In the midst of this scene of terror, conflagration, and death, as the ships were struggling

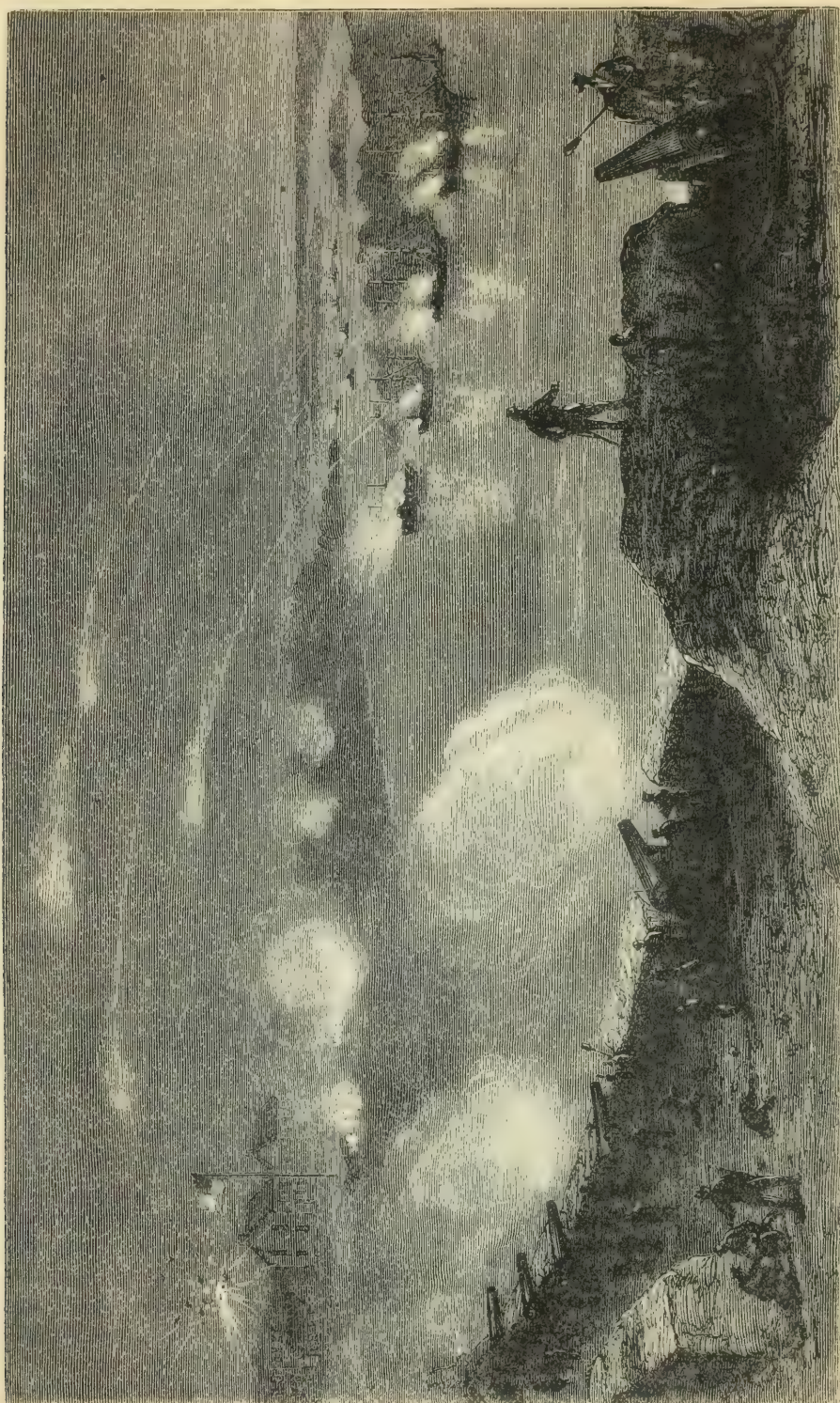
through the fire against the swift current of the Mississippi, there was heard from the deck of the *Richmond*, coming up from the dark rushing stream, the cry of a drowning man, “Help! oh, help!” The unhappy sufferer had evidently fallen from the *Hartford*, which was in advance. In such an hour there could not be even an attempt made to rescue him. Again and again the agonizing cry pierced the air, the voice growing fainter and fainter as the victim floated away in the distance, until he sank beneath the turbid waves.

The whole arena of action, on the land and on the water, was soon enveloped in a sulphurous canopy of smoke, pierced incessantly by the vivid flashes of the guns. The vessels could no longer discern each other or the hostile batteries on the shore. It became very difficult to know how to steer; and as in the impenetrable gloom the only object at which they could aim was the

flash of the guns, the danger became imminent that they might fire into each other. This gave the rebels great advantage; for with their stationary guns trained upon the river, though they fired into dense darkness, they could hardly fire amiss. Occasionally a gust of wind would sweep away the smoke, slightly revealing the scene in the light of the great bonfire on the bluff. Again the black, stifling canopy would settle down, and all was Egyptian darkness.

At one time, just as the *Richmond* was prepared to pour a deadly fire into a supposed battery, whose flash the gunners had just perceived, Lieutenant Terry shouted out, “Hold on, you are firing into the *Hartford*!” Another quarter





RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

of a minute would have discharged a deadly broadside into the bosoms of our friends. Just then another flash of the *Hartford's* guns revealed the spars and rigging of the majestic ship just along-side of the *Richmond*. The demons of war were now flapping their wings on the blast, and death and misery held high carnival. The surgeons were busy in their humane yet awful tasks. The decks were becoming slippery with blood. The shrill cry of the wounded often pierced the thunder of the conflict. The gloom, the smoke, the suffocation, the deafening roar, the bewilderment of the ships struggling through the darkness, presented a scene

which war's panorama has perhaps never before unrolled.

Still the ships kept up an incessant fire from their starboard guns, and from brass howitzers stationed in the tops, whenever the lifting of the smoke would give them any chance to strike the foe. The ships were now all engaged. Many of them were within sixty feet of the batteries. The *Monongahela* had two immense rifled Parrott guns, each of which threw shot weighing two hundred pounds. The thunder of these guns and of the mammoth mortars rose sublimely above the general roar of the cannonade. A shell from a rebel battery entered the forward



starboard port of the *Richmond*, and burst with a terrific explosion directly under the gun. One fragment splintered the gun-carriage. Another made a deep indentation in the gun itself. Two other fragments struck the unfortunate boat-swain's mate, cutting off both legs at the knee and one arm at the elbow. He soon died, with his last breath saying, "Don't give up the ship, lads!" The whole ship reeled under the concussion as if tossed by an earthquake.

The river at Port Hudson, as we have mentioned, makes a majestic curve. Rebel cannon were planted along the concave brow of the crescent-shaped bluffs of the eastern shore, while beneath the bluff, near the water's edge, there was another series of what were called water-batteries lining the bank. As the ships entered this curve, following the channel which swept close to the eastern shore, they were, one after the other, exposed to the most terrible enfilading fire from all the batteries following the line of the curve. This was the most desperate point of the conflict; for here it was almost literally fighting muzzle to muzzle. The rebels discharged an incessant cross-fire of grape and canister, to which the heroic squadron replied with double-shotted guns. Never did ships pass a more fiery ordeal.

Lieutenant-Commander Cummings, the executive officer of the *Richmond*, was standing with his speaking-trumpet in his hand cheering the men, with Captain Alden by his side, when there was a simultaneous flash and roar, and a storm of shot came crashing through the bulwarks from a rebel battery, which they could almost touch with their ramrods. Both of the officers fell as if struck by lightning. The Captain was simply knocked down by the windage, and escaped unharmed. The speaking-trumpet in Commander Cummings's hand was battered flat, and his left leg was torn off just below the knee.

As he fell heavily upon the deck, in his gushing blood, he exclaimed:

"Put a tourniquet on my leg, boys. Send my letters to my wife. Tell her that I fell in doing my duty!"

As they took him below, and into the surgeon's room, already filled with the wounded, he looked around upon the unfortunate group, and said,

"If there are any here hurt worse than I am let them be attended to first."

His shattered limb was immediately amputated. Soon after, as he lay upon his couch, exhausted by the operation and faint from the loss of blood, he heard the noise of the escape of steam as a rebel shot penetrated the boiler. Inquiring the cause, and learning that the ship had become disabled, he exclaimed, with fervor,

"I would willingly give my other leg if we could but pass those batteries!"

A few days after this Christian hero died of his wound. He adds another to the honored list of those martyrs who have laid down their lives to rescue our beloved country from the

most wicked rebellion which ever disgraced the history of this world. A reporter of one of the New York papers, describing the scene just before the battle, writes:

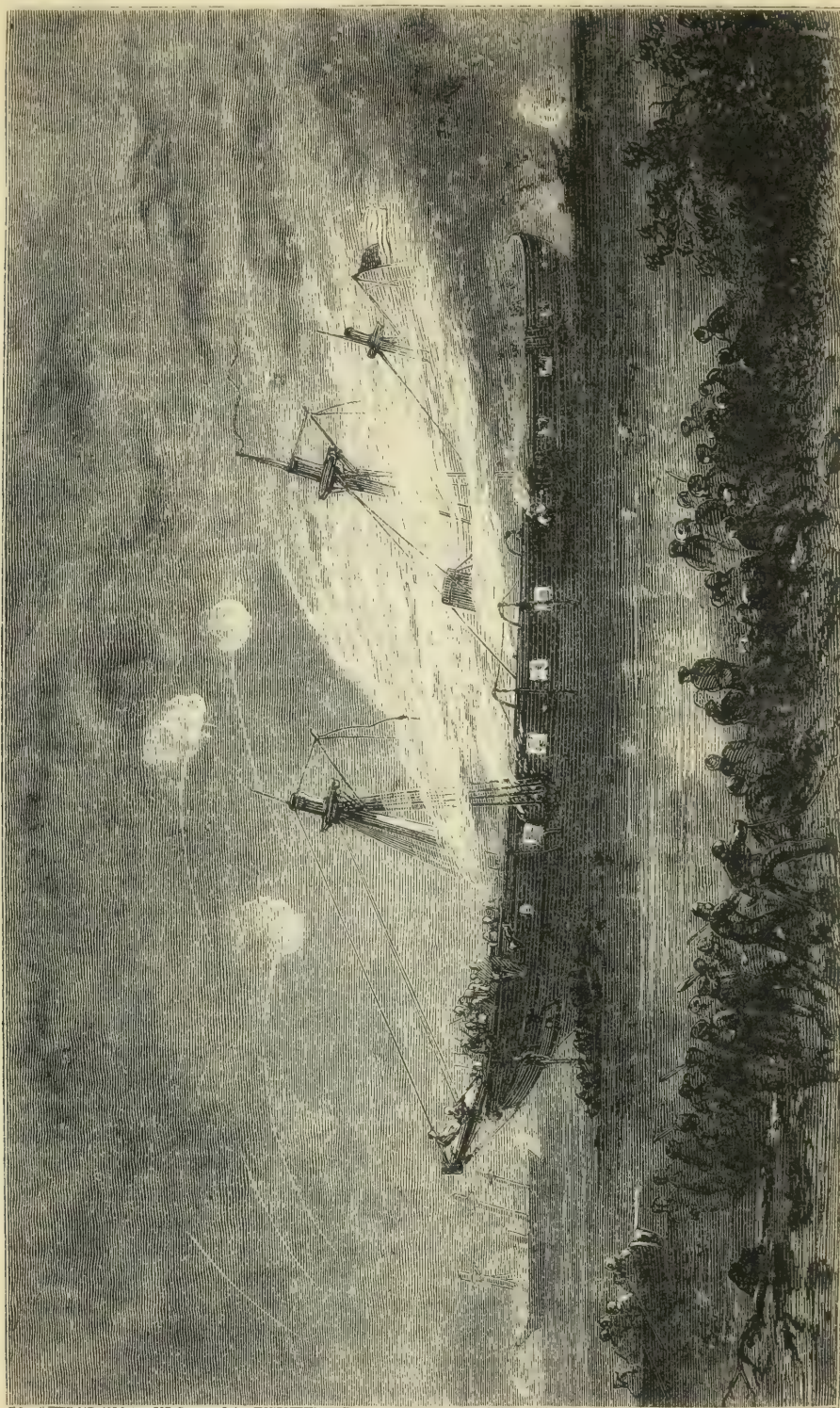
"In conversation with Mr. Cummings I asked him whose post in time of action was on the bridge—a narrow platform even with the tops of the rail across the ship from side to side—where the best view can be had of the whole ship fore and aft. With a quiet smile he only pointed to his own breast. You may well believe that I often recalled this with great interest. There never was a more enthusiastic, chivalrous, and high-minded corps of officers than those on board the *Richmond*. They had toned up the whole ship's crew to their own valor."

The chaplain, Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Orleans, was aiding with the group around the gun when Lieutenant Cummings fell; but he escaped unharmed. Like most of our chaplains during the war he avoided none of the peril of battle. No officer on board was more heroic than he, in facing every danger, as he animated the men to duty. Just above the batteries were several rebel gun-boats. They did not venture into the melee, but anxiously watched the fight, until, apprehensive that some of our ships might pass, they put on all steam and ran up the river as fast as their web-feet could carry them. But now denser and blacker grew the dark billows of smoke. It seemed impossible, if the steamers moved, to avoid running into each other or upon the shore. An officer of each ship placed himself at the prow, striving to penetrate the gloom. A line of men passed from him to the stern, along whom, even through the thunders of the battle, directions could be transmitted to the helmsman. Should any of the ships touch the ground beneath the fire of such batteries their destruction would be almost sure.

It was a little after 11 o'clock at night when the first shot had been fired. For an hour and a half the unequal conflict had raged. The flagship *Hartford* and the *Albatross* succeeded in forcing their way above the batteries, and in thus gaining the all-important object of their enterprise. The *Richmond*, following, had just passed the principal batteries when a shot penetrated her steam-chest, so effectually disabling her for the hour that she dropped, almost helpless, down the stream. The *Genesee*, which was along-side, unable to stem the rapid current of the river, with the massive *Richmond* in tow, bore her back to Prophet's Island. Just as the *Richmond* turned a torpedo exploded under her stern, throwing up the water mast-head high, and causing the gallant ship to quiver in every timber.

The *Monongahela* and *Kineo* came next in line of battle. The commander of the *Monongahela*, Captain M'Kinstry, was struck down early in the conflict. The command then devolved on a gallant young officer, Lieutenant Thomas. He manfully endeavored through all the storm of battle to follow the flag-ship. But in the dense smoke the pilot lost the channel. The ship





BURNING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

grounded directly under the fire of one of the principal rebel batteries. For twenty-five minutes she remained in this perilous position, swept by shot and shell. Finally, through the efforts of her consort, the *Kineo*, she was floated, and again heroically commenced steaming up the river. But her engineery soon became so disabled under the relentless fire, that the *Monongahela* was also compelled to drop down with the *Kineo* to the position of the mortar fleet. Her loss was six killed and twenty wounded.

In obedience to the order of Admiral Farragut, the magnificent ship *Mississippi* brought up the rear, with the gun-boat *Sachem* as her ally,

bound to her larboard side. She had reached the point directly opposite the town, and her officers were congratulating themselves that they had surmounted the greatest dangers, and that they would soon be above the batteries, when the ship, which had just then been put under rapid headway, grounded on the west bank of the river. It was an awful moment; for the guns of countless batteries were immediately concentrated upon her. Captain Smith, while with his efficient engineer Rutherford he made the most strenuous exertions to get the ship afloat, ordered his gunners to keep up their fire with the utmost possible rapidity. In the short



space of thirty-five minutes they fired two hundred and fifty shots. The principal battery of the foe was within five hundred yards of the crippled ship, and the majestic fabric was soon riddled through and through by the storm with which she was so pitilessly pelted. The dead and the wounded strewn the decks, and it was soon evident that the ship could not be saved.

Captain Smith prepared to destroy the ship, that it might not fall into the hands of the rebels, and to save the crew. Captain Caldwell, of the iron-clad *Essex*, hastened to his rescue. Under as murderous a fire as mortals were ever exposed to, the sick and wounded were conveyed on board the ram. Combustibles were placed in the fore and after part of the ship, to which the torch was to be applied so soon as the crew had all escaped to the western shore. By some misunderstanding she was fired forward before the order was given. This caused a panic, as there were but three small boats by which they could escape. Some plunged into the river and were drowned. It is related, in evidence of the coolness of Captain Smith, that in the midst of this awful scene, while lighting his cigar with steel and flint, he remarked to Lieutenant Dewy:

"It is not likely that we shall escape, and we must make every preparation to secure the destruction of the ship."

After spiking nearly every gun with his own hands, and seeing that the survivors of his crew were fairly clear of the wreck, Captain Smith, accompanied by Lieutenant Dewy, Ensign Backelder, and Engineer Tower, sadly took their leave, abandoning the proud fabric to the flames. Scarcely had they left, when two shells came crashing through the sides of the *Mississippi*, overturning, scattering, and enkindling into flame some casks of turpentine. The ship was almost instantly enveloped in billows of fire. A yell of exultation rose from the rebels as they beheld the bursting forth of the flames. The ship, lightened by the removal of three hundred men, and by the consuming power of the fire, floated from the sand-bar and commenced floating, bow on, down the river.

The scene presented was indeed magnificent. The whole fabric was enveloped in flame. Wreathing serpents of fire twined around the masts and ran up the shrouds. Drifting rapidly downward on the rapid current, the meteor, like a volcanic mountain in eruption, descended as regularly along the western banks of the stream as if steered by the most accomplished helmsman. As the ship turned round, in floating off, the guns of her port battery, which had not been discharged, faced the foe. As the fire reached them the noble frigate, with the stars and stripes still floating at her peak, opened a new bombardment of the rebel batteries. The shells began to explode, scattering through the air in all directions. The flaming vision arrested every eye, on the land and on the ships, until the floating mountain of fire drifted down and disappeared behind Prophet's Island. And now came the explosion of the magazine. There

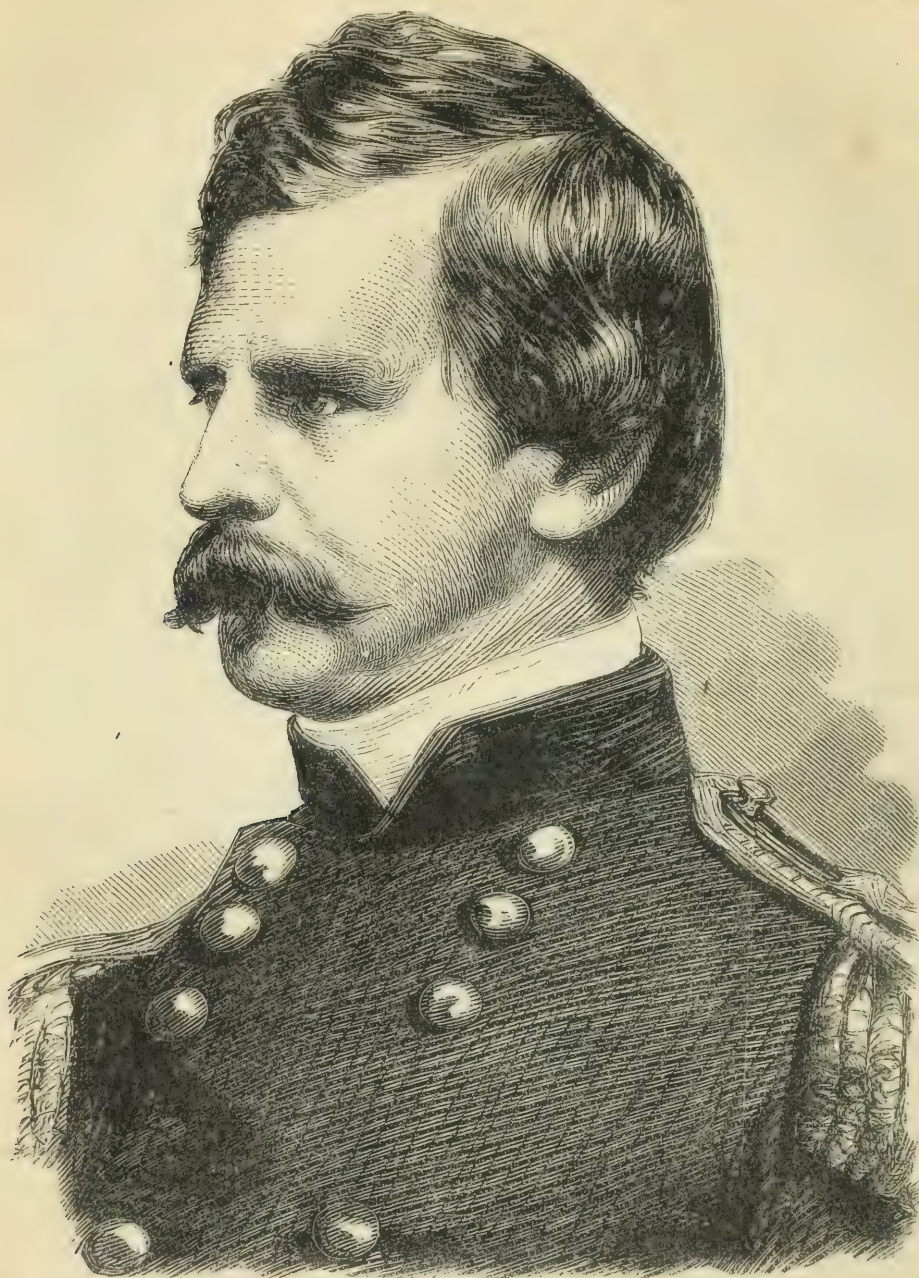
was a vivid flash, shooting upward to the sky in the form of an inverted cone. For a moment the whole horizon seemed ablaze with fiery missiles. Then came booming over the waves a peal of heaviest thunder. The very hills shook beneath the awful explosion. This was the dying cry of the *Mississippi*, as she sank to her burial beneath the waves of the river from which she received her name.

Captain Caldwell of the *Essex* who, as soon as he saw the *Mississippi* to be on fire, gallantly steamed to her aid, directly under the concentrated fire of the batteries, succeeded in picking up many who were struggling in the waves, and in rescuing others who had escaped to the shore. There were about three hundred men on board the *Mississippi*. Of these sixty-five officers and men were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Seventy who escaped to the shore, wandered, for many miles, down the western banks of the stream, in constant danger of being taken captive, wading the bayous, and encountering fearful hardships, until they finally reached the ships below. Two ships, the *Hartford* and the *Albatross*, succeeded in running the gauntlet. We have not space here to recount their subsequent exploits.

Two months now passed away, during which vigorous preparations were made in New Orleans to attack and capture Port Hudson, so that efficient aid might be contributed to General Grant, who was at that time besieging Vicksburg. In the mean time the rebels had been very busy, and the batteries at Port Hudson were surrounded, on the land side, by as powerful a series of ramparts and redoubts as modern science could construct. A large patriot fleet and army were assembled at Baton Rouge. The rebel works were soon invested. The lines of the Union army extended in a semicircle from Thompson's Bayou, five miles above Port Hudson, to Springfield's Landing, about the same distance below. While this movement of the land-forces was taking place the fleet was attracting the attention of the rebels by an incessant bombardment. The *Hartford* and *Albatross*, which had run the blockade, attacked the upper batteries; while the *Richmond*, *Monongahela*, *Genesee*, and *Essex* opened their hottest fire upon the batteries below.

General Banks was in command of the land-force. The extreme right was commanded by General Weitzel, the centre by Generals Emory and Grover, the left by General T. W. Sherman. The artillery brigade was under the command of General Arnold. On the morning of Wednesday, the 27th of May, 1863, the great battle began. Our troops were to march up with bare bosoms against one of the strongest positions in the world. An almost impenetrable abatis of felled trees covered the ground before them. Sharpshooters occupied every available point to pick off the officers. The ramparts bristled with artillery, double-shotted with grape and canister. Dense lines of rebels of desperate valor crouched behind the earth-works, with





NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

muskets loaded and capped, prepared, while almost safe from danger themselves, to hurtle such a storm of lead into the faces of the advancing patriots as mortal bravery has rarely encountered.

The patriots who were to face this fiery ordeal were men who detested war. With great reluctance they had but recently left their homes of peaceful industry. They loved their wives and their children, and scenes of destruction and carnage were abhorrent to all their feelings. But the free institutions, so priceless, which their fathers had bequeathed to them, were endangered, and for the integrity of their country they were nobly willing to lay down their lives.

The line of battle was formed at daybreak. Weitzel, Grover, Augur, Sherman—men already renowned in this great strife for popular rights—marshaled their enthusiastic men in the dim twilight for the day of blood. The signal for

the onset was given, and the whole majestic line moved forward. At the same signal every gun in the fleet which could be brought to bear upon the foe opened its thunders. Every rebel battery and musket responded, and for a circuit of leagues the deafening roar of battle filled the air. Hour after hour there was no intermission. Both parties fought with the utmost possible determination. Through mutilation and death, and over every obstacle, the patriots pressed resolutely forward. The rebels contested every inch. Guns were clubbed. Bayonets crossed each other. Hand clenched hand and breast pressed breast in the deadly strife. The patriots drove the rebels from several portions of their works, seized their guns, and turned them upon the retiring foe. These young men, fresh from their homes and from all the ennobling pursuits of industry, moved steadily forward against and clambered over these bristling ram-



parts, under the most murderous fire of shot, shell, grape, canister, and musketry, with all the firmness of veterans.

The Second Regiment of Louisiana Native Guards, under Colonel Nelson, made one of the most heroic charges of the day. They went in nine hundred strong. When they came out but six hundred answered to the roll-call. They poured one charge of bullets in upon the foe, and then, through a concentric fire of musketry and batteries, rushed forward with fixed bayonets. The Sixth Michigan and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York were in the same charge. General Sherman led in person, and was carried from the field severely wounded. General Neal Dow, of Maine, was also wounded. Each of these two regiments lost nearly one half of its effective men. The patriots, in this heroic attack upon the right, gained the ground they fought for. But they could not hold it, for it was commanded by other and more formidable batteries in their rear.

In the centre the onset by Augur and Grover was no less impetuous. The rebels were driven foot by foot from their rifle-pits and outer intrenchments into their main works, from which they never emerged again until they marched out prisoners of war. The rebels had placed every obstacle in the way of the Union advance which art could suggest, and all the most terrible engines of war exhausted their energies in the work of slaughter. And yet these young patriots, all inexperienced in war's horrible science, who had enlisted but for nine months, carried line after line of intrenchments, with precision of movement not surpassed by the veteran soldiers of Waterloo or Sevastopol.

Our loss amounted to about a thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing. But we gained very important advantages. Several guns were captured, the rebels were driven back, and positions of great military importance were secured for future operations. The efforts of the fleet were equally successful. The accuracy of the firing was very remarkable. Five of the heaviest guns of the rebels were dismounted.

The First Regiment of Louisiana engineers rendered efficient service in this action. It was composed exclusively of colored men. General Banks, speaking of them in his report, says:

"In many respects their conduct was heroic. No troops could be more determined or more daring. They made, during the day, three charges upon the batteries of the enemy, suffering very heavy losses, and holding their position at nightfall with the other troops on the right of our line. Whatever doubt may have existed heretofore as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the history of this day proves conclusively to those who were in condition to observe the conduct of these regiments, that the Government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders."

A fortnight now passed away of cannonading, of skirmishing, of incessant action of sharpshooters, of throwing up intrenchments, and dig-

ging parallels. On the 14th of June all things were ready for another grand assault. The point of attack now chosen was the extreme northeasterly corner of the rebel works. Weitzel and Kimball and Morgan and Paine and Grover had massed their forces here for another great struggle. For several days a heavy fire of artillery had been kept up at this point upon the hostile batteries, and several of their most important guns had been dismounted. We had been steadily drawing nearer to their works, picking off their gunners with our sharpshooters wherever we could get sight of a head or a hand, and now our batteries were in many places within three hundred yards of those of the foe.

At 10 o'clock at night of Saturday, June 13, General Augur, who had just returned from the head-quarters of General Banks, gave orders that all were to be in readiness for the grand assault at 3 o'clock the next morning, Sunday. Eager as all the soldiers were for the movement, and sanguine as they were of success, there probably was not a Christian man in the army who did not regret that the assault was to be made on the Sabbath day. Rarely during the war had a party making an offensive movement on Sunday been successful. The fact had attracted the attention even of the most thoughtless men.

The day had not dawned when the brigades were moving by routes which had been carefully marked out to them for the impetuous assault. During several previous days the engineers had been employed constructing a covered way through which the assaulting column could advance to within about three hundred yards of the enemy's position. Through this they marched in single file to the point where they spread out in line of battle. The advance was then over an old cotton-field. But the rebels had filled it with lines of ditches, which were covered and concealed by an abatis of fallen trees and vines. The rifle-pits of the foe commanded every inch. It was impossible for horses to move across this plain, and infantry could by no possibility keep in regular order of battle. The entire line of rebel works extended eight miles by land and three or four by water. Along this whole circuit the assault was to be made simultaneously by the army and navy, and with the utmost determination that there might be no concentration of rebel troops to repel the main assault, which was to be made upon the northeast angle of the rebel lines. Elsewhere the attack was merely to distract attention, and to keep the foe engaged.

Before the dawn the most terrific cannonading commenced along the whole line afloat and ashore. Every gun within the rebel intrenchments and from the patriot opposing batteries was fired with the utmost rapidity. Not a man on those grounds had ever before heard thunders of war so awful. The air was filled with shrieking, bursting shells. The hills shook beneath the tremendous explosions. Dense clouds of smoke, which hung heavily over the whole ex-



panse, gave the place the appearance of a vast volcano in violent eruption.

The grand assaulting column was under the immediate command of General Paine. It was led by the Eighth New Hampshire and the Fourth Wisconsin regiments. Then came the Fourth Massachusetts and the One Hundred and Tenth New York. Then came the Third Brigade under Colonel Gooding, consisting of the Thirty-first, Thirty-eighth, and Fifty-third Massachusetts, and the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth and One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York. The Second Brigade followed, under Colonel A. Fearing. Its serried ranks were composed of the One Hundred and Thirty-third and the One Hundred and Seventy-third New York. The remainder of this brigade were detailed as skirmishers. Then came the First Brigade under Colonel Ferris. It was composed of the Twenty-eighth Connecticut, the Fourth Massachusetts, and four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York. The necessary number of pioneers and Nims's Massachusetts Battery were added.

Such was the immense battering-ram which military science had devised and constructed to break through the rebel intrenchments. While the storm of war was beating with the utmost fierceness along a circuit twelve miles in extent, this ponderous force was to be hurled headlong, with all conceivable impetuosity, upon a single point. Success seemed certain. The battle can not be described. It was a delirious scene of terror, tumult, and blood. The following words from one who was a participant in the scene may give a faint idea of its horrors:

"The moment we turned into the road shot, shell, grape, and canister fell like hail around us. On we went. A little higher a new gun opened upon us. Still farther they had a cross-fire—oh, such a terrible one! But on we went bending, as, with sickening shrieks, the grape and canister swept over us. I had no thought, after a short prayer, but for my flag. The color-bearer fell, but the flag did not. Half the guard fell, but the flag was there. When about three hundred yards from the works I was struck. The pain was so intense that I could not go on. I turned to my second lieutenant, and said, 'Never mind me, Jack; for God's sake jump to the colors.' I don't recollect any thing more until I heard Colonel Benedict say, 'Up, men, and forward!' I looked, and saw the rear regiments lying flat to escape the fire, and Colonel Benedict standing there, the shot striking all about him, and he never flinching. It was grand to see.

"When I heard him speak I forgot all else, and running forward, did not stop till at the very front and near the colors again. There, as did all the rest, I lay down, and soon learned the trouble. Within two hundred yards of the works was a ravine parallel with them, completely impassable from the fallen timber in it. Of course we could not move on. To stand up was certain death. So was retreat. Naught

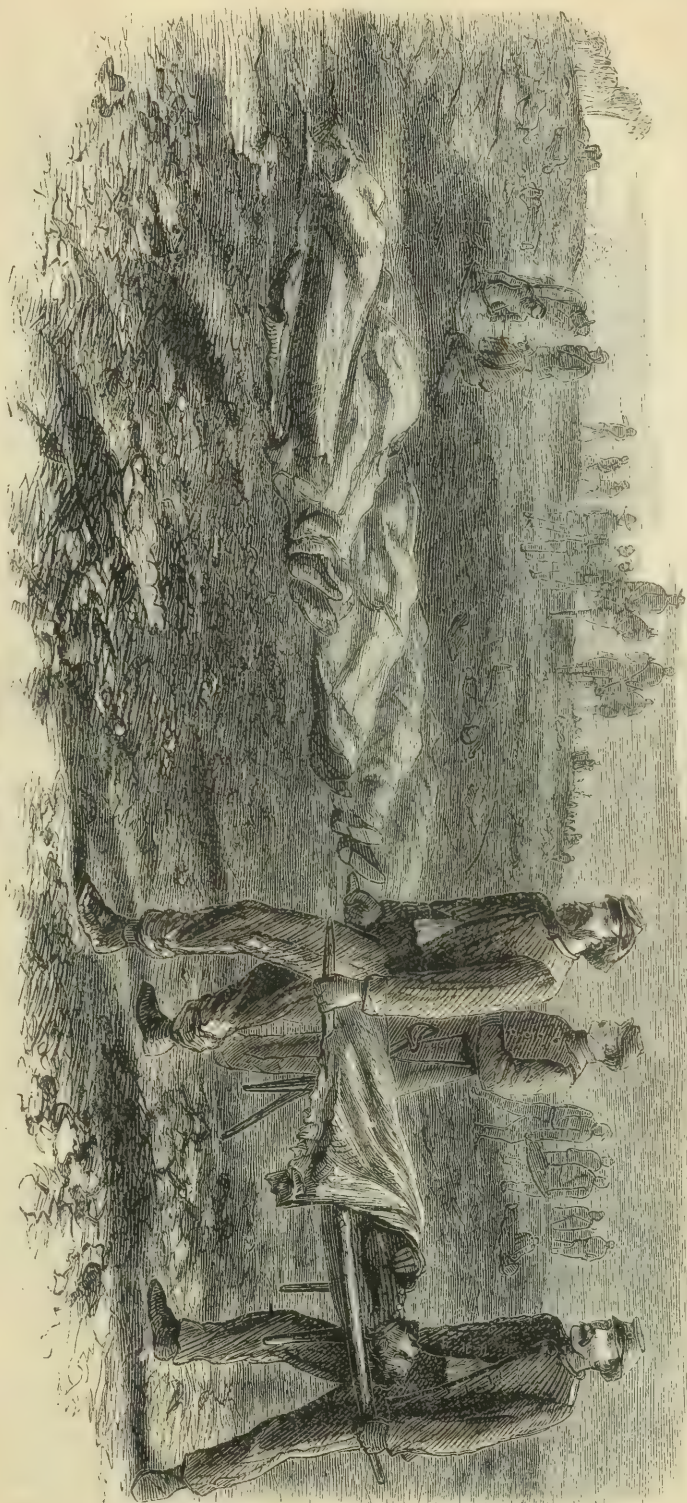
was left but to lie down, with such scanty cover as we could get. We did lie down in that hot, scorching sun. I fortunately got behind two small logs, which protected me on two sides, and lay there, scarcely daring to turn, for four hours, till my brain reeked and surged, and I thought that I should go mad. Death would have been preferable to a continuance of such torture. Lots of poor fellows were shot as they were lying down; and to lie there and hear them groan and cry was awful. Just on the other side of the log lay the gallant Colonel Bryan with both legs broken by shot. He talked of home, but bore it like a patriot. Near him was one of my own brave boys with five balls in him. The Colonel got out of pain sooner than some, for he died after two hours of intense agony. Bullets just grazed me as they passed over. One entered the ground within an inch of my right eye. I have been in many battles, but I never saw, and never wish to see, such a fire as that poured on us on June 14. It was not merely terrible. It was HORRIBLE."

After eight hours of as desperate fighting as was ever witnessed on earth, our charging columns were repulsed with great slaughter. About 11 o'clock A.M. the fighting ceased. The ground in front of the rebel redoubts was covered with the patriot dead and wounded. But till night darkened the scene the rebels inhumanly fired upon the wounded writhing in their blood; and no one could carry to them a cup of cold water without being struck by the bullet of a sharpshooter. General Paine was severely wounded by a ball which broke both bones of his leg just below the knee. He could not be brought from the field until after dark. Before he was struck down he had got five regiments within four rods of the rebel works, and some of his skirmishers had actually clambered over the ramparts. Not being promptly supported, they were speedily cut down. As General Paine lay upon his back hour after hour in the blistering sun, slightly protected between two rows of the cotton-field, he dared not attempt to cover his face with his cap, for if the rebels saw the slightest movement a shower of balls was instantly poured upon him. Our whole loss during the day amounted to about seven hundred and fifty. It was a sad Sabbath day's work. We had lost much, and gained nothing. The next day, under a flag of truce, the dead and wounded were removed.

Port Hudson was in reality but an outpost of Vicksburg, where General Grant was day by day cutting off the resources of the rebels, capturing their outlying batteries, and driving them within narrower limits. The fall of either of these great fortresses rendered the other no longer tenable. On the 4th of July, 1863, the garrison at Vicksburg, more than thirty thousand strong, were compelled to an unconditional surrender to General Grant. The joyful tidings were speedily conveyed down the river to the patriot army surrounding Port Hudson. Sal-



REMOVING THE DEAD.



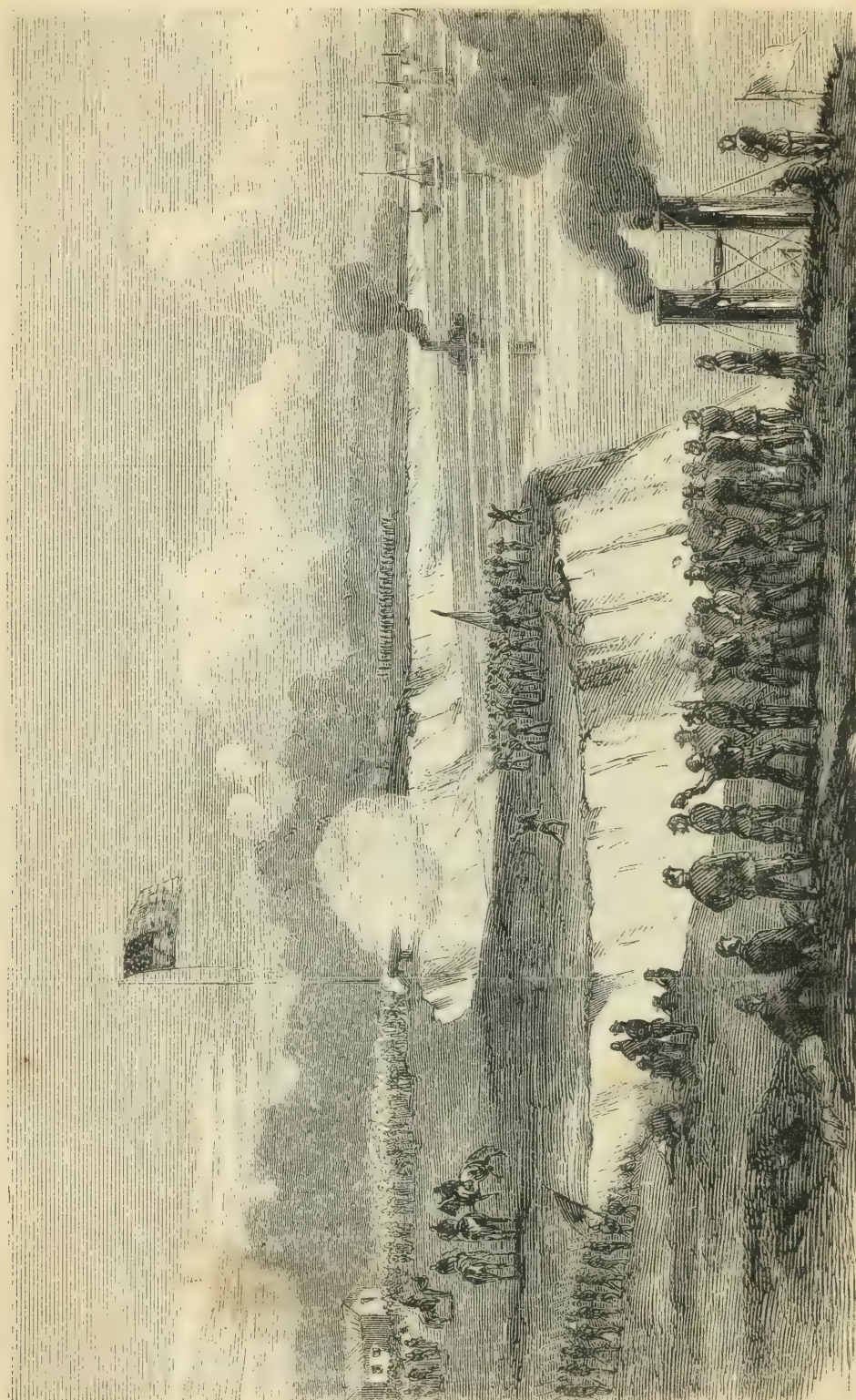
vos of artillery and shouts from thirty thousand patriot throats conveyed the news to the rebels within their strong intrenchments. General Banks was just preparing for another assault, when he received a communication from General Gardner, who was in command of the rebel works, offering to surrender. General Frank Gardner at Port Hudson and General Pemberton at Vicksburg were both Northern men. They had both gone from their free homes in the North to fight against that banner beneath whose folds they were born, and for the destruction of that Constitution to which our country was indebted for all its prosperity and power.

As we have mentioned, Port Hudson was three hundred miles below Vicksburg. It was not until the morning of the 7th that General Banks received the news of the surrender. General Gardner sent to him that afternoon a communication containing the following words:

"Having received information from your troops that Vicksburg has been surrendered, I make this communication, to ask you to give me the official assurance whether this is true or not; and if true, I ask for a cessation of hostilities with a view to the consideration of terms for surrendering this position."

In General Banks's brief response, dated July





RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

8, he stated: "I have the honor to inform you that I received yesterday morning, July 7, at 45 minutes past 10 o'clock, by the gun-boat *General Price*, an official dispatch from Major-General Ulysses S. Grant, United States Army, whereof the following is a true extract:

"The garrison of Vicksburg surrendered this morning. The number of prisoners, as given by the officers, is twenty-seven thousand, field-artillery one hundred and twenty-eight pieces, and a large number of siege-guns, probably not less than eighty."

"I regret to say that under present circum-

stances I can not consistently with duty consent to a cessation of hostilities for the purpose you indicate."

Preparations had already been made for an immediate assault. Our troops were flushed with the joyful news which they had heard, and which rendered the downfall of Port Hudson certain. They were anxious to be led instantly against the foe, that they might storm and take his batteries before the fleet and the army should have time to descend from Vicksburg and deprive them of a portion of the honor. The rebels knew that their doom was sealed. They could



not escape, and they could not resist the forces now to be arrayed against them. Nothing whatever could be gained by prolonging the contest. General Gardner accordingly sent back a reply couched in the following terms:

"Having defended this position as long as I deem my duty requires, I am willing to surrender to you, and will appoint a commission of three officers to meet a similar commission appointed by yourself at 9 o'clock this morning, for the purpose of agreeing upon and drawing up the terms of surrender, and for that purpose I ask for a cessation of hostilities."

The commissioners immediately met, and the articles of capitulation were signed, by which the fortress with all its garrison, its stores, and its armament, was surrendered to the National Government. At the earliest dawn of the next morning, Thursday, July 9, the whole patriot camp was alive with joyful animation to witness the glorious spectacle the day was to usher in. It was a splendid morning. The air was filled with the flutterings of the Star-spangled Banner, and from scores of martial bands our national airs were pealed forth over the water and the land.

General Andrews, chief of staff of General Banks, at 7 o'clock, with a strong column of the victors, made the grand entrance into the rebel fortifications. The rebel army were drawn up in an immense line upon the bluff, with their backs toward the river. Their officers, in great dejection, were grouped together on one side. The patriot army advanced with gleaming weapons, and were spread out in a double line in face of the conquered garrison. The patriot officers each took his position in front of his men. General Gardner then advanced toward General Andrews and offered him his sword. General Andrews declined receiving it, courteously saying,

"In appreciation of your bravery, however misdirected, you are at liberty to retain your sword."

General Gardner then said, "General, I will now formally surrender my command to you;

and for that purpose will give the order to ground arms."

The order was given. Five thousand men bowed their heads, deposited their arms upon the ground, and rose prisoners of war. Armed guards were then placed over the captives, and the glorious old flag of the Union rose and floated forth like a meteor from the flag-staff. It was unfurled to the breeze from one of the highest bluffs by the men of the steamship *Richmond*. The flag was saluted by the thunders of a battery whose reverberations rolled majestically along the broad surface of the Mississippi. And thus this great national river, upon whose banks uncounted millions are yet to dwell, and which treason had insanely attempted to wrest from the nation, was restored to its rightful owners. Treason has done its utmost to rob the nation of the Mississippi, and has failed. The banner of rebellion will never again go up upon those shores. The Stars and Stripes will never again go down.

As the immediate fruit of this capture there fell into our hands 5500 prisoners, 20 pieces of heavy artillery, 5 complete batteries numbering 31 pieces of field artillery, a large supply of balls and shells, 44,800 pounds of cannon powder, 5000 stand of arms, 150,000 rounds of ammunition, 2 steamers, and a considerable amount of commissary stores.

The rebel General Gardner admitted that even if Vicksburg had not fallen he could not have held out three days longer. He had made up his mind that he could not repel another assault. He was therefore anxiously watching every movement, intending that so soon as there should be decisive indications of an assault that he would surrender. The capture of Port Hudson consequently redounds to the glory of the heroic army which surrounded it. It was the result of the Herculean exertions and the military ability of the fleet and the army under Commodore Farragut and General Banks. To them belong the undivided honor.

## MY STAR.

I LOOKED upon the starry heavens one night  
Long years ago, when I was but a boy;  
Then Life seemed brimming over with delight—  
Filled was the cup with sweetest draughts of joy.

Among the glittering host which gemmed the skies  
I chose one star, and said, "It shall be mine;"  
And often in the night my boyish eyes  
Turned to that star to watch it gleam and shine.

And oft in childish thought I wondered then  
If those bright spheres were teaming worlds like ours,  
If cities shone thereon, and crowds of men  
Swarmed the long streets, or toiled through weary hours.

The years slid by—the boy to manhood grew;  
No longer only roses strewed Life's ways,  
Her paths were rugged, and the strong winds blew  
Harsher and rougher than in other days.

And like a breeze which over gardens blows,  
Laden with faint perfumes of many flowers;  
Or as the sun, long hidden, when he glows  
Through cloud and mist which veiled his face for hours,

Came the forgotten fancy back again  
Through Memory's crystal gates, which stood ajar,  
And the Man, looking on the jeweled plain,  
Searched the broad heavens in vain for that one star.

Had it gone wandering through the realms of space  
Like a lost Pleiad, or had his dull eyes  
Forgotten, in the growth of years, its place  
Amid the glittering splendor of the skies?

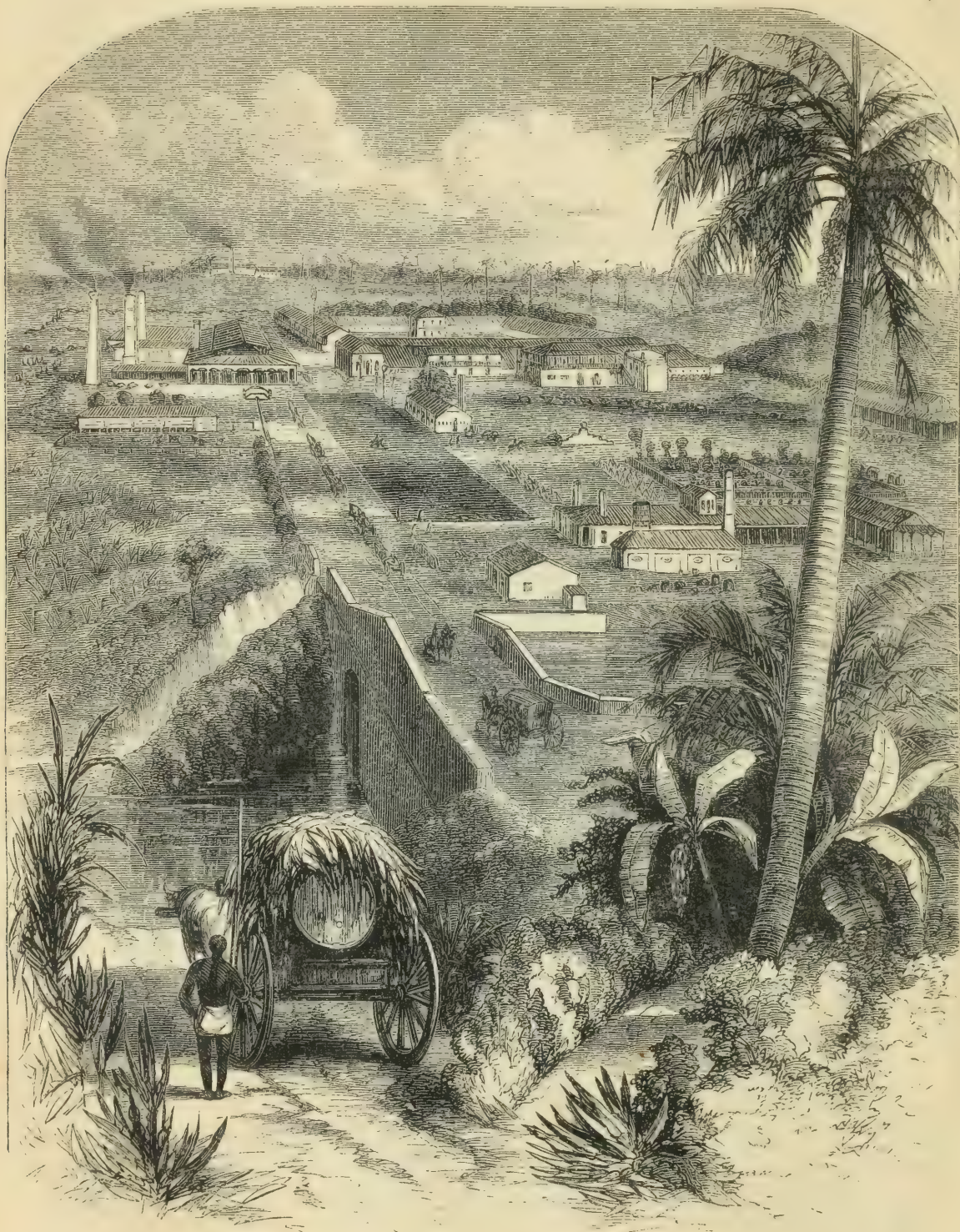
One time he stood with her his heart held dear,  
With her he deemed the fairest of the fair;  
And words of love had blessed her willing ear,  
Falling like gentlest dew upon the air.

That night she pointed to a brilliant star,  
And called it hers, with all its myriad rays;  
And lo! within the shining heavens afar  
He saw the lost star of his boyhood's days.

Since then, somehow, the skies have sunnier grown,  
And goldener seem the fleeting, honeyed hours,  
And all along Life's rugged paths have blown  
Sweet-scented buds, and fragrant, lovely flowers.



## SUGAR-MAKING IN CUBA.



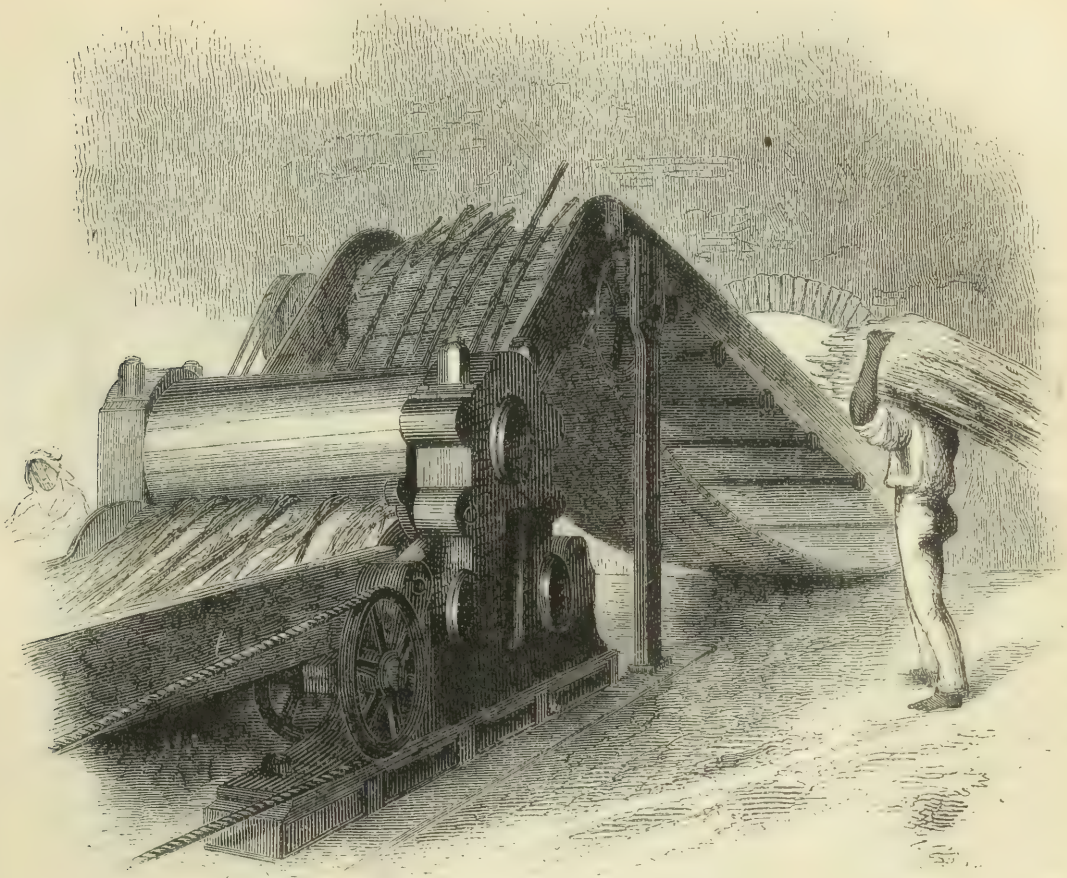
YNGENIO EL FLOR DE CUBA.

ALMOST twelve years ago (November, 1853) this Magazine described the processes of making sugar then in use in Louisiana. The processes then employed in Cuba were essentially the same. Since that time great improvements have been introduced into Cuba. It is proposed in the present paper to describe the processes now employed upon the larger "Yngenios" or sugar estates.

Since the difficulties attending the slave-trade became serious, and the cost of African slaves

has been consequently increased, the Cuban planters have carefully scrutinized every improvement likely to reduce the cost of labor, and have generally abandoned the cultivation by the hoe, so that the quality of clayed sugar produced by good machinery and scientific process now surpasses that of any other country in the world. There is no want now of enterprise among the leading sugar-planters, and they are not deterred by the cost of any machinery which will, in their judgment, save



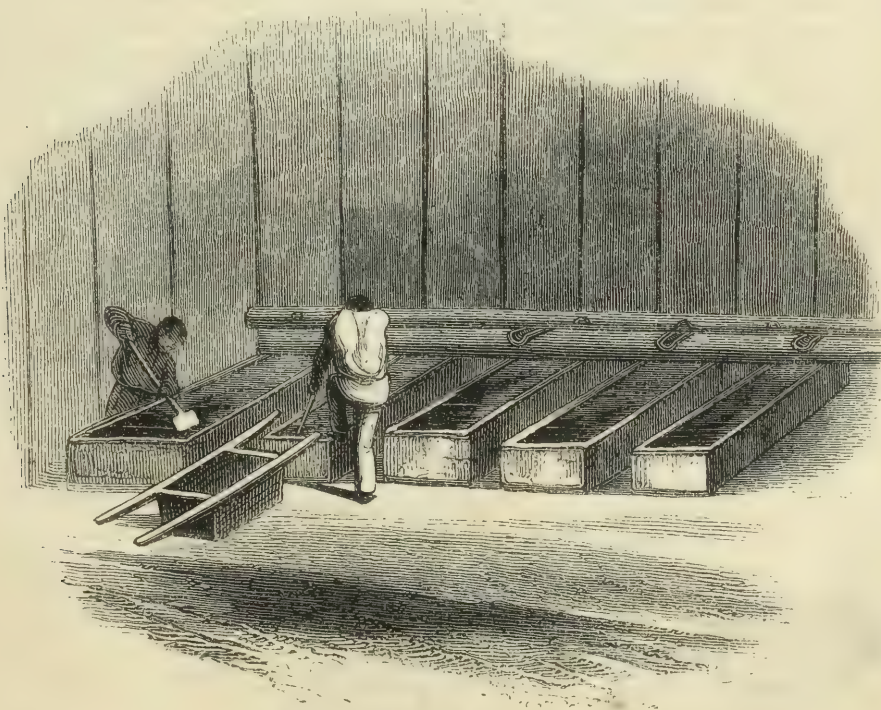


SUGAR-MILL.

money. On the contrary, they are more apt to err by extravagant outlay on projects yet untried; and more than one fine estate has passed through the hands of liquidators on account of its ruinous cost.

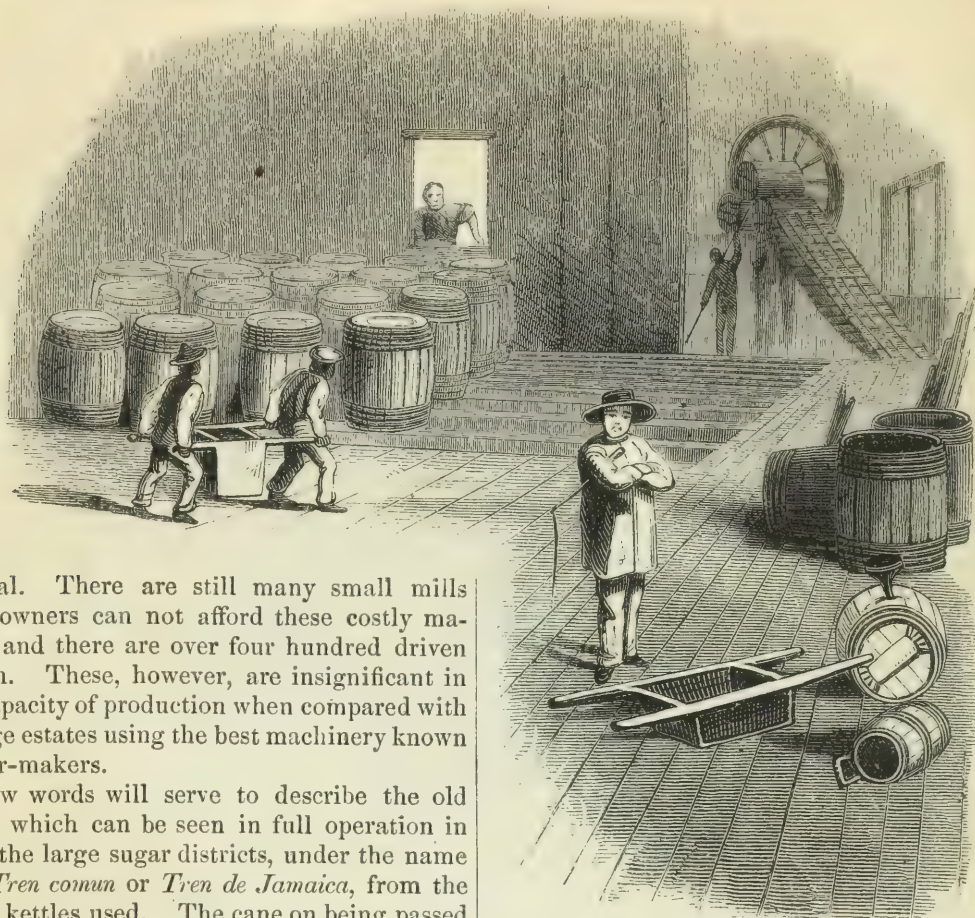
The old wasteful process of boiling in open

trains is abandoned on the largest estates; and where it is yet practiced, it is generally in connection with some improved process of filtering, or at least of drying the molasses sugar or "muscovado." It must not be understood that the expensive process of boiling in vacuum-pans is



SUGAR COOLERS—EL TREN COMUN.





THE PURGERY.

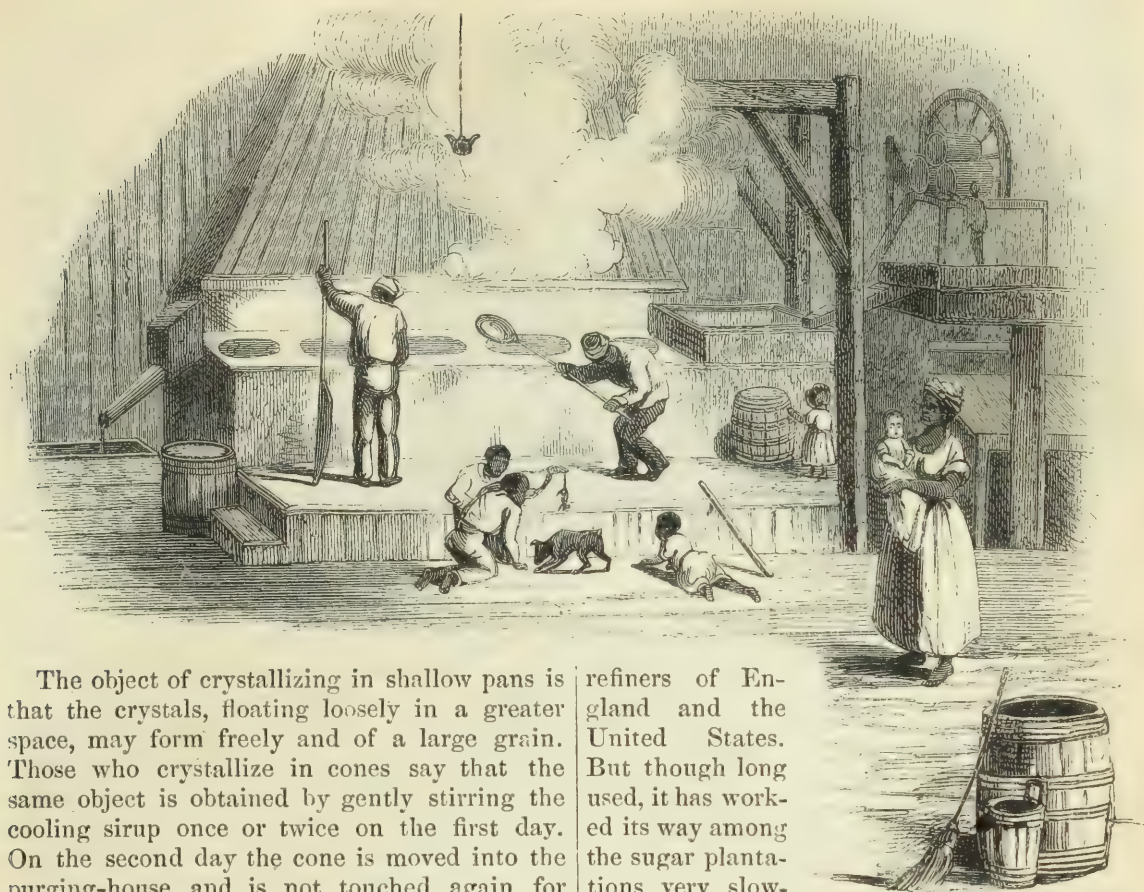
universal. There are still many small mills whose owners can not afford these costly machines, and there are over four hundred driven by oxen. These, however, are insignificant in their capacity of production when compared with the large estates using the best machinery known to sugar-makers.

A few words will serve to describe the old system, which can be seen in full operation in any of the large sugar districts, under the name of *El Tren comun* or *Tren de Jamaica*, from the class of kettles used. The cane on being passed through the rollers of the grinding-mill is deprived of its juice, and the fibre, or "trash," is carried on by an endless band to fall into a cart below, from which it is spread out in the fields to dry, and in due time finds its way back to the furnaces. Meanwhile the juice runs through strainers, and is lifted by a force-pump to oblong troughs which stand near the chimneys of the furnace. In these it is allowed to settle, and the scum rises in a few minutes to the surface, a gentle heat being applied meanwhile. The sirup is then drawn off into a train of copper kettles below to be converted into sugar. In the first of these kettles it is treated to a little milk of lime, which causes the scum to rise to the surface in a dense body, when it is removed by the negroes with a common strainer or skimmer. From this pan it is passed to others, according to its advance toward crystallization, nearer and nearer to the mouth of the furnace, boiling furiously meanwhile until it reaches at last, after a passage of several hours, the pan called the *teache-pan*, or *strike-pan*, over the very mouth of the furnace. As the entire contents of one pan is discharged into the next at the same time that a fresh supply of juice is introduced from those behind it, all are kept full, and the scene is very lively when the fires are good and the sirup boils briskly. A negro guards each pan, or more frequently has two under his care, and is actively at work tossing the sirup into the air when the bubbles become too large and run over into the next pan, thus showing that there is danger of burning the

sugar. At other times the negroes are busy skimming off, with a light hand, any feculencies which may arise.

The most delicate process in this rather rude manufacture is the test of the sugar, when it reaches the last pan and becomes thick. In the last few minutes, before it is fit to be removed from the fire, the crystals form with great rapidity, and the sugar-master is constantly trying the sirup with his finger and thumb, the *teache* or "touch" test, which gives the name to this pan. Baumé's Saccharometer is also used, but, not generally, the proof by the eye being simpler and better. When the sugar reaches this state there is much danger of burning; and upon the skill of the sugar-master, in making the *strike* at the right moment, will depend the quality of the sugar. From the strike-pan the sugar is run into shallow coolers, where it remains for about twenty-four hours, and is then transferred to cones, such as are used in sugar-refineries, to drain off the molasses. In some places, however, it is customary to pass the *strike* into a long, narrow box, with fenders six feet high on two of its sides. Two negroes, taking their position, one at either end, toss the sirup into the air with copper ladles working on pivots until it is so exposed to the air as to be frothy, and crusts the sides of the box like the spongy lava around the crater of a volcano. It is then passed directly into the cones and crystallizes in a few hours.





BOILING-HOUSE—EL TREN COMUN.

The object of crystallizing in shallow pans is that the crystals, floating loosely in a greater space, may form freely and of a large grain. Those who crystallize in cones say that the same object is obtained by gently stirring the cooling sirup once or twice on the first day. On the second day the cone is moved into the purging-house, and is not touched again for three weeks, except once to remove the plug at the bottom of the cone that the molasses may drain off into proper receptacles, to be boiled again and dried as muscovado sugar. A cloth is laid over the top of the cone while the molasses is draining off, and soft mud or clay spread upon it. This, draining through the sugar, drives the molasses before it to the apex of the cone; and after twenty days the loaf of sugar in the cone is found to be hard, white at the base, whity-brown in the middle, and yellow with molasses at the apex. These divisions being separated and dried are known as the *Blanco*, *Quebrado*, and *Cucurucho* or *Cugucho*, commonly quoted in the Havana market. The first of these would be called by our housewives "coffee-sugar;" the meaning of the second is "Leavings;" and of the third "*Cornucopia*;"—the points of the cones.

In all these processes, as practiced in the old-fashioned mills, a very serious loss occurs. They rarely express more than half the sugar from the cane which analysis has proved to exist there, and in all the different manipulations it would seem as if the object was to waste, and not to save sugar. The boiling-house is filled with the vapors rising from the kettles, and in the tossing undergone by the sirup much sugar is evaporated. The consequence is much molasses and little sugar; and it is to obviate these losses that costly machinery has been invented.

Boiling *in vacuo*, which is the great principle of improved sugar-making, is nothing new. It has long been in use in Cuba and Jamaica, and is the principal means used by the great sugar-

refiners of England and the United States. But though long used, it has worked its way among the sugar plantations very slowly, and few of the great mills of Cuba date back further than twelve or fourteen years. The machinery for such undertakings is so costly, that it was only when the great Dons found that slaves were hard to get, and they themselves were growing so rich that they hardly knew how to invest their money to advantage, that they seriously set to work to build mills capable of grinding the product of 2000 acres of cane-land, and at the same time reducing the number of negroes necessary on an estate by more than one-third. Success only stimulated them to build larger mills and import finer machinery, until now the sugar-mills of Cuba are not unworthy to be named with the cotton-mills of England.

A large sugar estate like the San Martin, the Alava, El Flor de Cuba, Ponina, San Rafael, España, Habana, and others which we might name, is a small village in itself. Let us take for description the San Martin, in the jurisdiction of Cardenas, bordering on that of Colon, and about forty-five miles by railroad from the city of Cardenas; since it is the largest Yngenio in Cuba, and possesses the most costly machinery probably of any on the island. It lies in the midst of cane-fields, stretching as far as the eye can reach, and from the *casa de purga* can be seen the chimneys of five or six of the finest estates of Cuba. The jurisdictions of Cardenas and Colon produce nearly half of the sugar exported from the island, and the village of Banagüises, within three miles of the San Martin, is the centre of this rich sugar country.





IN THE BARRACON.

Approaching the estate of San Martin from the railroad, the size and height of the chimney attract immediate attention, it being 23 feet in diameter at the base, and rising to the height of 180 feet. In the houses which cluster around this great chimney one recognizes the Spanish model of a village—a grand square, or plaza, and streets running off at right angles from every side. The Mill and Curing House are, of course, the most prominent objects in this great square. They form its northern boundary for 800 feet. To the right of the mill is the “barracoon,” or building for the slaves, of whom there are some 900. It occupies the entire side of the square, and is itself a hollow square, with long sheds, substantially built of brick, running around it; the doors opening into the inner court, in the style common to Spanish and South American cities. Each one of the doors has a small hole, about six inches square, cut near the floor, to promote ventilation; and as there is a barred window high up in every room, on the opposite side from the door, good ventilation is secured. In the centre of the court is a large building, with a steam-engine for pumping water and a furnace, in which the food for nearly a thousand souls is cooked in common. Corn-meal and bananas are the staples. In crop time, however, there is a good deal of private catering going on, with the aid of sirup and molasses.

The barracoons of the San Martin cover about four acres of land, and being well painted and kept in good order, have a pleasing appearance. The same style of architecture for barracoons—a single-storied shed, forming a hollow square, with its cook-house in the centre—prevails on most of the large plantations, for security as well as convenience; some of them having high walls, and all access or egress being strictly guarded. On others, however, the negroes live in wooden or thatch hovels, in such proximity to the sugar-house as may be convenient.

The Chinese have quarters by themselves, and on more than one estate have been permit-

ted to put up huts for themselves, in which may be recognized the peculiar architecture of a Chinese city, if bamboo and bits of matting are accessible. The interiors of the Chinese huts are cleanly, but behind them—or rather, between them, for they are laid out in streets—are the usual collections of garbage which, as much as any other cause, make the Asiatic cholera so fearful in the cities of the East.

The southern side of the square of the San Martin is occupied by the houses of the administrador of the estate, the engineers, and sugar-master—the hospital and fine gardens stretching for several hundred feet to their rear. To the east

are the saw-mill, tool-shops, and other buildings. The Hospital is said to be the finest on the island, and certainly surpasses any which it has been our privilege to examine in a lengthened tour of Cuba. It covers about an acre of ground, the open court in the centre being partly paved and partly covered with flowers. In the middle of this court is a fountain, and an aviary containing doves and quails, the whole presenting a pleasing effect to the eye. Over the doorway is an inscription in Spanish, to the effect that it is “consecrated to suffering humanity.” To the right on entering is the *Botica y Drogueria*, full of medicines, and arranged with all the neatness and possessing all the medicines of a good pharmacy. To the left is the *Salon de Practicante*, where new cases are examined and trivial ones prescribed for. The doors of the various halls which open on the corridors have appropriate inscriptions for males, females, and Chinese—each being dedicated to some saint. There is also a mortuary-house (*Capilla y Deposito*), with skull and cross-bones over the doorway, and warehouses for drugs, dispensary, etc. Entering one of the halls we find it full of beds, with the head-board to the wall, at equal distances apart, each neatly numbered. Each man’s basin hangs at the head of his cot, and each one is supplied with a blanket. The beds are made by stretching a bullock’s hide on a solid frame, the most suitable bedding in a hot climate; but some of the beds are merely boards laid lengthwise, insuring coolness and cleanliness. It is evident that every care is paid to the condition of the sick; and we may cite as a proof of the superior management of this estate, as well as the wisdom of humane treatment, that out of 900 negroes and 170 Chinese only 14 were in the hospital, and of them about two-thirds were able to sit up. Most of them were confined by accidents, such as happen daily in the cane-fields with people so careless. In one of the wards was a woman suckling her child, dressed in the style of



negro infants—a bit of string around the wrist. These proofs of humanity and care for the slaves and Chinese apprentices were the more pleasing from the fact of their being undoubtedly compelled to labor very severely. They lead at the best a hard life, far worse on most of the Cuban estates than on the Southern plantations of our own country. As was rudely observed by one of the many American mechanics in Cuba, "They treat a nigger like a gentleman in Alabama to what they do here." A large number of those found in Cuba are native Africans, rude, savage, and ready to commit any atrocity. Nothing but the whip can keep such men in subjection and compel their labor. With every opportunity they skulk away to the cane-fields, where they often lie hid for many weeks. Some are in shackles half their lives, for when the chains are off away they go like wild beasts.

As for any attempt to civilize these rude creatures further than whipping them when they will not work, a man must look far and carefully to see it in Cuba. It is true that the priests in the cities gather them into the churches, where, on grand occasions, they distribute among them catechisms and cigars, and make it a point to baptize every negro baby; but it is little that the slaves learn of the Christian religion, and they will sooner kneel to their masters than to God. Indeed one can not but think that their master is a greater and more powerful being in their eyes than the Almighty. On the sugar estates in the country they rarely see a priest; churches are unknown except in the cities and towns; Sabbaths are passed without notice; and from birth to death the native African and his children live as much like the beasts as if in Africa itself, the only real difference being that in Africa they are wild beasts, in Cuba they are beasts of burden.

It needs but to see a negro funeral on a large estate to realize the bitter mockery of that philanthropy, which claims that the slave is most charitably ransomed from death in his own country to be civilized and Christianized; and for these priceless boons he is made "an organized laborer." We saw one once on the Alava estate, one of the largest in Cuba. We have seen men buried on the field of battle, have seen many a pauper funeral, have heard the burial-service mumbled at sea by an infidel captain over the remains of a god-

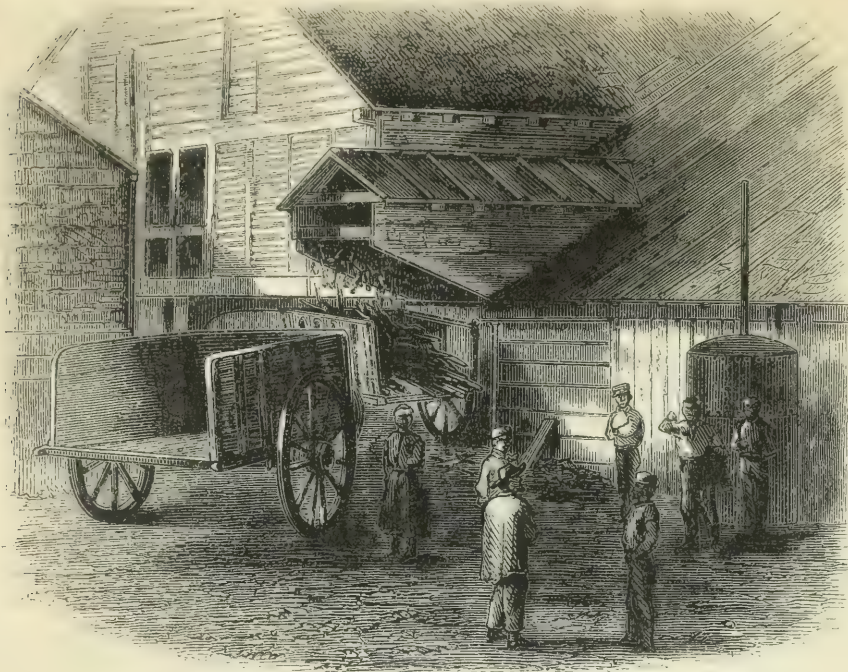
less wretch, but we never saw any burial more wretched than that of a miserable slave. It was a rainy afternoon—and a rainy afternoon in the tropics means a fierce thunder-storm—when one of the Spanish overseers remarked that "there was another dead," and pointed out a procession of three negroes, two of them bearing the body with a piece of bagging thrown over it, and the third following with a spade in his hands. The bearers were old men who could be spared for the duty, and walked very slowly, which seemed to suit the gravedigger well, for he had irons on both legs, and though a lusty fellow, could not go much faster than his elders. The group had not enough clothing between them for one man. The old men had breeches of an unknown mud color, and their bent backs were bare; the follower was minus the breeches, but he had obtained a long coffee or sugar sack, had cut a hole in the bottom for his neck and two at the sides for his arms. They passed behind the mill, but no one looked up, through a crowd of women and girls who were raking up the cane-trash, and down to the edge of the cane-field. No notice whatever was taken of them, while the stout fellow in chains dug a shallow trench, in which they left their burden. The whole job, for ceremony there was none, took about half an hour. Just as the rain ceased they hobbled back to their ordinary tasks, well soaked but indifferent.

These things have little effect on the negro; but it is very different with the Chinese; and for the treatment of Chinamen in this matter the Spaniards and Cubans have undoubtedly earned the hatred of many individuals who would otherwise be content. When we recollect that at home the Chinaman actually worships his dead ancestors; that he procures his own coffin in his



THE TRASH-FIELD.





CATCHING THE TRASH.

lifetime, often spending \$1000 upon it; that China is justly described as a vast burial-ground; and that wherever Chinese are colonized they send their dead to their own country, if they can afford it—the greatness of the outrage in the eyes of a Chinaman, of this burial like a dog, will at once be perceived. He has superstitions which oblige him to burn paper figures of clothes, money, etc., for the use of his departed friends in the other world. All these superstitions exist still, but can not be carried out in Cuba, and he knows that at his own death no friend can perform the rites for him. We will venture to say, from actual statements of Chinese themselves, that this is, in their own opinion, the greatest grievance of their lot as laborers in Cuba. They are, however, a casuistic race, and comfort themselves with the belief that immediately after death their souls return to the Flowery Empire, and hover around the altars of their ancestors, where the relatives whom they left perform the necessary rites, in the benefits of which they participate.

Possibly this belief in the immediate passage of the soul to their native country will explain the alarming prevalence of suicide among the Asiatics when they first discover how severe their lot is, or when they become homesick. Suicide is more or less common among the newly-arrived, and breaks out suddenly like an epidemic, without any change of labor or treatment, which would seem a reasonable provocation to self-destruction.

Some of the best of machinery is to be seen on the Yngenio San Martin; and we will endeavor to describe the process of sugar-making, as practiced on that estate, remarking that it is similar, with a few slight alterations, on all plantations using the fine system of Derosne.

In this system the boiling of the sirup is

conducted entirely by steam. The cane is first crushed in a powerful mill, made at Paris, by J. F. Cail and Co., in 1853, which has been in operation ever since with only the most trifling repairs, and is now in as fine condition as when it was put up. The engine is of 60 horse-power, turning three powerful rollers for crushing, eight feet in length and three feet in diameter. The cane is supplied by an endless chain, with slabs as in a tread-mill, moving in a channel-way of the same width as the rollers, and running almost level

with the ground for 50 or 60 feet. Some thirty or forty women are constantly employed in supplying this feeder with cane-stalks, which are smoothed by others. The stalks pass unceasingly between the rollers, the crushed cane falling upon another channel-way, like the feeder, which carries it out of the mill, and to such a height that the refuse drops into carts standing ready to carry it to the fields to be spread out to dry. Some idea of the volume of cane passing through the mill may be obtained from the fact that seven light carts, each holding as much as would fill a New York omnibus, are kept at work, receiving and distributing the "trash" as it falls from the mill. A still better idea of the immense bulk of cane crushed in a day is gained by watching the trains of cars running on a tram-way from the cane-fields to the mill, and discharging their contents, and then to find at night, that, although the train of seven or eight cars has been running incessantly, a space of at least fifty feet square, where the cane in the morning was piled up twenty feet high, is quite bare by sundown. Indeed it is necessary to stop the mill every few days for want of cane, and to turn all hands into the cane-field.

The juice runs out from below the rollers in a stream as thick as a man's leg; and passing through copper strainers, the holes of which are as large as an English six-pence, it leaves behind a portion of the dirt and bits of cane which fall with it from the rollers. It is then forced up to cisterns in the boiling-house, from which it is to be discharged into copper clarifying kettles, called *defecadores*. These are made with an iron jacket in which steam can be admitted. In the Yngenio San Martin there are sixteen of these. When ready for use they shine so that you can see your face in them. The coolie turns a great stop-cock and a stream of tawny



liquor rushes as from a hydrant, and in three or four minutes fills the kettle up to a certain mark, about 10 inches from the top, when the stop-cock is closed in that kettle and one opened in the next.

We will wait and see what is done to the juice in the first defecator, while one after another of the train is receiving its supply. It will detain us only a few minutes. After starting the next kettle the workman returns and gives a few turns to a little wheel by which steam is admitted below the defecators. A grand commotion follows that shakes the light flooring on which we are standing, and for about five minutes there is a mysterious boiling going on in the depths of the great pot, which shows itself by a frothy scum rising to the surface. A little lime has been slaked in a bucket and poured into the mess. As to the quantity the sugar-master has a word to say about that, and generally sees to its being all right before it goes in, the proportion varying according to the quality of the cane. As soon as the kettle is fairly boiling steam is shut off and the contents are left quietly simmering for ten or fifteen minutes. Meanwhile the bubbles have gone down, but a very muddy scum—the *cachazza*—is forming on the surface, growing blacker and thicker with every minute. You can draw lines through it with your stick, as though writing in the sand by the sea-shore. When this scum begins to crack it is time to draw it off through the meshes of a sieve, and if you go below the defecator you will find a stream of hot juice, looking like turpentine, running into a trough. The scum settles in the bottom of the defecator, and as soon as the liquor begins to run very dirty the pipe is turned by the coolie below to discharge over another trough which carries it into a receptacle where it is purified again. The light scum is drawn off also, and a jet of cold water is started in the defecator, while the workman carefully cleanses it to be ready in its turn for another charge of juice. It is necessary to have a train of kettles sufficient to keep the stream of *guarapo* from the grinding-mill always running. In the San Martin the circuit is completed in about an hour.

Meanwhile the hot stream of defecated juice is pouring into a small charcoal filter about ten feet high, twenty-three of which stand in a grim row, dividing the defecators from the bulk of the machinery, and behind them is another rank of tall fellows,

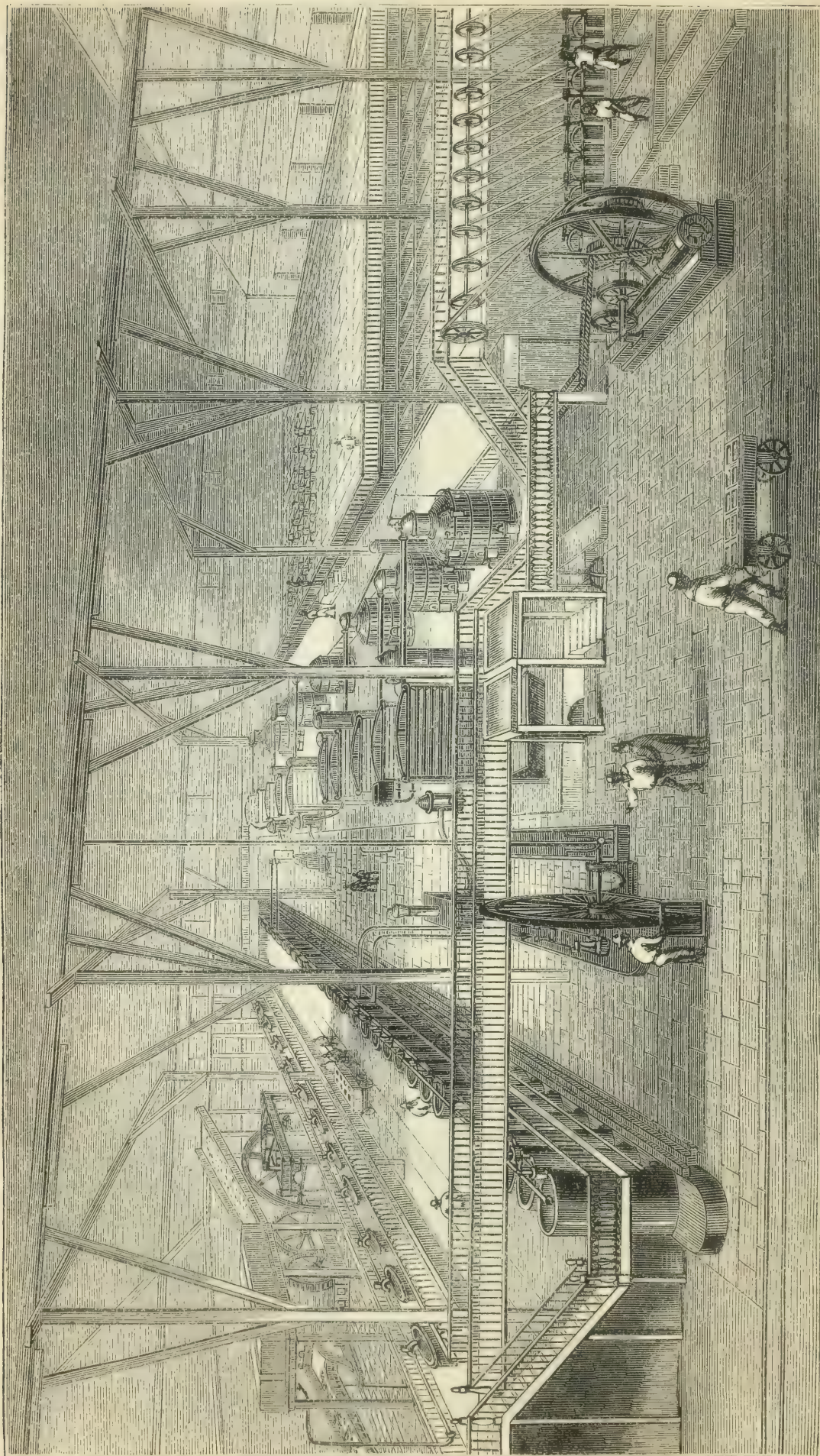
twenty in number, and as many feet in height, in which the juice is finally purified after making the circuit of the boiling-house once or twice more.

The black vats full of animal carbon—in common English, “bone charcoal”—perform an important duty in the sugar-house, and cost a great deal of money. The charcoal can be bought in Havana for about \$3 per 100 pounds, and each one of these great filters holds 1800 pounds, which can only be used for seven or eight days, so that the value of the charcoal used in the train during that time is nearly \$2000. The cost is reduced on the large estates by burning the bones and by washing the charcoal each time it is taken from the filters. To do all this a large house with furnaces, many retorts, and a considerable force of slaves are required. Unburned bones are brought from South America and other parts of the world, and cost in Havana about \$1 per 100 pounds. They require four days’ burning in the furnaces to make charcoal, and much care and attention during the process. After being used the coal is returned to the charcoal-house, sticky with molasses and quite lustreless. It is then passed through a revolving washing-machine, and afterward finds its way to the furnaces. This process being repeated until the coal is too fine for use, the loss for each week in the filter is not much more than ten per cent. Great efforts have been made to economize charcoal and fuel (coal), as these two materials are the most expensive in the sugar-house. Numerous experiments have been made in retorts and furnaces, every improvement in this department effecting a considerable saving; but after all experiments, animal carbon remains the best refining material known, and the use of a certain quantity appears indispensable to produce white sugar. The higher the filters the better the product of the Yngenio. Sulphurous gas has been employed with a cer-



DELIVERING THE CANE.





INTERIOR OF THE YNGENIC SAN MARTIN.



tain degree of success, but it has scarcely found its way into the Cuban Yngenio, whatever use may be made of it by the sugar-refiners of England and the United States. There are other means of clarifying the "guarapo" and of discharging the molasses from the sugar, which should only be used by men well acquainted with chemistry, as they require the employment of poisonous acids. These, therefore, do not concern the sugar-planter or manufacturer of clayed sugars, but belong properly to the more scientific refiner.

After passing through the smaller of the two kinds of carbon-filters in the San Martin, the juice—*el guarapo*—passes over a series of pipes called *condensadores*, which perform the double function of condensing the steam rising in the vacuum-pans and of evaporating the juice. Theoretically this machine is an exceedingly ingenious adjustment, and constitutes the distinguishing feature of the Derosne train; but practically it has many objections. It is formed of horizontal pipes about six inches in diameter, arranged in a tall rack, and turning so sharply that they are parallel, one above the other, at a distance of not more than three inches apart. From twenty to twenty-three of these turns occur in each machine, so that at a distance it looks like a rack of parallel bars arranged horizontally. The juice is carried to the top of the frame, and falls through fine holes, which discharge a drop at a time. Falling upon the hot pipes it condenses the steam within, and loses some of its own liquid, which rises in a dense vapor. It does not remain long enough on each pipe to become burned, and in the fraction of a second occupied in its passage from one pipe to another it loses heat to the atmosphere. Near the bottom there is more risk of burning the sirup; but here again the steam in the pipe has lost much of its heat, and as the liquor becomes hotter the pipe is cooler, a nice equilibrium being maintained by the relative action of the two. Now this is all very well as long as the pipes are kept clean and the liquor runs over them in an unbroken shower of small drops as regular as the teeth of a comb; but, unfortunately, as soon as the mill is stopped the copper pipe is covered with a rusty coat, and looks more like sand-paper than a tube of polished copper. It is then necessary to clean it carefully by dropping water over it for some time before and after using it; and even with the greatest care it will be noticed that in many places three or four drops will run together, and the action become irregular. When once the sirup has formed little channel-ways for itself in this manner it is exceedingly difficult to obtain good action, and the sirup is injured. It will be readily seen, too, that the constant action of minute drops of sirup or water must very soon wear out the copper.

Besides these defects, there is grave objection to the constant clouds of steam which it throws off, filling the boiling-house with moisture, and interfering with the crystallizing of the sugar at

a later stage. In the Yngenios using Derosne's *condensadores* it is observed that they obtain the best sugar when they take the greatest pains to keep the machinery scrupulously clean, and any carelessness in this respect, especially if it occurs at this stage, is sure to injure the quality. In this matter the San Martin is a model establishment. After long trial some sugar-masters have ceased dropping sirup over the *condensadores*; but by dropping water instead they still use them as condensers for the waste steam from the vacuum-pans. On the whole, a steam injection column (which is also attached to Derosne's machinery) would seem to answer the purpose better, taking less room, and doing away with the objectionable vapor. Another very serious objection to Derosne's *condensadores* is their liability to cracking when much worn. Fine holes as small as the head of a pin and little cracks in the joints are not easily found in a machine enveloped in clouds of steam, and little leaks like these very much interfere with the vacuum in the pans.

After passing over the *condensadores*—or, directly from the first filters where *condensadores* are not in use—the sirup passes into the first vacuum-pans.

The principle of the vacuum-pan is well understood. In them the same processes of boiling and evaporation are performed which we have already described in the open or Jamaica train, but at a much lower temperature, and without risk of burning the sugar. The loss by evaporation in the open train is also avoided. This loss is considerable, owing to the violent tossing it undergoes in the open air. In the first vacuum-pans the boiling is slow, and sugar is not formed in them, the object being to increase the density of the sirup by evaporating a part of the water composing it, after which it has to undergo further clarifying before it is boiled down into sugar. The usual form of Derosne's vacuum train is what is called *double-effect*; that is, two pans stand side by side, one of which is boiled by the steam rising from the sirup in the other, the sirup also being drawn, at intervals, from the first to the second. In the San Martin they possess two trains of three pans each, the middle pan being slightly the largest, and discharging its steam into both the others. In some places a *treble-effect* has been tried, the first pan boiling the second, and the steam from that second pan boiling the third; but it is found that too much heat is lost by this plan. The art of boiling sugar in a vacuum-pan requires quite as much skill and experience as in the open train, the proof by *teache*—or touch—being the same in both instances. The sirup to be tried is drawn by a simple and ingenious proof-stick from the very centre of the pan, and is tested either by *teache* or by Baumé's saccharometer. This is a tube of mercury or fine shot in a bulb like a thermometer, but, unlike the thermometer, containing atmospheric air. In water it sinks, but in sirup it rises in proportion to the density of the sirup. A degree on the scale



marks 0.019 parts of sugar in the sirup. Thus if the saccharometer, floating in sirup, marks  $10^{\circ}$  B. we have  $.019 \times 10 = .19$ , and know that there is nineteen per cent. of sugar in that sirup. If the sirup is boiling, however, it is denser than when cold by about three degrees; but *thin* juice is of the same density, hot or cold. Although these distinctions are not often known to the solemn-faced Asiatics or darkeys who use this beautiful little instrument, they are able to get as much practical good from it as the sugar-master himself, the latter having made a mark upon it for their guidance. The skill lies in admitting thin juice, or *guarapo*, from the reservoir, or from the other pans when the sirup becomes too thick; and when the panful is properly "cooked," or brought to a density ranging from  $26^{\circ}$  to  $28^{\circ}$  B., where it is about half sugar, to discharge it promptly into the caldrons for further defecation. The same heat to which the sirup had been subjected in the vacuum-pans is kept up in these by means of a steam-coil at the bottom, into which the operator admits steam at will. Just enough steam is admitted to bring the liquor to a froth; very little vapor arises from the caldron, and the instant it does the steam is turned off. Each time that it is brought to the boiling-point it throws up with the froth some of the impurities which none of the former processes had removed, and these are lightly skimmed off as they arise.

The process is repeated again and again, and the sirup is not only purified but concentrated. It is now turned off into the high filters, where the last process of clarifying is performed. From these it runs out a clear bright liquor, as pleasant to the eye as fine old sherry. This pure liquor, which has been round and round the boiling-house so many times, now finds its way into the great vacuum-pan, called the *strike-pan*, where at last it will become sugar. Here it is boiled at the temperature of  $180^{\circ}$  F.; but gradually as the sirup becomes thicker the temperature is lowered until, when the crystals have begun to form, the heat is not greater than  $160^{\circ}$  F. The reduction still goes on until, finally, when the sirup is ready for "striking," the temperature is the lowest at which proof-sugar will boil at three inches below a perfect vacuum, say  $145^{\circ}$  F. It is now thick with crystals of sugar floating in molasses, and the trial by *teache* is repeated momentarily. The engineer peers anxiously through the glass-windows at the boiling sirup, and finally makes preparations to discharge his pan into the "heaters" below. The sirup falls from the bottom of the strike-pan of a rich auburn color, and often the crystals can be seen as it flows. The strike-pan, or great vacuum-pan of the Yngenio San Martin, is a magnificent piece of workmanship, costing \$70,000, and capable of boiling from 1100 to 1500 *panes* or cones of sugar, containing 100 pounds each of green sugar, in a day.

In the heaters below the *strike-pan* steam is applied by means of a cast-iron jacket, such as we saw around the *defecadores* where the juice

was first heated; the thick molasses is stirred freely, and speedily carried from thence to the ordinary sugar-cones, or *panes*, where it stands for a day in the high temperature of the boiling-house until the crystals acquire some solidity. The *panes* are then removed to the *casa de purga*, where they undergo the claying process, and are purged of their molasses. This process is the same on estates using the Jamaica train, and needs no further notice. The *casa de purga* is generally the largest house on the estate. That of the San Martin is 400 feet long and 150 feet broad, and contains room for 22,220 *panes*. The general plan of the *casa de purga* is the same on all the estates, there being one floor pierced for the cones, and a packing and drying room below. In the lower room are double rows of cars, one above the other, placed on tram-ways, and so arranged that they may be run out into the sunshine with their loads of moist sugar to dry. This plan of building is simple and effective, and could not be improved. The white sugar, or *blanco*, when dried in the sun is ready for market. The *quebrado* requires a little more time, and is spread over an oven; but the *cuchuchos*, or points of the cones, are brought back to the boiling-house, ground up thoroughly, moistened with water, and passed through the centrifugal machines to free them from molasses. The sugar is now of the grade of *quebrado*; or being further moistened with water, and placed in *panes* it may be brought again to the purging-house and regularly clayed, making good white sugar, although not of as good quality as first sugar. The smaller quantity obtained will not generally pay for the extra labor.

The molasses that drips from the *panes* in the *casa de purga* is collected in tanks and returned to the boiling-house, when it is taken up by the vacuum-pan and boiled again, making very good sugar; but this time, instead of being placed in *panes* to make clayed sugar, it is run into shallow iron tanks, about ten by four feet, in which the crystallization proceeds more slowly than in the former. When the sugar in these has hardened it is cut out by coolies with spades, worked until it is a thick paste of sugar and molasses, and poured into the centrifugal drying-machines, with which all large Yngenios are furnished. These are of various patterns, prominent among them being those of J. F. Cail and Co. of Paris, Aspinwall and Woollys of the United States, and Fawcett, Preston, and Co. of Liverpool. The Yngenio San Martin has fifteen of the first-named manufacture. Cail's centrifugal, although very good, is not so easily managed as the others, especially the machine made by Fawcett, Preston, and Co. The power is communicated from above by common shafting in the French machine, and from below in the American; otherwise the two are very similar. The American method leaves the top of the centrifugal unencumbered by machinery, and facilitates the operation of supplying it with molasses. It also gives the laborer more room when scooping





THE COOLING TANKS.

tirely, except in principle, from both the others named. Instead of being set with vertical shafting, as those are, it is hung like a coach-wheel, on horizontal shafting, two machines being generally hung on one shaft, but each being thrown out of gear at pleasure, independently of the other. Instead of being two feet in diameter, it measures four; and instead of being charged while at rest, the molasses is run into it by a trough while in rapid motion. Being of larger size, and requiring no increase of power to turn it, its makers claim that it is more economical,

out the sugar than in the French arrangement. These are the only distinctions between the French and American systems. In both the machines are charged before they are set in motion. Revolving with great rapidity, the molasses is speedily thrown by centrifugal force to the sides, which are made of wire netting, corrugated for greater strength. The molasses flies off through the meshes of this netting, leaving, in six or eight minutes, a fine, dry sugar, called *miel de purga*—the common brown sugar of the grocers. The grain is finer than that of the sugar made from the first boiling of the sirup; and this quality of sugar can be afforded at a low price. The color is regulated according to desire by running the centrifugal machine for a longer or shorter period with each charge of molasses; and when a whitish sugar is wanted, it is obtained by turning a jet of steam upon the revolving mass. The bleaching effect of steam is well known. The use of steam, however, causes it to part with so much of the molasses that it loses weight, and the higher price of the whiter sugar rarely compensates the planter for the loss. It is therefore customary to turn on the steam for only a minute or two before stopping the machine, causing a crust of white sugar about a quarter of an inch thick to form on the two or three inches of *miel de purga* which clings to the sides of the machine. As each machine can be thrown out of gear without interfering with the others all stages of drying can be observed at once. The molasses from this second purging is boiled and passed again through the centrifugal machines, so that the common "third" molasses of commerce contains little crystallizable sugar.

The English centrifugal machine differs en-

and justly so in our opinion. With six-horse power it can clean 400 pounds of sugar in an hour. It is supplied with a small steam-pipe, to be used in bleaching if desired. The brakes used in these three machines all differ slightly; but this is of no importance, as all are excellent. Probably there is less friction with the English brake, owing to the peculiar hanging of the machinery.

On many of the sugar estates, when the owners can not afford the costly copper vacuum-pans and the amount of machinery and charcoal filters which accompany them, it is not unusual to find the old Jamaica train used with a Wetzel pan, or that invented by M. Bour, to concentrate the molasses. Sometimes a small vacuum-pan of the Rillieux patent is used for this purpose, and the molasses purged, finally, in a few centrifugal machines connected with it.

The Wetzel pan is heated by steam. It is a long tank, the bottom being rounded to form the half of a circle. In this tank, which is filled with molasses, revolves a hollow wheel, through which steam passes freely. The hollow drums of this wheel are also full of steam, and placed at either end of the tank, revolving in the molasses. Through their centres passes a large pipe, also steam-filled; and the circumference of these two drums are connected by pipes, about an inch and a half in diameter and two inches apart. Revolving slowly, a considerable heating surface is thus presented to the molasses; and each of the smaller pipes, as it rises from the liquid, carries a considerable quantity with it, which is dripping throughout its semi-revolution, until it plunges again into the molasses. The whole mass of molasses in the tank is gently agitated by the constant revolution of the



machine, and is concentrated rapidly, much more so than over an open fire, but without risk of burning.

The Bour pan is similar in principle to the Wetzel, the only difference being that the liquid is distributed equally over a number of drums similar to those at the ends of the Wetzel tank.

The Rillieux vacuum-pan is of cast-iron, and differs in shape from the copper pans of other makers, the pipes being set horizontally instead of vertically, as in the dome-shaped vacuum-pan. The lower half of the Rillieux pan is filled with pipes an inch and a half in diameter, laid lengthwise, as in the boiler of a locomotive; the upper half is filled with sirup and the steam arising from it. The use of iron instead of copper very much reduces the cost, and makes the pan popular for boiling *miel de purga* in small mills, the same steam-engine giving power to the centrifugals. The only drawback to the use of this economical system is the difficulty of cleaning iron pipes and preventing corrosion.

There are in Cuba, as well as in Louisiana, estates of from fifteen hundred to two thousand acres of cane which use Rillieux's train, greatly to their satisfaction. It is simpler and less costly than that of Derosne, or any other on the same general system as Derosne's, dispensing with the *condensadores*, which are of questionable advantage in that system, and substituting a steam injection-column. For a complete train under the system of Rillieux three pans are required; but, as they stand side by side, and as their shape allows great compactness with large heating surface, they require fewer boilers than the same number of pans under other circumstances.

In the first pan the *guarapo*, after coming from the smaller filters, receives its first boiling, the pipes being heated for the purpose with the exhaust steam of the engine which works the grinding-mill. A dense steam arises, which passes into the heating-pipes in the next pan, and gives heat to concentrate the sirup to 28° Baumé. The sirup then passes into caldrons furnished with the steam coil for further defecation, and thence into the large filters, passing from them into the strike-pan, as in the Derosne apparatus. The strike-pan, or third pan, is supplied with fresh steam from the boilers. The condensation of the waste steam, both for the purpose of maintaining the vacuum and for keeping a constant current of fresh steam in the heating apparatus, is maintained by a small vacuum-engine, a steam injection-column, and a fan for cooling the condensed water. Water being very scarce in many places, it is necessary that the same supply should be used over and over again, and the devices for economizing water are very ingenious. One of the finest mills in Cuba using the Rillieux train is that of Don Diago at Perico, called the Yngenio Tinguaro. It has a train made by Merrick and Sons, of Philadelphia, from which a "strike" of 260 *panes*, or about 2500 pounds of green sugar, can be made at once, and the three vacuum-pans,

each eleven feet long, have respectively 240, 354, and 260 pipes of 1½ inch diameter. The sugar made by this estate is excellent. That of the adjacent plantation, Santa Elena, with similar machinery, is also of superior quality. A new mill at Bolondron, called the San Rafael, has been recently fitted with the Rillieux machinery, and here the system may be studied with the greatest advantage. The sugar of this mill is of very good quality.

It does not always follow, however, that the Yngenio possessing the finest machinery makes the best sugar. This is notably illustrated in the neighborhood of Banaguises, where the adjacent estates of "Habana" and "Alava" differ greatly in the quality of their refined sugar. The "Habana" has the reputation of making the best in Cuba; and as the two estates are the property of the same gentleman, Señor Zulueta, one of the richest sugar-planters on the island, and master of we know not how many Yngenios and *cabellarias* of land, it might be expected that any talent possessed in the one Yngenio would be exerted to improve the other, or that if there was any decided advantage in machinery enjoyed by the one it would be introduced into the other. It is certainly not for want of fine machinery that the sugar of the "Alava" is not the best; for the machinery of the "Alava" is the newest and best of the two, and the estate has in its time turned out a crop of 21,000 boxes. The machinery of the "Habana," on the contrary, is rather indifferent, and not to be compared with that of the "San Martin" or "El Flor de Cuba," in the same neighborhood; and yet all agree that no sugar-planter of that country has surpassed "La Habana." Their loaves are of snowy whiteness, and bear favorable comparison with those of the refiner. The superiority is generally ascribed to better land and better cane; but it is very singular that the adjacent estates, possessing soil of the same character and the same kind of cane—*la caña blanca*, commonly known as the Tahiti cane—do not produce equally fine sugar.

While capital has been lavished on costly machinery, and vast improvements have been made in the manufacture of sugar, the general principles of defecating with lime, filtering with bone charcoal, and concentrating under a vacuum have remained unchanged, although it has long been felt that some chemical substitutes for the present expensive process would be very desirable, and some of the best chemists of Cuba and the United States have long studied this problem.

Any process which would do away with the use of animal carbon and prevent the formation of molasses in boiling would work a great revolution, and Señor Alvaro Reynoso, of Havana, announces that he has discovered such a process. It as yet remains a secret, and but for the high reputation and chemical experience of the gentleman claiming to have made the discovery its announcement would be received with incredulity. Señor Reynoso, however, is the director of the Institute for Experimental Chemistry in



Havana, Doctor of the Faculty of Science in Paris, Honorary Member of the Imperial Institute of France (Academy of Sciences), besides possessing other honorary titles, and has given much time and attention to the culture of the

sugar-cane, having published several able essays on the subject. A man of his character would not be likely to hazard his reputation on a visionary scheme, and Señor Reynoso has claimed that he can produce excellent sugar at one boil-

ing by chemical treatment of the *guarapo* while cold. He claims that no molasses is formed, but after drawing off the impurities of the cane-juice a pure crystallized sugar remains. He asks a large sum of money for his secret, and professes himself ready to disclose it as soon as this is guaranteed. The matter has excited much interest in Havana, and will probably be thoroughly investigated. If it is practicable, and good sugar can really be made without the machinery and capital at present required, its manufacture will be enormously extended.



READY FOR MARKET.

## MR. RASPTON'S RESURRECTION.

### I.

MR. RASPTON held to the belief that a man should be master in his own house. Some of his sex have consented to a divided sway in life, it being admitted that they reign supreme over their own department, while the domestic world is ordered by their better half. Other more timid spirits have entirely given up the reins of government, and are content to go whithersoever the leading genius drives. For such Mr. Raspton entertained a contempt far transcending that he bestowed upon the meanest member of the brute creation. His was a mind that, like Napoleon's—if it *were* Napoleon—included the minutest details as well as the grand scope of affairs. No cook could lay aside a surreptitious ounce of sugar, no washer-woman pocket the remnant of a bar of soap without being brought to book. Nor did this penny wisdom tend in the least to that proud foolishness which the proverb satirically intimates. It never interfered in any way with the conduct of an extensive business, or hindered for a moment the golden flow of profits.

If there had ever been a time when these traits were unfelt or unacknowledged by his fellow-men, it was far back in the forgotten Past. The clerks in Mr. Raspton's store never read the newspaper or sat by the stove, chairs a-tilt, in the intervals of business. For all spare mo-

ments they found useful work; or, did rare leisure offer, stood erect behind their counters waiting, alert, the advent of fresh custom. The "hands" in his factory were all assembled long ere the bell had given its final clang. The maid in the kitchen, like her mistress in the parlor, ever felt an eye upon her watching all her movements. And Maria Jane, the oldest daughter, would no more have dared to call her practicing done at fifty-nine minutes past nine instead of plump ten o'clock, than she would have ventured any other insane or impossible achievement. She would have known that her father in that high perch away "down street" which he called his office, would instinctively become aware of the deficit, and punish it accordingly. There had been a period in Mrs. Raspton's history when she had offered some faint opposition to the autocratic sway—a period to which she now recurred with feelings such as those with which Mr. Van Amburgh might be supposed to contemplate his former sojourn in the lion's mouth. For, strange as it now seemed to all who looked upon him, Mr. Raspton had once been young and, after his fashion, in love. He had gone through a form of courtship, rigid and mechanical, it is true; he had had a honeymoon, a pale, cold article, but intended to do duty for the real thing. These were the only shams of which he had to accuse himself in a life of stern devotion to practical and actual facts. It was at this time that Mrs. Raspton



had shown trifling symptoms of a will of her own—symptoms at once repressed and stifled by the guiding hand. She was now perfect in her routine. So much money was dealt out to her per week, and from that, she knew, just so much household comfort must be provided, not one pennyworth lacking. A settled sum was allowed for the family dress, and their appearance must do credit to it. Twice a quarter the children were examined to see if the requisite amount of knowledge had instilled itself into their brains, and woe to student and teacher if either were derelict. Oft, with all his rigidity, Mr. Raspton could not fairly be called penurious. His table was well spread; his expenditure in all ways respectable, though not liberal; he had his charities even regulated, like every thing else, with mathematical exactness; was punctual in attendance at church and prayer-meeting; and looked forward without apprehension to the final settlement of accounts, assured that there would be a balance in his favor.

But his family never rested from an oppressive sense of responsibility. Maria Jane and the boys envied in childhood the freedom of every ragged little imp that made dirt-pies or played in the gutter, and as they grew older the feeling varied in object but not in quality. Then, too, both they and Mrs. Raspton were aware that they lived far, far within their income, and each had their little longings and ambitions. Thought was free, at any rate, and speech as well, provided it came not to the ear of the ruling powers.

"What a sweet place the Brinleys have!" remarked Mrs. Raspton, pensively, as she and Maria Jane sat at their work one afternoon. "So complete all through! If there is any thing I do dote upon it is a pretty house and grounds."

"And there is no reason why we shouldn't have them, I am sure, if father only thought so," responded the daughter. "But I suppose we shall stay here as long as the timbers will hold up the roof. No hope of any change for us."

"I'm afraid not. Father would think it awfully extravagant to build."

"I wouldn't ask for that," said Maria Jane, with generous concession, "if he would only fix up this place a little. Put on a wing with two parlors and bedrooms above, and furnish them all up in modern style, and cut these windows down to the floor, and have a veranda across the front, and new carpets and sofas and pictures, and, oh! a thousand things that we haven't and never shall have as long as we live."

"No," agreed the mother. "But it would be very pretty. I always *did* like a piazza. It's so pleasant to take your chair out and sit there when the sun is off; and we could have vines climbing up to make it shady, you know."

"And hanging-baskets," said Maria Jane. "I saw the most lovely trailing plants at Huger's yesterday."

"And it would be such a nice place for the

flower-pots; my geraniums and the oleanders are quite wasted as it is."

"And we do so need new parlors and a spare bedroom," continued Maria Jane. "This is a perfect thoroughfare, and every thing in it so shabby and old-fashioned. A wing with rooms above would just give us what we want."

"Yes," said the mother; "and parlors opening into each other are always so pleasant. I like to look through folding-doors into the next room; it gives you such an idea of space, somehow."

"That's partly due to the tall mirrors," explained Maria Jane; "they almost double the size of an apartment."

"But they're terribly expensive, aren't they?" asked the mother, anxiously.

"We can't help that—every body has them," said Maria Jane, with decision.

"Well—do you like these little figures they have in Brussels now?"

"Oh, mamma, I think they're lovely! A green carpet—hot grass-green, nor blue-green, but just the right shade, and then a small, bright pattern—oh!" and she clasped her hands in mute ecstasy, unable to express the rest.

"You would want green chairs then, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, and curtains, and picture-cords."

"Wouldn't there be too much of it?"

"No, I think not—we should have buff walls, you know. Buff and green are such a pretty contrast."

"So they are, dear. And the bedrooms—should they be green too?"

"Oh no!—don't let us have every thing alike. What should *you* say, mamma?"

"My fancy would be maroon. Yes, the front-room, which would be the largest, in maroon; and the furniture rich and heavy to correspond. The back-room simpler—say blue-and-white."

"How sweet! And what sort of furniture?"

"I like carved rose-wood," said Mrs. Raspton, who, once launched in her expenditure, gave her imagination full sweep. Maria Jane was for a moment stunned, as it were, by the thought of such magnificence, but soon recovered.

"How splendid!" she said, with high appreciation of her mother's taste. "And in the back-room we would have enameled; it's simple, but very pretty."

"Yes, and that should be yours, my dear. You keep your things so neatly that you deserve a nice room."

"Thank you, mamma! And we would get wash-stand and toilet china all to match."

"And bed-linen and blankets the very best quality," said Mrs. Raspton, with housewifely care.

"There would be nothing in the other part of the house to correspond with it, though," said Maria Jane; and as her eye fell on the brass-nailed sofa and the great octagonal figures of the carpet, the vision faded, and she came painfully back to the realities of things.



"Where's the use of talking, mamma?" she said, bitterly. "It can never come to any thing, and we know it."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Raspton; "still it's pleasant once in a while. When you were lying in your cradle I used to sit and fancy how nice it would be to have a grown-up daughter by-and-by. Time has brought that true, and perhaps it will do the same with these other fancies." So saying, she turned the conversation adroitly into other channels, and Maria Jane's overclouded brow grew clear again.

The boys meanwhile had grievances of other character. "How I hate a sight like that!" said James to his brother Arthur, as they walked along the street together. "A carriage all polish and silk and silver-plate, drawn by a couple of old crows! I wonder if the man thinks we can't count their ribs through those fine showy nets!"

"Well," said Arthur, as the equipage moved on, "if you like to see things in keeping you've only to look at our own establishment; there are no such contrasts there. I declare I wonder my mother and Maria Jane are willing to ride in the old shell. A pretty figure we make, driving up to the church-steps, among all the handsome turn-outs! I always expect to have my face peppered with mud, down there between the wheels!"

"And all the new carriages are hung so high!" continued James, with bitterness. "It looks as if it had come over in the *Mayflower*. And as for *our* horses they haven't even a net to hide their bones."

"And Jo Bright has such a splendid bay team that he'd sell any day at a good offer. I should think father would *jump* at the chance; but no—he'll go on driving old Spavin and Wind-gall to the end of the chapter!"

"I tell you, Arty, we boys ought to have a horse apiece, and Maria Jane a pony. She's growing up a splendid figure of a girl, and she'd ride like Di Vernon—she's lots of pluck. But she'll never have a chance, nor we either, while the Governor's term of office lasts."

"You may bet your head on that," was the classic response—and the academy gate shut off the colloquy.

As time went on it brought new trials to the young spirits. Maria Jane grew prettier with each succeeding day, and Mrs. Raspton felt that she might be made "an ornament to any circle." She sounded the praise of boarding-schools in Mr. Raspton's ears, and was met by the assertion that no money of his would be wasted on such follies; if Maria Jane couldn't learn enough at the academy she must remain in ignorance. Vainly, too, did she suggest a term or so with the *maître de danse*, who expounded to the village youth the mysteries of waltz and German; Mr. Raspton at once defined his position—and Maria Jane's performances on the light fantastic toe had to be guided by her own taste and observation. And by-and-by arose another source of trouble. The girl's pretty, round face and

hazel eyes made conquest of Ned Brinley, the most admired of all the rustic beaux. Her set envied her, and wondered at her good fortune; but Mr. Raspton saw the matter in another light. Ned had never settled down very steadily at business, and no idle fop, the autocrat declared, should have the spending of *his* money. The lover was forbidden the house, and Maria Jane cried herself sick without in the least softening her father's iron heart. The boys, too, had fresh troubles. Arthur, who was bent on college, was ordered to renounce that fancy and go into the store—a mandate which he perforce obeyed, but with continued and open discontent. James had taken to business kindly, and Mr. Raspton had great hopes of him; but he, like the rest, seemed destined to cross his father's will, and be crossed in turn. He had fallen seriously in love with Nelly Ray, the child of one of Mr. Raspton's poorest tenants—a sweet, sensible girl, but without beauty or any other outward charm to account in the eyes of the angry parent for his son's infatuation. This affair, too, he at once nipped in the bud, enforcing a seeming obedience, though James declared his intention of taking his own way as soon as he became his own master. Having thus vindicated authority Mr. Raspton calmly pursued his own course quite unmindful of the hot, young rebellion around him. The poor mother meanwhile had no such peace. Into her sympathizing bosom Maria Jane poured all her tears; to her the boys uttered their indignant protests. Among the three the kind woman was nearly distracted.

Things were in this position when Mr. Raspton was suddenly called abroad; some great purchase of iron demanded his personal supervision. No especial grief was felt or feigned by the family. The wife bestirred herself to get his shirts and socks in order, and Maria Jane hemmed half a dozen new handkerchiefs. Twenty-four hours from the announcement of his proposed departure he was on his way, and a day or two after Mrs. Raspton read his name among the list of passengers by the Liverpool steamer. Nothing more could be heard from him for some time, of course, and all resigned themselves without difficulty to their ignorance. For the first time in their lives the children drew free breaths. It was magnificent autumn weather, the woods aflame with gorgeous colors, the sky piled with rich clouds, the air sweeter than Eden. Maria Jane felt almost happy spite of her separation from her lover; she could think of him unrestrainedly at any rate, which she hardly dared do with her father's cold eye upon her. The boys lingered a little at meals, loitered a trifle down the street, or stopped to chat with an acquaintance. Mrs. Raspton's kind face lost its anxious look, and altogether the absence of the stern head was pleasantly felt through all the house. The change in outward act was slight, however, for he would soon return, and the habit of obedience too was powerful.

Twenty days passed by—three weeks—and



some surprise was felt that no word reached them of his safe arrival. Nobody was prepared, though, for what came—a letter from the captain of the steamer, stating that on such a night, it being dark and stormy, Mr. Raspton had fallen overboard, and spite of every exertion it had been found impossible to save him. The circle stared wildly at each other. Could this be true? Father gone! All that strong will, that pervading influence, utterly withdrawn, and that so quietly! Were they never to hear any more than this? No; he had perished alone in the darkness with the wild sea, and out of its depths his voice would never rise again.

## II.

"I don't know what to think about it," said Mrs. Raspton. "My own feelings were always in favor of mourning, but your poor father disapproved of it; he said it did no good to any one, and was a large bill of expense."

"We need not mind the expense, mother," said James, gravely. He had taken the direction of matters since the news had come. "It is a question of respect to father's memory, and I think it should be paid."

"I'm very glad you feel that way, my son," said Mrs. Raspton, wiping her eyes. "He meant well, James," she added, deprecatingly. "Father seemed a little harsh sometimes, but it was all intended for your good."

"Yes, mother, I suppose so," he replied, looking back with a sensation of awe to things which a few weeks since had roused such strong resentment. How strange it seemed to be free from that stern control, to be accountable only to himself for what he chose to do! Did he grieve; did any of them? It was not possible to feel the sorrow which the loss of a more tender parent would have caused; but they experienced a great shock, they felt that an event most solemn and painful had occurred. Uneasily conscious of the lack, without admitting it to themselves, they strove to make it up in outward observance and respect. Their mourning was the deepest, their veils the longest that could be procured; funeral services were held in the largest church of the village, and to it the relatives were summoned from far and near. A tall monument of the most expensive marble towered above the plainer tombstones of the cemetery, bearing the record of his virtues and his fate. Many a time during these arrangements did his wife start at their extravagance and dread Mr. Raspton's displeasure; then, as suddenly remembering all, put her handkerchief to her eyes. Her tears did not flow in a hot rush of passionate grief; they welled up gently from a prevailing sadness. And by-and-by she ceased to think of him as Mr. Raspton; he was "Severus" again, as he had been in their young days. She was by nature a little sentimental, but the tendency had long been stifled in her daily conflict with the hard facts of life. Now it renewed itself. She mused with not unpleasing melancholy on the events of their early life and courtship; looked

often at the little pin set with his hair and that of her first baby, whom she lost, and related to Maria Jane various amiable incidents which showed her father in quite a new light. "It's only natural that I should feel it most," she would say; "you and the others are young; you'll have new ties and new interests; but nothing can ever make up the loss to *me*." Meanwhile the neighbors had very different views. A good-looking woman, still rather young, and with plenty of means, she was sure to marry again after a decent interval, and three or four eligible matches were selected for her in a month's time.

The winter went by quietly; James looked into the affairs, and found them largely more prosperous than any one had supposed. Spring came, and workmen were busy about the mansion. The coveted veranda ran across the front, French windows opening upon it, and vines newly set out gave promise of luxuriance and shade in time. By fall the proposed wing was completed, and Maria Jane and her mother went to New York with *carte-blanche* for furniture. A few weeks rendered all complete. The early dreams were adhered to in most items; there were the green carpets and buff paper-hangings, the carved rose-wood and maroon. Maria Jane had the promised back-room where she set her feet on violets and snow, or looked up at walls where azure bells swung gracefully from slender vines. Cord *reflets* of marble, rich hues of Bohemian glass, clear depths of mirror were not wanting. And many a costly trifle had been added; a picture here, an engraving there, rich volumes for the table, or elegant articles of decoration. Maria Jane surveyed the effect with delight unbounded, her mother with a kind of mournful pleasure. "I only wish poor Severus could have seen it!" she remarked, with a sigh. The daughter was silent. She greatly doubted if "poor Severus" would have enjoyed the sight.

Other changes not less important had been wrought. James promoted the father of his beloved to a better place and higher wages, and removed the family to a neat cottage of his own. Many an evening he and Nelly spent together, many a drive they took behind the fine "bay team" for which the boys had longed. Ned Brinley's sentence of exile was annulled, and he was received as Maria Jane's affianced; only it had been stipulated, for her sake and his own, that the marriage should not take place till he were established in practice. Meanwhile he came and went at will, worshiped by his betrothed and by her mother scarcely less. Arthur was in college and doing nobly.

Such was the state of things one late October afternoon, when a gentleman left the train at Bromley station, and, looking about for a conveyance, presently descried one that met his wants.

"Can you take me up to Mr. Raspton's?" he inquired.

"Mr. Raspton's?" said the man, hesitatingly.

"Yes—Severus Raspton's. You must surely know the place."



"Oh, the widder's, you mean." Why did the gentleman start at that word? "Old Raspton's dead, you know," he explained; "lost at sea a year ago or thereabouts."

"I know. I forgot for the moment. Drive fast."

"I'll have you there in fifteen minutes. That your baggage, Sir? It's a good two mile, but I'll land you at the door before you know it."

"Very well," said the stranger, quietly.

"Why does he seem so wrapped up in himself like?" thought Jo Bright. "What's that cap drawn over his eyes for, as if he was just ready to be swung off, and the cloak round his chin? And why can't he look a feller in the face? Fine day, Sir," he added, aloud.

"Very," responded the laconic stranger.

Three minutes passed in silence. As they turned a corner a pretty sight revealed itself; a gentleman and lady were riding toward them. He tall and stately on his fine black horse, she graceful, erect, her face all bloom and radiance. As the pair flashed by the stranger turned eagerly to gaze.

"There's Maria Jane this minute," said Jo Bright. "Ain't she a good one to look at, though? And the young feller with her is Ned Brinley, that she's agoin' to marry; ain't half nor a quarter good enough for her. I'm of the old chap's mind about that."

"Ah!" said the stranger, with a semblance of interest.

They reached the cemetery, its carefully-kept turf still verdant, its quiet precincts solemn with evergreen and the white dazzle of marble.

"See that tall stun up there?" asked Jo, pointing to a lofty shaft that rose, snow-pure, against the dark back-ground of cedars. "That's his monnyment. They put it up this spring as soon as ever the frost was out of the ground; frost heaves a tombstun dreadful, you know.

*Wouldn't he have groaned at the expense!* It cost an awful sight. But they had their own head about it, to be sure. 'When the cat's away the mice 'll play;' and this time the cat was away for good and all."

"Stop here," said the stranger, suddenly. "I should like to see the stone."

"Oh, certingly," said Joe, getting down and opening the gate.

"Stay with your horses, if you please," said the gentleman, decidedly, as Joe prepared to accompany him.

The stranger proceeded up the walk, the dry leaves rustling at his tread. Dead leaves, dead hopes, dead ambitions; how well they met together in this place, he thought. He reached the monument. The burial-plot was fenced by iron chains; there was one little grave, the first baby's, with its tiny head-stone. Glossy-leaved myrtle overran the spot, dark pansies lent their purple glow, a mournful willow drooped its long boughs near; all showed loving thought and tendance. He knelt and kissed the little mound, then leaned his forehead on the chilling marble. What solemn thoughts went through his mind

of what might have been, what almost was! what contritions for the past and hopes for the future!

"Friend o' his'n?" said Jo, bursting with curiosity, as the stranger resumed his seat. But he received no answer.

They went across the stream by the foundry, the factory, and the store. The gentleman looked up at the signs on each.

"They've left the old name," he said.

"Yes," replied Jo. "It was a good name in business. Great on that, the old man was."

They drove on till the house was reached—the house with its new wing and veranda, shining with fresh paint, its door-yard glowing with verbena and geranium blossoms.

"Why, what's this? It can't be the place!" exclaimed the stranger.

"All right—here you are, Sir," said Jo, driving rapidly up the graveled sweep which had replaced the cart-worn lane.

Mrs. Raspton was sitting comfortably at her sewing in the amended parlor; through the long windows she could see the hanging-baskets she delighted in, and the gay glint of fall-flowers in the beds beyond. The afternoon was cool, and a bright fire burned in the grate. The crimson curtains, the dark, rich carpet, all wore a look of cheer and comfort; nor was Mrs. Raspton's figure, despite its widow's weeds, at variance with the general effect. Comely and peaceful she pursued her work, snipping off a thread now and then, or glancing out.

"I wish Maria Jane would come," she thought. "She and Ned ride too long. What's that? Jo Bright. He's brought up a gentleman from the station. Who can it be, I wonder?"

A minute more, and some one came into the hall—the parlor door opened—she gave a shriek and swooned away.

Maria Jane and Ned arrived as James came up from business. The lovers bade good-by at the door with an appointment for the evening, and brother and sister went in together. The lamp was lighted on the parlor-table, and by their mother on the sofa sat a gentleman who had his arm around her. For one moment the young people stood confounded; the next all was a wild whirl of feeling. "Father! father!" they cried—and had no words to express their agitation, their amazement. And their delight? I don't know. They were glad to welcome him back to cheerful day again, to dissociate him from ideas of gloom, to find him once more a part of the active, breathing world. But Maria Jane thought, with fearful misgiving, of the altered house, the costly furniture, and, most of all, Ned. Would her father *ever* allow her to keep him? While James's swift fears ranged to Nelly and the bays, and a thousand other topics. Mrs. Raspton had no such drawbacks. She sat holding her husband's hand in hers, and feeling as if the Severus of her youth had come back to her. Happily the neighbors' prophecies had been unfulfilled, and there was no new im-



age to interfere. She listened to the tale of his danger, his suffering as he clung to the plank which the ship had flung him, his fear, his despair, his last thoughts of home, his final rescue. How those who saved his life had robbed him of all else; how he had been left penniless in a far, foreign land to work his way back as best he might; how he had written letters which, he now learned, had never come to hand; how he had dreaded death or disaster to them in his absence; how he had toiled and grieved; how he was here at last—at home, safe, with an unbroken circle. The wife cried and laughed together, while the children's eyes were wet, and the harsh lines of the father's face grew soft.

"Here, Maria Jane," said Mrs. Raspton, pulling off her widow's cap, "get me a bit of red ribbon or flowers, or something to put in this border; and take off that black dress, and put on your blue silk that you had just before father went away. It's no time to be wearing mourning *now*."

"Never mind!" said Mr. Raspton, kindly. "I can't spare her long enough for that." And the girl remained, looking at her father with more filial feelings than she had ever known, yet wondering, with a constant undercurrent of dread, what he would say when he knew all. What should she do, what *could* she do, if Ned were again banished?

In the midst of these agitations tea appeared, and the wondering domestic had to hear the news, and retire to spread it rapidly from house to house. It reached Ned Brinley among the rest, producing in that young gentleman's mind considerably more than the average excitement.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself. "Go up at once? That's the most open way, the most manly. But then he might consider it intrusive, and it would work against us. Yet I can't leave Maria Jane to face his displeasure unsupported. They won't tell him the first night," he at last decided; "and early to-morrow I'll have it out. If he keeps his old mind concerning me I must just take the dear girl off at once—if she'll come; and I think she will! I wish he *would* turn me out-of-doors! but no, that would be bad for *her*. I can't wish any thing that would give *her* pain, the sweetest, dearest—" But he can pursue these musings just as well alone.

Tea over, Mr. Raspton began to look about as if noting the changes in the room. Maria Jane trembled as she watched him, but no decrease of graciousness was visible.

"You have made some alterations I observed as we drove up," he presently remarked. "Suppose we go about and see what they are."

"Now is the time!" thought the poor girl, nervously; but there was no use in trying to evade the crisis. Light in hand she led the way, and they all went over the new building so handsome, and, alas! so costly. She saw with alarm a deep seriousness overspread her father's countenance—an alarm that would have deepened had she read his mind. "What!" he

inwardly exclaimed. "Had they no limits to their folly! I could have borne much and borne it patiently, but this passes all! Such extravagance! such reckless, willful extravagance! They thought I was gone"—with bitterness—"and never could come back to interfere. Perhaps they would have liked if I never had."

But his eye fell on his wife's happy, agitated face, on Maria Jane with her pretty, pleading looks. There was a struggle, sharp but short; his brow cleared, and he went serenely through the remainder of the exhibition.

The struggle was renewed in the still hours of night when good Mrs. Raspton slept peacefully at his side, and the children in rooms above woke every hour or so from uneasy slumber to wonder what the morrow would bring forth. Strong, stern displeasure would arise whenever he thought of that extravagance, so contrary to every known wish of his; whenever he remembered the changed lives and plans of those who had hitherto been utterly subject to his will. What hindered him from taking affairs into his own hands again? The house was altered, to be sure; he could not conjure it and its plenshing back to their original state and the money they had cost into his coffers; but nothing else was irrevocably fixed. Arthur might be recalled from college, Maria Jane's engagement broken off, James made to give up that girl without a penny. Or, at any rate, his will could be declared; and if they ran counter to it he could banish them from his house and deprive them of his property. And strongly tempted was he, as he lay there, to resolve it.

But a vision came over him of that dark night a year ago. Of the black waters, cold as death; the agony, the remorse, the despair. In warm contrast rose the bright room of that evening, the glad, tearful faces, the bliss of home regained. Should he cloud it all, bring sullen bitterness instead, make them wish that the sea had indeed never given up its victim. It was a hard conflict and a long.

How it ended we may best judge by looking in upon a Christmas gathering two years later. Arthur, who graduated the past summer with distinction, is an honored guest; so are Mr. and Mrs. Brinley, a young pair in the full pride of health and beauty. Mr. Raspton begins to wear a benevolent-old-gentleman aspect, and his wife is the picture of comely matronage.

"Why are Nelly and James so late?" she asks, going to the window, and looking out with some anxiety. "Oh here they are—baby and all!"

A rush is made for the door, and baby is seized upon and unmuffled; there are kisses and handshakes and all manner of happy Christmas greetings. And when dinner is over, and all are comfortably seated around the fire, grandpa takes the young wonder on his knee and meekly submits his forefinger to the mercies of those two sharp teeth that are beginning to peep through the pink gums.

So let the curtain fall.



## POOR ISABEL.

THE gate at the foot of Mrs. Deshaughne's garden slowly swung open, and was closed by a timid hand again, and then a hesitating step went up the crackling gravel. It was the step of a young woman, wavering and uncertain in approach, and pausing every moment or two while its owner ran her eye over the windows that glared at her from behind a lofty screen of blossoming white lilacs which shook their dripping plumes in the gay sunshine and scattered their powerful perfume abroad through the hemisphere of fresh morning air.

The young woman, decently but poorly clothed in black, was something almost at variance with the gladness and sparkle of that finest hour of June; the budding briars, the opening honeysuckles, the twittering birds, all seemed to belong to a different world from that in which she had lived. And so indeed they did; for, in the first place, they were the arabesques, the gay border and marginery of health and wealth and possible joy, and she was born of illness and poverty and pain; and, in the second place, they sung and bloomed and were fragrant in the clear dazzle of American air, and she had never drawn till now other than the humid ocean-breath of English shores.

This young person was rather above the customary height of women, but thin and worn in figure, stooping and narrow, and of a somewhat awkward and angular gait. She had none of the curving contours of her countrywomen, nor any of those peach and rosy tints that so illuminate the massive mould of material beauty. Nevertheless, to an attentive glance, the pale face withdrawn among its shadows, abounded in a peculiar loveliness of its own, though that glance searched twice to find it. The delicate features were as clearly cut as though, instead of being modeled in perishable clay, they belonged to some antique marble; the heavy lids and a slight droop of the mouth gave them a pensive cast, and the eyes were large and dark and mournful, though seldom raised: had the fine-edged lips been of deeper dye, had any flush of pink stained the white cheek or ear, had any radiance blessed the tear-acquainted eye, the face would have been a miracle to look at. As it was, the dark hair waved a little about her temples, thought better of it, and retreated into its shielding cap, and to a casual or inferior eye she presented only a strange appearance, as of something unique for a maid-servant, but scarcely to be coupled with any idea of delight. An artist, a poet, or even a man of culture, might have reveled in the daily vision of those perfect outlines; the clod whom she would probably wed, if indeed she ever married at all, would doubtless think her ugly; the mistress whom she should serve would certainly never look again at that pallid countenance, the wrinkle of suffering dividing its forehead, the dark circles around its eyes, nor give it a second thought in all her idle wanderings of fancy.

The young woman drew near the door at last, and hesitated; it was the grand entrance, pillared and porched; with her old-country ideas it would never do to knock there; she quietly stepped back and found a side-door, and asking for the lady of the house was shown into Mrs. Deshaughne's presence.

Mrs. Deshaughne sat in her summer parlor, opening on the velvety lawn, where the webs of woven dew yet glittered. She fancied she was very busy while she copied out recipes for a cookery-book-according-to-chemistry, whose publication she meditated; for one of her crotchets was that she was a famous housewife. This was the right side of the pattern. If she could have seen the wrong side, perhaps she might have learned that she was an infamous task-mistress.

As the new-comer stood in the door before her she commandingly nodded her in, and then surveyed her leisurely from head to foot, skewering her, so to say, on the gaze. If she secured her services it was unlikely that she would ever fairly look at her again; thus it was well to make the inspection complete at present, but it required to effect it some peculiar qualities that are scarcely looked for in a young and handsome woman.

"So you wish to obtain the situation in my nursery?" she asked, having frightened the girl with her gaze entirely out of what courage she began with.

"If you please, ma'am."

"Are you equal to it?"

"Oh, I hope so, ma'am."

"It is not a question of your hopes but of your ability," said the lofty lady. "Are you strong, are you healthy?"

"I am quite healthy," said the applicant, hesitating over her reply. "I have never had a downright illness, that is."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Perhaps I am not so strong just at the present," she added, fearing lest she had misled her questioner, "being but lately off the sea."

"From where?"

"Out of London, ma'am."

"English, then." The tone said that was good, for Mrs. Deshaughne had begun life by forbidding the daughters of Erin her kitchen.

"You are accustomed to children?"

"Very well accustomed."

"You have had whole charge of any?"

"I had the care of my young brothers and sisters for a year and more, while my mother was away to her work."

"Brothers and sisters! I dare say. That is a very different affair. What was your condition in England?"

"We were farmers, ma'am, till my father was misfortunate, and lost his land. And then—he was laid up, and mother she worked."

"Why was it that you did not go out yourself instead?"

"My hands were full at home, ma'am, with father and the children; and mother did nursing."



"Not very capable then," was the audible commentary upon the full hands.

The girl colored, and looked at the lady of the house a moment, as if she questioned her right to that title, then sighed, and dropped her eyes.

"How happened you to come to America?" continued Mrs. Deshaughne.

"The children died—"

"Died? How? Through any carelessness? Oh, really!" was begun in an alarm of curiosity.

"Oh no, indeed—no, indeed, ma'am! They took the fever; and mother couldn't abear it when they were gone, and we just emigrated," the lifted eyes growing shining and dewy while she spoke.

"Dear me! Well. Yes. And where are they now—your father and mother?"

"They are dead, too, ma'am." And the dew in her eyes became tears that ran down her quiet face like rain.

"Oh dear! That is sad. And then you are quite alone?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"No followers?"

"None, ma'am."

"And you wish to be a nursery-maid?"

"If you please, ma'am."

"Have you any character?" continued the catechism.

"Oh! I trust there's no one has a word against me."

"Pshaw! Any written character?"

"I'm begging your pardon, ma'am. The surgeon of the ship gave me a writing, ma'am."

"The surgeon of the ship! Now this is too much. He had probably seen you at odd times during two months."

"He was a gentleman from our place, ma'am. He was knowing to our bad luck, and had seen me often in our better days."

"Better days!" said Mrs. Deshaughne to a lady who sat, with a book, in the embrasure of the window beside her, and who had fidgeted a good deal during the dialogue; "I must say it is very disagreeable to order about people who have seen better days. Every body has invariably. For my part, these are the best I have ever known or ever hope to know. If I decide to engage you," proceeded she, in much the same tone, to the young woman, "I wish to hear nothing at all of better days. Let me see your recommendation."

The girl approached the awful judgment-seat and tendered it. It proved to be something more satisfactory than anticipated.

"Hm," said Mrs. Deshaughne, running the jeweled head of her gold pen over her lips.

"Hm. Very well. You are twenty-seven years old then?"

"Last May, ma'am."

"Never mind the month. What wages do you expect?"

"Whatever may be the custom I was wishing."

"Yes; of course. But as a beginner, untried, ignorant, I should not think of paying you the same as an experienced nurse. I shall say nine shillings. To be doubled after the first year has expired. Will that satisfy you?"

The girl hesitated a moment. "Indeed, ma'am, I hardly know," she said. "I was—that is—I entered into an obligation to pay the debt of my mother's burial. I am afraid that would not let me do it in the time, and have any thing over."

"Oh, I have nothing to do with that. That is all I shall be willing to allow under the circumstances. As for dress, though, I dare say you could get along with cast-off things such as would fall to you from my sister and myself or Madame Deshaughne."

"That might make a difference, ma'am," said the girl, coloring again, hating to go further, and fearing to find worse, if worse could be.

"Will you engage me, ma'am, at that rate?"

"I must think about it.—Can you cook any? Arrow-root, for instance, barley-water, caudle? Let me hear how you make a wine-panada," said the cunning amateur, in hopes of a new prescription from across the seas.

"Indeed I shouldn't be giving it to children at all," was the astute reply.

"Very true. But bread every one should be equal to. Not that you would be called upon to make it, but if you were, how should you raise it, with yeast or with muriatic acid?"

"With what, ma'am!" exclaimed her terrified listener.

The dietetic reformer shrugged her shoulders. "How far prejudice and ignorance can go!" murmured she, to her companion. "Half poisoned already at the sound. We use the acid here," continued she, aloud and maliciously.

"I should think the bread would be sour, ma'am!" was the innocent reply.

"Oh no. Let me see," resumed Mrs. Deshaughne, referring to her tablets; "you say you are good-natured?"

"No, ma'am. I didn't say so. I'm of a quick temper."

"Ah, that would never do."

"Perhaps, ma'am, you'd not discover it but for my telling. I could say that I am patient with children, on the whole."

"That is very bad, very bad. I can't have that example set for Agatha; and as for Arnold, he is a high-spirited child, and I can't have him thwarted."

"Certainly, ma'am," meekly answered the prospective termagant.

"Very bad. I don't know. Are you a good seamstress?" asked Mrs. Deshaughne, as if an affirmative would remove her doubts in relation to the quick temper, and would moreover cover a multitude of sins.

"I've done a deal of fine sewing, ma'am. Lace-work and embroidery. And I earned ten pound flossing flannels one year."

"Is that so?" said the astonished hearer. "Have you any specimens?"



The girl drew a wonderful bit of needle-work from her reticule, and handed it to the lady. Mrs. Deshaughne checked the exclamations that rose to her companion's lips; it would never do to let the creature know how valuable she was. Her eyes devoured it; then she tossed it aside as a trifle; for though she was preparing a great future warfare against dress, embroideries were still her wedge of Achan. "Well," said she, "what did you say our name was?"

"Isabel Throckmorton."

Isabel Throckmorton! Mrs. Deshaughne had something like literary proclivities. It ran through her mind that the wife of Sir Walter Raleigh was none other than Elizabeth of that name—and what was Isabel but Spanish for beautiful Elizabeth?—the absurd coincidence answered for potent argument, settling the vexed point in her mind; and, under the patronage of the noble lady dead this three hundred years, Isabel Throckmorton was dismissed the presence, a nursery-maid of the mighty Mrs. Deshaughne, and Mrs. Deshaughne continued to copy out directions for concocting Flummery and Floating Island, Trifle and Topsy Squire.

It was not by any means a sinecure that Isabel found in her place. The slave of two spoiled children—subject to every one of their caprices, bathing them, dressing them, walking with them, amusing them all the day long, and by night, so soon as they were asleep, stitching on the endless embroideries with which her mistress kept her supplied, till her back ached and her soft eyes grew bloodshot and bleared—she could count her nine shillings at the close of the week with satisfaction as honestly earned. Of a nervous temperament, interiorly quick and passionate, she was forced, as was right, to keep herself persistently curbed, lest Miss Agatha should follow a bad example, or Master Arnold, who must not be thwarted, should by any accident have his spirit broken; and she became in process of time gently and sadly yielding enough to satisfy Mrs. Deshaughne herself. But every gain has its drawbacks; for no sooner had the servants below stairs descried the hesitating self-surrender and timidity of this sensitive and inwardly fiery creature, than, not to be above the littlenesses of human nature, they took advantage of it in every possible way; so that between high and low the poor, dispirited girl was fairly pushed to the wall, and grew every day more touchingly submissive to Fate—if the great engine can be supposed to impinge upon so small affairs as hers. For encounter with a fresh torrent of such cruel questioning as that she had experienced upon entering this place was something she felt herself, as Mrs. Deshaughne would have phrased it, unequal to, and once established therein nothing would induce her to leave it till the debt of her mother's burial were paid, at least; service would always be service, she felt, to her, be it where it would, and stairs were as hard to climb in one house as another, always provided it were not her own.

One other thing made Isabel's bondage en-

durable; this poor nursery-maid had formed an attachment, and that not to one of her equals, but to the best blue blood of the house. There were two Mrs. Deshaughnes, one regnant, to be sure, the other, as a wicked son had christened her in satire of his brother's marriage, Dowager; but once in a while the Dowager raised her idle sceptre from the side of the arm-chair out of which all day she never stirred unless lifted, and, when the wand fell, the atmosphere of the house had experienced a purification. Her daughter-in-law held the placid moon-faced silver-haired old lady in wholesome awe, and therefore did her bidding, but never said much about it. It was to the Dowager that Isabel had attached herself; she must have something to love, and until usage should have made them dear, even as we hug our sorrows, Miss Agatha and Master Arnold were out of the question. The Dowager lady's apartment, by day, opened with folding-doors into the nursery, and these were usually slid apart only for morning-prayers, but, after she had acquired an idea of the state of things, they were made to remain apart—the two rooms were thrown into one, and the tolerable-and-not-to-be-endured little Deshaughnes were under surveillance, so that only a limited portion of Isabel's arm was subject to their thumbs and forefingers, and Master Arnold's boots were entirely frustrated, if Miss Agatha's pins were not. To this kind but eccentric old lady, for in that dwelling kindness was eccentricity, Isabel owed whatever breathing-space she found; for when it was evident that all the odd jobs which no one else desired to do, but which by somebody must be done, were tacitly imposed upon the nursery-maid, the Dowager, bit by bit, instituted a new order of things, and without exactly becoming a religieuse had Isabel sit and read godly books to her by the half hour, pages that refreshed her when she noted what she was reading, and that slipped off like oil when her mind preferred to wander upon other themes. And when she found Isabel capable of understanding these things, she forgot the distance between their stations, talked to her of the past, since there was no one else to listen and she loved to speak, and first moaned and then jested over her scapegrace son in India, the wild Harry, whom she seemed to love, with the natural inconsistency of womankind, far more than her perfectly well-regulated son George, of the present household; and she would have Isabel ferret out his letters from all manner of inconceivable hiding-places, and would take her great glass and follow along the lines, and read out to her the blackest passages of all the absurd boy's confessions with unfeigned enjoyment, always finishing by the kind of absolution which perusal of a chapter of Holy Living and Dying might give her and him together. And though the Dowager was every whit as imperious as Miss Agatha, Isabel wore her rue with a difference. The old lady at the same time innocently appeared to take fresh interest in her grandchildren, which Mrs. Deshaughne regarded as a sign of the breaking up



of her constitution, since usually she had forbidden them her presence, having designated them as a couple of cubs. But when she had thrown their cages together, as she said, she decided to do the work thoroughly, and so every day took one of them out with her on her little drive; and of course the nurse must go too, as otherwise she would be in fear of her life, she declared—a very unnecessary fear, as their mother and Talleyrand might have thought it. This pleasuring, however, did not last long, for the cold weather came and the asthmatic Dowager could no longer breathe the outer air. She ordained then a summer indoors; the neglected conservatory was rehabilitated, filled with the richest exotics and healthiest vines, and a skillful gardener was secured, who was expected to make the product of the vines pay for the beauty of the blossoms. Here, of course, she could not go herself, unless specially borne, and accordingly Isabel did her behests there morning and night, gathering the baskets of flowers, advising, seeing, reporting, ordering. And if Isabel lingered in such a pleasant place, between the tiers of splendid plants, all odorous and hung with bloom, the kind Dowager had no reprimand for her. And when once that lady herself, having been carried down, had sat for an hour in person in the tepid and half-enchanted atmosphere, and had held conversation with the young gardener there, it would have been noticeable, if there had been any one to notice it, that immediately thereafter Isabel was deputed extraordinary envoy half a dozen times a day with queries and instructions and commendations in the matter of this last hobby of the Dowager's till any body's patience but her own would have been exhausted. Singularly enough, it seemed that Isabel found a pleasure in it.

One day—it was a dull, rainy day in the January thaw when all the world beyond the pane looked dismal—the Dowager, resolved to have even more floral cheer than customary about her, determined, as she said with her bit of irreverence, to get the upper hand of Nature herself—a thing which every one believed the Dowager to have done years ago, as otherwise she must have been long beneath the sod. Accordingly Isabel was dispatched to the conservatory, not only for the usual flowers and ivies, but to see if the marvelous South American plant had yet parted its sheath, and to bring any new-blossomed wonders bodily away to blow a while under her eyes, cheating the weather into believing itself fair, after which the Dowager would have had June in January's teeth.

"What is there new to-day, Mr. Dunyan?" asked Isabel, opening the little glass door and stepping down before the handsome fellow, one of whose glances always made her blush.

"Well, Miss, there's the roses," said the young gardener, merrily; "there's the red ones, I've never seen finer;" but as Isabel did not take his mischief he went on in another vein. "And there's the double yellow roses—it's like those Chinamen to have their roses yel-

low, is it not now? You'll not be having white ones—there's snow enough out of doors."

"And to spare, it seems," answered Isabel, timidly.

"Then there's some lilies, a white Japan; and a chap just blown from the Cape of Good Hope—wherever that may be. Well now, he's worth seeing; cast an eye at his color; 'as a villainous look, 'asn't he? Like a snake ready to spring, if snakes 'ad such colors."

"I've read of their like to the old lady," said Isabel.

"Have you now?" answered the gardener, admiringly. "I'm not much of a reader myself. Perhaps you'd tell me about it some time."

"Oh yes, indeed."

"That would be kind of you. I read the book the old lady—Madame Deshaughne I would say—sent me, and I'd beg you to return it with my respectful thanks. I found it—well—when your gentlemen undertake it they talk above the profession, and there's little to be learned from them. It's practice tells, Miss Isabel."

"Ah yes," answered Isabel, not daring to lift her eyes in his face. "Has the Dove blown yet, may I ask, Mr. Dunyan?"

"The South American plant, do you mean? The Flower of the Holy Spirit. Yes, Miss, step this way, there it is." And the young man took off his hat as if in homage before the magnificent orchid, over whose scarlet bosom a tiny white dove seemed poising and fluttering, but in reality merely to run his hand through the thick brown curls that shadowed his winning face. "That," said he, "is what I call fine. There's no green-house this side of East River has its mate."

Isabel stood breathless before the beautiful thing that almost seemed to stir and palpitate with life, while the gardener ran volubly on in his nimble praises. Then at last she picked up the basket of cut flowers and slung it over her arm, and Mr. Dunyan lifted the pot in which the Flower of the Holy Spirit bloomed, and placed it in her hands to be carried up for the Dowager's delectation. As he did so his hands touched hers, his face was near hers; something, Isabel was innocent of any knowledge concerning it, made her suddenly tremble, her fingers did not at once clasp over what it had been supposed they would, the pot slid through, dashed on the bricks in halves, the flower dragged its sheer petals in the dust, and with the confusion of escape from such a possibility Mr. Dunyan set his heel upon the stem, and dove and blossom, white and red, were crushed and blended in one ruin. Isabel was faint with horror. As for Mr. Dunyan, he did not love his flowers to the point of tears.

"Gather up the fragments and let nothing be lost," said he, coolly; and in a few moments no vestige of the wreck remained in the pathway, but all had been tossed into a corner and hidden under an inverted basket.

"Oh, oh, Mr. Dunyan! What can I do?"



What can I do? I am ruined—I have ruined you!" cried Isabel, in an agony. "She will turn us off!"

"Then somebody else must turn us on," said Mr. Dunyan, quite enjoying himself.

"And she'll be so disappointed. Oh, she counted upon it."

"Never mind, never mind, Miss. I've the mate to it coming forward. 'Twill be out in a week or so. I'll send her word that this one is delayed—that's all."

"I'd not have you be telling an untruth in my behalf!"

"It's the Queen's own truth, no less. And as for that I'd tell twenty for you, Miss Isabel," said the gallant gardener, not meaning a syllable he said.

The color flew so over Isabel's face that for a moment, as it subsided, the gardener surprised himself wondering if she were not pretty. Then she stood pale, and faded, and weary-looking again, her eyes a little swollen and heavy, and he laughed at his fancy. It was only a moment's fancy though at best, for before it ended Isabel grew fairly livid with fear, and, turning, Mr. Dunyan saw the reigning Mrs. Deshaughne at the door, with Miss Agatha swinging by one hand from her gown, and peering at the two out of a pair of satisfied malicious eyes. Without doubt, as his quick intelligence instantly taught him, the little imp had followed Isabel down, and had spied out the evil deed and reported it to her mother. That good lady had risen straightway from the composition, on paper, of a Gooseberry Fool, and hastened to the scene of action, for she prided herself on being one of those careful housewives whose servants always pay for the broken crockery. Mr. Dunyan, then, seeing the cloud on the mistress's face, chivalrously resolved to play the part of conductor to its lightning himself, and immediately putting his best foot forward made his salute.

"I was just telling of a misfortune I have met with, ma'am," said he. "A beautiful plant that I had purchased myself as a present for Miss Agatha, when it flowered, fell from my 'ands a moment since and was ruined."

"Oh, is that all?" answered Mrs. Deshaughne. "I understood that Isabel had broken the new South American plant."

"Not at hall, ma'am, not at hall. The Spirito Santo has not yet come forward; I have it behind there in a warmer spot. Probably it will not fully flower this fortnight. Could you look at it, ma'am?" And the slippery-tongued gallant led the way down the little alley, while Isabel stared in amaze.

Mrs. Deshaughne looked condescendingly at the plant in question, then cast her eyes around, and—woe worth the while—they alighted on the refraction that a broken corner-pane made with a ray of sunshine, and then followed the betrayer down to the little heap just thrown there temporarily and partly covered with the basket; they were hawk's-eyes, perhaps to match

the hawk's-nose between them. She moved forward, displaced the basket, and raised the broken stem and torn, trampled blossom. She held it a moment suspended over her hand, turned and looked at the white, guilty Isabel, flashed her eyes over the dumb-stricken gardener, and uttered their sentence.

"You have told me a falsehood, Mr. Dunyan," said the lady. "You are dismissed from my service."

Isabel turned, warmed into courage. "Oh, ma'am, if you please," she cried, "it was my fault, all my fault! It was I myself that did it. He only meant to be generous, ma'am. He was hiding my blame. Oh, Mrs. Deshaughne, if you would be so kind—if you would reconsider, ma'am—"

"I shall not dismiss you, Isabel, though you have committed a grave fault," interrupted her majesty. "Do not be concerned. Mr. Dunyan will find his wages in the hall." And the morning's work was done.

The lady swept away, followed by the pleased Agatha, and left the two as she found them. Isabel remained silent through terror at the consequences of her carelessness. When at last she dared to raise her eyes Mr. Dunyan was surveying her and laughing. He immediately stepped forward and sent the reserved plant which he had shown the lady spinning through the air.

"She'll not have that neither," said he; and his eye gave a mischievous glance at the trembling girl as his foot gave the wicked toss.

"Oh, Mr. Dunyan, don't do so, please!" exclaimed Isabel, with clasped hands. "I am going directly to beg the old lady's good word. Oh! perhaps she will take you back."

"Be hanged if I'll be taken, Miss," said he. "I've had a plenty of it."

"You can't mean that," stammered Isabel, her heart quaking afresh in spite of herself.

"I mean that I'd sooner go to Coventry than heat any more of that woman's salt," replied he, with a will. "Why, she hasn't a bone to throw to a dog."

"But what can you do? Oh, I have ruined, I have ruined you!"

"Nonsense. What can I do? Why, I can get lodged at Dame Halsey's down at the foot of the road, and do the gardening for 'alf a dozen gentlemen's places at once. I only came here till I could look about me."

"Dame Halsey's! Are you English, then, Mr. Dunyan? I always thought your voice sounded like home."

The young man colored and frowned a moment, then laughed a laugh that showed all his white teeth and lighted up his face like sunshine.

"English!" said he. "What could 'ave put that into your 'ead? I had an English nurse, to be sure."

"Oh!" said the subdued Isabel. "I was in hopes you were my countryman."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Miss," he answer-



ed, drawing near and still slightly smiling as his black eyes sparkled on her from under their dark brows, and the lashes thick and long as any girl's—"sorry to disappoint you. But I was born in Trevence."

And as Isabel knew no more of Trevence than she did of the Ultima Thule she remained both disappointed and convinced. There was something she wanted to say, but she had no words to say it, and the idea that she could ever be of use to this strong and proud young man seemed to her preposterous.

"If I could ever hope to make it up to you," she murmured; "if I could ever serve you—"

Mr. Dunyan proceeded to gather up such tools as belonged to himself while she spoke.

"Now, my dear," he remarked, "you've said enough. Let by-gones be by-gones." Then he took his basket, hung his blue jacket across his shoulder, and stood towering a moment beside her. "Well," said he, "I'm off, Miss Isabel. Now and then I shall drop in upon you of an evening. I'm going to get my wages at present, and I'll have the last ha'penny, depend on't. Don't you fret now." And the audacious fellow suddenly bent and left the mark of his lips on the white cheek that grew instantly crimson beneath their touch, while its startled owner felt thoroughly suffused with some new, pleasant, unfamiliar warmth, and it seemed to her that a very rose of joy had suddenly bloomed in her heart, and was scattering perfume and color throughout her whole being. It was the first kiss Isabel had ever received from any but her mother; it was strange as delicious. When its second of time was over she looked up and found herself alone, but with the saucy, smiling, bending face of Dunyan fixed indelibly, as it seemed, before her eyes. It never crossed the unconscious girl's mind that all this meant any thing beyond the moment, or had the remotest relation to that first scene of the great drama of life, some part in which, tragedy, or comedy, or chorus, every one is called upon to play. She was sure it was very impertinent in Mr. Dunyan to have stooped and kissed her so daringly, very foolish and perhaps wrong in her not to have resisted him; but then how sweet it was! Poor Isabel!

Blushing and tingling now, she gathered up her burdens and sought the Dowager's room, finding the nursery still vacant, for Miss Agatha was enjoying the fruits of her labors, and had dragged Master Arnold down into the hall to see Mr. Dunyan dismissed with his wages. Isabel at once rehearsed the morning's misfortunes, and the old lady, when she had finished laughing at them, began to pity them. She was a sprightly soul, this Dowager, after the fashion of a past generation that filiped at its sorrows, and she contrived to extract some cheer even from the hard cushions of her arm-chair. When this nursery-maid, to whom she had taken one of the violent fancies that age sometimes takes to youth, was about her, or when her son visited her, she was gay and garrulous as a magpie.

On the occasions when her sceptre was effecting any of its irresistible revolutions in the household she sat upright and calm, and was the moon-faced, placid, silver-haired old lady again, whom you would have deemed a happy angel of peace and submission. It was not, moreover, because she lacked attention from others that she demanded so much from Isabel; for did not Mrs. Deshaughne every morning, in the performance of her filial-in-law duty, read to her the last written page of the Complete Housekeeper's Guide to a Healthy Table? And perhaps the amusement which the old lady derived from the entertainment did something toward helping the insubordination on its account below stairs.

"So Mr. Dunyan has gone," said she. "Very inconsiderate of Martha. Mrs. Deshaughne ought to have known that the first thing the man would do would be to finish the other one. Then, I suppose her temper was soured, making a fool of herself and the gooseberries too. Now we shall have no Spirito Santo at all. You're the only one of us all that has seen it, Isabel, lucky girl! So he went. Did he bid you good-by?"

"Oh yes, ma'am."

"How, may I ask?"

"Oh, he said he would drop in of an evening now and then."

"That's all? You bring him up to me when he does. I'll have him over the coals for you. What is that red spot on your cheek—Miss Agatha's *griffes*?"

"It's—it's where—he kissed me there," said Isabel, desperately, first putting up her hand, and then covering the red spot in a universal mantle of the tint.

"Ah, ah, ah, how naughty!" And then the Dowager grew serious. "No more of that, Isabel, my good girl. Keep your cheeks for their owner."

"Who is that, ma'am?" was asked in a slight perplexity.

"You'll know him by his sign-manual on your left hand. Your husband, girl!"

"Oh!" was the comprehensive and shame-faced reply.

"Yes, yes, give the lads their distance. 'Idle dallying never came to naught,' says the proverb, which, you know, is 'one man's wit but many men's wisdom.'" And then, despite her caution, the venerable lady was softly sighing under her breath, "Alas for the good old days when we were young!"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Isabel, not catching the words.

"Never mind about it," was the response. "'Twould do you no good. There! Now we'll spend a profitable half hour to hide our folly. Here's a sermon upon the rainbow like unto an emerald. Let us discover how much the man has seen of it. Read now."

Isabel missed Mr. Dunyan as the days went on after this, she had grown to be so accustomed to his impertinent politenesses. The new



gardener was a gruff old Dutchman who spoke scarcely two intelligible syllables, and whose stupidity was a thorn in the flesh whenever she undertook to execute the Dowager's orders. Mrs. Deshaughne also began to enter remonstrances concerning the amount of the nursery-maid's time appropriated by others, and proposed that the elder lady should procure an attendant of her own.

"Very well, then," declared the Dowager. "I'll take Isabel, she suits me. You may get another nursery-maid."

But Mrs. Deshaughne had no mind to relinquish the skillful fingers that furnished her with the best of foreign embroidery for nothing at all, and angrily withdrew her forces from the field.

"She has reached the tart in her list," said the Dowager, as the authoress retired. "As for me, I have only come as far as spice, but that does for snaps!"

It was only a week or two after this that Mrs. Deshaughne was rewarded for her forbearance, when Isabel awoke one night startled from sleep by a bell striking at her ear. It was the Dowager's ring, and she hastened to answer it.

"Light the lamp, Isabel," gasped the old lady. "I am going—to die—I believe. But I should really—like to see how to do it. No matches? Ah! Martha might long ago—have had gas brought in. But there—what odds is it to me when—I am going out!" And her laugh came near suffocating her.

"Don't be frightened, my good Isabel," resumed she, as the girl trembled to look at her. "I dare say it is hard to be alone with—almost a ghost. But then—I never hurt you, living—why should I, dying?—Death—is only a condition. I have been ill. I convalesce. Tomorrow—I shall be well."

"Oh, ma'am, let me just call the master!" cried Isabel, alarmed at the labored breathing, and fancying the old lady's mind wandered.

"No, no—his grief—he'd be sorry—not so sorry as my poor Harry though. George's grief would—disturb me. How could I die in peace?"

"But Mrs. Deshaughne, then?"

"Tush!" cried the dying woman, with her inextinguishable spirit. "No, no, I say, child. Death terrifies her. He is going to swallow her some day. He is her bugaboo. The great giant—that shall crack her bones. Not the great angel that shall lift her on his wings. I dislike being—abhorrent to her—when I can not—retort. Stay here. You are not like a—servant, Isabel. You are—my friend. I hope I—have done you no harm."

"Oh, ma'am! oh, ma'am! Never!"

"Good. There are worse things—than dying, Isabel. If my poor Harry were only here! Ah, my boy, my boy! Put the pillows behind me. Wipe my forehead, be so kind. Pretty soon—I shall have nobody. Think of that, child. Oh, what freedom! Rest and rest. Now—read the prayers for the dying." And

when Isabel finished reading the Amen gurgled in the Dowager's throat, and she was gone.

Isabel prepared her old friend for the grave herself that night; a deed over which Mrs. Deshaughne fairly melted into thanks in the morning, and the glow of gratitude at being relieved from death-bed attendance was still so genuine in the vacuum that would be popularly termed her heart, that when the Dowager's will was read and it was discovered that she had left to her faithful Isabel Throckmorton the sum of one thousand dollars, Mrs. Deshaughne did not utter a syllable of contravention, but, satisfied with her own share, had her husband attend to Isabel's before any other of the legacies. That done, Agatha might pinch and prick, and Arnold tread and thrust with impunity—Mrs. Deshaughne felt that her duty had been nobly done, and there were the subjects of wafers and waffles, and wheys and whips, yet awaiting her attention.

The possessor of such an inheritance, Isabel could readily have become a personage now among the servants had she once dreamed of it. But having paid her poor little debt, and put the balance at interest with Mr. Deshaughne, she never thought of assuming her proper dignity; and, with the natural inertia of a timid mind, remained where she was, supposing every other place would be equally as bad, and forgetting about her fortune. The consequence therefore was, that in a little while her companions forgot about it too, and she was pushed as closely to the wall as ever. So Isabel walked with the children, and ran errands, and did the work of others, uncomplainingly and all day long as before, and stitched lace-work, wheel-work, long-stitch, and satin-stitch, half the night. And now and then, as he had promised, and only now and then, Mr. Dunyan dropped in at the lower door, and cut Isabel to the heart by flirting with every other girl in the house beside herself; but with her, somehow, a diffidence had lately possessed him, and what all the rest expected as matters of course he dared not offer Isabel. But how was she to know that?

At about this time Mrs. Deshaughne finished the labors of her pen, and proceeded to put her theories into practice. That book was never to go out upon the world until its recipes, each and every, had been tested in her own kitchen and tasted on her own table. That people should exist and perform the routine of heavy tasks on such diet proved, of course, impossible; and then the concoctions were not to their mind. Yet so rich material must not be wasted—where was Isabel? The viands were sent up to the nursery and not expected to come down again. And, growing every day more cadaverous, Isabel was slowly eating her way through the book in miseries of indigestion and panics of sudden death, and not in the least hoping to be alive at the word *Finis*.

Thin and pale and destitute of strength upon this book-worm provender, Isabel was one afternoon, on the edge of twilight, returning through



the lane on a commission of Mrs. Deshaughne's, when she heard a trampling and lowing close behind her, mingled with the crying of drivers and cracking of whips, and found herself at the front of a herd of cattle whose tossing heads and horns loomed through the gray air like the phantasmagoria of a nightmare. Once this would not have alarmed her, now a flock of demons would have been preferable companions in the narrow place. Flight was out of the question; they were swifter than she, and full of their wickedness; yet without flight she would be trodden under foot. There was nothing to do; so after her first scream she pressed close against the fence and shut her eyes. As she stood there, while the bellowing troop drew near, suddenly a voice sounded in her ear:

"Look alive, Miss Isabel, and lend an 'and!" and opening her terrified eyes she saw a shadow like Mr. Dunyan on the other side of the hedge, his two arms extended to grasp her waist, and after a moment's doubtful poise in air she also was safe on the other side, and Mr. Dunyan had set his foot in the hole of a decayed post, had fallen, and lay with a broken limb. When the cause of this disaster had passed, and Isabel had seen the last of the tasseled tails whisk in the twilight air, she began to wonder that Mr. Dunyan yet remained on the ground, and speaking to him and receiving no answer, stooped and found him insensible.

Here was an occasion for whatever fibre Isabel had, no wailing nor wringing of hands; she remembered the brook in the field, ran to it and brought water in his cap to revive the injured man, dragged him away a little, with exertion of all her force, that she might straighten the limb whose condition she at once discerned. Then when he had awakened with a groan, she ran to alarm some neighbors, to extemporize a stretcher, and shortly had him at home, and a physician summoned, and had privately fee'd Dame Halsey with a fabulous sum to attend to every want of the patient. After which she went home half broken-hearted, and wondering if she were born to be this man's doom and destruction.

The next day, when it was time for Isabel to walk with the children, she took the tangible translation of one of Mrs. Deshaughne's recipes, sent up at her dinner—for it would have been strange indeed if, proceeding as far in the list as the jellies, not one of the whole number of compounds had been gustable—and staid a moment at Dame Halsey's door to deliver it; for probably even that, she thought, would be an improvement upon the Dame's diet-drinks. And on the following evening, having bribed the housemaid to sit in the nursery till her return, she ran down with a handkerchief over her head just to inquire how Mr. Dunyan might find himself. Mr. Dunyan's own voice cried out in response, "Come in here, Isabel; come in here!"

Isabel hesitated, but Dame Halsey gave her a friendly shove through the door, and she stood beside him and straightway burst into tears.

"Oh, Mr. Dunyan, I shall be the death of you yet!" she cried, as she saw his flushed face and pained features.

"I dare say you will!" he answered, with a grimace. "But not just this time, unless I die of a broken ankle; which I won't!"

"You'll never forgive me," sobbed Isabel. "I've lost you a place first, and now perhaps I've lost you a limb!"

"Come, I wouldn't be borrowing trouble, you have to pay such bitter usury, I've 'eard. I'll be about in a couple of months, the Doctor says, good as new; in fact, better'n ever, for I'd worn that bone some thirty years, now it's warranted sound for sixty more to come. You call in now and then, bring me your goodies, as you did yesterday, and we'll call it square. I say, was that some of the High and Mighty's cookery? 'Twasn't so bad now. Didn't know she was up to any thing but slops. If she feeds her people on that they fare better than when I was there. Eh, Isabel?"

"They won't eat it," said Isabel, laughing through her tears. "And so I have to. And you can have it all, only you'd die."

"That's a good girl. Give us the dimple again. I declare, Isabel, you're fairly pretty when you laugh."

"Then I'm a fright the most of my time," she answered, still laughing, but with half the mind to cry.

"You've made me feel better already. If my 'ead didn't hache so cursedly I'd shoulder a crutch and see you home."

"Your head? Then you must have fever. Did the doctor leave you any drops?"

"Yes. There they are. It's about time for them now. Perhaps you'd give them to me, Isabel?"

"Yes, indeed," and Isabel counted them out with alacrity, sweetened his mouth afterward, shook up his pillow, bathed his forehead, and left him at last feeling refreshed and restored and ready to fall asleep.

Of course, then, she came again the next evening; for Lucy, the new housemaid, shamed into generosity by Isabel's distress and munificence, offered to sit again an hour with the sleeping children. On her way the cook beckoned her into the pantry and put something into her hands. "There," said she, "you just take that to Mr. Dunyan with my respects. It's some of her draff, to be sure, but then sick folk likes it, and the house must be rid of it. Laws a me! I hopes my nex' missis won't run mad a elevating the digesters. As for this one, she ain't half baked herself, no more'n that dish in the story was—when the pie was opened the birds began to sing—and as for the most of her mixin's they're just about as sensible as that one—pocketful of rye, and four-and-twenty black-birds baked into a pie! Covering my range all day with her meddlin' messes! What's that? For me? Is that another? A fresh fuddle? I'd drop a pinch into 'em that would make her wish her cake was dough, that I would! if 'twarn't



that you have to make 'way with the most of 'em, Isabel, and you're a good patient soul that lets folks put upon you!" And the cook retreated in dudgeon over the remembrance of her wrongs, spelling out as she went the directions for walnut-sauce that the other had just brought down to her. "Catsup indeed!" muttered she, between her teeth. "Catlap would be more to the pint! Well, I've give warning!" And, not caring to hear more, Isabel sped down the field to her destination.

And so for a week or more, constant to the moment, every evening Isabel made a little call on the invalid, never forgetting to provide herself with some welcome dainty, a jelly, or a cream, or a bunch of grapes begged from the gruff old gardener, till at last Mr. Dunyan looked for her coming with eager interest, and experienced actual disappointment if the door-latch lifted after dark and it were not she.

So Isabel came and went, brought cheer and left it, made him more comfortable in her short hour than Dame Halsey did in the whole twenty-four; told the news, lent the papers, brought the flowers in which the young gardener really had an interest; listened to his schemes for the future, and became with all her care and attention no longer the pale, silent, tear-sodden maid-servant in his eyes, but a rosy, smiling person of importance.

One noon when he had been able for some time to move about, though he had had it kept a careful secret from Isabel, as Mr. Dunyan sat in his chair in the sun, he looked up at Dame Halsey stirring round in her household affairs, and said, "Seeing you a counting your eggs, puts me in mind to say that I've nothing beforehand in the world, Dame, not a farthing—a shiftless wretch. You'll have to wait for my debt to you till I get quite about again."

"That's all settled!" answered the Dame, with a fling of her duster over the basket of eggs.

"Settled? How?" he said, turning on her with surprise.

"Isabel," said the sententious body.

"Isabel? What has she to do with that?"

"She paid me beforehand; that's all. The night she brought you home. She broke you, and she must mend you, I suppose."

The young man made no more reply, but pondered silently for hours with a brow growing constantly more vexed and more perplexed, and walked and stood and sat alternately, doing neither three consecutive moments, wearing a flushed and paling face and bitten lip, till at last night and Isabel came.

Isabel wore a little red hood over her dark hair from which she had long since stripped the prim cap, for the weather belonged to one of those chilly days that sometimes surprise the ardent August himself, and whether it were that, or the run in the cool air, that gave her cheek its color, who could say? At any rate, as she approached, the glowing sky behind her, and the evening-star hanging just over her head, she seemed so happy and lovely a woman, so

different from the dreary dismal girl of yore, that Dunyan felt his heart give a throb as he rose on his cane and went to meet her. He paused half-way. "Now," said he to himself, "be a man, and let her alone, she's none of yours." And then his eyes rested on her. "How pretty she is!" he added in his thoughts. "I didn't know I cared about her. Why can't I leave her now, she's good as gold? She's got gold, too. She likes me, that she does. What's that other one to me? what right has the hag! Little Isabel. Ah you red cheek. No, I can't, I can't. By God, I won't!" And when Isabel reached him he stamped his well foot upon the ground, as if to set a seal thereby on some determination.

"I am nearly well you see, Isabel," said he, aloud.

"Ah yes, you can walk," answered Isabel, pulling off her hood, "I am so glad!"

"Are you then? I can't say the same. You'll not be running down of an evening much longer."

Isabel's face crimsoned.

"You think, perhaps," continued Dunyan, then, "that I'll be running up? You think wrong," he said. "Not a step of it."

"You'll forget all about us then?" answered Isabel, with a great cadence of disappointment in her voice. "You'll not be dropping in now and then any more?"

"No."

Isabel shivered as she stood at the thought of it.

"Put on your hood, girlie," said he. "You're catching cold; I saw you. No, I'll not go up to the house; what should I go there for? There'll be no soul I care to see!"

He paused, but Isabel was speechless; if she had spoken perhaps her voice would have been a cry.

"No," continued he, unabashed. "There isn't a soul in that house at present that I ever care to see again. And to tell you the truth, Isabel, I'm thinking of being married."

Isabel said nothing still lest she should shriek; she could keep calm if she could keep quiet; she only gazed at him with great, amazed, despairing eyes, and there was silence.

"Isabel," said Mr. Dunyan, suddenly, "what did you go and pay Dame Halsey for? Heh?"

But he received no answer.

"And what have you been bringing me jellies and sauces and relishes for, and making me comfortable all this time?"

Still Isabel could not have replied. She never had any spirit.

"You got me this cane," said he. "Do you think I can get along with only one cane? I want another. I want one just as high as your shoulder. I want it all the time." He placed his hand on her shoulder as he spoke, and walked, leaning a trifle of his weight upon it. "Why don't you answer me then?" said he. "Why don't you say I can have it?" And he bent to look in her face, and, doing so, saw her lip quiver. "Tears?" said he. "Because I'm not go-



ing up to Squire Deshaughne's any more? Who do you suppose I'd care to see there when you're gone? Would I suffer you to go back and stay there? Who do you suppose it is I am going to marry, Isabel?" And all at once, as the shower gushed from her eyes and her heart, he had caught her in his two arms and was folding her close to his strong breast, and saying over and over again in her ears, "No one but you, no one but you, my dear, my love, my little Isabel!"

On her return that night, having left Mr. Dunyan, who had limped home with her, in the kitchen, the nursery-maid sought her mistress, and announced her intention of leaving. Mrs. Deshaughne looked up in consternation. "Going?" she said. "And only one breadth embroidered of the dress Miss Agatha is to wear at her Aunt Maria's wedding?"

"I can work on it just as well after I'm married, ma'am," said Isabel, blushing.

"Married! You are in earnest? What a foolish girl! What under the sun are you going to be married for? I never can conceive why people in your situation in life marry at all."

"Why does Miss Maria marry?" asked Isabel, already emboldened.

"That is quite another thing. If you are going to take me up in that way, Isabel, I shall not regret losing you. But here you are, comfortable, surrounded by plenty; and there you will be poor, struggling, hard-working, and instead of one mouth very likely a dozen."

"You can do for your own, ma'am, and love lightens the way."

"Well. You will do as you please, I suppose; people always do. I have performed my duty in warning you, Isabel; for you have been a good girl, taking your inexperience into consideration, and I could wish better things for you. Foolish, foolish! However."

Following these encouraging remarks, there was a little jeering among the envious maids in the kitchen.

"Ah, she's taken bad," said Lucy.

"Awful spasms," answered the cook. "It's an epemetic always going round."

"Yes," said the waiting Dunyan, "it needed both my arms to hold her."

"Is she often took that way?" asked Lucy.

"Tell me, girlie," whispered Dunyan, "is it hard to take?"

But the next day it was all amply compensated by Mr. Deshaughne's ringing for her, and after assuring her that he should never forget her kindness to his mother, and bidding her call upon him if she needed help in the future, paying over her legacy, and making up the balance of all she had drawn, so that it lay, as before, a round check for a thousand dollars.

One fine September morning, a month from that day, Mrs. Isabel Dunyan had indorsed her maiden name on the back of the slip of paper, and Mr. Robert Dunyan had folded its proceeds neatly into his pocket-book in the bank as if he had been in the habit of cashing drafts every

day of his life, and coming away, had paid it all over for the little house and garden at the head of the lane; and with a wedding present of the Complete Housekeeper's Guide to a Healthy Table from Mrs. Deshaughne, the two were established in life together.

If Isabel all the days of her life had known only trouble and grief, now in her thirtieth year she began to experience the blessedness of being. They were different skies under which she breathed from the cloudy heaven of her youth; it was a different soil upon which she trod from her previous path among graves. She remembered that it was said there shall be new heavens and a new earth; and when her husband, happy as herself, sometimes paused in the midst of his happiness to forbode, she would repeat it to him, and assure him that if this were not already the millennium, still their delight was so simple and so innocent that it must certainly be eternal. If Robert kept the garden and vines and paling perfect in order and neatness out of doors, Isabel kept the floors and furniture as exquisitely within; it was outside a little nook of bowery beauty, and internally a nest of spotless precision. When the gay-tinted autumn had vanished, and white winter lay on the land, Isabel's well-swept hearth and polished irons reflected the ruddy fire in a thousand dancing lights to greet the husband returning at dark; and her snowy table glittered in the glow as gayly as if its plated ware had been the silver of Potosi, spread, as it was, with none of Mrs. Deshaughne's olla podridas, but with pure and healthy dishes, as pleasant to the palate as to the eye. Often in the long evenings she read to him while he practiced his mechanical skill upon some trifle; or at other times she sewed with a swift needle, and listened to the gossip of his day's duties; or, later, while he sat on a low seat before the falling fire, she came and placed herself on the mat at his feet, resting her head upon his knee, and he told her little incidents of his youth, and hearkened in return to her mournful tale, and promised anew, with tears in his eyes, to make all that sorrow up to her now in joy; and if there were any thing concealed in his recital of by-gone days beneath imaginary sketch and detail Isabel never suspected it.

By-and-by spring came up the round side of the earth, and the pretty white cottage was odorous in the atmosphere of its broad plats and beds of violets, double and deepest blue, from which Robert gathered much income; and Isabel laid their pressed sweetness away in a drawer where she had hidden her latest possessions; for now she no longer sewed on the well-paid embroidery, but garnished little linens and cambrics of her own, with all the art of her needle running riot in snow-flakes and vines and frost-work of fern-like tracery. It seemed to Isabel that never before had there blossomed such a spring—a spring of such gentle and balmy winds, such perfumed air, such shining skies; she almost feared that never would there come another. All the time



she followed her husband with adoring eyes; she found him so strong, so kind, so gay, he anticipated her wishes, prevented her whims, was as devoted to her as the sunbeam is to the earth; every day, beneath that caressing warmth, her heart opened and expanded.

June came, with all its roses, went, and left them lingering yet behind; and when the last of them hung fully blown upon its bending stem, and shedding its fragrant petals slowly down, Isabel lay burdened with unspoken satisfaction and a dearer little rose nestled on the pillow beside her.

It was touching to see the mother then in all those succeeding months. She was like some one who found it impossible to believe in her good luck; and she regarded her baby as if it were a cherub that, for some divine reason, had taken mortal shape a while, but which must eventually escape from her unworthy retention. Nor was the father far behind. He saw a miracle lying across Isabel's lap; he recognized the beauty of God's laws that had created so lovely a thing in his image; and each time that he looked from the dark eyes of the pale little child into Isabel's face his heart filled with a yearning tenderness over her and the gift she had given him. Every day made him a nobler and a better man, it seemed; there was not a moment when he would have hesitated to lay down his life for the sure welfare of the two treasures of his hearth. But in the midst of all his joy a haunting horror beset him: and after any moment of peculiar pleasure, the autumn day when at the close of many weary months Isabel first set her foot outdoors; the afternoon when, returning home, the baby first doubtfully faltered the name he was to wear for her through life; after any such incident he seized his hat and rushed away with desperation, as if it were not possible to breathe freely again till he had walked off some weight, be it of terror, or of remorse, or any agony of apprehension. Then he would return to find the child asleep, and fear that it were dead perhaps, and call for Isabel to make the dark eyes open; or he would find her sitting before the fire with it lulled upon her knee, holding up the tiny pink foot to the blaze till he kissed its five dimples, and laid his wife's cool hand upon his burning cheek and wet it with his tears. If all this meant any thing but excess of gladness Isabel had no dimmest glimpse of the truth behind. She was so content and blest that she forgot all the possibilities of the sinful, sorrowful world. Ah, what a happy, happy twelvemonth flew by! Two years it made, of quiet and pride and delight, so swift that at the close they seemed but to have breathed two breaths.

It was more than Dunyan deserved. And so it became high time for fate to put out a strong hand and crush such a hollow satisfaction.

One morning, an hour before noon, the dinner simmered over the fire, Isabel sat at her quilling-irons, and the baby stood by a chair just within the door of the other room. It had

been an ailing child, and had but lately stood at all, now she could make her way round by clinging to various objects, but had never yet toddled off alone. The sunshine fell brightly in at the opposite window, and gilded the yellow locks of the little girl till her head seemed fairly covered with a glory, and every thing in either room was light and bright and cheery.

Suddenly the outer door of the room where Isabel was burst open and Dunyan entered—entered precipitately, bent and almost falling in, like one staggering. His hat dropped upon the floor, he was pale as death, and his hair lay all wet upon his forehead.

"Isabel, darling," said he, hurriedly, in a strange, thick voice, "can you pack up in an hour?"

"Can I? Why of course I can. But in an hour? What for?"

"Never mind what for. All your things, and hers, and mine?"

"Why, why, where are we going, Robert?"

"To Philadelphia first. Then further."

"Philadelphia!" she uttered, in astonishment. "To live?"

"To live somewhere, away from 'ere. I can't breathe here another day, Isabel. Oh, I am choked, I am choked!" he cried, tearing at his throat.

His voice, his way, made a fearful feeling come over her that perhaps he had been drinking. Yet Dunyan never drank. No, it was no other intoxication than that of intense excitement.

"Robert!" she exclaimed, alarmed, "what can you mean?"

"Come, come, dear! spring to it. There's only an hour," he said.

"But, Robert, your work! And then my embroidery—I was making enough by it to have kept us, nearly."

"You can make by it as well there."

"And all my customers!"

"I'll promise you new ones."

"But—"

"There's no time for words, Isabel."

"Oh, don't look so!" she exclaimed, at his fixed and desperate face. "Surely I'd follow you to the world's end. Don't speak to me so! There, there, never mind it, I'll run up and get your things off first. But what's to do with the furnishing?"

"I've sold the house, Isabel, and all that's in it as it stands."

Often after a blow the first remark is trivial enough to laugh at.

"And the dinner in the pot!" said Isabel.

Dunyan scarcely heard her; he was laying down some bills on the table. "Not quite so much as it cost us, dear," said he. "Only nine hundred; but it will start us fresh. And then we've 'ad two years' wear out of it. Two years' wear! Two years' wear!"

"Oh, when we were so happy!" said Isabel, gathering up her quilling lest any moisture should fall upon it.



All this time the baby, dancing on heel and toe, holding by one hand to the chair, its little curls flashing in the light, had been crying unnoticed, "Papa! papa!" and ringing melodious changes on the sound.

"Ah, my God! look at her!" cried Dunyan; and the child, leaving her support, set one foot before another, at first suspiciously, then firmly, followed it up, and walked waveringly, with extended balancing arms, laughing face, and shining hair, along the sunbeam to her father. He snatched her to his heart. "You are mine! you are mine!" he cried, so fiercely that the frightened child put up a trembling lip. "No one shall tear me away. I will not forsake you! Oh, my darling! my darling! my little child, my only one! life of my life!" and he bowed over her till the tiny hands she pushed against his face were wet with his great passionate scalding tears. In some perplexity Isabel took the child from him and stood her upon the floor. He bent then and kissed her own mouth. "God bless you, my dear wife, my true wife! My true wife before God!" said he; and she laid her head for a moment against his shoulder. As they remained so, Isabel felt the baby pulling stoutly at her skirts; she raised her head and turned. A shadow fell upon the floor. Dunyan had left the door ajar; now it was open; and a woman stood upon the threshold.

A woman, tall, and large, and fair, her cheeks dyed with a deep rose of anger, her luxuriant blonde hair falling in large, short ringlets about her white throat, her blue eyes burning and sparkling over the two—the fury that possessed her consuming the marks of a grosser demon. Once beautiful, now nothing but the incarnation of a vixen and a shrew, the weight of the moment gave, perhaps, to her full-curved and massive figure some of the majesty of a Nemesis.

"Very pretty of you, Mr. Everard, I do declare!" said the Nemesis.

"Who is this?" asked Isabel, indignantly stepping forward.

"I might hask the same," replied the other, holding the door open with the handle of her parasol. "But instead of that I'll tell you. I am that man's wife."

Isabel laughed in the midst of her trouble.

"Just hear her, Robert," said she. "She's crazy, I suppose, poor thing!" she added, in an undertone.

"No more than you be," said the woman, catching the sound. "I've come all the way over seas after my legal 'usband. What if the bans warn't cried for us? The priest bound us; and there's 'is ring hon my 'and."

A flash of terror and anguish smote Isabel. Why didn't Dunyan laugh with her? Could this be what ailed him? Then she hid her fear in an impregnable disbelief.

"There! that's enough," said she, shortly.

"As it ought to be," replied the other. "I've tracked 'im 'ere, hand a hawful time I've 'ad of it! And if there's a Lord in heaven, and if there ain't, I'm that man's wife!"

"Oh, you wicked woman! you false, false woman!" cried Isabel, aflame. "You are telling an untruth. I am his wife!"

"More's the pity, then—for here are two of us. Yes. Don't you put hon your virtuous hairs; there's time enough for that. I was Robert Everard's wife a dozen years ago; hand as for you—but I'll call you no names." And Mrs. Everard magnanimously folded her arms under her shawl and nodded with complacency.

"Everard? Oh, you are mistaken!" said Isabel then, with her crazed brain clinging, like a drowning man's hand, to a straw, "there is no one of the name of Everard here."

"Oh! ain't there? Yes there is; yes there is!" triumphantly cried the other. "Everard's his name at 'ome, whatever Dunyan may be 'ere; and Margaret Heverard's my name. That man," said she, slowly drawing out her arm and pointing the finger at him, "ran away from me five years ago. I've raised 'eaven and hearth to find him. The law's on my side. And now I've got him, and now I mean to keep him!"

"Oh, it's not true, it's not true!" cried Isabel. "Robert, Robert, why don't you speak?"

"And here's my certificate, if that'll do you any good," said the woman.

Isabel seized and tore it into twenty fragments.

"Hoity toity, my mistress! That's your game, is it?" And in reward Mrs. Margaret dealt Isabel's hands a blow with her parasol that scored them. At the sound Mr. Dunyan turned, seized the parasol, and flung it far beyond the gate, took the stout shoulder in his grip, and would have sent its owner after it but for Isabel's voice:

"Wait a moment, Robert. That woman is lying to me, is she not?" And her eyes besought him.

"Why don't you speak, Everard?" said the woman, quietly, feeling the game was safe.

Dunyan's hand fell from her shoulder. He looked from one to the other, from one to the other. Then his eyes seemed to grow to Isabel's, and to her the silence was terrible.

"No, Isabel," he murmured at last, in husky whispers; "she is telling the devil's own truth."

Isabel caught up her child. An instinct taught her to hold it as her shield against the world.

"I am his lawful wedded wife," asserted the conquering intruder.

"And what am I?" cried Isabel.

"What are you?" answered Margaret. "Look in the glass yonder and see. What are you indeed? Look at your stooping, one-sided, lank, lean picture, and think to keep my man away from me!" And she drew herself up like a queen. "A hussy to boot. And that's what you are. For a viper!"

Mr. Dunyan put his hand back on the woman's shoulder, thrust her through the door, and shut and bolted it. And crying out, "I never came all the way from home to give the thing up now. You'll come with me!" she re-



gained possession of her parasol, calmly took her seat on the door-stone, and awaited the results of her conjugal faithfulness.

For a few moments after the door was closed Dunyan stood there, not daring to look up.

"You can not forgive me, Isabel?" said he, finally.

"It was my fault," she answered. "I should never have put myself in your way. I ought to have seen that you were a married man."

How quiet she was! Not a tear, a groan, an exclamation. He half expected her old vehemence and her blind, helpless appeals; that she would be frantic with grief; that he could soothe her, promise her, console her. Then he saw that he should have known Isabel better. How far she had gone from him already! A fresh wave of agony swept over Dunyan, his frame shook with a great tearless sob.

"Oh, Isabel!" he said; "you *will* not forgive me."

"I do, I do—if there is any thing to forgive." She turned away quickly, but soon resuming, said: "We will not speak so of it. We must see what can be done."

"Yes, Isabel, what can be done. I will go away a while—out West, where such things are easy. I will 'ave my divorce. It will be but a month or two. Then I will come back to you, my darling, my own girl!"

Isabel hesitated. Home again, joy again, a happy, honest woman once more of unsullied name, his love, his care, his dear, dear presence! And then certain holy words seemed to illuminate themselves in letters of light before her eyes, and far, far off she heard a voice, like a tolling bell, saying, "Whosoever putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery."

"Has she done you any wrong, Robert?" asked Isabel.

"She! She does me wrong by drawing breath to-day!"

"Oh, Robert, there it is! You must go with her—your wife."

"My wife!" He ground his teeth at the word, and wrung his great, hard hands. "Yes," said he, "my wife. But let me tell you how. A boy of twenty, caught by a woman of thirty—caught as the prey by the fowler. Handsome then, handsome as the devil, she was; and why she fancied me he only knows. But she did—God! she did. Married in a frolic, and trapped and secured—nothing loth then either, not loth till too late. Jealous if I spoke to a jill on the way; after me if I sat an hour at the show; crying out at me with her loud voice the length of the street; taking to the drink; keeping my 'ouse unclean, my food uncooked, my clothes unwashed, unmended, with her pot companions beside her. Ah! ah! she led me seven years of hell, and then I ran away. But every Michaelmas since I've sent her a matter of twenty pound, enough to keep her in any honest way, though it pinched me. And though I sent it to London, it's by that she tracked me. Ah, Heaven! hunted like a hare!"

"Poor boy! poor boy!" sighed Isabel.

"Ah, my girl, I thought you would say so. I thought you would never send me away from you. From you and her, my little pretty one." He picked up his hat as he spoke, and stood fingering the brim like a culprit awaiting sentence. "Isabel," said he then more boldly, looking up and drawing a freer breath, "I'll be rid of this woman, and it shall all go as before between us! you and me? We'll spend the balance of our days together yet."

"Ah, Robert, can you think so poorly of me as that?" she sadly answered. "You and I must part to-day."

"Don't say that," urged he. "Don't say that! You are going to break my heart!"

"No, no, Robert; you have done wrong—"

"I know it. Wrong, most grievous wrong to you, my dear. But I was never meaning you should know—"

"I was not thinking it. No wrong to me. You have blessed me instead. You have given me two happy years I never looked for; all their memories; and—you have given me her to be my delight all the days of my life. You'll not be taking her from me, Robert?" and she looked up at him with wistful eyes.

"How can I lose her? How can I lose her?" he answered, sitting down and burying his face in his hands.

There was a pause—full of noble bitterness. It was broken at last by Isabel.

"You shall have her if you will. Oh, if you will! But 'twill be hard for me to miss you both and to be all forlorn. And yet, poor man—and yet, poor man," she faltered, swallowing great gulps of trouble. "It's worse for you who can't have your sorrow out alone, who won't be by yourself. Oh, good-by, my little lass! There, Robert, take her, take her!"

"To be under that jade's thumb. Oh no. She's safe with you. She's yours." He looked at the child, crowing and capering in Isabel's arms, and in reward she was still a moment and turned—her eyes, large and dark as purplest hearts—ease all gilded in sunlight, shining up at him.

"Oh, I can't go, I can't go!" he cried.

"There's no other way, Robert. You can't stay. It's your duty and your atonement," said the sad-voiced Isabel. "You've done wrong, as I was saying. Oh, I forgive you, but what will God do? Perhaps you'll wipe it out by doing right. 'Twon't be for long—folk are cruel—and in the next world there'll be God to judge betwixt us—she and me!"

She went up to him with the child in her arms; he rose, and would have covered both in one embrace; but Isabel left the baby there and retreated, herself, like a feather blown by a breath.

"Oh already, Isabel?" he said, bitterly, setting down the child. "You're going to forget me? You've begun so soon?"

"It is my duty to."

"Well, then, I'll bid you all good-by together,



you and her and the sun. I'll not see to-morrow's rise I'm thinking."

But as he turned to go, his fingers so tightly locked that they were bloodless, the quick foot-fall reversed him, the hands were on his shoulders, the face raised to his. "Oh, put your dear arms about me!" cried Isabel. "Oh, for the last time, the last, last time! Be strong, be strong, Robert, as I shall. This life's not all. Oh, God help us! bear it bravely for my sake!"

"There, there, I'll try," he murmured. "God bless you, girl, and forgive me!"

And Isabel and happiness were for this world divorced.

When Robert, half a dozen hours later, sat by Margaret's side, jolting southward in the cars, he waked from a sort of stupor of abstraction, and took off his hat to wipe the forehead on which a cruel moisture started with reviving memory. As he did so his eye was caught by something tucked within the lining of the hat. It was the parcel of bills, the nine hundred dollars received for the house, that he had laid upon the table, and that Isabel must have hidden there while he sat with his face in his hands. He returned them to their place, with a look in his eye that told Margaret what would become of them at the next station. But there were many miles before them ere that could be reached; they were rushing through a darkening landscape, the air in the car was hot and oppressive, he had just passed a period of strange excitement, he was weighed down by a heavy consciousness that wherever he fled from this woman she yet would find him out, and that her clemency alone kept him from the bigamist's cell. Jolting monotonously onward, before that station was reached and left behind Robert was asleep, Margaret had obtained possession of the parcel; and applying to it some generosity, though a curious logic, had sent three hundred to Isabel, and had kept the balance herself—reasoning that, as there were three of them, six hundred was not any more than the share of two.

So Isabel began life again. All that night she kept her baby, a little unconscious cuddling dreamer, close to her cold stone of a heart for comfort; but she refused to think—she was only stolidly miserable, far better that than the acute agony of comprehension. The next day she gathered their clothes together, left the little cottage without once looking behind her, persuaded Dame Halsey to take the child to board, and went to secure for herself a situation as seamstress with Mrs. Deshaughne again—a thing which Mrs. Deshaughne all the more willingly accorded to her because she found a grim pleasure in the fulfillment of her prediction.

If Isabel had been a fine lady now, if she had

"Fed upon roses and lain in the lilies of life,"

perhaps she would have died. But no one under Mrs. Deshaughne's roof was an idler; the Complete Housekeeper being off her hands and

the cook's, she had turned her attention toward thrift of apparel and the invention of a Universal Costume. And, lest that were insufficient, if any of her fine friends were at a loss for the marking of their republican crests and plebeian initials, the transfer of their old embroideries, or the decoration of new ones, Mrs. Deshaughne knew of a poor woman who would be glad to do it all for a less sum than that usually given—the work was put into Isabel's hands and the money into Mrs. Deshaughne's; and the conscience of the latter lady was elastic enough to tell her that, as she had a perfect right to employ her seamstress as she pleased, farm her out, or otherwise, she had also a perfect right to employ the aforesaid money in the purchase of sunshades for the little brown girls of the Zahara. Work, therefore, there was, and plenty of it; and in it Isabel buried herself, while her needle flew faster than her pulses. Not to think was all her desire—to become a breathing automaton her aim. She succeeded at the cost of half her nervous strength. When she knelt down in the morning she repeated her false husband's name, to be sure, but only mechanically; at midnight, well worn, unstrung, and tired to the last point of endurance, all that sheathing of fortitude melted; and, though she half believed it wrong even to think of the man, his mention came involuntarily, and her petitions were full of fervor and tears, wrestling for him in prayer to the pitch of madness. But even then she would lie down at last in bed, feeling that she was but turning over from a happy dream; that she had really only retaken her old life; that she had more than cause for gratitude enough on account of that delicious season to remember. It was only when she saw her little girl that the floods fairly came over Isabel; that the passion mounted and surged over hope and faith and memory; that she felt in agony the difference between herself and the Isabel of two years ago; that recollection gave a keener pang to pain; and then, with it all, wild apprehensions for Dunyan, wild sympathy with his sorrow tore her bleeding heart. But after one of these occasions Isabel worked with such a will, stitched and tamboured with such electric speed, that her mistress recalling it, was perfectly ready to spare her another hour with her child on the next time she asked for it.

Mrs. Deshaughne's will was good; but in spite of it, at last, those fingers had to rest, and then the reaction of all this strain followed fast upon poor Isabel in illness; but even in the delirium at dead of night she hid her face in the pillow, half aware that she was weeping and wailing about a forbidden name. When fever, that great remedy of abused Nature, had finally left Isabel, she would have found it easy to sink away into the reposeful hollows of death had not the child which they brought to her bedside goaded her back to labor and patience, and once more she pricked out the pattern of her life with her needle.

That Isabel had not been turned adrift upon



the summons of the physician, when it was part of Mrs. Deshaughne's principles that a servant sick was no longer a servant, and the poor-house and not hers was the place for paupers, was certainly a wonderful thing; but, in the first place, the head of the house, who now and then made people aware of his existence, would not listen to it; and, in the next place, Mrs. Deshaughne was a woman, and sight of Isabel's little girl, whom Miss Agatha brought up to the house and found great pleasure in dressing and undressing like a doll, melted her principles into compassion; and, once allowing her to remain there, of course the rest was done thoroughly, and she was nursed as carefully as if she had been the first lady of the land.

Naturally enough then, when once more reinstated in her little straw chair, with her sewing-bird beside her, Isabel desired to make her mistress some thank-offering. But what had she in the world to give except her labor, and that already belonged to Mrs. Deshaughne. Isabel looked at her tambour-frame, and felt that it was capable of far more than she had ever demanded of it; but where was she to obtain the material for any splendid design? Buy it she could not, nor would it be befitting if she could. Were there only something of Mrs. Deshaughne's very own that she could ornament lavishly as some sacerdotal stole, her needle would be blest. Casting about in her mind, Isabel bethought herself of a great trunk in the attic, containing old East Indian things, and once belonging to the Dowager, that long ago Mrs. Deshaughne had bidden her empty among the servants, but which she had neglected to do, supposing perhaps that it contained merely a raff of soiled and unsuitable finery, and fearing their sneers, till it was forgotten. Now she determined to overhaul it. It required some courage on Isabel's part to brush away the tribes of spiders who had fastened their tent-ropes to its big brass nails; but then, that done, the lid lifted, and article after article displaced, it proved to be quite as she suspected—a medley of jams and jumbles equal to Mrs. Deshaughne's book, as the Dowager herself would have said—old satin gowns worn to the thread, napless velvets and faded muslins; here a parcel of yellow gloves, there odd pairs of the Dowager's countless slippers; for her tiny feet and hands had preserved their shape to the last, and she had been as particular about their covering as Cinderella's godmother herself could have been; then an untouched piece of damask, a web of sheer lawn, a bundle of letters, with the string broken, a conjuror's handkerchief with the ace of hearts in the corner, a child's doll, a receipt-book, maliciously tucked out of her junior's way, and, at the very last, something pinned up with rusty pins in linen. Perhaps this would be what she wanted, said presentiment; she unfastened a corner, then tore the rest back, ran down to her own room, and spread the thing out on her bed.

It was an India silk, one of those coarse-fibred fabrics without lustre which can be wrung out

of a rain-storm uninjured, probably sent to the Dowager by her scape-grace of a son, valued by her too much to be given away, but thrown aside on account of its inappropriate color, which was the last shade and suspicion of sea-green just before melting into perfect white. Isabel smoothed it out over the foot-board, and watched how unbrokenly it took and blended all the various ripples of light; and as she knew it would meet with no manner of approbation from Mrs. Deshaughne as it was, she hurriedly cut off the breadths by a gown she had just finished for that lady, and locked the rest away in a drawer. Then she obtained permission to walk into town, where she selected her device and her flossy silks of most fine and exquisite hues, and, returning, fastened the first length of the material into her tambour-frame. Rising then every day a couple of hours before her usual time, she gave the earliest sunbeams to her task; and whenever she went to see her child the tambour-frame went too, till at last, surprised to see what pleasure she had found in it, breadth after breadth and the long bodice-piece beside, she ripped from the frame, free and finished.

As Isabel entered Mrs. Deshaughne's sitting-room with the work spread upon her arm, that personage forgot her usual caution, all her recent principles of retrenchment and the livery of the race as well, which had been taking shape in her head, and burst into exclamations of rapture and then of questioning surprise over it. Isabel proceeded to explain; and fearing lest his wife should feel her dignity assailed by a servant's expression of gratitude, intending soon, moreover, to tread the Universal Costume under foot, and glad of so dazzling an ally, Mr. Deshaughne, who happened to be present, hastened to acknowledge the gift in the warmest words warrantable.

Isabel held it out to the light with some admiring pleasure herself. Up more than half of every length, and on all the prominent points of the long bodice-piece, wandered a wild convolvulus-vine, the leaves laid in softest shades of thick rich green, dark under the shelter of the open blossom, the delicate pink of whose cup seemed just wrought to hold the rosy light of morning, and brightly caught beyond upon the shining beards of silver spikes of wheat. "I must have been here when Harry sent it," said Mrs. Deshaughne to her husband, "but I remember nothing of it—do you?"

"I'll bring the balance, ma'am," said Isabel, and went lightly up to her drawer.

Taking the yet faded remnant from its place, and shaking it carefully out, several open letters fell from between the long-laid plaits, probably put there once, after the Dowager's odd ways, to hold them stiff. Isabel stooped to pick the letters up, and glancing at them, saw that they were in the script of the wild Harry. As she did so the name of Robert Everard caught her eye. Robert Everard? Robert Dunyan? What could Harry Deshaughne have to say of him so long ago? Or was it another? Were



there possibly two such? Would it be wrong in her to see when his mother had read her so many others? All this must have sped like lightning through Isabel's thoughts, with its *pros* and *cons*, for she had instantaneously perused the page.

At first the letter seemed to be nothing but one of wild Harry's customary recitals to this confidante whom he had chosen in his mother. But after a few lines the interest deepened, and Isabel read breathlessly. Harry was making his correspondent acquainted with his sundry cronies, and having already delineated several, was sharpening his pen upon another—one who, having been disappointed in some love affair at home, had entered the British army, and was just arrived in the southern hemisphere.

"As if all India were powerless to make a man believe in metempsychosis," wrote Harry, "out comes Kingsbury, grave as a Hindoo, steady as a clock. But consider, he's just wound up. I'll answer for him by-and-by, toward the small hours, and on tick too. Meanwhile, patience, and shuffle the cards; and when Kingsbury turns up it will be with the knave and the deuce, and taking all the tricks in his suit. Abandon the case of a scamp whose pranks you can recite by the hour? A specimen? You shall have it. But take the first that comes to hand, my wicked little mother with her ears pricked for worse. I staid at their place, you know, when I was in England, on my way over. Crossing the fields one night, Kingsbury and I, we came on a parcel of work-people from the town, who had been frolicking all their holiday. They had drunk their beer and the foam had not fallen, and they were a jovial company. Wearing his severest airs, if you saw him now you would think it was we who were the peasants. Kingsbury advanced to them, reprimanded them, exhorted them; and so well did he play the priestly part that before he left he had united two of them in marriage, a boy called Everard and a buxom blonde-haired beauty who answered to the name of Margaret something, I furnishing the ring for the occasion and giving the bride away. And to set a seal on the solemnity, after the ceremony he presented them with a certificate that in the morning they might see the evening had been no dream, and I don't doubt that to this day young Robert Everard and his wife Margaret are living together, blaming or blessing their frolic and their holiday, as the case may be. Ah no, dear Dowager, Kingsbury is worth yet a dozen of those *graves qui font trembler l'Olympe au mouvement de leur sourcil*."

Isabel fairly flew down the stairs, and entering the sitting-room, with the silk in one hand, held up the letter in the other, her white face and blazing eyes like the moon breaking through clouds.

"That rag!" cried Mrs. Deshaugne. "Is it possible you have brought to pass this marvel from that dab of a thing?"

"O Sir! O Ma'am!" cried Isabel, "will you just read this?"

And while she clenched both hands on her furious heart, Mr. Deshaugne, a little wondering, calmly read it aloud to his wife.

"I congratulate you, Isabel," said he, then, looking up; "this letter will perhaps be the means of reinstating you in all you have lost."

"Not me, Sir—oh, not me!" said she, with her melancholy voice. "I can never be a whole woman again. But it sets her right—my little lass!"

"Yet for all that," remarked Mrs. Deshaugne, blandly, "I hope you see that it would all have been much better for you if you had followed my advice."

And that night, having assembled the domestics, Mrs. Deshaugne, taking a magisterial pleasure in the act, read to them the unadulterated passage as wild Harry wrote it, and announced that inasmuch as his previous marriage must be invalid Isabel was undoubtedly the true and legal wife of Robert Everard.

It was perhaps as well for Isabel in the estimation of her companions that the announcement was made so early—for it was only the next day that Mr. Deshaugne, in turn, brought to her another letter, the only one she had ever received, although Fate had ordained that a half dozen years ago the reckless Harry should write that page to no one in reality but his sister-in-law's waiting-maid. By the following night Isabel had reached Philadelphia, and was mounting the narrow stair of a lodging in the suburbs, to which she had been directed.

Isabel paused a moment at the landing, her hand upon the lock of the door, and, finding that her heart beat only more turbulently the longer she delayed, opened it and entered. There was the flicker of a street-lamp cast up the ceiling, filling the place with a gusty twilight; there was a bed upon the floor, a woman crouching in the corner, a dead man on the straw.

Too late for her to tell him what she knew, to hear the reassuring word from him, to kiss his lips to peace, to shut his aching eyes with her tender hand. She had not once hoped in her journey to bring him back to health and life again, had scarcely dared desire it; but she had trusted to sit yet beside him for an hour, to tell him all the little things about their child, to feel his warm arms fold round her once again as her forehead lay upon his heart, to hush him perhaps away from pain to death as she sang a verse he had liked to hear when long ago she idly sang it to her baby nor dreamed of its meaning—

Close, close thine eyes, the night is long,  
But day is breaking—  
Fall, fall asleep beneath my song  
To Heaven's awaking.

In the wildest fear of all her hurrying travel she had only fancied that perhaps the lip would shake, the mouth would fall; but first he would have gazed on her and said, "I loved you then, my wife, I love you now." Alas, that when Isabel knelt there and leaned her head upon



his shoulder in the old fond way, it could be he that neither turned nor stirred. For Robert, long-worn and weary, had gone to his rest.

But there was no rest for Isabel; neither was there time for tears. The world crowded on her too fast even to let her suffer her desolation by herself. When she had made the common earth dearer by giving to it what she loved yearningly and tenderly best, there was Margaret yet to win—and how could she win the woman unless she loved her first herself? And so Isabel tore for a little the black veil off her heart that she might take Margaret in. But once lifted that black shadow seldom falls again. Sore task it was and sad, but Isabel mastered it at last, and while she grieved one night over the stubborn spirit all at once the woman fell upon her neck and wept.

So Isabel returned to the place that these few years had bound to her with such strong ties that it seemed the one central spot of the earth; and with her came a strange and decent body, clad in weeds, whom no one knew and no one was to know—a haggard, faded woman, exhausted of life, if one had but discerned it, by intemperance and want, the color on her cheek no longer rose or carnation but the dull smoulder of disease. Once more the little cottage at the head of the lane was rented, the child was taken home, the violet beds made ready for the spring, and Isabel's needle—now far more famous than Mrs. Deshaughne's cookery-book—earned the three a generous livelihood. And many an autumn afternoon, when the pale sunshine fell through the golden canopy of the great elm that crowned the house, one could see the strange woman, sealed as one not long for this life, sitting in the door and playing with the little child that darkly looked at her out of Robert Everard's eyes. And Isabel would come and stand beside her till Margaret, turning, smiled up trustingly in her quiet face; and then, taking the child between them, the three would go in and be housed from the evening shades together.

## OUR LESSONS IN STATESMANSHIP.

**I** CONFESS to having brought home a new sensation, and perhaps a new idea—or one new to me, at least—from the ballot-box at the late Presidential election. There was something in the look and manner of the crowd there gathered that was peculiar and most impressive. Nothing, or next to nothing, was said, but the great thing was taken for granted. I found that just after sunrise, when I expected to find the coast clear, so that I could drop my votes into the boxes without delay, a long line, not likely to pass away under an hour, was in advance. The prospect of waiting so long without breakfast compelled a retreat. Two hours later—when it was said that the crowd would probably be the least—I went again, and joined the end of this *queue* of freemen, and in about an hour and a half I reached the ballot-box, some-

what naughtily taking comfort in seeing the rear-rank as full as when I came, and therefore requiring of new-comers the same delay.

What memorable demeanor in that whole company! Every man seemed at once to affirm his own duty and his neighbor's equal right. There was no crowding, no bad temper, no dispute, no profanity, not even any show of partisanship, except in the mottoes quietly presented upon the placards on the two little stands of the rival vote-distributors. The person directly in front of me was a handsomely-dressed young man, apparently a merchant, who barely indicated his political preferences by modestly saying what candidate, in his opinion, would win the day and the White House—a prediction which, as I supposed, proved to be wrong, yet was not in the least offensive. Behind me stood a man in a plain and well-worn dress, with the look of a working-man, quite intelligent and kindly, but with something in his face and bearing that said that life was not wholly sunshine with him. He said nothing as to the candidates, yet I felt quite at one with him on the subject, and was quite drawn to him, when the rain began to fall and he held over my improvident head the umbrella which he had wisely brought. The only noticeable change in our ranks was made by the approach of an easy, smart-looking gentleman, who stepped up before my front neighbor, and took the place next above, which was vacated for him by the occupant, a plainly-dressed man, who fell back to the extreme rear. Nobody complained of this arrangement, by which a leading German merchant thus secured an early vote by sending his coachman to keep a place for him till he came, for the coachman too was a voter, and could have held the place for himself, and nobody was defrauded. On we passed in tranquil order, and all the proof I had of the presence of the mighty arm of the law was a bland request from one of the policemen near the ballot-box to tell him how long it took for each person to vote on the average. In reply to my remark that the time varied, according to the voter's quickness and the number of questions put to him, from twenty seconds to about a minute, he said that, according to his calculation, ten men voted on an average in seven minutes, which would amount to about eighty-five an hour—an allowance sufficient to accommodate all the voters in the district between sunrise and sunset.

This simple story of facts is given merely to serve as text for the thoughts that are to be presented. The question comes, What does this mean—what idea, what motive, what destiny are before the thousands and tens of thousands of people who meet thus quietly, in this great and sometimes tumultuous city, in unison with the millions of freemen who, at the same time, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore, are casting their suffrages that are to decide who shall rule the nation with a royal authority, though without royal name, for four years during this fearful civil war and all its attendant burdens and anx-



ieties? It may be said that the more than Sunday quiet of the city was owing to the military force at hand to quell riot. But not a soldier was to be seen, and no well-informed man can for a moment suppose that the voters at large needed any such restraint, however much it might be called for to keep down a certain ruffian class of inhabitants, or look after rebel intruders. I called at noon on the commander-in-chief of the National troops, and chatted half an hour with him as pleasantly as on any New England Sunday, and was well assured that he had no fears of what was coming, confident as he was that the people at large meant no ill, and that the malcontents and traitors dared do no ill. I confess to being greatly comforted by the visit, quite confirmed in the faith that the nation is sound and strong, and that the sword is in the hands of men who know and love the law, and will not see it trodden under foot.

The explanation of the marvel of this great election lies in the simple fact that our people, as never before, went to the ballot-box as a nation deeply conscious of the solemnity of the issue before them, and transformed from partisans into patriots, and rising above the shifts of politicians into the calm attitude of statesmen. We are impressed as never before with the truth that our people are learning statesmanship, and giving noble fruits of their training. It may be, and doubtless is, true that their conduct was deeper than their theory, and their act was wiser than they knew. This is the case with all earnest action, and there is much in our great impulses that passes our understanding. Yet our people can not be accused of acting blindly, and never has the discussion of great principles entered more largely into public debate than of late. Nor would we exclude either of the great parties from our commendation, for both professed fidelity to the same essential laws, and both held themselves bound by the issue of the ballot. Nothing better expresses our sense of the spirit of the people than an illustration from the great motive powers of nature. The atoms and globes are held and moved by certain elementary forces, and each particle of the crystal, each pebble of the globe, each globe of the system reveals, if we will rightly interpret it, the dominant powers that keep the universe in due rest and motion. Pick up a pebble from the shore, and we can deduce from its history and phenomena all the great laws of the heavens. So take a voter, and analyze the mind that moves him—and the history, idea, and destiny of the nation speak out from him at once. Consider somewhat carefully the National Idea and its practical development in our Manifest Destiny, in the light of the late movement of the people.

What do those millions of men all over the country—from New York to San Francisco, from Chicago to New Orleans—take for granted but the characteristic idea of the nation, of the *Many in One, and the One in Many*. Every man feels that he is rightly among the many, under a

government that claims the many diversities of places, persons, and parties, under the unity of its jurisdiction? He has been educated to understand very well the organic relation between himself and the nation. In fact, every school-boy knows the simple facts that seem to puzzle most of the political wiseacres of Europe, and can read in every national election the steps of the process by which the individual is related to the town, the town to the county, the county to the State, and the State to the Nation. Our bright boys and girls too are learning that this complex relation has been evolving itself, under God's providence, for more than two centuries, or from the very beginning of the American colonies, instead of being the result of a specific compact. In its present form, indeed, the written Constitution shaped our National Union, but by no means created it. The Constitution expressed and embodied the previous dispositions and life of the people, whom God had been forming into a nation, and its authority rests more upon the habits and institutions which it completes than upon the specific compact which it enacts. We accept the compact, but not as a mere bargain between the States, that may be set aside at the pleasure of the parties. Our people do not believe that any paper of itself creates obligation, but honor the paper because of the inherent worth of the obligation which it recognizes. They believe that national life *grows*; that it had been growing for centuries, under colonial neighborhood, French and Indian wars, Revolutionary struggles, Confederate articles, Constitutional law; nor did the growth then end, for nothing stops growing until it begins to die. The nation has been growing these seventy-five years since the Constitution was formed—growing not only in *extent* but in *intent*, or in spirit and idea, and can not deny this fact without abjuring its own life or laying hands upon its own being. Our people are feeling as well as thinking this great truth, and it is idle to try to make them believe that their life as a nation rests upon an arbitrary compact or optional partnership, not upon a providential evolution and a solemn covenant. They believe that nations, like families, are under Divine rule, and that civil ties have as much sanctity as household ties between those whom God joins and man is not to put asunder. It is evident to us that this faith entered largely into the recent contest, and more and more do our people insist upon the first article of true American statesmanship, that we are a nation, under God—and such, under Him, do we mean to continue.

This conviction expresses itself in the calm assurance with which the millions go to the ballot-box without the least misgiving, as the nation's right and duty to be and to prosper. Distance of place serves but to confirm the conviction; and our hearts beat warmly, but not strangely, as we note how closely the remotest regions answer to our own pulses, and East and West annihilate space and faction at one blow, as loyal word flashes from ocean to ocean that



the nation is up and doing, and liberty and law walk hand in hand together. So far as space is concerned, the national domain is practically less in danger of separation than when the Constitution was adopted; and San Francisco is nearer New York in thought, and will soon be nearer in exchange of goods, than Boston was in 1789. Chicago is nearer New Orleans than the Ohio was to the great Lakes at that date; and the whole country now is one as never before, in the growing sense of the unity of its geographical lines and the true fellowship of its commodities. The people are feeling that in territory we are a nation, and rising above sectional narrowness to statesmanlike enlargement.

The diversity of persons, as decided by locality, education, or race, offers a harder problem to the statesman, and Europe gives us over to destruction as being bound to go to pieces through so many distracting and heterogeneous elements. Our people do not seem to have any such fear, but have solved practically the problem of national oneness with such personal varieties. We have taken in foreigners enough perhaps to make two nations as large as our whole population at the Declaration of Independence; and while we can not say that the foreign element has been all that could be wished, it surely has not been our foremost danger; and the two leading emigrant races, the Irish and the German, have done us much good by their agricultural and mechanical labor, while they have marvelously counterbalanced each other by the reaction of Irish clan-nishness and ecclesiasticism against individualism and free companionship. A portion of the Irish, indeed, have seemed to have a mortal and dangerous antipathy to the negro; but this trouble has come to a head and been settled by the riots of 1863 and their summary end. The negro is not to be hunted down and murdered in our streets. Of this our soldiers are quite sure, and we believe that the class that furnished the rioters are also sure. Our people are firm in the faith that mobs are to be put down, and that bayonets and grape-shot are shorter and more merciful medicine than soft speeches or Quaker guns.

The hostility between North and South is the greatest of our dangers of a personal nature, because so many circumstances of climate, trade, and history combine with personal dispositions to set the two at variance. But our people have never believed in any inevitable, irrepressible antagonism between Northerners and Southerners. In old times the two sections mingled freely together, and the great men of both sections had a peculiar liking for each other, as the nature of things prepares us to believe. Since affinities thrive in the midst of contrasts, the reserved, laborious Northerner took comfort in the genial, indolent Southerner, in the ancient days of national loyalty. The one has always, perhaps, tended more to pride and the love of power, the other more to culture and prosperity; but the two got on very well together so long as their interests led the same way, and the plant-

er's power was helped forward by the manufacturer's enterprise and thrift. The same congeniality will return when the cause of discord is removed. Already one obstacle is out of the way, and that is the mutual contempt that had begun to exist on account of the supposed shiftlessness of the South and the supposed cowardice of the North. The two parties have learned a certain respect for each other in the stern ordeal of war, and both have been too effective and too brave to foster any more contempt upon that score. Our soldiers bring back no fierce hatred for their antagonists, in spite of their too frequent cruelties; and our officers have apparently little fear of the rise of amicable fellowship as soon as the Secession leaders are out of the way, and the people return to their elective affinities.

But the negro—what shall we do with him, and how can the nation be one again, with such a barrier as those millions of blacks between the two sections, with the apparent antagonism of emancipation on one side and perpetual slavery on the other? Precisely what is to be done with the negro we do not profess to say, clear as the principle is that he is a human creature, and ought at once to have the rights of person, property, and family that civilization, even in despotic countries, secures to the humblest peasantry. Emancipation is the inevitable issue of the causes now at work in both sections. Jefferson Davis himself has affirmed the negro's manhood and his love of freedom; and the rebel President, by his assault on Sumter and by his last proclamation, is practically the prince of abolitionists, and has struck a blow at the Southern institution that Abraham Lincoln could never strike. Our people have always believed that emancipation would come at last, but they never looked for it or wished it in this way. The enemy hath done this, and compelled the nation thus to free the negro to save the white man. So let it be, and let slavery fall under the stroke of its own friends. Its fall, whether immediate or gradual, must bring North and South together by mutual need; for the millions of blacks must be the curse of the whole people unless they are made the blessing of the whole.

Our people have already settled the statesmanship of emancipation, and are as free from negromania as from negrophobia. They are understanding the negro's defects and excellences very well, and seeing his fitness for the careful training that he needs and accepts. They are seeing that the way to get rid of him is to accustom him to help himself. Our people have never had that disease of *negro on the brain* that has so afflicted the slavery propaganda and their Northern allies, for they have been disposed to let him alone, and have not been eager either to tread him down or to glorify him. The war has given him new consequence, by showing—what our fathers well knew—that he can be a good patriot and a good soldier. Our people are for giving him a fair chance to find his own level. We are in no danger of having him on the brain so long as we give him fair play; and injustice



is always sure to haunt its authors with the ghost of its victims. Do a man wrong, pick his pocket, fire his house, forge his name, or poison his coffee, or even cherish any grudge against him, and we are quite sure to have him on our brain day and night. The only sure way to lay the ghost is to cease the wrong and set it right.

There are undoubtedly immense difficulties in the way of successful emancipation, but they are greatly lessened by recent experiences. It is clear that the negro is more docile than was anticipated, far less fierce and dangerous; and if less proud and intellectual than the average white man, much more mild, amiable, and reverential. It is clear, too, that the Southern horror of destroying the white man's social position by putting the negro on the same level of civil right is wholly idle. Liberty gives every class its proper level; and whatever the negro is or can be, he will be when emancipated. He will be himself, and not the white man. The war is setting this matter right, and no observing man can suppose for a moment that freedom destroys all elective affinities, and confounds all minds and tastes in one indiscriminate mass. In our army, where all are under the same flag, our men keep their social affinities; and character and culture, whether in officer or private, are sure to tell. Our negro soldiers have a character and worth of their own; but they are themselves, and not white men, and they are content to be themselves, with their own associations and aptitudes. It is so here at home, where labor follows its own law, and party passions are silent. No man thinks his social position injured by the fact that our laws protect our colored people as well as himself. Nor do our colored servants claim undue rank because of their freedom. In the country black and white laborers freely meet together under the proprietor's eye, and no white man thinks himself at all in danger of degradation by the company. A few weeks ago, after finishing a rustic tower upon a high rock, to serve as a kind of Temple of Loyalty, that should lift up the banner and cross aloft in honor, I had need of a team of oxen to drag great stones to complete a rough wall along the base of the structure, and no team could be procured but one belonging to a colored man, a small farmer in the neighborhood. He came with his two oxen, and worked all day with our own excellent man-of-all-work, an excellent specimen of Erin, as trusty as capable. The work was admirably done. The oxen were driven skillfully and gently, the rocks were adroitly handled, the chat between the two men was playful and friendly; and when, at the close of the day, the dark man came cheerfully and resolutely along with a huge block of white quartz upon his dray, and deposited it snugly in its place, near the foot of our Union tower, it seemed to me that there might be an omen in the event, and that, under God's providence, it might be the mission of the dark race to finish the temple of our American Liberty and Union by removing the old stigma on our shield, and bringing North and South

into new and lasting fellowship. Our people are willing to believe in some such issue, and the robust, healthy instinct of the nation has never been afraid that freedom could destroy any inherent faculty or taste, or set any race above or below its natural and proper level.

The gravest danger to our national life threatens us from the quarter of party-spirit. Parties, more than differences of places or persons, have been and are our sorest evil; yet, in some respects, the evil has been less than was feared. Socialism has not troubled us, as was predicted; and it is marvelous that there is so little antagonism between rich and poor in our current politics; and the inanities of Communism have no hold of our people. The chief cause, probably, of the quiet feeling between the rich and poor is the fact that there are no fixed classes of rich and poor, but there is such free passage from one to the other, that he who makes war on either class may be fighting against his own children, and even against his own future condition. It is a striking fact, moreover, of our social condition, that the very order of persons who have been thought, from their lineage and condition, most dangerous to our civil order, are very fast becoming land-owners, and showing something of the conservatism that goes with property. As far as our observation goes, it appears clear that our laboring class in the country are bent on owning land; and within a few years we have seen many an acre of ground, with cottages, barn, pig, and cow, purchased by men who, in the old country, would never have aspired beyond a piece of hired land and a miserable shanty. No socialistic terrorism threatens us yet, nor has religious rancor risen to such proportions as to endanger our liberties. Our people have an instinctive sense that religious as well as civil liberty is safe, and the moment they see any disposition to interfere with it they will let the intruders know that freedom has weapons of its own, and knows how to strike as well as how to let alone.

Political parties have come near destroying us; and the present rebellion is the work of a political faction that has for thirty years been preparing for its accursed work. Yet no fair-minded, philosophical man will accuse either of the great historical parties of the country of originating secession. Andrew Jackson was as good a Union man as Henry Clay, and General M'Clellan affirmed the nation's right to defend its unity as emphatically as Abraham Lincoln. The two great historical parties have started from different poles of the same nationality—the first affirming the *one* organism, and the second affirming the *many* members in our national being, yet neither of them of necessity bound to deny the other's position; for if we believe that there are many in one, we must believe that there is one in many. Secession sprung indeed from one branch of the party of the many; but it is not a legitimate growth of that party, for it repudiates an essential of the Democratic idea, and insults and degrades the



many States and people by assailing the unity that gives to the many liberty, dignity, and peace. Our people have seen from the beginning that secession is national suicide, and must be put down. Hence the persistency of the war spirit for four years, and the marvelous indorsement of that spirit at the late election. Neither party at the polls avowed secession, nor intended to favor it; but the political tricksters who drew up one of the platforms basely shrank from declaring openly the power of the nation to defend its life by arms, and foully insulted our slain and wounded heroes by declaring their sacrifice a failure and a folly. Our people would not stand such disloyalty and nonsense. They smelt the rat with their nostrils before they had time to speculate deeply upon the philosophy of the offense, and they would have nothing to do with any candidates who were mixed up with its abettors. Our people re-elected our President for many reasons indeed, but mainly from the best of all reasons, because they believed that he represented the vital, historical, Providential life of the nation; and that, with all his defects, he is a sound, old-fashioned American, and means to live, and have us all live, under the old flag in spite of all rebeldom, even with England and France as its backers. The people are right, we believe; and it was the best statesmanship to re-elect Abraham Lincoln.

He takes his honors modestly enough, and probably understands his position, and what is expected of him. He intends to prove that his Unionism means not the ruin but the salvation of the States, and will ere long show that in the Union, not out of it, even the now rebel States will find a prosperity, peace, and security that they could never win by being torn away from their historical and normal relation. He has proved that the *many* were meant to be *one*, and will prove that the *one* will protect and encourage the *many*, so as to secure to our great future a variety in unity such as we have never before known in the palmiest days of the republic. Our true policy will bring out all positive elements of local character as well as wealth, and in due time it will appear that the very traits that have done us wrong and moved our indignation can do us good and win our admiration. When Southern valor again becomes loyal we too shall be proud of it, and the Stonewall Jacksons of the future shall rank as do the Andrew Jacksons of the past. Even Southern Rights may cease to be an offensive word, and may enlist our enthusiasm and strength, when sought for and enjoyed in the Union, against all oppression and all misrule.

So we believe that our people hold fast to our great National Idea of the Many in One in face of all the differences of places, persons, and parties that seem to threaten it. Their religious sentiment is evidently accepting and exalting this national principle as never before, and singing and praying and preaching patriotism as of the essence of true faith. Our reading of history, our trust in Providence, our discipline

of labor and sorrow, our sense of our mission in God's kingdom—nay, even our study of the variety and unity of nature around us, the law of differentialism and integration, the plainest teachings of God's bounty to us, and through us to the world, all combine to lift loyal conviction into an inspiration, and to make us hear the eternal Word confirming our great habit and popular instinct of nationality, and assuring us that God hath made us, and not we ourselves, and we have no right to abdicate the dignity to which we are called.

Our *manifest destiny* is substantiating our *national idea* by exhibiting its practical development in the great spheres of *industry, government, morality, and religion*. We are not speaking now of any ambitious theories or adventurer's visions, but of the obvious drift of affairs, and of the dispositions and work of our people.

We are a working people, and never since time was has there been a nation in which so many persons have taken a direct interest in the welfare of the country, and identified its welfare with their own. We all believe in getting a fair living; and our industry and enterprise have told wonderfully not only upon our national prosperity but our national spirit. An idea is nothing or next to nothing without some corresponding spirit; and what Plato calls spirit, or the irascible quality, is a necessary trait of the rational man if he would be practical or do any thing in the world. Now surely our labor has been a great school of public spirit or of national will; and while we have been severally thinking of getting a living, and opening springs of industry to please ourselves, Providence, by its own prevailing laws, has been connecting these together, as it connects the rills of the mountains with the brooks of the meadow and the waters of the sea, until what seemed dribbling weakness and feeble loneliness swells into combined majesty, and the grandeur of the all flows out from the little offerings of each. How magnificent is the wealth of the country, and what patience and strength and persistency have entered into the spirit of the people under this long discipline of toil! Power, like substance, is not lost, but only transformed; and what a startling manifestation of national power has sprung from the rising of industrial energy into public spirit!

The *wealth* of the country feels the pulsation of its great heart, and a unity of life is seeking to assimilate its commodities together in a true economy and fellowship. What wonders from the mine, as iron, copper, lead, coal, silver, and gold, come up from the dark earth; and not demons of darkness, but spirits of light, they join hands in benign activity, and distance the legends of magicians by the miracles of their harmonized utilities. Our fields and orchards join them in their ministry, and enrich and unite the nation with their gifts. Our grain, wheat, corn, rye, are all loyal servitors, and bind us to the sugar and rice and cotton of the South by a thousand affinities. Our products make us one



nation as well as our lakes and mountains and rivers and seas, and our political economy is an important part of our manifest destiny. Our people are seeing this; and not only do industrial statistics now enter into common education, but our mechanics' and farmers' fairs and festivals are teaching the magnificence of our resources and the Providential unity of our domain. Even the burden of taxation has pressed upon us the conviction of our national ability as well as need; and the purse is regarded as the loyal defender of the flag. Our laboring class are feeling a new sense of proprietorship in the soil and its products; and the mines of Pennsylvania and of the Pacific coast not only swell our statistics of revenue but animate the courage and loyalty of the people, as if each man had interest and honor in the affluence of all. So let it be, until we work out our destiny to the full, and He to whom the earth with its fullness belongs enables us to see that His will is done in our fullness, and prosperity is the handmaid of humanity and religion.

We take as cheerful a view of the development of our national idea in the sphere of *government*. We have been learning to govern and to be governed for more than two hundred years, and our native American people especially have the hereditary spirit that reconciles liberty with law, and so unites two master forces, obedience and authority, in our loyal temper. The spirit of good government was nurtured in the old colonial townships, and went up through successive steps to the chair of the state and the nation. Never, probably, in history has there been so much schooling in the function of government as here within a century, and a mighty habit of order has been formed that has taken possession even of the rude border regions, and won the wild passions of the rough populace to the restraints of law and the blessings of civilization. California, when cut off from the direct control of the national arm, became a law to herself; and her own people, not a mob but a Vigilance Committee, like Saul of Tarsus, were won by an inward manifestation of the rightful rule to true loyalty, and they carried to the sister States, as Paul carried to the Apostles' college, the commission of membership, which came not so much of flesh and blood as from above. Our national order has been a constant schooling of public spirit, and our statesmen have been the generals of our peace, as our generals have been the statesmen of our war.

Undoubtedly the chief source of our satisfaction in our strong men is in their power to bring out the purpose that we all cherish or do what we all wish to do. A great thinker or speaker charms us by bringing out our own latent *thought*, and the word *comes home* to us, we say, because it touches a chord all ready to be touched. So a hero, whether in the Senate or the field, *comes home* to us by bringing out our own latent *will*, and doing for us what we can not do of ourselves. Our leaders in peace and war lead our *spirit* as well as our *idea*, and while we are proud

of them, we thank them most for their mastery of heroic force, their power to win us by their very command. So now we delight in our great generals, as they cheer, and strengthen, and integrate our own wavering spirits, and the national pluck is embodied and organized in their will. We are no more afraid of being trodden on by them than we are afraid of being oppressed by a great thinker; for the hero ceases to be himself the moment he ceases to be possessed by the public will, just as the thinker ceases to be himself, and loses his charm the moment he sacrifices truth to passion or policy, and private feeling displaces intellectual loyalty. We rejoice greatly, therefore, in our noble generals and their brave armies. They develop powers that are to live in the life of the nation; and our people feel the truth even better than they know how to express it, and believe that peace, when it comes, will find us braver, as well as more loyal than ever, from the permanence of the spirit of discipline that goes from the camp and field to the household and school and Senate. There are, of course, bad soldiers; and war of itself is a sad evil, yet its temper is not selfish, but social and patriotic; and they who fight bravely under the flag affirm the law of the land in every blow, and declare the first essential of peace by the sword. War is the necessary act of government when assailed, and is as justifiable in certain circumstances as the police of our cities, which defends our persons and property by making constant war upon crime. We accept the military discipline of the last four years as part of the manifest destiny of the Nation, and are convinced by it that we have a heroic will as well as a leading idea. We have been laughed at as a set of braggarts half drunk with reveling in the wealth of a land that came to us by chance. We shall be laughed at no longer after such valor by sea and land. We do not laugh at our antagonists, for they too are brave, and are our own countrymen, and are to be again under our flag. We had rather fight with them than against them, and again, as of old, count their blood as part and parcel of our own.

We have no time to treat of our national destiny in its highest sphere, the region of morals and religion; and we must be content with the merest glance. It is becoming every year more evident, that while with us Church and State have been, are likely to be, distinct in organization and function, they are to have great influence upon each other, and that religion is feeling as well as shaping the character of our people and institutions. Recent struggles have brought out the temper of our great churches, and done much to bring them together in a certain fellowship of thought and feeling, if not of name. Take, for example, the most widely contrasted branches—the branches of extreme centralization and extreme individualism—the Roman Catholic and the Puritan Independent, the former with its historical priesthood and polity, its national council and far-seeing con-



servatism and its fixed authority; the latter with its popular will, congregational freedom, subjective mind, and radical temper. How strongly the Puritan Independent has argued and worked and fought for the national life, and given largeness to his method by loyal fidelity. How much he has done to connect the stubborn individualism of which he has been the sturdy champion, with the national fellowship without which individualism runs mad with self-conceit and self-will. The Roman Catholic, with the other prelatical bodies, has helped us perhaps more than he has known by keeping in view the historic unity and progress of true civilization, and never consenting to surrender the integrity of his church organization to party passions or sectional strifes. The Roman Catholic Church, as is the case with all prelacy, has been too timid in some respects, and not all of her prelates have, like Purcell and Timon, spoken out fully the word of humanity and patriotism that the nation craves, and Christendom should give now as of old. Yet Catholicism has done us good by keeping open great lines of fellowship between the belligerents as well as presenting us with noble specimens of generalship. She will do us more good when we, as a nation, study better the secret of her organic power, and master the arts of administration which her leaders have so well understood not always in the interests of liberty and progress. Between the two, the Independent and the Catholic, dwell a great company of thoughtful and well-balanced Christians, who can help the nation vastly in the present need by uniting depth of personal conviction with breadth of vision and force of will, in such a way as to bring out the resources of American character and fulfill our destiny in the kingdom of God on earth. Not in form, but in fact, the American Church is uniting the radical idea of the many with the conservative idea of the one.

We are near some crisis that is to call out the higher principles and powers of our people as never before. We are at war with States who speak our language, profess our religion, and share our history and laws with us. We must subdue their rebellion and reclaim them to loyalty. It is vain to hope to do this, either part of it, by arms alone, essential as it is to wield arms, and not for a moment yield to the sentimentalism that prolongs war by imbecile peace. The religion of the country must affirm the sanctity of the national idea, and exalt the public will by homage to the Supreme will, so as to make even the enemy respect the motive, and discriminate between brute force or sectional pride, and civic virtue or moral heroism. The religion of the country must help on the coming reconciliation by a spirit as gentle as it is brave, as merciful as it is just and true. A great work is to be done in this way, and it is too much to expect of our rulers to do the whole of it, or look even to Presidential Messages, or Cabinet Reports, to say all that the best heart and culture of the people craves. Precisely what is to be said or done by Christian influence we will not

undertake to say; but sure we are that the time is near for a Christian mediation that must leave its mark upon the national life, and show that not only in the age of miracles did living waters flow from the flinty rock.

The American's character itself is to be invigorated, softened, and enlarged, and lifted up, by the discipline of war and pacification. He is to have a certain individualism, but not like the German, who hates organization; he is to hold fast to institutions, but not like the Englishman, who dreads progress; he is to love universal ideas, but not like the Frenchman, who makes ambitious abstractions bow the knee to imperial pride. Independent, steadfast, cosmopolitan, the American will keep the post to which Providence has called him, and his manifest destiny shall bring ruin upon no other race or nation, but serve the welfare of mankind and the glory of God.

Thus, near the 4th of March, 1865, we interpret the cheerful lessons in Statesmanship that are taught us by the 8th of November, 1864.

## MAUD MOLYNEUX'S MUSIC-BOX.

### I.

SAY what you will, there is something bewitching in the graceful runes of a music-box! One feels as though it were not a senseless machine, but an imprisoned spirit sighing forth its tender heart; piping dim remembrances of falling water, singing winds, green fields, soft skies, and smiling stars, forbidden by the limits of this Bastile it inhabits; one feels impelled to make a desperate assault thereupon, shiver it in atoms, and restore the lonesome little sprite to the delights of the sun and wandering airs. At least it seems strange enough that music—this remnant of Eden, higher than aspiration, deeper than thought, broad as love, the speech of the gods, and silence of stars—should make this bit of rose-wood a temple wherein to perform its mysteries and choral rites. Behold I take the key and let it loose, and straightway, like some pet bird, it returns to its prison, ready to sing yet again at my bidding!

Maud Molyneux's world was shut up in her music-box; on rising in the morning she wound it up and let it tinkle a cheerful accompaniment to her pretty toilet—pity we couldn't all wind the world up to please our whims!—if she "sewed or sang," its melody kept step with glistening needle or gliding verse; and at night the moon and stars looked into her little chamber, and seemed to listen, well pleased, to the sweet measures that lulled her into perfect dreams.

Maud was scarcely of the kind who go music-mad. I fancy music hardly vouchsafed her a sentiment before this box came to hand, though the new organ at church had discoursed psalm and fugue in her unawakened ear. Don Giovanni and all the operatic corps thundered their open-sesame at the gate of this sleeping palace.



What was it, then? What elfin gift, what wand of illusion ruled in this box, that it first should make to her the grand revelation of all grand possibilities in harmony? Let us conjecture! First, then, it was a present. And the donor? Young Eagleston—I have forgotten his Christian name. Ah! now we have the clew, perhaps! Suppose we follow it, and surprise mignonnette in "the round tower of her heart!"

Just before Eagleston went to India, and after having bidden Maud Molyneux a tender goodbye—which, after all, was a grain or two unsatisfactory, maybe—the express-man one twilight left at the door an unusual package, whose wrappings, various as a mummy's, disclosed a music-box, the polished surface reflecting like a mirror, while inlaid ebony and pearl arabesqued fantastically along its border. With this came a note beseeching her acceptance in pretty phrase, adding: "Do not forget me until this little instrument forgets its tunes; and when it makes life sweet with its blithe endeavor, believe I am with you in spirit, and that life to me is nowhere else so pleasant!"

During the three years that followed no other message passed between them; perhaps he thought "the least said the soonest mended." I am afraid the prescription didn't answer."

And so it happened that the music-box became the interpreter of her nature, the consoler of emotions, the enlivener of despondency, the Pegasus of imagination, the arrow of remembrance, the axis whereon her sphere of thought revolved, to which all other was but sun and moon lighting it on its infinite way.

Three years are a long time, if you only think of it. One grows gray in less, and weary of conjecture. This may stand as an apology for Maud Molyneux, if she needed one, while sitting in a tasteful sewing-room, opening through the windows upon blooming parterres, the music-box close at her elbow, but silent, a mass of muslin, like fleecy summer clouds, every where about, which the glad wind toys with. You think she is too busy over a new furbelow to care for the box to-day, do you? Last night it was wound as usual, got through one or two melodies with a something wavering measure, swung half-way into—

"The days when I went gipsying,  
A long time ago!"—

and stopped. Three years, then, had done something for this music-box. Had they worn it out, or merely snapped some portion easily repaired? Perhaps it had simply lost equilibrium; for when the neighboring belfry tolling midnight awoke her the magical instrument, as if waiting for this *dénouement*, took up the tune where it had been left and deftly finished, then it went to sleep, and no winding or coaxing whatever could break the charm.

While she sat with the afternoon sun at her feet, thinking of—who shall say what?—some firm step crossed the open sill behind, and a young man, maybe a thought bronzed, stood before her.

"Oh, Eagleston!" she cried, springing up, all the work flying to the four winds.

He took her hand and carried it to his lips.

"And you knew me?" curling his mustache.

"Oh, I should know you if you wore the guise of an angel, or came with the stealth of a burglar!"

"A doubtful compliment. Some have entertained angels unawares."

"Are angels abundant in India?" brushing something aside that he might find a seat, which, however, he did not take.

"Not at all; they are an imported luxury."

"Doesn't it seem very queer to be here? Aren't you homesick after living there so long?" in an odd kind of embarrassment.

"No, indeed; it would seem queer to be any where else at this moment. It is as if I had never left this."

"Is it?"

"Yes; when I last saw you you sat just there, your work strewn about as now—I have shrined you so in my thought. When tired and homesick I always found you here, in the cool of the falling day, busy with your shining fabrics. Have you never finished that piece of nonsense?"

Speaking, he stooped to gather up the scattered muslin, brought it to her, laid it in her arms, and looked in her eyes.

"This?—oh, this—is quite another affair"—shrinking—"no nonsense! Do you know I am making my wedding-dress!"

"That is just what I came to ask you to do."

She dropped her face in her hands, and for a breathing space was speechless, then:

"Next week I shall marry Mr. Ollendorff. The marriage contract is signed, the guests invited; see! this is his ring. You have come—"

"Too late! And yet you love me?"

There was no reply.

"Do you ever expect to care—for him?"

"I must try. He is kind, he loves me, and my mother adores him."

"And you?"

"And I?—I must not answer."

"And you?" with stern imperiousness.

"Half an hour since I should have thought it made no odds to me."

"You had then grown indifferent?"

"Or at least proud. Oh, why did you not speak before! how should I know? Surely it was right to smother the blaze when the guest delayed!"

He ground his teeth, taking a turn across the room. How young they were, reader!

"Yes, if you have absolutely resolved to make this sacrifice, for Heaven's sake perfect it! Oh, my love, you were sold under the hammer, and I was not here!"

A door swung open and Mrs. Molyneux appeared, a shimmer of lace across her arms.

"Maud, how deep— Oh! Eagleston; what a stranger! When did you arrive? I want to know, Maud, how deep you will have the hem of your veil? Perhaps you're not aware, Eagleston, that we are going to marry our little girl?"



"I have been informed."

Mrs. Molyneux, cold and sharp as a Damascus blade, and as penetrative, saw at a glance that a squall had but half blown over, and believed it the better part of valor to withdraw, lest it should expend its energy upon her devoted head.

This marriage madame had planned, manoeuvred for, raised heaven and earth to compass; its object was intelligent, handsome, and wealthy. Judge then if, at the very point of victory, she was not discomfited to find Blucher in the field? She had of old regarded Eagleston as a dangerous foe, and was heartily glad when he turned his face toward the rising sun. Years before, as they strolled through the garden arcades, or when young Eagleston brought his ponies for a canter, Mr. Molyneux would remark:

"A fine couple—nothing better!" To which his wife would answer:

"Don't be a fool, Molyneux! Maud is a beauty, and must make a match!"

"Matches are made in heaven." Than which Mr. Molyneux should have known better, since he was junior in a match-manufactory—where, perhaps, madame acted the senior, judging from her capacities in that branch. One thing is certain, Mr. Molyneux had found his match here below, and it had proved a Lucifer.

The anxious mother disappeared, and Eagleston returned to the charge.

"There is one chance left us—we can fly," he said; "two hours and twilight will abet us. You can walk to the garden-gate opening from the honey-suckle alley; and contracts, and auction-sales, and the whole diabolical crew, will count as nothing in our programme!"

"Eagleston! Eagleston!" she sobbed, "do not tempt me! I have pledged my word, my sacred honor;—and think of my poor disappointed mother! Do not conjure such bewildering visions, or I may forget what is right, I am so weak!"

"Then there is no reprieve. You are simply too weak to make a just decision. Oh love, forgive me! I do not mean to reproach you—that belongs to me! I am not master of my words. I will go!"

She stood up waveringly to bid adieu, both hands resting on the mute music-box, the wedding muslin across one arm.

"And will you not come to my wedding—and—eat my cake?"

"Certainly not; it would choke me!"

Her scalding tears fell upon the pretty polish of the music-box.

"Oh my darling box! tears will stain you!" she sighed, with a funny practicality in the midst of all. "I shall have nothing else to comfort me by-and-by!" And brushing them away with the bridal attire she drew Eagleston's attention.

"Ah! your music-box. Where are its songs?"

"It has been very sweet and patient. I have tried it long; but yesterday it broke, and will sing no more."

"A tell-tale box. You forget your lover, your own divine accord; and this little machine advertises the fact by forgetting too."

"Eagleston, you are cruel! Though I am almost the same as another's wife, I will confess that not for one moment have I forgotten you, and Heaven knows if I ever shall! Go. It is you must help me to what I most deplore!"

She gave him a hand to kiss, watched him pass through the garden, lost him behind the shrubbery and into the wide world.

## II.

And so there was a wedding at Mr. Molyneux's. One wonders what sort of a knot is tied on these occasions. Certainly not the far-famed, indissoluble fantasy of song and story—the true-lover's knot? Then not the wonderful Gordian?—Stay! this must be the very thing, since our magistrates sunder it so easily with the Sword of Justice! Fie, Justice! do you lend your doughty weapon to such one-sided conflict?

I beg Mr. Ollendorff's pardon—peace to his ashes!—for these strictures upon what Mrs. Molyneux considered one of the sublimest matches of the century. You know there are some men who seem to squint at every subject, themselves included; and not being near-sighted, it distorts instead of clearing their vision. How should he know he was not the suitable *parti* for blooming youth, when hundreds of managing parents dinned into his unsuspecting ears his unsuspected excellences—his preserved youth, his resistless fascinations, his fabulous learning; so sugar-coated him with subtle flatteries and gilded with courteous blandishments, that he came to fancy himself fit to be prescribed as cure for the heart-disease of the prettiest girl in Christendom? 'Twasn't his fault, and I don't blame him for it. What *I* contend for is this—Where were the rosy dimples, the glinting eyes, the soft white hands of twenty-five years back? Where the pretty girls he danced and sang and coquetted with so long ago as that? For shame, at fifty to be celebrating your wedding-day, and not a silver one at that, Mrs. Molyneux to the contrary notwithstanding! I simply call you, Mr. Ollendorff, to account for the true and warm hearts slighted in auld lang syne; I don't mean to charge you with any *particular* breach of promise, but there have been twenty odd years in which you might have wooed, won, and worn, and have left Maud and Eagleston to follow your illustrious example, instead of coming in as marplot of their felicity! And therefore, with regret, I say, I believe to my heart that the eyes you should have brightened, the cheeks that should have blossomed at your coming, have faded and grown dim awaiting.

Very probably Mr. Ollendorff at twenty-five was quite a different specimen of man from that which his friends found him to be at fifty; *gauche* in manners, cadaverous in countenance, monosyllabic in conversation, distressingly industrious, continually out of pocket, and occasionally



out at elbow; but the last twenty-five years had proved the wand of enchantment, divested him of rags and ravelings, and tricked him up in all the elegant elaborations of a wise and wealthy gentleman. Maybe he had been too deeply engrossed in dollars and cents to remember the possibility or feel the need of what most men seek first; now at fifty, with a fortune ready at hand, he suddenly found necessary some one to spend it; so he withdrew from business and set himself soberly to cultivating that rare exotic which the puzzle-book declares is to be found only in the dictionary. Happiness is a stubborn recluse; try to draw her out, and she is worse than a molar tooth. She will not be looked out of countenance, nor coaxed into quarters, nor surprised at her post, nor outflanked, nor taken by siege; but lay down your arms, make as though you can do without her favor, and in a trice she has enlisted under your banner and become your bosom friend! Never expect her or she will keep you waiting, and proffer the cold shoulder where you anticipate the festive feast.

Thus Mr. Ollendorff came to look upon the daughters of men and found that they were fair; and as the courtship was so ably conducted by Mrs. Molyneux, with slight skirmishes from his part on the outskirts of the subject, he slid comfortably and unsuspectingly from the gloomy solitude of a bachelor into the stately groove of marriage.

Maud Molyneux found in the morning paper a paragraph which matches that of her marriage directly above; it was a list of passengers in the steamer for India, and the first name was Eagleston!

"He will die in India," she thought, "and I shall die here presently; we shall never see each other again!"

Horridly improper! and I will agree with you. But one can't always command one's thoughts and make them skip along in pleasant places, with never a stupid stile or noisy beck to turn them aside!

The twisted cordon of "What will folks say?" fetters woman hand and foot; and though she be born tongue-tied too, all the lords of creation, with all their statutes and powers, can no more control her thoughts or bind them to one circumscribed sphere than a cobweb can hold together a crumbling building. However new and startling this tongue-tied theory may appear, you know all reform is subversive of worn-out creeds.

I do believe it was a sorry honey-moon, that of Mr. Ollendorff. What did it matter that he wore a brilliant on his sleeve, if it were only borrowed for the occasion? What that he carried Mrs. Ollendorff from mountain to beach, if no latitude could thaw her? What that he burdened her with jewels and arrayed her as a princess, so long as his name hung upon her like the chain of a captive, and his love harassed her like an evil conscience?

She was colder than an iceberg, more pitiless than the inaccessible stars, and lived as though

all delight in art or nature, all hope or fear or passion whatsoever, touched her no more than it touched a statue.

Only one day she aroused herself, dispatched the music-box to be repaired, and would have let it hum itself to death but for an after-thought.

"A pretty enough idol," said Mr. Ollendorff one day, after having listened to it. "Where did you get it, my dear?"

"From a friend," was the distant reply. Nevertheless, the question startled her. What was a friend? One who wished *you* to be the crowning flower of humanity, the acme of all virtues, doing your highest duty, standing morally on the mountain-peaks of life, even though the eternal snows encompassed and the icy solitudes perplexed you? Was she doing, after all, what would please Eagleston? or worse yet, was she doing rightly? She glanced stealthily at Mr. Ollendorff, absorbed in a newspaper with wrinkled brow. His eyes nailed upon the last debate in Congress, he was thinking of quite other things: wondering if all men's wives were as high and mighty; supposed they must be; he couldn't tell, he wasn't used to these things; and some dim foreboding crossed his mind that it would have been well if he had never dreamed of getting used to them.

Mrs. Ollendorff bethought herself if she could not love where it would have been peace to love, if she could not call back the affection that had flowed out like the tide of a great river and threatened to leave her soul barren and exposed to the accidents of time, she could yet gratefully receive the shower from heaven, the early and latter rains, and rejoice in their joy.

And so many saints and simpletons will cry out against Mrs. Ollendorff because she played a part. Let them remember that it was a good part, a moral part, a highly respectable part, nothing romantic and ridiculous, and that she did not overdo it; that her poverty and not her will consented, because she could hardly expect to recall her own, in order to present it intact to its legal heir.

Saul's daughter played a *rôle* to save her lord from ruin, why not Mrs. Ollendorff?

So it chanced that the climate of Ollendorff Place became temperate. There were no more solos on the music-box—it was locked up in a dusky closet; no more solitary evenings for the master; for its mistress had put on the purple, and reigned with splendid urbanity. She sang her old ballads in his drowsy ear, read to him the dry columns of the day, joined in his walks, entertained him with funny and fantastic humors; and where some women sparkle their *morceaux* of wit and wisdom on the *beau monde*, she kept hers for the fireside, made heaven of a stormy day, and strung each on such a firm leash of sweetness and felicity that he doubted if, at last, Paradise would seem strange.

Sometimes, to be sure, when the evening shadows fell, and there was a pause, during which Mr. Ollendorff lost himself in a doze, she would remember, with something like self-reproach,



that this was the hour Eagleston and she used to spend in the garden, wandering through its dim aisles, where the night-dew drenched the roses and flung their fragrance abroad; where now and then a bird, over-anxious, stirred and crooned in its sheltered nest, and the fire-flies flickered like distant beacon-lights; and with such remembrance came a bitter flood of regret lest she were untrue to him, and the consciousness that to be untrue were less sinful. Then she pictured him in her mind alone and uncared for in a foreign land; perhaps sick and suffering for her love; perhaps weary, and no home-sunshine to refresh him. Then sometimes, self-tortured to the depths of despair, she would suddenly find herself transported hence to the pinnacle of pride, spurred by another image that presented itself uninvited, an image wherein Eagleston performed the part to some haughty beauty which he had rehearsed to her one summer afternoon! But always she returned with a sad remorse to Eagleston's forlornness and her own inconstancy, perhaps forgetting that the overflow of affection, like that of the Nile, enriches waste places without exhausting the source.

And when, finally, death touched Mr. Ollendorff gently, lowered him tenderly into the grave, fond hands they were that administered to him; and sinking into eternity, the vista of the forsaken world vaguely shadowed forth to him a fair and tearful face, and he went his way believing Maud the most devoted of wives. And the world adopted his creed.

### III.

It needed six years to bring this to pass. Two years later, and Eagleston stepped upon the quay and into a coffee-house to refresh himself before looking about him. Eight years beneath a tropic sun had not altered him so very much. To be sure, he had grown to resemble the natives somewhat, as all residents do, and bore a something grave aspect not familiar when last we saw him; but his eyes had the same old mischievous glitter beneath lashes black as night, and the white magic of his teeth flashed more brilliantly when they broke the dusky spell that climate had imposed.

It was the identical coffee-house at which he had taken his last gloomy meal before leaving home and hope and happiness behind; even some of the servants were the same, but they had forgotten him, and among the guests not one friendly face! He brooded over it with melancholy reflections upon the whirligig of time, sipping his claret indifferently, as if the claret, like the life of to-day, had lost flavor and fragrance in comparison with that of eight years gone.

He wondered, sitting there, if Maud were alive, and passing time gayly with her family about her, forgetful of youth and its passages, bound up in fashion and folly, a matronly woman of the world!

Then he fancied she must be dead, or some one would have told him about her before now—not remembering he had forbidden all mention

of her name—and with a strange unfeelingness speculated upon the sensations such a fact would create within him if he should much care, or be less desolately unhappy!

Within speaking distance from him sat two gentlemen swallowing physical and mental viands at the same time, both bidding fair to be of an indigestible nature. They had pished and poohed over their newspapers, and execrated the wines for some time before Eagleston was brought out of himself to observe them by one rather loudly asking the other—

"Paul, did you see this ridiculous advertisement? Who was such a guy, pray?"

"What's it about? Making your fortune with a postage-stamp?"

"Nothing of the sort. Listen. 'Taken'—how delicately put!—'from Ollendorff Place within the last week a *Music-box*, of no great market value, but inestimable to the owner as a gift. Any person restoring it to said Place, or designating any other where it may be found, shall receive two hundred dollars upon the spot, and no questions asked. Otherwise means will be taken for the detection of the individual concerned therein.' There! isn't that sublimely simple and generous?"

"Not in the least. That's Mrs. Ollendorff's. She told me last night she had advertised. Ten to one but she'll recover it. The reward is a big bait; and then the thief is probably some one who knows the sort of woman he has to deal with—one who keeps her word, and has no cracks in it for the passage of deceit."

"Don't go to rhapsodizing, Paul. Of course, it's not ridiculous if it's Mrs. Ollendorff, the little widow. But what's the great row about its value? Did you present it?"

"Pshaw! Thereby hangs a tale: some lost sweet-heart or other trumpery."

"Poor lad! You never had a piece of bread particularly nice and wide, but that 'twas always sure to fall, and always on the buttered side, did you? Any clew to the thief?"

"The servants suspect an old umbrella-man, whom she took in one stormy day, raked the house for desirable umbrellas for him to mend, and dined him on the fat of the land, but when my gentleman had departed, there was no music-box to be found! After all, it was a rattle-brained affair; it had stopped the day before while I was there; just caroled 'The days when I went gipsying,' and there it shut up like a knife, as Reade would say. Tantalizing that it should stop short of the pretty refrain."

"Perhaps it was out of regard to your feelings, being aware that your acquaintance was a thing of yesterday and not of a 'long time ago!' And whom does Madame suspect?"

"Madame suspect! she is too much of a lady for that sort of thing. She declares it was simply some wandering minstrel, some troubador who had lost his instrument; but still she doesn't want to lose hers, you see, ah!"

"Then it wasn't a love-match with Mr. Ollendorff?"



"Folks say it was so like the very thing there was no detecting the difference; a capital counterfeit, I take it!"

"What, the woman with no cracks in her word? I always thought she had a wonderfully *distracte* air, as of something on her mind!"

"Excuse me, I can't allow you to air your wit at the expense of my friends," concluded the other in an undertone, as they left the place.

Here were volumes for Eagleston more thrilling than Sand's or Sue's, with the pathos of Dickens to him, the satire of Thackeray, the suggestiveness of Karr, and the facts of Boswell.

Maud was a widow, she still valued his gift, perhaps she had not forgotten *him*. She had lost the music-box; he must bring it back to her, and defeat if possible the manœuvres of this admirer, his foe and rival! That was the plot he made of it.

Thoreau inquires, "Could a grèater miracle take place than for us to look through each other's eyes for an instant?" Adding, "I know of no reading another's experience so startling and informing as this would be!" So if Monsieur Paul and his friend could have looked through the eyes of their sedate neighbor, have read his experience, I wot they would have known more and spoken less; but they went their ways, little dreaming of having brushed against the only person perhaps in all the world who could have read them Mrs. Ollendorff's riddle!

How many of us, without doubt, meet daily in our walks and amusements those who could tell us what we most desire to know, who sit at the same board with one we seek, whose commonplaces open the sequel to our romances, whose household words would solve our problems, and behold we pass them as heedlessly as the very mile-stones.

Eagleston engaged in his search much as the emissaries of the queen in the fairy-book did in order to discover the secret name of that rare scoundrel Rumpelstiltskin, who, otherwise, threatened to confiscate her young son in payment for the straw-spun gold with which she had deceived her royal spouse. He scoured the city and suburbs, dragged into light out of inconceivable cellars, improbable garrets, and unsuspected closets, that grotesque tribe, calling itself old umbrella-men, but most of whom appeared like gnomes dingy with the atmosphere of subterranean furnaces, with aspects as mysterious as though they were acquainted with all the processes of the alchemy of the earth by which it converts charcoal into diamond and solidifies sunshine in its veins; creatures speaking a gibberish unintelligible as themselves.

One thing was gained, he found golden opportunities for practical charity; it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and perhaps, upon this principle, there is nobody who leaves this world but that some other body is glad to step into his shoes be they ever so slipshod.

Eagleston bought old umbrellas *here* in order to be armed with patronage *there*; but it all eluci-

dated nothing. Though one had an old fiddle upon which he tortured "Hull's Victory" into a complete Defeat, and another a flageolet which had lost its breath, no whisper could he hear of a music-box; and, horrible to relate, when he made cautious inquiries about such an instrument, a hand-organ warranted to play "Shubert's Serenade" in forty seconds was offered for inspection!

Eagleston was waxing impatient, he was losing time, living without a glimpse of Maud, and what might not his rival compass in the mean while? And all for a music-box, which, should he find, what would it signify? A truce to such nonsense!

Walking gloomily to his *café*—for he lived a kind of gipsy life, taking his daily bread to-day in Dan, to-morrow in Beersheba; dining now in brilliant company and again in the crowded solitude of a restaurant—as he sauntered toward this last, he felt some one grasp his arm, and found himself locked in that of one of his Indian friends, who had returned at the same time with himself.

"Come, you dismal mope, you look as you were prowling round seeking whom you may devour!" said this parasite.

"Not quite exact, Bayard; *what* I may devour would be more to the purpose."

"Then go to the masquerade to-night with me, and devour beauty, and fashion, and eccentricity, and taste, with your *hermosos ojos*!"

"I don't feel like it; I'm not invited."

"Yes you are; I'm entreated to bring all the single gentlemen of my acquaintance, and you're expected to personate a rajah!"

"I hope you intend to provide the costume then; come and dine with me, and we'll see about it."

"With all my heart. I mean, with all my art of keeping bread from moulding; but I sup nectar and ambrosia at Ollendorff Place. Ah, you should know Mrs. Ollendorff, and you would never want to dine at a restaurant again, unless her mamma seasoned the soup!"

"Then there's a dragon guards the Hesperides? Will she favor the mask to-night?"

"The dragon? Heaven forbid! Not unless she plays duenna, foster-sister to dragon."

"I mean Mrs. Ollendorff."

"Oh, without doubt, she has just begun to frequent company; and this is at the house of an intimate—confoundedly too intimate to please the rest of us, if I must say it!"

"And where is that, pray? Is the rajah to go wandering about town in search of the maskers, and perhaps stumble upon the scene of revel at daybreak, when he should be disappearing with the ghosts and shadows and other hobgoblins?"

"Pshaw! didn't I tell you? At Paul Frederic's—'one of us'—*nous autres*—single wretches. Temple Avenue. I'll call for you."

"No, thank you; I'll go incog. See if you can penetrate me, and I'll do you as good a turn. Good-by, and seasoned soup if you will!"



## IV.

The dancing-hall at Temple Avenue presented a gorgeous phantasmagoria to Eagleston, leaning in at the window in his black domino. It seemed like some wondrous exhalation evoked from chaos by the wand of a fanciful magician. For the first moment it was as if the flowers nodding in the conservatory, the strange birds asleep in the aviary, with all the imperial moths and gold-brown bees that haunt the one and the song that overflows from the other, had lent their grace, their fantasy, their color and dazzlement, their fragrance and spirit, their aerial lightsomeness, their very incarnate selves to the effect.

"Behold!" cried a sylph, in an over-robe of cobweb spangled with dew-drops, "there is a shadow black as Egypt looming in at the window!"

"Who fears shadows, Arachne?" returned her gallant; "I should be less pleased with Aurora just now; and true to the old adage, here she comes, swimming up the waltz in the embrace of Phœbus—I hope they're not published yet!"

"Ho! the shadows are lowering," quoth Wehrwolf to little Red Ridinghood. "Never fear, I'll come for you anon."

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will fly up," she replied.

"The shadows are beginning to look into the window!" sang a street-girl, laden with dainty wares. "The twilight's abroad and I may not stay. Sweetmeats! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

"We have our sweet-hearts, thank you!"

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,  
All on a summer's day,"

quoted Harlequin, helping himself from the wares. "Substance before shadow for me!"

"The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,  
And hid them all away,"

concluded the likeness of a raven, snapping up the dainty.

"The gods sent me to you with a charm against yonder shadow," whispered Mercury, dropping down beside the Goddess of Liberty, the wings on his sandals glistening like jewels.

"And how goes the day on Olympus?"

"Every thing at sixes and sevens. Your furlough has expired down here."

"Shall I tell your fortune? Your shadow would devour millions such as this dour statue," said a querulous witch, pointing at Eagleston and shuffling the cards before Napoleon as he came by, cocked hat in hand.

"Thy wheel and thee are shadows,' and fortune favors the brave and the beautiful," he replied, bowing profoundly.

"Well said, after Waterloo and Elba and Josephine! But here comes good Queen Bess. She would like to hear a *not* about her pretty Essex?"

"Where, then, is my ring? Why does he not send it?"

"Some woman has it—not he."

"Begone, slanderer!" And turning to the black domino, "Shall I contend for a shadow?"

A gray-bearded priest, lost in his gilded breviary, stumbled on a Turk coiled upon his carpet and smoking a chibouque.

"Do you know whom you trample upon?"

"A brand from Bedlam without doubt," and jostling Eagleston with the return impetus, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" he cried.

Undine, in a shimmer of Brussels lace, like a white spray of waterfall, kissed her necklace as though it were a rosary, and inquired every where for Bertha.

Eagleston lost not a moment, but glided in among the quaint gamblers. The necklace was a trinket as familiar as his own face. Undine had sunk upon an ottoman—not after the manner of the priest—and slid the necklace through her fingers.

"A pretty bauble," he said, crouching like her shadow at her feet. "Did the mermaids twine it, of 'turkis and agate and almondine?' And where is Hildebrand?"

"You ask too many questions at once," a trifle nervously, and staring at her interlocutor. "And what do you want with Hildebrand?"

"Only my own; besides, time is precious. How do I know but any moment you will vanish in a foam-wreath?"

"And then?"

"Then I shall lose you again."

"Have you been seeking me?"

"For æons; you, among other things."

"Complimentary. And what are they?"

"Things you seem to have lost: your heart, your memory, and your music-box. It seems that you are catechist in your turn."

"Enough, Paul," she muttered, half hesitatingly, half interrogatively, and rising to her feet, "Did you select your voice at the costumers? I understood you were to play the medieval knight."

Just then a dancer in that trim kissed his hand to her in passing.

"Ah!" glancing back at Eagleston scrutinizingly, "I must get to the air; I shall suffocate here!"

"I will conduct you with pleasure," he returned, offering his arm, while Arachne, spinning by as though for dear life, exclaimed,

"So that is Undine's shadow! But I fancied she had none."

Undine looked distrustfully at her companion.

"You're unfathomable, I believe," she said.

"I thought you were Mr. Frederic at first; but I must have been mistaken."

"Then why don't you beg my pardon?"

"I may be doing him an injustice."

"May I be so imprudent as to inquire what particular trait in my personality or behavior has the honor to resemble our host?"

"Certainly you may; but it doesn't follow that you shall be rewarded for your inquisitiveness. But pray, do you bring me word of my music-box?"



"And you do not inquire for the other missing articles—your memory and heart?"

"Because I know just where to lay my hand upon them."

"Lucky Undine!" stooping to pick up her necklace. "What dainty shells! each is a gem in itself, and each once held one atom of life, that great 'open secret.' Where did you say you got it?"

"I didn't say, Monsieur L'Ombre."

"Is it a game at Ombre?" broke in the mediaeval knight, advancing. "I shall have pleasure in appropriating you for the quadrille forming."

And bowing to Eagleston he would have led her away, but that she lingered to say:

"You remind me of some one."

"Yes, of Monsieur Paul Frederic," trembling in his shoes.

"No!" peremptorily. "And you will not tell me about my music-box?"

The knight's eyes shifted uneasily from one to the other, and he took an impatient step forward.

"You have a music-box, then?" said the shadow.

"I—"

"Madame," interrupted the knight, "we shall lose the quadrille as well as the music-box, and that is my affair, is it not?" a little tenderly.

He had made it so most decidedly, for the identical thing lay upon a tripod in that gentleman's private dressing-room, secure from feminine inspection; and there Eagleston found it half an hour afterward, when, retiring to arrange his mask and observe if any thing could have betrayed him, he, by mistake, took the wrong door. There it lay under his very eyes, the actual discoloring of Maud's tears on the polished lid, and her name inside in his own hand!

Monsieur Paul had probably reasoned thus: "Mrs. Ollendorff estimates absurdly this bauble; there must be more in it than appears. She clings to it; she must cling to me. Out of sight, out of mind. We will remove it till she belongs to me, when it can be easily discovered at a pawnbroker's."

So he had done it. Who the partner was he included in the "we" I do not know, unless it was the— But what am I saying?

Monsieur L'Ombre did not wait to break bread with this Pharisee, nor drop his mask at the feast, though Undine and others waited and wondered thereat; but he took the music-box beneath his ample domino and departed, with no one the wiser.

## V.

Some half dozen evenings after this the doorbell at Ollendorff Place was pulled lustily; a footman opened to a somewhat tall person wearing a long black cloak and broad *sombrero*, and carrying a bundle, who spoke with a foreign accent that I will not attempt to render.

"I must see Madame!"

"What is your errand? Madame, as you call her, is engaged!"

"My errand is with Madame, and I shall see her!"

"Your name then?"

"I will give it to Madame."

Madame, hearing the altercation, called,

"James, what is it?"

"Please, mum, it's a somebody to see you without ever sending his card!"

"Show him in directly, James!"

And he was ushered into a spacious drawing-room, dimly lighted, where he deposited the bundle upon a small teapoy farthest from the light.

"I have brought it," he said; "the music-box."

She made a rush toward it.

"Oh! oh! Mine? And where did you get it?"

Then recollecting herself into the stately courtesy of the lady; "and who are you, that I may thank you?"

"You said there should be no questions asked," he muttered.

"True!" retiring and trembling, "I will ask none. But are you sure it is the one? Let me examine."

She rang for a taper.

"You're not going to call the watch?"

"Certainly not; haven't I given you my word?"

"How do I know that you are to be trusted, that your word to-day is what it was yesterday?"

This was an odd position of affairs, she thought, but answered, smiling,

"I haven't changed; see, I do not arouse the domestics, except this maid—thank you, Bessy, that will do—nor arrest you, but simply dismiss you with this!" and she proffered a purse, between whose meshes the gold pieces smouldered as though they would burn their way through; he balanced it a moment on his finger and flung it upon the nearest table!

"What! Is it not enough?"

"Not enough!"

"But you have not counted it!"

She brought her taper to the teapoy, as if she would see what this audacious burglar most resembled. She spread the pieces upon the box and told them off. Suddenly he laid a detaining hand beside her own, on the polished wood, not brown with any craft, but white and smooth and shapely. And suddenly, as if responsive to the touch, a little gurgle of tune uprose, and where it had broken off its burden the music-box was taking it up again—

"A long time ago—a long time ago,"

and slowly, softly, lingeringly ringing out the melody. Then in a momentary kind of fearless forgetfulness she glanced up. A new and sweet revelation smote upon her with quick, convincing ray.

"Oh, Eagleston!" she cried, and— I think you and I had better leave the room.





REVERIE.

WHO stands by the clustering vine?  
More fair than all flowers is she—  
A mortal form, with a face divine,  
And a child's simplicity.

Her lips may utter no word,  
Yet her spirit speaks through her eyes,  
And an angel writes the record,  
While she looks on the boundless skies.

"Have I tasted the purest joy,  
Or must I evermore pine  
To find in the noblest no alloy,  
In the search no folly of mine?  
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"Tears force a way to my eyes,  
For I know not whom to trust;  
And a woman's tenderest sympathies,  
Like leaves, may be trampled in dust.

"I hardly can grope a way  
To life's brighter, happier part;  
O that some angel now would say  
Where I may trust this heart!

"Till I see e'en a shadowy way  
To that land where the young find rest;  
If not to enter at once and stay,  
Yet to feel its light in my breast."



# ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE SHADOW OF THE PAST.

ONE stepping back under the dark shelter of the bulwark, and one standing out boldly in the yellow light of the moon, the two friends turned face to face on the deck of the timber ship, and looked at each other in silence. The next moment Allan's inveterate recklessness seized on the grotesque side of the situation by main force. He seated himself astride on the bulwark, and burst out boisterously into his loudest and heartiest laugh.

"All my fault," he said; "but there's no help for it now. Here we are, hard and fast in a trap of our own setting—and there goes the last of the doctor's boat! Come out of the dark, Midwinter; I can't half see you there, and I want to know what's to be done next."

Midwinter neither answered nor moved. Allan left the bulwark, and, mounting the fore-castle, looked down attentively at the waters of the Sound.

"One thing is pretty certain," he said. "With the current on that side, and the sunken rocks on this, we can't find our way out of the scrape by swimming, at any rate. So much for the prospect at this end of the wreck. Let's try how things look at the other. Rouse up, mess-mate!" he called out, cheerfully, as he passed Midwinter. "Come and see what the old tub of a timber ship has got to show us astern." He sauntered on, with his hands in his pockets, humming the chorus of a comic song.

His voice had produced no apparent effect on his friend; but at the light touch of his hand, in passing, Midwinter started, and moved out slowly from the shadow of the bulwark. "Come along!" cried Allan, suspending his singing for a moment, and glancing back. Still, without a word of answer, the other followed. Thrice he stopped before he reached the stern end of the wreck: the first time, to throw aside his hat, and push back his hair from his forehead and temples; the second time, reeling giddily, to hold for a moment by a ring bolt close at hand; the last time (though Allan was plainly visible a few yards ahead) to look stealthily behind him, with the furtive scrutiny of a man who believes that other footsteps are following him in the dark. "Not yet!" he whispered to himself, with eyes that searched the empty air. "I shall see him astern, with his hand on the lock of the cabin door."

The stern end of the wreck was clear of the ship-breaker's lumber, accumulated in the other parts of the vessel. Here, the one object that rose visible on the smooth surface of the deck, was the low wooden structure which held the

cabin door, and roofed in the cabin stairs. The wheel-house had been removed, the binnacle had been removed; but the cabin entrance, and all that belonged to it, had been left untouched. The scuttle was on, and the door was closed.

On gaining the after-part of the vessel, Allan walked straight to the stern and looked out to sea over the taffrail. No such thing as a boat was in view any where on the quiet moon-brightened waters. Knowing Midwinter's sight to be better than his own, he called out, "Come up here, and see if there's a fisherman within hail of us." Hearing no reply, he looked back. Midwinter had followed him as far as the cabin, and had stopped there. He called again, in a louder voice, and beckoned impatiently. Midwinter had heard the call, for he looked up—but still he never stirred from his place. There he stood, as if he had reached the utmost limits of the ship, and could go no further.

Allan went back and joined him. It was not easy to discover what he was looking at, for he kept his face turned away from the moonlight; but it seemed as if his eyes were fixed, with a strange expression of inquiry, on the cabin door. "What is there to look at there?" Allan asked. "Let's see if it's locked." As he took a step forward to open the door Midwinter's hand seized him suddenly by the coat-collar and forced him back. The moment after the hand relaxed, without losing its grasp, and trembled violently, like the hand of a man completely unnerved.

"Am I to consider myself in custody?" asked Allan, half astonished and half amused. "Why, in the name of wonder, do you keep staring at the cabin door? Any suspicious noises below? It's no use disturbing the rats—if that's what you mean—we haven't got a dog with us. Men? Living men they can't be; for they would have heard us and come on deck. Dead men? Quite impossible! No ship's crew could be drowned in a landlocked place like this, unless the vessel broke up under them—and here's the vessel as steady as a church to speak for herself. Man alive, how your hand trembles! What is there to scare you in that rotten old cabin? What are you shaking and shivering about? Any company of the supernatural sort on board? Mercy preserve us!—as the old women say—do you see a ghost?"

"I see two!" answered the other, driven headlong into speech and action by a maddening temptation to reveal the truth. "Two!" he repeated, his breath bursting from him in deep, heavy gasps, as he tried vainly to force back the horrible words. "The ghost of a man like you, drowning in the cabin! And the ghost of a man like me, turning the lock of the door on him!"

Once more young Armadale's hearty laugh-





MY BROTHERS THE DOGS.—[SEE FEBRUARY NUMBER, PAGE 338.]

ter rang out loud and long through the stillness of the night.

"Turning the lock of the door, is he?" said Allan, as soon as his merriment left him breath enough to speak. "That's a devilish unhand-some action, Master Midwinter, on the part of your ghost. The least I can do, after that, is to let mine out of the cabin, and give him the run of the ship."

With no more than a momentary exertion of his superior strength he freed himself easily

from Midwinter's hold. "Below there!" he called out, gayly, as he laid his strong hand on the crazy lock and tore open the cabin door. "Ghost of Allan Armadale, come on deck!" In his terrible ignorance of the truth he put his head into the doorway, and looked down, laughing, at the place where his murdered father had died. "Pah!" he exclaimed, stepping back suddenly, with a shudder of disgust. "The air is foul already—and the cabin is full of water."

It was true. The sunken rocks on which the



vessel lay wrecked had burst their way through her lower timbers astern, and the water had welled up through the rifted wood. Here, where the deed had been done, the fatal parallel between past and present was complete. What the cabin had been in the time of the fathers, that the cabin was now in the time of the sons.

Allan pushed the door to again with his foot, a little surprised at the sudden silence which appeared to have fallen on his friend, from the moment when he had laid his hand on the cabin lock. When he turned to look, the reason of the silence was instantly revealed. Midwinter had dropped on the deck. He lay senseless before the cabin door; his face turned up, white and still, to the moonlight, like the face of a dead man.

In a moment Allan was at his side. He looked uselessly round the lonely limits of the wreck, as he lifted Midwinter's head on his knee, for a chance of help, where all chance was ruthlessly cut off. "What am I to do?" he said to himself, in the first impulse of alarm. "Not a drop of water near but the foul water in the cabin." A sudden recollection crossed his memory; the florid color rushed back over his face; and he drew from his pocket a wicker-covered flask. "God bless the doctor for giving me this before we sailed!" he broke out fervently, as he poured down Midwinter's throat some drops of the raw whisky which the flask contained. The stimulant acted instantly on the sensitive system of the swooning man. He sighed faintly, and slowly opened his eyes. "Have I been dreaming?" he asked, looking up vacantly in Allan's face. His eyes wandered higher, and encountered the dismantled masts of the wreck rising weird and black against the night sky. He shuddered at the sight of them, and hid his face on Allan's knee. "No dream!" he murmured to himself, mournfully. "Oh me, no dream!"

"You have been over-tired all day," said Allan; "and this infernal adventure of ours has upset you. Take some more whisky—it's sure to do you good. Can you sit by yourself, if I put you against the bulwark, so?"

"Why by myself? Why do you leave me?" asked Midwinter.

Allan pointed to the mizzen shrouds of the wreck, which were still left standing. "You are not well enough to rough it here till the workmen come off in the morning," he said. "We must find our way on shore at once, if we can. I am going up to get a good view all round, and see if there's a house within hail of us."

Even in the moment that passed while those few words were spoken Midwinter's eyes wandered back distrustfully to the fatal cabin door. "Don't go near it!" he whispered. "Don't try to open it, for God's sake!"

"No, no," returned Allan, humoring him. "When I come down from the rigging I'll come back here." He said the words a little constrainedly; noticing, for the first time while he now spoke, an underlying distress in Mid-

winter's face, which grieved and perplexed him. "You're not angry with me?" he said, in his simple, sweet-tempered way. "All this is my fault, I know—and I was a brute and a fool to laugh at you, when I ought to have seen you were ill. I am so sorry, Midwinter. Don't be angry with me!"

Midwinter slowly raised his head. His eyes rested with a mournful interest, long and tenderly on Allan's anxious face.

"Angry?" he repeated, in his lowest, gentlest tones. "Angry with *you*?—Oh, my poor boy, were you to blame for being kind to me when I was ill in the old west-country inn? And was I to blame for feeling your kindness thankfully? Was it our fault that we never doubted each other, and never knew that we were traveling together blindfold on the way that was to lead us here? The cruel time is coming, Allan, when we shall rue the day we ever met. Shake hands, brother, on the edge of the precipice—shake hands while we are brothers still?"

Allan turned away quickly, convinced that his mind had not yet recovered the shock of the fainting-fit. "Don't forget the whisky!" he said, cheerfully, as he sprang into the rigging, and mounted to the mizzen-top.

It was past two; the moon was waning; and the darkness that comes before dawn was beginning to gather round the wreck. Behind Allan, as he now stood looking out from the elevation of the mizzen-top, spread the broad and lonely sea. Before him, were the low, black, lurking rocks, and the broken waters of the channel, pouring white and angry into the vast calm of the westward ocean beyond. On the right hand, heaved back grandly from the waterside, were the rocks and precipices, with their little tablelands of grass between; the sloping downs, and upward-rolling heath solitudes of the Isle of Man. On the left hand, rose the craggy sides of the Islet of the Calf—here, rent wildly into deep black chasms; there, lying low under long sweeping acclivities of grass and heath. No sound rose, no light was visible, on either shore. The black lines of the topmost masts of the wreck looked shadowy and faint in the darkening mystery of the sky; the land-breeze had dropped; the small shoreward waves fell noiseless; far or near, no sound was audible but the cheerless bubbling of the broken water ahead, pouring through the awful hush of silence in which earth and ocean waited for the coming day.

Even Allan's careless nature felt the solemn influence of the time. The sound of his own voice startled him, when he looked down and hailed his friend on deck.

"I think I see one house," he said. "Here-away, on the main land to the right." He looked again, to make sure, at a dim little patch of white, with faint white lines behind it, nestling low in a grassy hollow, on the main island. "It looks like a stone-house and inclosure," he resumed. "I'll hail it, on the chance." He passed his arm round a rope to steady himself;



made a speaking-trumpet of his hands—and suddenly dropped them again without uttering a sound. “It’s so awfully quiet,” he whispered to himself. “I’m half afraid to call out.” He looked down again on deck. “I sha’n’t startle you, Midwinter—shall I?” he said, with an uneasy laugh. He looked once more at the faint white object in the grassy hollow. “It won’t do to have come up here for nothing,” he thought—and made a speaking-trumpet of his hands again. This time he gave the hail with the whole power of his lungs. “On shore there!” he shouted, turning his face to the main island. “Ahoy-hoy-hoy!”

The last echoes of his voice died away and were lost. No sound answered him but the cheerless bubbling of the broken water ahead.

He looked down again at his friend, and saw the dark figure of Midwinter rise erect, and pace the deck backward and forward—never disappearing out of sight of the cabin when it retired toward the bows of the wreck; and never passing beyond the cabin when it returned toward the stern. “He is impatient to get away,” thought Allan; “I’ll try again.” He hailed the land once more; and, taught by previous experience, pitched his voice in its highest key.

This time another sound than the sound of the bubbling water answered him. The lowing of frightened cattle rose from the building in the grassy hollow, and traveled far and drearily through the stillness of the morning air. Allan waited and listened. If the building was a farm-house, the disturbance among the beasts would rouse the men. If it was only a cattle-stable, nothing more would happen. The lowing of the frightened brutes rose and fell drearily; the minutes passed—and nothing happened.

“Once more!” said Allan, looking down at the restless figure pacing beneath him. For the third time he hailed the land. For the third time he waited and listened.

In a pause of silence among the cattle he heard behind him, on the opposite shore of the channel—faint and far among the solitudes of the Islet of the Calf—a sharp, sudden sound, like the distant clash of a heavy door-bolt drawn back. Turning at once in the new direction, he strained his eyes to look for a house. The last faint rays of the waning moonlight trembled here and there on the higher rocks, and on the steeper pinnacles of ground—but great strips of darkness lay dense and black over all the land between; and in that darkness the house, if house there were, was lost to view.

“I have roused somebody at last,” Allan called out encouragingly to Midwinter, still walking to and fro on the deck, strangely indifferent to all that was passing above and beyond him. “Look out for the answering hail!” And with his face set toward the Islet, Allan shouted for help.

The shout was not answered, but mimicked with a shrill, shrieking derision—with wilder and wilder cries, rising out of the deep distant darkness, and mingling horribly the expression

of a human voice with the sound of a brute’s. A sudden suspicion crossed Allan’s mind, which made his head swim and turned his hand cold as it held the rigging. In breathless silence he looked toward the quarter from which the first mimicry of his cry for help had come. After a moment’s pause the shrieks were renewed, and the sound of them came nearer. Suddenly a figure, which seemed the figure of a man, leapt up black on a pinnacle of rock, and capered and shrieked in the waning gleam of the moonlight. The screams of a terrified woman mingled with the cries of the capering creature on the rock. A red spark flashed out in the darkness from a light kindled in an invisible window. The hoarse shouting of a man’s voice in anger was heard through the noise. A second black figure leapt up on the rock, struggled with the first figure, and disappeared with it in the darkness. The cries grew fainter and fainter—the screams of the woman were stilled—the hoarse voice of the man was heard again for a moment, hailing the wreck in words made unintelligible by the distance, but in tones plainly expressive of rage and fear combined. Another moment and the clang of the door-bolt was heard again; the red spark of light was quenched in darkness; and all the islet lay quiet in the shadows once more. The lowing of the cattle on the main land ceased—rose again—stopped. Then, cold and cheerless as ever, the eternal bubbling of the broken water welled up through the great gap of silence—the one sound left, as the mysterious stillness of the hour fell like a mantle from the heavens, and closed over the wreck.

Allan descended from his place in the mizzen-top and joined his friend again on deck.

“We must wait till the ship-breakers come off to their work,” he said, meeting Midwinter half-way in the course of his restless walk. “After what has happened, I don’t mind confessing that I’ve had enough of hailing the land. Only think of there being a madman in that house ashore, and of my waking him! Horrible, wasn’t it?”

Midwinter stood still for a moment and looked at Allan with the perplexed air of a man who hears circumstances familiarly mentioned to which he is himself a total stranger. He appeared, if such a thing had been possible, to have passed over entirely without notice all that had just happened on the Islet of the Calf.

“Nothing is horrible *out* of this ship,” he said. “Every thing is horrible *in* it.”

Answering in those strange words he turned away again, and went on with his walk.

Allan picked up the flask of whisky lying on the deck near him, and revived his spirits with a dram. “Here’s one thing on board that isn’t horrible,” he retorted briskly, as he screwed on the stopper of the flask; “and here’s another,” he added, as he took a cigar from his case and lit it. “Three o’clock!” he went on, looking at his watch, and settling himself comfortably on deck with his back against the bulwark. “Daybreak isn’t far off—we shall have the



pipings of the birds to cheer us up before long. I say, Midwinter, you seem to have quite got over that unlucky fainting-fit. How you do keep walking! Come here and have a cigar, and make yourself comfortable. What's the good of tramping backward and forward in that restless way?"

"I am waiting," said Midwinter.

"Waiting! What for?"

"For what is to happen to you or to me—or to both of us—before we are out of this ship."

"With submission to your superior judgment, my dear fellow, I think quite enough has happened already. The adventure will do very well as it stands now; more of it is more than I want." He took another dram of whisky and rambled on, between the puffs of his cigar, in his usual easy way. "I've not got your fine imagination, old boy; and I hope the next thing that happens will be the appearance of the workmen's boat. I suspect that queer fancy of yours has been running away with you while you were down here all by yourself. Come now! what were you thinking of while I was up in the mizzen-top frightening the cows?"

Midwinter suddenly stopped. "Suppose I tell you?" he said.

"Suppose you do."

The torturing temptation to reveal the truth, roused once already by his companion's merciless gayety of spirit, possessed itself of Midwinter for the second time. He leaned back in the dark against the high side of the ship and looked down in silence at Allan's figure stretched comfortably on the deck. "Rouse him," the fiend whispered, subtly, "from that ignorant self-possession, and that pitiless repose. Show him the place where the deed was done; let him know it with your knowledge, and fear it with your dread. Tell him of the letter you burnt, and of the words no fire can destroy, which are living in your memory now. Let him see your mind as it was yesterday, when it roused your sinking faith in your own convictions, to look back on your life at sea, and to cherish the comforting remembrance that, in all your voyages, you had never fallen in with this ship. Let him see your mind as it is now, when the ship has got you at the turning-point of your new life, at the outset of your friendship with the one man of all men whom your father warned you to avoid. Think of those death-bed words, and whisper them in his ear, that he may think of them too. Hide yourself from him under an assumed name. Put the mountains and the seas between you; be ungrateful, be unforgiving; be all that is most repellent to your own gentler nature, rather than live under the same roof and breathe the same air with that man." So the tempter counseled. So, like a noisome exhalation from the father's grave, the father's influence rose and poisoned the mind of the son.

The sudden silence surprised Allan; he looked back drowsily over his shoulder. "Thinking again!" he exclaimed, with a weary yawn.

Midwinter stepped out from the shadow and

came nearer to Allan than he had come yet. "Yes," he said, "thinking of the past and the future."

"The past and the future?" repeated Allan, shifting himself comfortably into a new position. "For my part I'm dumb about the past. It's a sore subject with me—the past means the loss of the doctor's boat. Let's talk about the future. Have you been taking a practical view? as dear old Brock calls it. Have you been considering the next serious question that concerns us both when we get back to the hotel—the question of breakfast?"

After an instant's hesitation Midwinter took a step nearer. "I have been thinking of your future and mine," he said; "I have been thinking of the time when your way in life, and my way in life, will be two ways instead of one."

"Here's the daybreak!" cried Allan. "Look up at the masts; they're beginning to get clear again already. I beg your pardon. What were you saying?"

Midwinter made no reply. The struggle between the hereditary superstition that was driving him on, and the unconquerable affection for Allan that was holding him back, suspended the next words on his lips. He turned aside his face in speechless suffering. "Oh, my father!" he thought, "better have killed me on that day when I lay on your bosom than have let me live for this!"

"What's that about the future?" persisted Allan. "I was looking for the daylight; I didn't hear."

Midwinter controlled himself, and answered. "You have treated me with your usual kindness," he said, "in planning to take me with you to Thorpe-Ambrose. I think, on reflection, I had better not intrude myself where I am not known and not expected. His voice faltered, and he stopped again. The more he shrank from it the clearer the picture of the happy life that he was resigning rose on his mind.

Allan's thoughts instantly reverted to the mystification about the new steward, which he had practiced on his friend when they were consulting together in the cabin of the yacht. "Has he been turning it over in his mind?" wondered Allan; "and is he beginning at last to suspect the truth? I'll try him. Talk as much nonsense, my dear fellow, as you like," he rejoined; "but don't forget that you are engaged to see me established at Thorpe-Ambrose, and to give me your opinion of the new steward."

Midwinter suddenly stepped forward again, close to Allan.

"I am not talking about your steward or your estate," he burst out, passionately; "I am talking about myself. Do you hear? Myself! I am not a fit companion for you. You don't know who I am." He drew back into the shadowy shelter of the bulwark as suddenly as he had come out from it. "O God! I can't tell him," he said to himself, in a whisper.

For a moment, and for a moment only, Allan was surprised. "Not know who you are?"



Even as he repeated the words his easy good-humor got the upper hand again. He took up the whisky-flask, and shook it significantly. "I say," he resumed, "how much of the doctor's medicine did you take while I was up in the mizzen-top?"

The light tone which he persisted in adopting stung Midwinter to the last pitch of exasperation. He came out again into the light, and stamped his foot angrily on the deck. "Listen to me!" he said. "You don't know half the low things I have done in my lifetime. I have been a tradesman's drudge; I have swept out the shop and put up the shutters; I have carried parcels through the street, and waited for my master's money at his customers' doors."

"I have never done any thing half as useful," returned Allan, composedly. "Dear old boy, what an industrious fellow you have been in your time!"

"I have been a vagabond and a blackguard in my time," returned the other, fiercely; "I've been a street-tumbler, a tramp, a gipsy's boy! I've sung for half-pence with dancing dogs on the high-road! I've worn a foot-boy's livery, and waited at table! I've been a common sailor's cook, and a starving fisherman's Jack of all trades! What has a gentleman in your position in common with a man in mine? Can you take *me* into the society at Thorpe-Ambrose? Why, my very name would be a reproach to you. Fancy the faces of your new neighbors when their footmen announce Ozias Midwinter and Allan Armadale in the same breath!" He burst into a harsh laugh, and repeated the two names again, with a scornful bitterness of emphasis which insisted pitilessly on the marked contrast between them.

Something in the sound of his laughter jarred painfully, even on Allan's easy nature. He raised himself on the deck, and spoke seriously for the first time. "A joke's a joke, Midwinter," he said, "as long as you don't carry it too far. I remember your saying something of the same sort to me once before, when I was nursing you in Somersetshire. You forced me to ask you if I deserved to be kept at arm's-length by *you* of all the people in the world. Don't force me to say so again. Make as much fun of me as you please, old fellow, in any other way. *That* way hurts me."

Simple as the words were, and simply as they had been spoken, they appeared to work an instant revolution in Midwinter's mind. His impressible nature recoiled as from some sudden shock. Without a word of reply he walked away by himself to the forward part of the ship. He sat down on some piled planks between the masts, and passed his hand over his head in a vacant, bewildered way. Though his father's belief in Fatality was his own belief once more—though there was no longer the shadow of a doubt in his mind that the woman whom Mr. Brock had met in Somersetshire and the woman who had tried to destroy herself in London were one and the same—though all the hor-

ror that mastered him when he first read the letter from Wildbad had now mastered him again, Allan's appeal to their past experience of each other had come home to his heart, with a force more irresistible than the force of his superstition itself. In the strength of that very superstition he now sought the pretext which might encourage him to sacrifice every less generous feeling to the one predominant dread of wounding the sympathies of his friend. "Why distress him?" he whispered to himself. "We are not at the end here—there is the Woman behind us in the dark. Why resist him when the mischief's done, and the caution comes too late? What *is* to be *will* be. What have I to do with the future? and what has he?"

He went back to Allan, sat down by his side, and took his hand. "Forgive me," he said, gently; "I have hurt you for the last time." Before it was possible to reply he snatched up the whisky-flask from the deck. "Come!" he exclaimed, with a sudden effort to match his friend's cheerfulness, "you have been trying the doctor's medicine, why shouldn't I?"

Allan was delighted. "This is something like a change for the better," he said; "Midwinter is himself again. Hark! there are the birds. Hail, smiling morn! smiling morn!" He sang the words of the glee in his old cheerful voice, and clapped Midwinter on the shoulder in his old hearty way. "How did you manage to clear your head of those confounded megrims? Do you know you were quite alarming about something happening to one or other of us before we were out of this ship?"

"Sheer nonsense!" returned Midwinter, contemptuously. "I don't think my head has ever been quite right since that fever; I've got a bee in my bonnet, as they say in the North. Let's talk of something else. About those people you have let the cottage to? I wonder whether the agent's account of Major Milroy's family is to be depended on? There might be another lady in the household besides his wife and his daughter."

"Oho!" cried Allan, "*you're* beginning to think of nymphs among the trees, and flirtations in the fruit-garden, are you? Another lady—eh? Suppose the major's family circle won't supply another? We shall have to spin that half-crown again, and toss up for which is to have the first chance with Miss Milroy."

For once Midwinter spoke as lightly and carelessly as Allan himself. "No, no," he said; "the major's landlord has the first claim to the notice of the major's daughter. I'll retire into the back-ground, and wait for the next lady who makes her appearance at Thorpe-Ambrose."

"Very good. I'll have an Address to the women of Norfolk posted in the park to that effect," said Allan. "Are you particular to a shade about size or complexion? What's your favorite age?"

Midwinter trifled with his own superstition as a man trifles with the loaded gun that may kill him, or with the savage animal that may



maim him for life. He mentioned the age (as he had reckoned it himself) of the woman in the black gown and the red Paisley shawl.

"Five-and-thirty," he said.

As the words passed his lips his factitious spirits deserted him. He left his seat, impenetrably deaf to all Allan's efforts at rallying him on his extraordinary answer, and resumed his restless pacing of the deck in dead silence. Once more the haunting thought which had gone to and fro with him in the hour of darkness went to and fro with him now in the hour of daylight. Once more the conviction possessed itself of his mind that something was to happen to Allan or to himself before they left the wreck.

Minute by minute the light strengthened in the eastern sky, and the shadowy places on the deck of the timber ship revealed their barren emptiness under the eye of day. As the breeze rose again the sea began to murmur wakefully in the morning light. Even the cold bubbling of the broken water changed its cheerless note, and softened on the ear as the mellowing flood of daylight poured warm over it from the rising sun. Midwinter paused near the forward part of the ship, and recalled his wandering attention to the passing time. The cheering influences of the hour were round him look where he might. The happy morning smile of the summer sky, so brightly merciful to the old and weary earth, lavished its all-embracing beauty even on the wreck! The dew that lay glittering on the inland fields lay glittering on the deck, and the worn and rusted rigging was gemmed as brightly as the fresh green leaves on shore. Insensibly, as he looked round, Midwinter's thoughts reverted to the comrade who had shared with him the adventure of the night. He returned to the after-part of the ship, and spoke to Allan as he advanced. Receiving no answer, he approached the recumbent figure and looked closer at it. Left to his own resources, Allan had let the fatigues of the night take their own way with him. His head had sunk back; his hat had fallen off; he lay stretched at full length on the deck of the timber ship, deeply and peacefully asleep.

Midwinter resumed his walk; his mind lost in doubt, his own past thoughts seeming suddenly to have grown strange to him. How darkly his forebodings had distrusted the coming time—and how harmlessly that time had come! The sun was mounting in the heavens, the hour of release was drawing nearer and nearer; and of the two Armadales imprisoned in the fatal ship one was sleeping away the weary time, and the other was quietly watching the growth of the new day.

The sun climbed higher; the hour wore on. With the latent distrust of the wreck which still clung to him Midwinter looked inquiringly on either shore for signs of awakening human life. The land was still lonely. The smoke-wreaths that were soon to rise from cottage chimneys had not risen yet.

After a moment's thought he went back again

to the after-part of the vessel, to see if there might be a fisherman's boat within hail astern of them. Absorbed for the moment by the new idea, he passed Allan hastily, after barely noticing that he still lay asleep. One step more would have brought him to the taffrail—when that step was suspended by a sound behind him, a sound like a faint groan. He turned, and looked at the sleeper on the deck. He knelt softly, and looked closer.

"It has come!" he whispered to himself. "Not to *me*—but to *him*."

It had come, in the bright freshness of the morning; it had come, in the mystery and terror of a Dream. The face which Midwinter had last seen in perfect repose was now the distorted face of a suffering man. The perspiration stood thick on Allan's forehead, and matted his curling hair. His partially-opened eyes showed nothing but the white of the eyeball gleaming blindly. His outstretched hands scratched and struggled on the deck. From moment to moment he moaned and muttered helplessly; but the words that escaped him were lost in the grinding and gnashing of his teeth. There he lay—so near in the body to the friend who bent over him; so far away in the spirit that the two might have been in different worlds—there he lay, with the morning sunshine on his face, in the torture of his dream.

One question, and one only, rose in the mind of the man who was looking at him. What had the Fatality which had imprisoned him in the Wreck decreed that he should see?

Had the treachery of Sleep opened the gates of the grave to that one of the two Armadales whom the other had kept in ignorance of the truth? Was the murder of the father revealing itself to the son—there, on the very spot where the crime had been committed—in the vision of a dream?

With that question overshadowing all else in his mind, the son of the homicide knelt on the deck, and looked on the son of the man whom his father's hand had slain.

The conflict between the sleeping body and the waking mind was strengthening every moment. The dreamer's helpless groaning for deliverance grew louder; his hands raised themselves and clutched at the empty air. Struggling with the all-mastering dread that still held him, Midwinter laid his hand gently on Allan's forehead. Light as the touch was, there were mysterious sympathies in the dreaming man that answered it. His groaning ceased, and his hands dropped slowly. There was an instant of suspense, and Midwinter looked closer. His breath just fluttered over the sleeper's face. Before the next breath had risen to his lips Allan suddenly sprang up on his knees—sprang up as if the call of a trumpet had rung on his ear, awake in an instant.

"You have been dreaming," said Midwinter, as the other looked at him wildly, in the first bewilderment of waking.

Allan's eyes began to wander about the wreck



—at first vacantly, then with a look of angry surprise. “Are we here still?” he said, as Midwinter helped him to his feet. “Whatever else I do on board this infernal ship,” he added, after a moment, “I won’t go to sleep again!”

As he said those words his friend’s eyes searched his face in silent inquiry. They took a turn together on the deck.

“Tell me your dream,” said Midwinter, with a strange tone of suspicion in his voice, and a strange appearance of abruptness in his manner.

“I can’t tell it yet,” returned Allan. “Wait a little till I’m my own man again.”

They took another turn on the deck. Midwinter stopped and spoke once more.

“Look at me for a moment, Allan,” he said.

There was something of the trouble left by the dream, and something of natural surprise at the strange request just addressed to him, in Allan’s face, as he turned it full on the speaker; but no shadow of ill-will, no lurking lines of distrust any where. Midwinter turned aside quickly, and hid, as he best might, an irrepressible outburst of relief.

“Do I look a little upset?” asked Allan, taking his arm and leading him on again. “Don’t make yourself nervous about me if I do. My head feels wild and giddy; but I shall soon get over it.”

For the next few minutes they walked backward and forward in silence—the one bent on dismissing the terror of the dream from his thoughts, the other bent on discovering what the terror of the dream might be. Relieved of the dread that had oppressed it, the superstitious nature of Midwinter had leaped to its next conclusion at a bound. What if the sleeper had been visited by another revelation than the revelation of the Past? What if the dream had opened those unturned pages in the book of the Future which told the story of his life to come? The bare doubt that it might be so strengthened tenfold Midwinter’s longing to penetrate the mystery which Allan’s silence still kept a secret from him.

“Is your head more composed?” he asked. “Can you tell me your dream now?”

While he put the question a last memorable moment in the Adventure of the Wreck was at hand.

They had reached the stern, and were just turning again when Midwinter spoke. As Allan opened his lips to answer he looked out mechanically to sea. Instead of replying he suddenly ran to the taffrail, and waved his hat over his head, with a shout of exultation.

Midwinter joined him, and saw a large six-oared boat pulling straight for the channel of the Sound. A figure, which they both thought they recognized, rose eagerly in the stern-sheets and returned the waving of Allan’s hat. The boat came nearer; the steersman called to them cheerfully; and they recognized the doctor’s voice.

“Thank God you’re both above water!” said Mr. Hawbury, as they met him on the deck of

the timber ship. “Of all the winds of heaven which wind blew you here?”

He looked at Midwinter as he made the inquiry; but it was Allan who told him the story of the night, and Allan who asked the doctor for information in return. The one absorbing interest in Midwinter’s mind—the interest of penetrating the mystery of the dream—kept him silent throughout. Heedless of all that was said or done about him, he watched Allan, and followed Allan, like a dog, until the time came for getting down into the boat. Mr. Hawbury’s professional eye rested on him curiously, noting his varying color and the incessant restlessness of his hands. “I wouldn’t change nervous systems with that man for the largest fortune that could be offered me,” thought the doctor as he took the boat’s tiller, and gave the oarsmen their order to push off from the wreck.

Having reserved all explanations on his side until they were on their way back to Port St. Mary, Mr. Hawbury next addressed himself to the gratification of Allan’s curiosity. The circumstances which had brought him to the rescue of his two guests of the previous evening were simple enough. The lost boat had been met with at sea by some fishermen of Port Erin, on the western side of the island, who at once recognized it as the doctor’s property, and at once sent a messenger to make inquiry at the doctor’s house. The man’s statement of what had happened had naturally alarmed Mr. Hawbury for the safety of Allan and his friend. He had immediately secured assistance; and, guided by the boatmen’s advice, had made first for the most dangerous place on the coast—the only place, in that calm weather, in which an accident could have happened to a boat sailed by experienced men—the channel of the Sound. After thus accounting for his welcome appearance on the scene, the doctor hospitably insisted that his guests of the evening should be his guests of the morning as well. It would still be too early when they got back for the people at the hotel to receive them, and they would find bed and breakfast at Mr. Hawbury’s house.

At the first pause in the conversation between Allan and the doctor Midwinter—who had neither joined in the talk, nor listened to the talk—touched his friend on the arm. “Are you better?” he asked in a whisper. “Shall you soon be composed enough to tell me what I want to know?”

Allan’s eyebrows contracted impatiently; the subject of the dream, and Midwinter’s obstinacy in returning to it, seemed to be alike distasteful to him. He hardly answered with his usual good-humor. “I suppose I shall have no peace till I tell you,” he said, “so I may as well get it over at once.”

“No!” returned Midwinter, with a look at the doctor and his oarsmen. “Not where other people can hear it—not till you and I are alone.”

“If you wish to see the last, gentlemen, of your quarters for the night,” interposed the



doctor, "now is your time! the coast will shut the vessel out in a minute more."

In silence on the one side and on the other, the two Armadales looked their last at the fatal ship. Lonely and lost they had found the Wreck in the mystery of the summer night. Lonely and lost they left the Wreck in the radiant beauty of the summer morning.

An hour later the doctor had seen his guests established in their bedrooms, and had left them to take their rest until the breakfast hour arrived.

Almost as soon as his back was turned the doors of both rooms opened softly, and Allan and Midwinter met in the passage.

"Can you sleep after what has happened?" asked Allan.

Midwinter shook his head. "You were coming to my room, were you not?" he said. "What for?"

"To ask you to keep my company. What were you coming to my room for?"

"To ask you to tell me your dream."

"Damn the dream! I want to forget all about it."

"And I want to know all about it."

Both paused; both refrained instinctively from saying more. For the first time since the beginning of their friendship they were on the verge of a disagreement—and that on the subject of the dream. Allan's good temper just stopped them on the brink.

"You are the most obstinate fellow alive," he said, "but if you will know all about it, you must know all about it, I suppose. Come into my room and I'll tell you."

He led the way, and Midwinter followed. The door closed, and shut them in together.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE SHADOW OF THE FUTURE.

WHEN Mr. Hawbury joined his guests in the breakfast-room the strange contrast of character between them which he had noticed already was impressed on his mind more strongly than ever. One of them sat at the well-spread table, hungry and happy; ranging from dish to dish, and declaring that he had never made such a breakfast in his life. The other sat apart at the window; his cup thanklessly deserted before it was empty, his meat left ungraciously half eaten on his plate. The doctor's morning greeting to the two, accurately expressed the differing impressions which they had produced on his mind. He clapped Allan on the shoulder, and saluted him with a joke. He bowed constrainedly to Midwinter, and said, "I am afraid you have not recovered the fatigues of the night."

"It's not the night, doctor, that has damped his spirits," said Allan. "It's something I have been telling him. It is not my fault, mind. If I had only known beforehand that

he believed in dreams I wouldn't have opened my lips."

"Dreams?" repeated the doctor, looking at Midwinter directly, and addressing him under a mistaken impression of the meaning of Allan's words. "With your constitution, you ought to be well used to dreaming by this time."

"This way, doctor; you have taken the wrong turning!" cried Allan. "I'm the dreamer—not he. Don't look astonished; it wasn't in this comfortable house—it was on board that confounded timber ship. The fact is, I fell asleep just before you took us off the wreck; and it's not to be denied that I had a very ugly dream. Well, when we got back here—"

"Why do you trouble Mr. Hawbury about a matter that can not possibly interest him?" asked Midwinter, speaking for the first time, and speaking very impatiently.

"I beg your pardon," returned the doctor, rather sharply; "so far as I have heard the matter does interest me."

"That's right, doctor!" said Allan. "Be interested, I beg and pray; I want you to clear his head of the nonsense he has got in it now. What do you think?—he will have it that my dream is a warning to me to avoid certain people; and he actually persists in saying that one of those people is—himself! Did you ever hear the like of it? I took great pains; I explained the whole thing to him. I said, warning be hanged—it's all indigestion! You don't know what I ate and drank at the doctor's supper-table—I do. Do you think he would listen to me? Not he. You try him next; you're a professional man, and he must listen to you. Be a good fellow, doctor, and give me a certificate of indigestion; I'll show you my tongue with pleasure."

"The sight of your face is quite enough," said Mr. Hawbury. "I certify, on the spot, that you never had such a thing as an indigestion in your life. Let's hear about the dream, and see what we can make of it—if you have no objection, that is to say."

Allan pointed at Midwinter with his fork.

"Apply to my friend, there," he said; "he has got a much better account of it than I can give you. If you'll believe me, he took it all down in writing from my own lips; and he made me sign it at the end, as if it was my 'last dying speech and confession' before I went to the gallows. Out with it, old boy—I saw you put it in your pocket-book—out with it!"

"Are you really in earnest?" asked Midwinter, producing his pocket-book with a reluctance which was almost offensive under the circumstances, for it implied distrust of the doctor in the doctor's own house.

Mr. Hawbury's color rose. "Pray don't show it to me if you feel the least unwillingness," he said, with the elaborate politeness of an offended man.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Allan. "Throw it over here!"



Instead of complying with that characteristic request Midwinter took the paper from the pocket-book, and, leaving his place, approached Mr. Hawbury. "I beg your pardon," he said, as he offered the doctor the manuscript with his own hand. His eyes dropped to the ground, and his face darkened, while he made the apology. "A secret, sullen fellow," thought the doctor, thanking him with formal civility—"his friend is worth ten thousand of him." Midwinter went back to the window and sat down again in silence, with the old impenetrable resignation which had once puzzled Mr. Brock.

"Read that, doctor," said Allan, as Mr. Hawbury opened the written paper. "It's not told in my roundabout way; but there's nothing added to it, and nothing taken away. It's exactly what I dreamed, and exactly what I should have written myself, if I had thought the thing worth putting down on paper, and if I had had the knack of writing—which," concluded Allan, composedly stirring his coffee, "I haven't, except it's letters; and I rattle *them* off in no time."

Mr. Hawbury spread the manuscript before him on the breakfast-table and read these lines:

#### ALLAN ARMADALE'S DREAM.

"Early on the morning of June the first, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, I found myself (through circumstances which it is not important to mention in this place) left alone with a friend of mine—a young man about my own age—on board the French timber ship named *La Grace de Dieu*, which ship then lay wrecked in the channel of the Sound, between the main land of the Isle of Man and the islet called the Calf. Having not been in bed the previous night, and feeling overcome by fatigue, I fell asleep on the deck of the vessel. I was in my usual good health at the time, and the morning was far enough advanced for the sun to have risen. Under these circumstances, and at that period of the day, I passed from sleeping to dreaming. As clearly as I can recollect it, after the lapse of a few hours, this was the succession of events presented to me by the dream:

"1. The first event of which I was conscious was the appearance of my father. He took me silently by the hand; and we found ourselves in the cabin of a ship.

"2. Water rose slowly over us in the cabin; and I and my father sank through the water together.

"3. An interval of oblivion followed; and then the sense came to me of being left alone in the darkness.

"4. I waited.

"5. The darkness opened and showed me the vision—as in a picture—of a broad, lonely pool, surrounded by open ground. Above the farther margin of the pool I saw the cloudless western sky red with the light of sunset.

"6. On the near margin of the pool there stood the Shadow of a Woman.

"7. It was the shadow only. No indication was visible to me by which I could identify it, or compare it with any living creature. The long robe showed me that it was the shadow of a woman, and showed me nothing more.

"8. The darkness closed again—remained with me for an interval—and opened for the second time.

"9. I found myself in a room, standing before a long window. The only object of furniture or of ornament that I saw (or that I can now remember having seen) was a little statue placed near me. The statue was on my left hand, and the window was on my right. The window opened on a lawn and flower-garden; and the rain was pattering heavily against the glass.

"10. I was not alone in the room. Standing opposite to me at the window was the Shadow of a Man.

"11. I saw no more of it—I knew no more of it than I saw and knew of the shadow of the woman. But the shadow of the man moved. It stretched out its arm toward the statue; and the statue fell in fragments on the floor.

"12. With a confused sensation in me, which was partly anger and partly distress, I stooped to look at the fragments. When I rose again the Shadow had vanished, and I saw no more.

"13. The darkness opened for the third time and showed me the Shadow of the Woman and the Shadow of the Man together.

"14. No surrounding scene (or none that I can now call to mind) was visible to me.

"15. The Man-Shadow was the nearest; the Woman-Shadow stood back. From where she stood there came a sound as of the pouring of a liquid softly. I saw her touch the shadow of the man with one hand, and with the other give him a glass. He took the glass and gave it to me. In the moment when I put it to my lips a deadly faintness mastered me from head to foot. When I came to my senses again the Shadow had vanished, and the third vision was at an end.

"16. The darkness closed over me again; and the interval of oblivion followed.

"17. I was conscious of nothing more till I felt the morning sunshine on my face, and heard my friend tell me that I had awakened from a dream."

After reading the narrative attentively to the last line (under which appeared Allan's signature) the doctor looked across the breakfast-table at Midwinter, and tapped his fingers on the manuscript with a satirical smile.

"Many men, many opinions," he said. "I don't agree with either of you about this dream. Your theory," he added, looking at Allan, with a smile, "we have disposed of already: the supper that *you* can't digest is a supper which has yet to be discovered. My theory we will come to presently; your friend's theory claims attention first." He turned again to Midwinter, with his anticipated triumph over a man whom he



disliked a little too plainly visible in his face and manner. "If I understand rightly," he went on, "you believe that this dream is a warning, supernaturally addressed to Mr. Armadale, of dangerous events that are threatening him, and of dangerous people connected with those events, whom he would do wisely to avoid. May I inquire whether you have arrived at this conclusion as an habitual believer in dreams? or, as having reasons of your own for attaching especial importance to this one dream in particular?"

"You have stated what my conviction is quite accurately," returned Midwinter, chafing under the doctor's looks and tones. "Excuse me if I ask you to be satisfied with that admission, and to let me keep my reasons to myself."

"That's exactly what he said to me," interposed Allan. "I don't believe he has got any reasons at all."

"Gently! gently!" said Mr. Hawbury. "We can discuss the subject without intruding ourselves into any body's secrets. Let us come to my own method of dealing with the dream next. Mr. Midwinter will probably not be surprised to hear that I look at this matter from an essentially practical point of view."

"I shall not be at all surprised," retorted Midwinter. "The view of a medical man, when he has a problem in humanity to solve, seldom ranges beyond the point of his dissecting-knife."

The doctor was a little nettled on his side. "Our limits are not quite so narrow as that," he said; "but I willingly grant you that there are some articles of your faith in which we doctors don't believe. For example, we don't believe that a reasonable man is justified in attaching a supernatural interpretation to any phenomenon which comes within the range of his senses, until he has certainly ascertained that there is no such thing as a natural explanation of it to be found in the first instance."

"Come! that's fair enough, I'm sure," exclaimed Allan. "He hit you hard with the 'dissecting-knife,' doctor; and now you have hit him back again with your 'natural explanation.' Let's have it."

"By all means," said Mr. Hawbury; "here it is. There is nothing at all extraordinary in my theory of dreams: it is the theory accepted by the great mass of my profession. A Dream is the reproduction, in the sleeping state of the brain, of images and impressions produced on it in the waking state; and this reproduction is more or less involved, imperfect, or contradictory, as the action of certain faculties in the dreamer is controlled more or less completely by the influence of sleep. Without inquiring farther into this latter part of the subject—a very curious and interesting part of it—let us take the theory, roughly and generally, as I have just stated it, and apply it at once to the dream now under consideration." He took up the written paper from the table, and dropped the formal tone (as of a lecturer addressing an au-

dience) into which he had insensibly fallen. "I see one event already in this dream," he resumed, "which I know to be the reproduction of a waking impression produced on Mr. Armadale in my own presence. If he will only help me by exerting his memory, I don't despair of tracing back the whole succession of events set down here to something that he has said or thought, or seen or done, in the four-and-twenty hours, or less, which preceded his falling asleep on the deck of the timber ship."

"I'll exert my memory with the greatest pleasure," said Allan. "Where shall we start from?"

"Start by telling me what you did yesterday, before I met you and your friend on the road to this place," replied Mr. Hawbury. "We will say, you got up and had your breakfast. What next?"

"We took a carriage next," said Allan, "and drove from Castletown to Douglas to see my old friend, Mr. Brock, off by the steamer to Liverpool. We came back to Castletown, and separated at the hotel door. Midwinter went into the house, and I went on to my yacht in the harbor. By-the-by, doctor, remember you have promised to go cruising with us before we leave the Isle of Man."

"Many thanks—but suppose we keep to the matter in hand. What next?"

Allan hesitated. In both senses of the word his mind was at sea already.

"What did you do on board the yacht?"

"Oh, I know! I put the cabin to rights—thoroughly to rights. I give you my word of honor I turned every blessed thing topsy-turvy. And my friend there came off in a shore-boat and helped me. Talking of boats, I have never asked you yet whether your boat came to any harm last night. If there's any damage done I insist on being allowed to repair it."

The doctor abandoned all further attempts at the cultivation of Allan's memory in despair.

"I doubt if we shall be able to reach our object conveniently in this way," he said. "It will be better to take the events of the dream in their regular order, and to ask the questions that naturally suggest themselves as we go on. Here are the first two events to begin with. You dream that your father appears to you—that you and he find yourselves in the cabin of a ship—that the water rises over you, and that you sink in it together. Were you down in the cabin of the wreck, may I ask?"

"I couldn't be down there," replied Allan, "as the cabin was full of water. I looked in and saw it, and shut the door again."

"Very good," said Mr. Hawbury. "Here are the waking impressions clear enough, so far. You have had the cabin in your mind, and you have had the water in your mind; and the sound of the channel current (as I well know without asking) was the last sound in your ears when you went to sleep. The idea of drowning comes too naturally out of such impressions as these to need dwelling on. Is there any thing else be-



fore we go on? Yes; there is one more circumstance left to account for."

"The most important circumstance of all," remarked Midwinter, joining in the conversation without stirring from his place at the window.

"You mean the appearance of Mr. Armadale's father? I was just coming to that," answered Mr. Hawbury. "Is your father alive?" he added, addressing himself to Allan once more.

"My father died before I was born."

The doctor started. "This complicates it a little," he said. "How did you know that the figure appearing to you in the dream was the figure of your father?"

Allan hesitated again. Midwinter drew his chair a little away from the window, and looked at the doctor attentively for the first time.

"Was your father in your thoughts before you went to sleep?" pursued Mr. Hawbury. "Was there any description of him—any portrait of him at home—in your mind?"

"Of course there was!" cried Allan, suddenly seizing the lost recollection. "Midwinter! you remember the miniature you found on the floor of the cabin when we were putting the yacht to rights? You said I didn't seem to value it; and I told you I did, because it was a portrait of my father—"

"And was the face in the dream like the face in the miniature?" asked Mr. Hawbury.

"Exactly like! I say, doctor, this is beginning to get interesting!"

"What do you say now?" asked Mr. Hawbury, turning toward the window again.

Midwinter hurriedly left his chair, and placed himself at the table with Allan. Just as he had once already taken refuge from the tyranny of his own superstition in the comfortable common sense of Mr. Brock—so, with the same headlong eagerness, with the same straightforward sincerity of purpose, he now took refuge in the doctor's theory of dreams. "I say what my friend says," he answered, flushing with a sudden enthusiasm; "this is beginning to get interesting. Go on—pray go on."

The doctor looked at his strange guest more indulgently than he had looked yet. "You are the only mystic I have met with," he said, "who is willing to give fair evidence fair play. I don't despair of converting you before our inquiry comes to an end. Let us go on to the next set of events," he resumed, after referring for a moment to the manuscript. "The interval of oblivion which is described as succeeding the first of the appearances in the dream may be easily disposed of. It means, in plain English, the momentary cessation of the brain's intellectual action, while a deeper wave of sleep flows over it, just as the sense of being alone in the darkness, which follows, indicates the renewal of that action previous to the reproduction of another set of impressions. Let us see what they are. A lonely pool, surrounded by an open country; a sunset sky on the farther side of the pool; and the shadow of a woman on the near side. Very good; now for it, Mr. Armadale! How

did that pool get into your head? The open country you saw on your way from Castletown to this place. But we have no pools or lakes hereabouts; and you can have seen none recently elsewhere, for you came here after a cruise at sea. Must we fall back on a picture, or a book, or a conversation with your friend?"

Allan looked at Midwinter. "I don't remember talking about pools or lakes," he said. "Do you?"

Instead of answering the question, Midwinter suddenly appealed to the doctor.

"Have you got the last number of the *Manx* newspaper?" he asked.

The doctor produced it from the side-board. Midwinter turned to the page containing those extracts from the recently published *Travels in Australia*, which had roused Allan's interest on the previous evening, and the reading of which had ended by sending his friend to sleep. There—in the passage describing the sufferings of the travelers from thirst, and the subsequent discovery which saved their lives—there, appearing at the climax of the narrative, was the broad pool of water which had figured in Allan's dream!

"Don't put away the paper," said the doctor, when Midwinter had shown it to him, with the necessary explanation. "Before we are at the end of the inquiry it is quite possible we may want that extract again. We have got at the pool. How about the sunset? Nothing of that sort is referred to in the newspaper extract. Search your memory again, Mr. Armadale; we want your waking impression of a sunset, if you please."

Once more, Allan was at a loss for an answer; and, once more, Midwinter's ready memory helped him through the difficulty.

"I think I can trace our way back to this impression, as I traced our way back to the other," he said, addressing the doctor. "After we got here yesterday afternoon my friend and I took a long walk over the hills—"

"That's it!" interposed Allan. "I remember. The sun was setting as we came back to the hotel for supper—and it was such a splendid red sky we both stopped to look at it. And then we talked about Mr. Brock, and wondered how far he had got on his journey home. My memory may be a slow one at starting, doctor; but when it's once set going, stop it if you can! I haven't half done yet."

"Wait one minute, in mercy to Mr. Midwinter's memory and mine," said the doctor. "We have traced back to your waking impressions the vision of the open country, the pool, and the sunset. But the Shadow of the Woman has not been accounted for yet. Can you find us the original of this mysterious figure in the dream-landscape?"

Allan relapsed into his former perplexity, and Midwinter waited for what was to come, with his eyes fixed in breathless interest on the doctor's face. For the first time there was unbroken silence in the room. Mr. Hawbury looked in-



terrogatively from Allan to Allan's friend. Neither of them answered him. Between the shadow and the shadow's substance there was a great gulf of mystery, impenetrable alike to all three of them.

"Patience," said the doctor, composedly. "Let us leave the figure by the pool for the present, and try if we can't pick her up again as we go on. Allow me to observe, Mr. Midwinter, that it is not very easy to identify a shadow; but we won't despair. This impalpable lady of the lake may take some consistency when we next meet with her."

Midwinter made no reply. From that moment his interest in the inquiry began to flag.

"What is the next scene in the dream?" pursued Mr. Hawbury, referring to the manuscript. "Mr. Armadale finds himself in a room. He is standing before a long window opening on a lawn and flower-garden, and the rain is pattering against the glass. The only thing he sees in the room is a little statue; and the only company he has is the Shadow of a Man standing opposite to him. The Shadow stretches out its arm, and the statue falls in fragments on the floor; and the dreamer, in anger and distress at the catastrophe (observe, gentlemen, that here the sleeper's reasoning faculty wakes up a little, and the dream passes rationally, for a moment, from cause to effect), stoops to look at the broken pieces. When he looks up again the scene has vanished. That is to say, in the ebb and flow of sleep it is the turn of the flow now, and the brain rests a little. What's the matter, Mr. Armadale? Has that restive memory of yours run away with you again?"

"Yes," said Allan. "I'm off at full gallop. I've run the broken statue to earth; it's nothing more nor less than a china shepherdess I knocked off the mantle-piece in the hotel coffee-room when I rang the bell for supper last night. I say, how well we get on; don't we? It's like guessing a riddle. Now then, Midwinter! your turn next."

"No!" said the doctor. "My turn, if you please. I claim the long window, the garden, and the lawn as my property. You will find the long window, Mr. Armadale, in the next room. If you look out, you'll see the garden and lawn in front of it—and, if you'll exert that wonderful memory of yours, you will recollect that you were good enough to take special and complimentary notice of my smart French window and my neat garden when I drove you and your friend to Port St. Mary yesterday.

"Quite right," rejoined Allan, "so I did. But what about the rain that fell in the dream? I haven't seen a drop of rain for the last week."

Mr. Hawbury hesitated. The *Manx* newspaper which had been left on the table caught his eye. "If we can think of nothing else," he said, "let us try if we can't find the idea of the rain where we found the idea of the pool." He looked through the extract carefully. "I have got it!" he exclaimed. "Here is rain described as having fallen on these thirsty Australian trav-

elers before they discovered the pool. Behold the shower, Mr. Armadale, which got into your mind when you read the extract to your friend last night! And behold the dream, Mr. Midwinter, mixing up separate waking impressions just as usual!"

"Can you find the waking impression which accounts for the human figure at the window?" asked Midwinter; "or, are we to pass over the Shadow of the Man as we have passed over the Shadow of the Woman already?"

He put the question with scrupulous courtesy of manner, but with a tone of sarcasm in his voice which caught the doctor's ear, and set up the doctor's controversial bristles on the instant.

"When you are picking up shells on the beach, Mr. Midwinter, you usually begin with the shells that lie nearest at hand," he rejoined. "We are picking up facts now; and those that are easiest to get at are the facts we will take first. Let the Shadow of the Man and the Shadow of the Woman pair off together for the present; we won't lose sight of them, I promise you. All in good time, my dear Sir; all in good time!"

He too was polite, and he too was sarcastic. The short truce between the opponents was at an end already. Midwinter returned significantly to his former place by the window. The doctor instantly turned his back on the window more significantly still. Allan, who never quarreled with any body's opinion, and never looked below the surface of any body's conduct, drummed cheerfully on the table with the handle of his knife. "Go on, doctor!" he called out; "my wonderful memory is as fresh as ever."

"Is it?" said Mr. Hawbury, referring again to the narrative of the dream. "Do you remember what happened when you and I were gossiping with the landlady at the bar of the hotel last night?"

"Of course I do! You were kind enough to hand me a glass of brandy-and-water, which the landlady had just mixed for your own drinking. And I was obliged to refuse it because, as I told you, the taste of brandy always turns me sick and faint, mix it how you please."

"Exactly so," returned the doctor. "And here is the incident reproduced in the dream. You see the man's shadow and the woman's shadow together this time. You hear the pouring out of liquid (brandy from the hotel bottle, and water from the hotel jug); the glass is handed by the woman-shadow (the landlady) to the man-shadow (myself); the man-shadow hands it to you (exactly what I did); and the faintness (which you had previously described to me) follows in due course. I am shocked to identify these mysterious Appearances, Mr. Midwinter, with such miserably unromantic originals as a woman who keeps a hotel and a man who physics a country district. But your friend himself will tell you that the glass of brandy-and-water was prepared by the landlady, and that it reached him by passing from her hand to mine. We have picked up the shadows, ex-



actly as I anticipated; and we have only to account now—which may be done in two words—for the manner of their appearance in the dream. After having tried to introduce the waking impression of the doctor and the landlady separately, in connection with the wrong set of circumstances, the dreaming mind comes right at the third trial, and introduces the doctor and the landlady together, in connection with the right set of circumstances. There it is in a nut-shell! Permit me to hand you back the manuscript, with my best thanks for your very complete and striking confirmation of the rational theory of dreams." Saying those words, Mr. Hawbury returned the written paper to Midwinter, with the pitiless politeness of a conquering man.

"Wonderful! not a point missed any where from beginning to end! By Jupiter!" cried Allan, with the ready reverence of intense ignorance. "What a thing science is!"

"Not a point missed, as you say," remarked the doctor, complacently. "And yet I doubt if we have succeeded in convincing your friend."

"You have *not* convinced me," said Midwinter. "But I don't presume on that account to say that you are wrong."

He spoke quietly, almost sadly. The terrible conviction of the supernatural origin of the dream, from which he had tried to escape, had possessed itself of him again. All his interest in the argument was at an end; all his sensitiveness to its irritating influences was gone. In the case of any other man Mr. Hawbury would have been mollified by such a concession as his adversary had now made to him, but he disliked Midwinter too cordially to leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of an opinion of his own.

"Do you admit," asked the doctor, more pugnaciously than ever, "that I have traced back every event of the dream to a waking impression which preceded it in Mr. Armadale's mind?"

"I have no wish to deny that you have done so," said Midwinter, resignedly.

"Have I identified the Shadows with their living originals?"

"You have identified them to your own satisfaction, and to my friend's satisfaction. Not to mine."

"Not to yours? Can *you* identify them?"

"No. I can only wait till the living originals stand revealed in the future."

"Spoken like an oracle, Mr. Midwinter! Have you any idea at present of who those living originals may be?"

"I have. I believe that coming events will identify the Shadow of the Woman with a person whom my friend has not met with yet; and the Shadow of the Man with myself."

Allan attempted to speak. The doctor stopped him.

"Let us clearly understand this," he said to Midwinter. "Leaving your own case out of the question for the moment, may I ask how a shadow, which has no distinguishing mark about

it, is to be identified with a living woman whom your friend doesn't know?"

Midwinter's color rose a little. He began to feel the lash of the doctor's logic.

"The landscape-picture of the dream has its distinguishing marks," he replied. "And in that landscape the living woman will appear when the living woman is first seen."

"The same thing will happen, I suppose," pursued the doctor, "with the man-shadow which you persist in identifying with yourself. You will be associated in the future with a statue broken in your friend's presence, with a long window looking out on a garden, and with a shower of rain pattering against the glass? Do you say that?"

"I say that."

"And so again, I presume, with the next vision? You and the mysterious woman will be brought together in some place now unknown, and will present to Mr. Armadale some liquid yet unnamed, which will turn him faint?—Do you seriously tell me you believe this?"

"I seriously tell you I believe it."

"And, according to your view, these fulfillments of the dream will mark the progress of certain coming events, in which Mr. Armadale's happiness or Mr. Armadale's safety will be dangerously involved?"

"That is my firm conviction."

The doctor rose—laid aside his moral dissecting-knife—considered for a moment—and took it up again.

"One last question," he said. "Have you any reason to give for going out of your way to adopt such a mystical view as this, when an unanswerably rational explanation of the dream lies straight before you?"

"No reason," replied Midwinter, "that I can give, either to you or to my friend."

The doctor looked at his watch with the air of a man who is suddenly reminded that he has been wasting his time.

"We have no common ground to start from," he said; "and if we talked till doomsday we should not agree. Excuse my leaving you rather abruptly. It is later than I thought, and my morning's batch of sick people are waiting for me in the surgery. I have convinced *your* mind, Mr. Armadale, at any rate; so the time we have given to this discussion has not been altogether lost. Pray stop here and smoke your cigar. I shall be at your service again in less than an hour." He nodded cordially to Allan, bowed formally to Midwinter, and quitted the room.

As soon as the doctor's back was turned Allan left his place at the table, and appealed to his friend with that irresistible heartiness of manner which had always found its way to Midwinter's sympathies from the first day when they met at the Somersetshire inn.

"Now the sparring-match between you and the doctor is over," said Allan, "I have got two words to say on my side. Will you do something for my sake which you won't do for your own?"



Midwinter's face brightened instantly. "I will do any thing you ask me," he said.

"Very well. Will you let the subject of the dream drop out of our talk altogether from this time forth?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Will you go a step further? Will you leave off thinking about the dream?"

"It's hard to leave off thinking about it, Allan. But I will try."

"That's a good fellow! Now give me that trumpery bit of paper, and let's tear it up, and have done with it."

He tried to snatch the manuscript out of his friend's hand; but Midwinter was too quick for him, and kept it beyond his reach.

"Come! come!" pleaded Allan. "I've set my heart on lighting my cigar with it."

Midwinter hesitated painfully. It was hard to resist Allan; but he did resist him. "I'll wait a little," he said, "before you light your cigar with it."

"How long? Till to-morrow?"

"Longer."

"Till we leave the Isle of Man?"

"Longer."

"Hang it—give me a plain answer to a plain question! How long *will* you wait?"

Midwinter carefully restored the paper to its place in his pocket-book.

"I'll wait," he said, "till we get to Thorpe-Ambrose."

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

## OLD LETTERS.

FAIR with the fairness of Dead Sea fruit;  
True with the truth of a siren's smile;  
Instinct with soul as an unplayed lute;  
Expert of fraud as a serpent's wile—

If she to-morrow will wed for gold,  
Flouting the rite with a perjured vow,  
Shall not the new take the place of the old;  
The sun of the *then* quit the ice of the *now*?

Ah! did he love her? He said so, in sooth;  
And she made him say it in mazed surprise:  
He swore to his honor to make it truth;  
And his true heart clave to her heart of lies.

Was there no churl of her own degree,  
No upstart churl with new acres broad,  
To come at her call and her slave to be,  
Till land married land in the fane of God?

Such were in plenty, for she had gold—  
Such is the man she will wed to-morrow;  
But she had a fancy that wealth untold,  
That fathomless mine, a heart, to borrow.

To borrow, to borrow, but not to keep—  
That were to hold it all too dear;  
For practice, her hands its strings should sweep,  
Her ears the full tones of its music hear.

Resolved, for a season she turned away  
From senseless clowns with new acres broad;  
Giving the poor and the proud *his* day,  
Whose wealth was his brain and trust in God.

She made up her eyes to the depth of pools  
Of love in the midst of her beauty's glare:  
Fledged with new honors, flushed from the schools,  
How should a young man know to beware?

Ah! did he love her? He said so, in sooth;  
And she trapped him to say it in mazed surprise:  
He said it, and swore to make it truth;  
And his true heart clave to her heart of lies.

Will she break it now—the heart she trepanned?  
May Heaven forefend! though a spell she throw  
Round it of ice, pray a magic hand  
May touch it and bid its streams reflow!

If she to-morrow will wed for gold,  
Flouting the rite with a perjured vow,  
Should not the new take the place of the old?  
Where are her thoughts and her fancies now?

Thrice hath the letter she holds been read—  
Hath she been snared in her own device?  
Why linger now o'er the hopes that are dead?  
Let them be tombed with her artifice.

Ah! Memory whispers her hopes and fears,  
Her anguish of doubt, till that letter came;  
How the writer professed to her bliss and tears  
She had lit once, forever, a vestal flame.

The spectacled Prudence, her mother, is kind!  
Patient and kind to the griefs of youth;  
She will wink at a heart-throb or pang till she's blind,  
So her child be but true to her untruth!

Culled from the rubbish doomed to be burned,  
Of scandal, of fashion, of fête and fair;  
Alas! is his love, with his letters, *returned*,  
Coiled round a lock of her worthless hair?

He recks not. Why should he? Both to the fire!  
Of her future this prayer the grace shall be:  
"God send my sons be not like their sire!  
God send my daughters be not like me!"





OLD LETTERS.





MISS RIDERHOOD AT HOME.—[SEE FEBRUARY NUMBER, PAGE 374.]

## OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE SECOND. BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### STRONG OF PURPOSE.

THE sexton-task of piling earth above John Harmon all night long was not conducive to sound sleep; but Rokesmith had some broken morning rest, and rose strengthened in his purpose. It was all over now. No ghost should trouble Mr. and Mrs. Boffin's peace; invisible and voiceless, the ghost should look on for a little while longer at the state of existence out of which it had departed, and then should forever

cease to haunt the scenes in which it had no place.

He went over it all again. He had lapsed into the condition in which he found himself, as many a man lapses into many a condition, without perceiving the accumulative power of its separate circumstances. When in the distrust engendered by his wretched childhood and the action for evil—never yet for good within his knowledge then—of his father and his father's wealth on all within their influence, he conceived the idea of his first deception, it was meant to





MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE.—[SEE FEBRUARY NUMBER, PAGE 382.]

be harmless, it was to last but a few hours or days, it was to involve in it only the girl so capriciously forced upon him, and upon whom he was so capriciously forced, and it was honestly meant well toward her. For if he had found her unhappy in the prospect of that marriage (through her heart inclining to another man or for any other cause), he would seriously have said: "This is another of the old perverted uses of the misery-making money. I will let it go to my and my sister's only protectors and friends." When the snare into which he fell so outstripped his first intention as that he found himself placarded by the police authorities upon the London walls for dead, he confusedly accepted the aid that fell upon him, without considering how firmly it must seem to fix the Boffins in their accession to the fortune. When he saw them, and knew them, and even from his vantage-

ground of inspection could find no flaw in them, he asked himself, "And shall I come to life to dispossess such people as these?" There was no good to set against the putting of them to that hard proof. He had heard from Bella's own lips when he stood tapping at the door on that night of his taking the lodgings, that the marriage would have been on her part thoroughly mercenary. He had since tried her, in his own unknown person and supposed station, and she not only rejected his advances but resented them. Was it for him to have the shame of buying her, or the meanness of punishing her? Yet, by coming to life, and accepting the condition of the inheritance, he must do the former; and by coming to life and rejecting it, he must do the latter.

Another consequence that he had never foreshadowed, was the implication of an innocent



man in his supposed murder. He would obtain complete retraction from the accuser, and set the wrong right; but clearly the wrong could never have been done if he had never planned a deception. Then, whatever inconvenience or distress of mind the deception cost him, it was manful repentantly to accept as among its consequences, and make no complaint.

Thus John Rokesmith in the morning, and it buried John Harmon still many fathoms deeper than he had been buried in the night.

Going out earlier than he was accustomed to do, he encountered the cherub at the door. The cherub's way was for a certain space his way, and they walked together.

It was impossible not to notice the change in the cherub's appearance. The cherub felt very conscious of it, and modestly remarked: "A present from my daughter Bella, Mr. Rokesmith."

The words gave the Secretary a stroke of pleasure, for he remembered the fifty pounds, and he still loved the girl. No doubt it was very weak—it always is very weak, some authorities hold—but he loved the girl.

"I don't know whether you happen to have read many books of African Travel, Mr. Rokesmith?" said R. W.

"I have read several."

"Well, you know, there's usually a King George, or a King Boy, or a King Sambo, or a King Bill, or Bull, or Rum, or Junk, or whatever name the sailors may have happened to give him."

"Where?" asked Rokesmith.

"Any where. Any where in Africa, I mean. Pretty well every where, I may say; for black kings are cheap—and I think"—said R. W., with an apologetic air, "nasty."

"I am much of your opinion, Mr. Wilfer. You were going to say—?"

"I was going to say, the king is generally dressed in a London hat only, or a Manchester pair of braces, or one epaulet, or a uniform coat with his legs in the sleeves, or something of that kind."

"Just so," said the Secretary.

"In confidence, I assure you, Mr. Rokesmith," observed the cheerful cherub, "that when more of my family were at home and to be provided for, I used to remind myself immensely of that king. You have no idea, as a single man, of the difficulty I have had in wearing more than one good article at a time."

"I can easily believe it, Mr. Wilfer."

"I only mention it," said R. W. in the warmth of his heart, "as a proof of the amiable, delicate, and considerate affection of my daughter Bella. If she had been a little spoiled, I couldn't have thought so very much of it, under the circumstances. But no, not a bit. And she is so very pretty! I hope you agree with me in finding her very pretty, Mr. Rokesmith?"

"Certainly I do. Every one must."

"I hope so," said the cherub. "Indeed, I

have no doubt of it. This is a great advancement for her in life, Mr. Rokesmith. A great opening of her prospects."

"Miss Wilfer could have no better friends than Mr. and Mrs. Boffin."

"Impossible!" said the grateful cherub. "Really I begin to think things are very well as they are. If Mr. John Harmon had lived—"

"He is better dead," said the Secretary.

"No, I won't go so far as to say that," urged the cherub, a little remonstrant against the very decisive and un pitying tone; "but he mightn't have suited Bella, or Bella mightn't have suited him, or fifty things, whereas now I hope she can choose for herself."

"Has she—as you place the confidence in me of speaking on the subject, you will excuse my asking—has she—perhaps—chosen?" faltered the Secretary.

"Oh dear no!" returned R. W.

"Young ladies sometimes," Rokesmith hinted, "choose without mentioning their choice to their fathers."

"Not in this case, Mr. Rokesmith. Between my daughter Bella and me there is a regular league and covenant of confidence. It was ratified only the other day. The ratification dates from—these," said the cherub, giving a little pull at the lappels of his coat and the pockets of his trowsers. "Oh no, she has not chosen. To be sure, young George Sampson, in the days when Mr. John Harmon—"

"Who I wish had never been born!" said the Secretary, with a gloomy brow.

R. W. looked at him with surprise, as thinking he had contracted an unaccountable spite against the poor deceased, and continued: "In the days when Mr. John Harmon was being sought out, young George Sampson certainly was hovering about Bella, and Bella let him hover. But it never was seriously thought of, and it's still less than ever to be thought of now. For Bella is ambitious, Mr. Rokesmith, and I think I may predict will marry fortune. This time, you see, she will have the person and the property before her together, and will be able to make her choice with her eyes open. This is my road. I am very sorry to part company so soon. Good-morning, Sir!"

The Secretary pursued his way, not very much elevated in spirits by this conversation, and, arriving at the Boffin mansion, found Betty Higden waiting for him.

"I should thank you kindly, Sir," said Betty, "if I might make so bold as have a word or two wi' you."

She should have as many words as she liked, he told her; and took her into his room, and made her sit down.

"'Tis concerning Sloppy, Sir," said Betty. "And that's how I come here by myself. Not wishing him to know what I'm a-going to say to you, I got the start of him early and walked up."

"You have wonderful energy," returned Rokesmith. "You are as young as I am."



Betty Higden gravely shook her head. "I am strong for my time of life, Sir, but not young, thank the Lord!"

"Are you thankful for not being young?"

"Yes, Sir. If I was young, it would all have to be gone through again, and the end would be a weary way off, don't you see? But never mind me; 'tis concerning Sloppy."

"And what about him, Betty?"

"'Tis just this, Sir. It can't be reasoned out of his head by any powers of mine but what that he can do right by your kind lady and gentleman and do his work for me, both together. Now he can't. To give himself up to being put in the way of arning a good living and getting on, he must give me up. Well; he won't."

"I respect him for it," said Rokesmith.

"Do ye, Sir? I don't know but what I do myself. Still that don't make it right to let him have his way. So as he won't give me up, I'm a-going to give him up."

"How, Betty?"

"I'm a-going to run away from him."

With an astonished look at the indomitable old face and the bright eyes the Secretary repeated, "Run away from him?"

"Yes, Sir," said Betty, with one nod. And in the nod and in the firm set of her mouth there was a vigor of purpose not to be doubted.

"Come, come!" said the Secretary. "We must talk about this. Let us take our time over it, and try to get at the true sense of the case and the true course, by degrees."

"Now, lookee here, my dear," returned old Betty—"asking your excuse for being so familiar, but being of a time of life a'most to be your grandmother twice over. Now, lookee here. 'Tis a poor living and a hard as is to be got out of this work that I'm a doing now, and but for Sloppy I don't know as I should have held to it this long. But it did just keep us on, the two together. Now that I'm alone—with even Johnny gone—I'd far sooner be upon my feet and tiring of myself out, than a sitting folding and folding by the fire. And I'll tell you why. There's a deadness steals over me at times, that the kind of life favors and I don't like. Now, I seem to have Johnny in my arms—now, his mother—now, his mother's mother—now, I seem to be a child myself, a lying once again in the arms of my own mother—then I get numbed, thought and senses, till I start out of my seat, afeerd that I'm a growing like the poor old people that they brick up in the Unions, as you may sometimes see when they let 'em out of the four walls to have a warm in the sun, crawling quite scared about the streets. I was a nimble girl, and have always been a active body, as I told your lady, first time ever I see her good face. I can still walk twenty mile if I am put to it. I'd far better be a walking than a getting numbed and dreary. I'm a good fair knitter, and can make many little things to sell. The loan from your lady and gentleman of twenty shillings to fit out a basket with would

be a fortune for me. Trudging round the country and tiring of myself out, I shall keep the deadness off, and get my own bread by my own labor. And what more can I want?"

"And this is your plan," said the Secretary, "for running away?"

"Show me a better! My deary, show me a better! Why, I know very well," said old Betty Higden, "and you know very well, that your lady and gentleman would set me up like a queen for the rest of my life, if so be that we could make it right among us to have it so. But we can't make it right among us to have it so. I've never took charity yet, nor yet has any one belonging to me. And it would be forsaking of myself indeed, and forsaking of my children dead and gone, and forsaking of their children dead and gone, to set up a contradiction now at last."

"It might come to be justifiable and unavoidable at last," the Secretary gently hinted, with a slight stress on the word.

"I hope it never will! It ain't that I mean to give offense by being anyways proud," said the old creature, simply, "but that I want to be of a piece like, and helpful of myself right through to my death."

"And to be sure," added the Secretary, as a comfort for her, "Sloppy will be eagerly looking forward to his opportunity of being to you what you have been to him."

"Trust him for that, Sir!" said Betty, cheerfully. "Though he had need to be something quick about it, for I'm a getting to be an old one. But I'm a strong one too, and travel and weather never hurt me yet! Now, be so kind as speak for me to your lady and gentleman, and tell 'em what I ask of their good friendliness to let me do, and why I ask it."

The Secretary felt that there was no gain-saying what was urged by this brave old heroine, and he presently repaired to Mrs. Boffin and recommended her to let Betty Higden have her way, at all events for the time. "It would be far more satisfactory to your kind heart, I know," he said, "to provide for her, but it may be a duty to respect this independent spirit." Mrs. Boffin was not proof against the consideration set before her. She and her husband had worked too, and had brought their simple faith and honor clean out of dust-heaps. If they owed a duty to Betty Higden, of a surety that duty must be done.

"But, Betty," said Mrs. Boffin, when she accompanied John Rokesmith back to his room, and shone upon her with the light of her radiant face, "granted all else, I think I wouldn't run away."

"'Twould come easier to Sloppy," said Mrs. Higden, shaking her head. "'Twould come easier to me too. But 'tis as you please."

"When would you go?"

"Now," was the bright and ready answer. "To-day, my deary, to-morrow. Bless ye, I am used to it. I know many parts of the coun-



try well. When nothing else was to be done I have worked in many a market-garden afore now, and in many a hop-garden too."

"If I give my consent to your going, Betty—which Mr. Rokesmith thinks I ought to do—"

Betty thanked him with a grateful courtesy.

"—We must not lose sight of you. We must not let you pass out of our knowledge. We must know all about you."

"Yes, my deary, but not through letter-writing, because letter-writing—indeed, writing of most sorts—hadn't much come up for such as me when I was young. But I shall be to and fro. No fear of my missing a chance of giving myself a sight of your reviving face. Besides," said Betty, with logical good faith, "I shall have a debt to pay off, by littles, and naturally that would bring me back if nothing else would."

"*Must* it be done?" asked Mrs. Boffin, still reluctant, of the Secretary.

"I think it must."

After more discussion it was agreed that it should be done, and Mrs. Boffin summoned Bella to note down the little purchases that were necessary to set Betty up in trade. "Don't ye be timorous for me, my dear," said the stanch old heart, observant of Bella's face: "when I take my seat with my work, clean and busy and fresh, in a country market-place, I shall turn a sixpence as sure as ever a farmer's wife there."

The Secretary took that opportunity of touching on the practical question of Mr. Sloppy's capabilities. He would have made a wonderful cabinet-maker, said Mrs. Higden, "if there had been the money to put him to it." She had seen him handle tools that he had borrowed to mend the mangle, or to knock a broken piece of furniture together, in a surprising manner. As to constructing toys for the Minders, out of nothing, he had done that daily. And once as many as a dozen people had got together in the lane to see the neatness with which he fitted the broken pieces of a foreign monkey's musical instrument. "That's well," said the Secretary. "It will not be hard to find a trade for him."

John Harmon being buried under mountains now, the Secretary that very same day set himself to finish his affairs and have done with him. He drew up an ample declaration, to be signed by Rogue Riderhood (knowing he could get his signature to it, by making him another and much shorter evening call), and then considered to whom should he give the document? To Hexam's son, or daughter? Resolved speedily, to the daughter. But it would be safer to avoid seeing the daughter, because the son had seen Julius Handford, and—he could not be too careful—there might possibly be some comparison of notes between the son and daughter, which would awaken slumbering suspicion and lead to consequences. "I might even," he reflected, "be apprehended as having been concerned in my own murder!" Therefore, best to send it to the daughter under cover by the post. Pleasant Riderhood had undertaken to find out where

she lived, and it was not necessary that it should be attended by a single word of explanation. So far, straight.

But all that he knew of the daughter he derived from Mrs. Boffin's accounts of what she heard from Mr. Lightwood, who seemed to have a reputation for his manner of relating a story, and to have made this story quite his own. It interested him, and he would like to have the means of knowing more—as, for instance, that she received the exonerating paper, and that it satisfied her—by opening some channel altogether independent of Lightwood: who likewise had seen Julius Handford, who had publicly advertised for Julius Handford, and whom of all men he, the Secretary, most avoided. "But with whom the common course of things might bring me in a moment face to face any day in the week or any hour in the day."

Now, to cast about for some likely means of opening such a channel. The boy, Hexam, was training for and with a schoolmaster. The Secretary knew it, because his sister's share in that disposal of him seemed to be the best part of Lightwood's account of the family. This young fellow, Sloppy, stood in need of some instruction. If he, the Secretary, engaged that schoolmaster to impart it to him the channel might be opened. The next point was, did Mrs. Boffin know the schoolmaster's name? No, but she knew where the school was. Quite enough. Promptly the Secretary wrote to the master of that school, and that very evening Bradley Headstone answered in person.

The Secretary stated to the schoolmaster how the object was, to send to him for certain occasional evening instruction, a youth whom Mr. and Mrs. Boffin wished to help to an industrious and useful place in life. The schoolmaster was willing to undertake the charge of such a pupil. The Secretary inquired on what terms? The schoolmaster stated on what terms. Agreed and disposed of.

"May I ask, Sir," said Bradley Headstone, "to whose good opinion I owe a recommendation to you?"

"You should know that I am not the principal here. I am Mr. Boffin's Secretary. Mr. Boffin is a gentleman who inherited a property of which you may have heard some public mention: the Harmon property."

"Mr. Harmon," said Bradley: who would have been a great deal more at a loss than he was, if he had known to whom he spoke: "was murdered, and found in the river."

"Was murdered, and found in the river."

"It was not—"

"No," interposed the Secretary, smiling, "it was not he who recommended you. Mr. Boffin heard of you through a certain Mr. Lightwood. I think you know Mr. Lightwood, or know of him?"

"I know as much of him as I wish to know, Sir. I have no acquaintance with Mr. Lightwood, and I desire none. I have no objection



to Mr. Lightwood, but I have a particular objection to some of Mr. Lightwood's friends—in short, to one of Mr. Lightwood's friends. His great friend."

He could hardly get the words out, even then and there, so fierce did he grow (though keeping himself down with infinite pains of repression), when the careless and contemptuous bearing of Eugene Wrayburn rose before his mind.

The Secretary saw there was a strong feeling here on some sore point, and he would have made a diversion from it, but for Bradley's holding to it in his cumbersome way.

"I have no objection to mention the friend by name," he said, doggedly. "The person I object to is Mr. Eugene Wrayburn."

The Secretary remembered him. In his disturbed recollection of that night when he was striving against the drugged drink, there was but a dim image of Eugene's person; but he remembered his name, and his manner of speaking, and how he had gone with them to view the body, and where he had stood, and what he had said.

"Pray, Mr. Headstone, what is the name," he asked, again trying to make a diversion, "of young Hexam's sister?"

"Her name is Lizzie," said the schoolmaster, with a strong contraction of his whole face.

"She is a young woman of a remarkable character; is she not?"

"She is sufficiently remarkable to be very superior to Mr. Eugene Wrayburn—though an ordinary person might be that," said the schoolmaster; "and I hope you will not think it impertinent in me, Sir, to ask why you put the two names together?"

"By mere accident," returned the Secretary. "Observing that Mr. Wrayburn was a disagreeable subject with you, I tried to get away from it: though not very successfully, it would appear."

"Do you know Mr. Wrayburn, Sir?"

"No."

"Then perhaps the names can not be put together on the authority of any representation of his?"

"Certainly not."

"I took the liberty to ask," said Bradley, after casting his eyes on the ground, "because he is capable of making any representation, in the swaggering levity of his insolence. I—I hope you will not misunderstand me, Sir. I—I am much interested in this brother and sister, and the subject awakens very strong feelings within me. Very, very strong feelings." With a shaking hand Bradley took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

The Secretary thought, as he glanced at the schoolmaster's face, that he had opened a channel here indeed, and that it was an unexpectedly dark and deep and stormy one, and difficult to sound. All at once, in the midst of his turbulent emotions, Bradley stopped and seemed to challenge his look. Much as though he suddenly asked him, "What do you see in me?"

"The brother, young Hexam, was your real recommendation here," said the Secretary, quietly going back to the point; "Mr. and Mrs. Boffin happening to know, through Mr. Lightwood, that he was your pupil. Any thing that I ask respecting the brother and sister, or either of them, I ask for myself, out of my own interest in the subject, and not in my official character, or on Mr. Boffin's behalf. How I come to be interested I need not explain. You know the father's connection with the discovery of Mr. Harmon's body."

"Sir," replied Bradley, very restlessly indeed, "I know all the circumstances of that case."

"Pray tell me, Mr. Headstone," said the Secretary. "Does the sister suffer under any stigma because of the impossible accusation—groundless would be a better word—that was made against the father, and substantially withdrawn?"

"No, Sir," returned Bradley, with a kind of anger.

"I am very glad to hear it."

"The sister," said Bradley, separating his words over-carefully, and speaking as if he were repeating them from a book, "suffers under no reproach that repels a man of unimpeachable character, who has made for himself every step of his way in life, from placing her in his own station. I will not say, raising her to his own station; I say, placing her in it. The sister labors under no reproach, unless she should unfortunately make it for herself. When such a man is not deterred from regarding her as his equal, and when he has convinced himself that there is no blemish on her, I think the fact must be taken to be pretty expressive."

"And there is such a man?" said the Secretary.

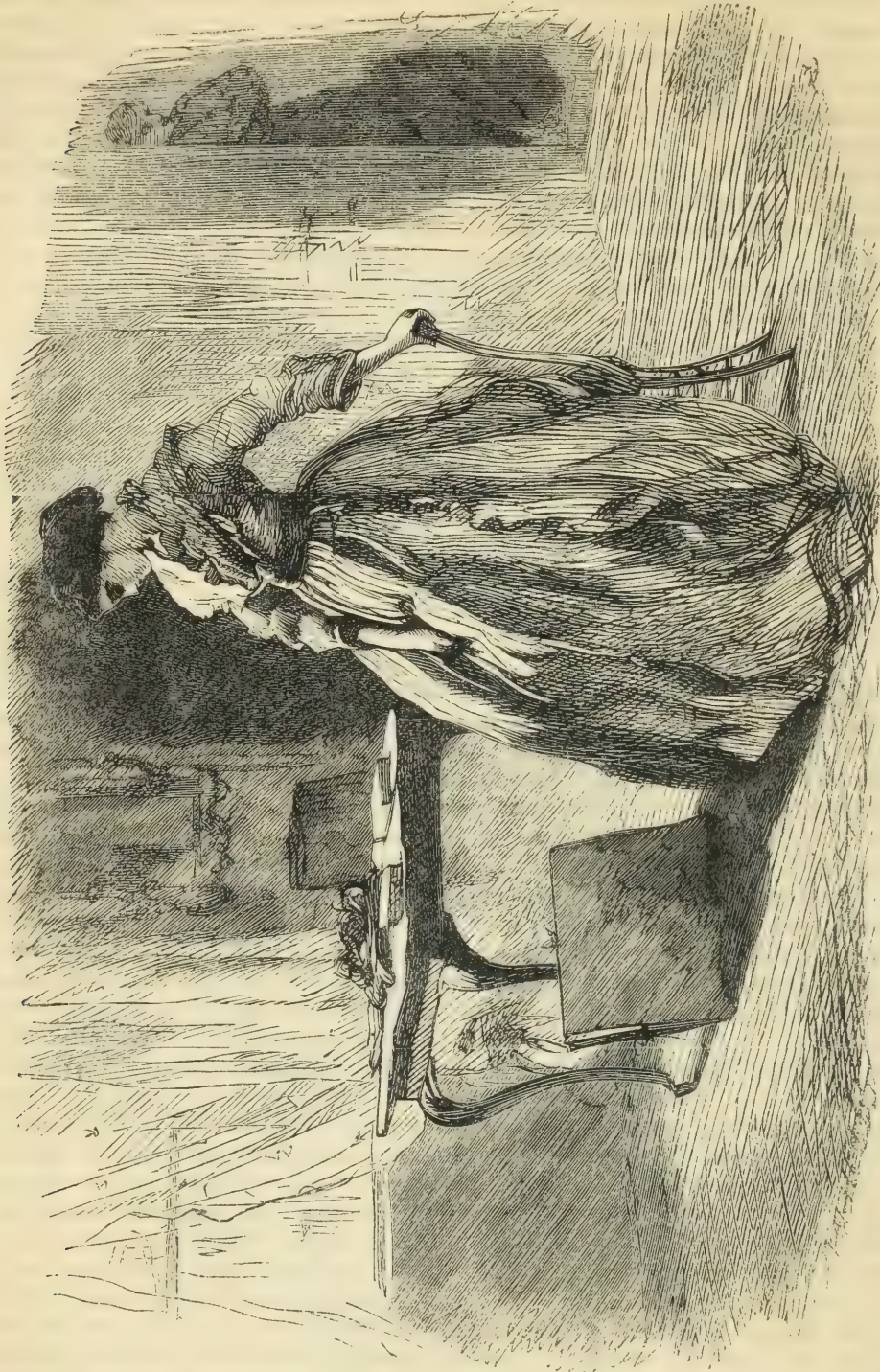
Bradley Headstone knotted his brows, and squared his large lower jaw, and fixed his eyes on the ground with an air of determination that seemed unnecessary to the occasion, as he replied: "And there is such a man."

The Secretary had no reason or excuse for prolonging the conversation, and it ended here. Within three hours the oakum-headed apparition once more dived into the Leaving Shop, and that night Rogue Riderhood's recantation lay in the post-office, addressed under cover to Lizzie Hexam at her right address.

All these proceedings occupied John Rokesmith so much that it was not until the following day that he saw Bella again. It seemed then to be tacitly understood between them that they were to be as distantly easy as they could, without attracting the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin to any marked change in their manner. The fitting out of old Betty Higden was favorable to this, as keeping Bella engaged and interested, and as occupying the general attention.

"I think," said Rokesmith, when they all stood about her, while she packed her tidy basket—except Bella, who was busily helping on her knees at the chair on which it stood; "that at





THE BOOZER LADY.

least you might keep a letter in your pocket, Mrs. Higden, which I would write for you and date from here, merely stating, in the names of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, that they are your friends;—I won't say patrons, because they wouldn't like it."

"No, no, no," said Mr. Boffin; "no patronizing! Let's keep out of *that*, whatever we come to."

"There's more than enough of that about, without us; ain't there, Noddy?" said Mrs. Boffin.

"I believe you, old lady!" returned the Golden Dustman. "Overmuch indeed!"

"But people sometimes like to be patronized; don't they, Sir?" asked Bella, looking up.

"I don't. And if *they* do, my dear, they ought to learn better," said Mr. Boffin. "Patrons and Patronesses, and Vice-Patrons and Vice-Patronesses, and Deceased Patrons and Deceased Patronesses, and Ex-Vice-Patrons and Ex-Vice-Patronesses, what does it all mean in the books of the Charities that come pouring in on Roke-smith as he sits among 'em pretty well up to his neck! If Mr. Tom Noakes gives his five shillings ain't he a Patron, and if Mrs. Jack Styles gives her five shillings ain't she a Patroness? What the deuce is it all about? If it ain't stark staring impudence, what do you call it?"

"Don't be warm, Noddy," Mrs. Boffin urged.

"Warm!" cried Mr. Boffin. "It's enough to make a man smoking hot. I can't go any



where without being Patronized. I don't want to be Patronized. If I buy a ticket for a Flower Show, or a Music Show, or any sort of Show, and pay pretty heavy for it, why am I to be Patroned and Patronessed as if the Patrons and Patronesses treated me? If there's a good thing to be done, can't it be done on its own merits? If there's a bad thing to be done, can it ever be Patroned and Patronessed right? Yet when a new Institution's going to be built, it seems to me that the bricks and mortar ain't made of half so much consequence as the Patrons and Patronesses; no, nor yet the objects. I wish somebody would tell me whether other countries get Patronized to any thing like the extent of this one! And as to the Patrons and Patronesses themselves, I wonder they're not ashamed of themselves. They ain't Pills, or Hair-Washes, or Invigorating Nervous Essences, to be puffed in that way!"

Having delivered himself of these remarks, Mr. Boffin took a trot, according to his usual custom, and trotted back to the spot from which he had started.

"As to the letter, Rokesmith," said Mr. Boffin, "you're as right as a trivet. Give her the letter, make her take the letter, put it in her pocket by violence. She might fall sick.—You know you might fall sick," said Mr. Boffin. "Don't deny it, Mrs. Higden, in your obstinacy; you know you might."

Old Betty laughed, and said that she would take the letter and be thankful.

"That's right!" said Mr. Boffin. "Come! That's sensible. And don't be thankful to us (for we never thought of it), but to Mr. Rokesmith."

The letter was written, and read to her, and given to her.

"Now, how do you feel?" said Mr. Boffin. "Do you like it?"

"The letter, Sir?" said Betty. "Ay, it's a beautiful letter!"

"No, no, no; not the letter," said Mr. Boffin; "the idea. Are you sure you're strong enough to carry out the idea?"

"I shall be stronger, and keep the deadness off better, this way, than any way left open to me, Sir."

"Don't say than any way left open, you know," urged Mr. Boffin; "because there are ways without end. A housekeeper would be acceptable over yonder at the Bower, for instance. Wouldn't you like to see the Bower, and know a retired literary man of the name of Wegg that lives there—with a wooden leg?"

Old Betty was proof even against this temptation, and fell to adjusting her black bonnet and shawl.

"I wouldn't let you go, now it comes to this, after all," said Mr. Boffin, "if I didn't hope that it may make a man and a workman of Sloppy, in as short a time as ever a man and a workman was made yet. Why, what have you got there, Betty? Not a doll?"

It was the man in the Guards who had been on duty over Johnny's bed. The solitary old woman showed what it was, and put it up quietly in her dress. Then she gratefully took leave of Mrs. Boffin, and of Mr. Boffin, and of Rokesmith, and then put her old withered arms round Bella's young and blooming neck, and said, repeating Johnny's words: "A kiss for the boofer lady."

The Secretary looked on from a doorway at the boofer lady thus encircled, and still looked on at the boofer lady standing alone there, when the determined old figure with its steady bright eyes was trudging through the streets, away from paralysis and pauperism.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE WHOLE CASE SO FAR.

BRADLEY HEADSTONE held fast by that other interview he was to have with Lizzie Hexam. In stipulating for it he had been impelled by a feeling little short of desperation, and the feeling abided by him. It was very soon after his interview with the Secretary that he and Charley Hexam set out one leaden evening, not unnoticed by Miss Peecher, to have this desperate interview accomplished.

"That dolls' dress-maker," said Bradley, "is favorable neither to me nor to you, Hexam."

"A pert crooked little chit, Mr. Headstone! I knew she would put herself in the way, if she could, and would be sure to strike in with something impertinent. It was on that account that I proposed our going to the City to-night and meeting my sister."

"So I supposed," said Bradley, getting his gloves on his nervous hands as he walked. "So I supposed."

"Nobody but my sister," pursued Charley, "would have found out such an extraordinary companion. She has done it in a ridiculous fancy of giving herself up to another. She told me so that night when we went there."

"Why should she give herself up to the dress-maker?" asked Bradley.

"Oh!" said the boy, coloring. "One of her romantic ideas! I tried to convince her so, but I didn't succeed. However, what we have got to do, is, to succeed to-night, Mr. Headstone, and then all the rest follows."

"You are still sanguine, Hexam."

"Certainly I am, Sir. Why, we have every thing on our side."

"Except your sister, perhaps," thought Bradley. But he only gloomily thought it, and said nothing.

"Every thing on our side," repeated the boy with boyish confidence. "Respectability, an excellent connection for me, common sense, every thing!"

"To be sure, your sister has always shown herself a devoted sister," said Bradley, willing to sustain himself on even that low ground of hope.



"Naturally, Mr. Headstone, I have a good deal of influence with her. And now that you have honored me with your confidence and spoken to me first, I say again, we have every thing on our side."

And Bradley thought again, "Except your sister, perhaps."

A gray dusty withered evening in London city has not a hopeful aspect. The closed warehouses and offices have an air of death about them, and the national dread of color has an air of mourning. The towers and steeples of the many house-encompassed churches, dark and dingy as the sky that seems descending on them, are no relief to the general gloom; a sun-dial on a church-wall has the look, in its useless black shade, of having failed in its business enterprise and stopped payment forever: melancholy waifs and strays of housekeepers and porters sweep melancholy waifs and strays of papers and pins into the kennels, and other more melancholy waifs and strays explore them, searching and stooping and poking for any thing to sell. The set of humanity outward from the City is as a set of prisoners departing from jail, and dismal Newgate seems quite as fit a stronghold for the mighty Lord Mayor as his own state-dwelling.

On such an evening, when the city grit gets into the hair and eyes and skin, and when the fallen leaves of the few unhappy city trees grind down in corners under wheels of wind, the school-master and the pupil emerged upon the Leadenhall Street region, spying eastward for Lizzie. Being something too soon in their arrival they lurked at a corner, waiting for her to appear. The best-looking among us will not look very well lurking at a corner, and Bradley came out of that disadvantage very poorly indeed.

"Here she comes, Mr. Headstone! Let us go forward and meet her."

As they advanced she saw them coming, and seemed rather troubled. But she greeted her brother with the usual warmth, and touched the extended hand of Bradley.

"Why, where are you going, Charley, dear?" she asked him then.

"Nowhere. We came on purpose to meet you."

"To meet me, Charley?"

"Yes. We are going to walk with you. But don't let us take the great leading streets where every one walks, and we can't hear ourselves speak. Let us go by the quiet backways. Here's a large paved court by this church, and quiet, too. Let us go up here."

"But it's not in the way, Charley."

"Yes it is," said the boy, petulantly. "It's in my way, and my way is yours."

She had not released his hand, and, still holding it, looked at him with a kind of appeal. He avoided her eyes, under pretense of saying, "Come along, Mr. Headstone." Bradley walked at his side—not at hers—and the brother and sister walked hand-in-hand. The court brought them to a church-yard; a paved square court,

with a raised bank of earth about breast high, in the middle, inclosed by iron rails. Here, conveniently and healthfully elevated above the level of the living, were the dead, and the tombstones; some of the latter droopingly inclined from the perpendicular, as if they were ashamed of the lies they told.

They paced the whole of this place once, in a constrained and uncomfortable manner, when the boy stopped and said:

"Lizzie, Mr. Headstone has something to say to you. I don't wish to be an interruption either to him or to you, and so I'll go and take a little stroll and come back. I know in a general way what Mr. Headstone intends to say, and I very highly approve of it, as I hope—and indeed I do not doubt—you will. I needn't tell you, Lizzie, that I am under great obligations to Mr. Headstone, and that I am very anxious for Mr. Headstone to succeed in all he undertakes. As I hope—and as, indeed, I don't doubt—you must be."

"Charley," returned his sister, detaining his hand as he withdrew it, "I think you had better stay. I think Mr. Headstone had better not say what he thinks of saying."

"Why, how do you know what it is?" returned the boy.

"Perhaps I don't, but—"

"Perhaps you don't? No, Liz, I should think not. If you knew what it was you would give me a very different answer. There; let go; be sensible. I wonder you don't remember that Mr. Headstone is looking on."

She allowed him to separate himself from her, and he, after saying, "Now, Liz, be a rational girl and a good sister," walked away. She remained standing alone with Bradley Headstone, and it was not until she raised her eyes that he spoke.

"I said," he began, "when I saw you last, that there was something unexplained, which might perhaps influence you. I have come this evening to explain it. I hope you will not judge of me by my hesitating manner when I speak to you. You see me at my greatest disadvantage. It is most unfortunate for me that I wish you to see me at my best, and that I know you see me at my worst."

She moved slowly on when he paused, and he moved slowly on beside her.

"It seems egotistical to begin by saying so much about myself," he resumed, "but whatever I say to you seems, even in my own ears, below what I want to say, and different from what I want to say. I can't help it. So it is. You are the ruin of me."

She started at the passionate sound of the last words, and at the passionate action of his hands, with which they were accompanied.

"Yes! you are the ruin—the ruin—the ruin—of me. I have no resources in myself, I have no confidence in myself, I have no government of myself when you are near me or in my thoughts. And you are always in my thoughts now. I have never been quit of you since I first saw you.



Oh, that was a wretched day for me! That was a wretched, miserable day!"

A touch of pity for him mingled with her dislike of him, and she said: "Mr. Headstone, I am grieved to have done you any harm, but I have never meant it."

"There!" he cried, despairingly. "Now I seem to have reproached you, instead of revealing to you the state of my own mind! Bear with me. I am always wrong when you are in question. It is my doom."

Struggling with himself, and by times looking up at the deserted windows of the houses as if there could be any thing written in their grimy panes that would help him, he paced the whole pavement at her side before he spoke again.

"I must try to give expression to what is in my mind; it shall and must be spoken. Though you see me so confounded—though you strike me so helpless—I ask you to believe that there are many people who think well of me; that there are some people who highly esteem me; that I have in my way won a station which is considered worth winning."

"Surely, Mr. Headstone, I do believe it. Surely I have always known it from Charley."

"I ask you to believe that if I were to offer my home such as it is, my station such as it is, my affections such as they are, to any one of the best considered, and best qualified, and most distinguished, among the young women engaged in my calling, they would probably be accepted. Even readily accepted."

"I do not doubt it," said Lizzie, with her eyes upon the ground.

"I have sometimes had it in my thoughts to make that offer and to settle down as many men of my class do: I on the one side of a school, my wife on the other, both of us interested in the same work."

"Why have you not done so?" asked Lizzie Hexam. "Why do you not do so?"

"Far better that I never did! The only one grain of comfort I have had these many weeks," he said, always speaking passionately, and, when most emphatic, repeating that former action of his hands, which was like flinging his heart's-blood down before her in drops upon the pavement stones; "the only one grain of comfort I have had these many weeks is, that I never did. For if I had, and if the same spell had come upon me for my ruin, I know I should have broken that tie asunder as if it had been thread."

She glanced at him with a glance of fear, and a shrinking gesture. He answered, as if she had spoken.

"No! It would not have been voluntary on my part, any more than it is voluntary in me to be here now. You draw me to you. If I were shut up in a strong prison you would draw me out. I should break through the wall to come to you. If I were lying on a sick bed you would draw me up—to stagger to your feet and fall there."

The wild energy of the man, now quite let

loose, was absolutely terrible. He stopped and laid his hand upon a piece of the coping of the burial-ground inclosure, as if he would have dislodged the stone.

"No man knows till the time comes what depths are within him. To some men it never comes; let them rest and be thankful! To me, you brought it; on me, you forced it; and the bottom of this raging sea," striking himself upon the breast, "has been heaved up ever since."

"Mr. Headstone, I have heard enough. Let me stop you here. It will be better for you and better for me. Let us find my brother."

"Not yet. It shall and must be spoken. I have been in torments ever since I stopped short of it before. You are alarmed. It is another of my miseries that I can not speak to you or speak of you without stumbling at every syllable, unless I let the check go altogether and run mad. Here is a man lighting the lamps. He will be gone directly. I entreat of you let us walk round this place again. You have no reason to look alarmed; I can restrain myself, and I will."

She yielded to the entreaty—how could she do otherwise!—and they paced the stones in silence. One by one the lights leaped up, making the cold gray church-tower more remote, and they were alone again. He said no more until they had regained the spot where he had broken off: there, he again stood still, and again grasped the stone. In saying what he said then he never looked at her; but looked at it and wrenched at it.

"You know what I am going to say. I love you. What other men may mean when they use that expression I can not tell; what I mean is, that I am under the influence of some tremendous attraction which I have resisted in vain, and which overmasters me. You could draw me to fire, you could draw me to water, you could draw me to the gallows, you could draw me to any death, you could draw me to any thing I have most avoided, you could draw me to any exposure and disgrace. This and the confusion of my thoughts, so that I am fit for nothing, is what I mean by your being the ruin of me. But if you would return a favorable answer to my offer of myself in marriage, you could draw me to any good—every good—with equal force. My circumstances are quite easy, and you would want for nothing. My reputation stands quite high, and would be a shield for yours. If you saw me at my work, able to do it well and respected in it, you might even come to take a sort of pride in me;—I would try hard that you should. Whatever considerations I may have thought of against this offer I have conquered, and I make it with all my heart. Your brother favors me to the utmost, and it is likely that we might live and work together; any how, it is certain that he would have my best influence and support. I don't know that I could say more if I tried. I might only weaken what is ill enough said as it is. I only add that if it is any claim on you to



be in earnest, I am in thorough earnest, dreadful earnest."

The powdered mortar from under the stone at which he wrenched rattled on the pavement to confirm his words.

"Mr. Headstone—"

"Stop! I implore you, before you answer me, to walk round this place once more. It will give you a minute's time to think, and me a minute's time to get some fortitude together."

Again she yielded to the entreaty, and again they came back to the same place, and again he worked at the stone.

"Is it," he said, with his attention apparently engrossed by it, "yes, or no?"

"Mr. Headstone, I thank you sincerely, I thank you gratefully, and hope you may find a worthy wife before long and be very happy. But it is no."

"Is no short time necessary for reflection; no weeks or days?" he asked, in the same half-suffocated way.

"None whatever."

"Are you quite decided, and is there no chance of any change in my favor?"

"I am quite decided, Mr. Headstone, and I am bound to answer I am certain there is none."

"Then," said he, suddenly changing his tone and turning to her, and bringing his clenched hand down upon the stone with a force that laid the knuckles raw and bleeding; "then I hope that I may never kill him!"

The dark look of hatred and revenge with which the words broke from his livid lips, and with which he stood holding out his smeared hand as if it held some weapon and had just struck a mortal blow, made her so afraid of him that she turned to run away. But he caught her by the arm.

"Mr. Headstone, let me go. Mr. Headstone, I must call for help!"

"It is I who should call for help," he said; "you don't know yet how much I need it."

The working of his face as she shrank from it, glancing round for her brother and uncertain what to do, might have extorted a cry from her in another instant; but all at once he sternly stopped it and fixed it, as if Death itself had done so.

"There! You see I have recovered myself. Hear me out."

With much of the dignity of courage, as she recalled her self-reliant life and her right to be free from accountability to this man, she released her arm from his grasp and stood looking full at him. She had never been so handsome, in his eyes. A shade came over them while he looked back at her, as if she drew the very light out of them to herself.

"This time, at least, I will leave nothing unsaid," he went on, folding his hands before him, clearly to prevent his being betrayed into any impetuous gesture; "this last time at least I will not be tortured with after-thoughts of a lost opportunity. Mr. Eugene Wrayburn."

"Was it of him you spoke in your ungovernable rage and violence?" Lizzie Hexam demanded with spirit.

He bit his lip, and looked at her, and said never a word.

"Was it Mr. Wrayburn that you threatened?"

He bit his lip again, and looked at her, and said never a word.

"You asked me to hear you out, and you will not speak. Let me find my brother."

"Stay! I threatened no one."

Her look dropped for an instant to his bleeding hand. He lifted it to his mouth, wiped it on his sleeve, and again folded it over the other.

"Mr. Eugene Wrayburn," he repeated.

"Why do you mention that name again and again, Mr. Headstone?"

"Because it is the text of the little I have left to say. Observe! There are no threats in it. If I utter a threat, stop me, and fasten it upon me. Mr. Eugene Wrayburn."

A worse threat than was conveyed in his manner of uttering the name could hardly have escaped him.

"He haunts you. You accept favors from him. You are willing enough to listen to him. I know it, as well as he does."

"Mr. Wrayburn has been considerate and good to me, Sir," said Lizzie, proudly, "in connection with the death and with the memory of my poor father."

"No doubt. He is of course a very considerate and a very good man, Mr. Eugene Wrayburn."

"He is nothing to you, I think," said Lizzie, with an indignation she could not repress.

"Oh yes, he is. There you mistake. He is much to me."

"What can he be to you?"

"He can be a rival to me among other things," said Bradley.

"Mr. Headstone," returned Lizzie, with a burning face, "it is cowardly in you to speak to me in this way. But it makes me able to tell you that I do not like you, and that I never have liked you from the first, and that no other living creature has any thing to do with the effect you have produced upon me for yourself."

His head bent for a moment, as if under a weight, and he then looked up again, moistening his lips. "I was going on with the little I had left to say. I knew all this about Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, all the while you were drawing me to you. I strove against the knowledge, but quite in vain. It made no difference in me. With Mr. Eugene Wrayburn in my mind, I went on. With Mr. Eugene Wrayburn in my mind, I spoke to you just now. With Mr. Eugene Wrayburn in my mind, I have been set aside and I have been cast out."

"If you give those names to my thanking you for your proposal and declining it, is it my fault, Mr. Headstone?" said Lizzie, compassionating the bitter struggle he could not conceal, al-



most as much as she was repelled and alarmed by it.

"I am not complaining," he returned, "I am only stating the case. I had to wrestle with my self-respect when I submitted to be drawn to you in spite of Mr. Wrayburn. You may imagine how low my self-respect lies now."

She was hurt and angry; but repressed herself in consideration of his suffering, and of his being her brother's friend.

"And it lies under his feet," said Bradley, unfolding his hands in spite of himself, and fiercely motioning with them both toward the stones of the pavement. "Remember that! It lies under that fellow's feet, and he treads upon it and exults above it."

"He does not!" said Lizzie.

"He does!" said Bradley. "I have stood before him face to face, and he crushed me down in the dirt of his contempt, and walked over me. Why? Because he knew with triumph what was in store for me to-night."

"Oh, Mr. Headstone, you talk quite wildly."

"Quite collectedly. I know what I say too well! Now I have said all. I have used no threat, remember; I have done no more than show you how the case stands;—how the case stands, so far."

At this moment her brother sauntered into view close by. She darted to him, and caught him by the hand. Bradley followed, and laid his heavy hand on the boy's opposite shoulder.

"Charley Hexam, I am going home. I must walk home by myself to-night, and get shut up in my room without being spoken to. Give me half an hour's start, and let me be, till you find me at my work in the morning. I shall be at my work in the morning just as usual."

Clasping his hands, he uttered a short unearthly broken cry, and went his way. The brother and sister were left looking at one another near a lamp in the solitary church-yard, and the boy's face clouded and darkened as he said, in a rough tone: "What is the meaning of this? What have you done to my best friend? Out with the truth!"

"Charley!" said his sister. "Speak a little more considerately!"

"I am not in the humor for consideration, or for nonsense of any sort," replied the boy. "What have you been doing? Why has Mr. Headstone gone from us in that way?"

"He asked me—you know he asked me—to be his wife, Charley."

"Well?" said the boy, impatiently.

"And I was obliged to tell him that I could not be his wife."

"You were obliged to tell him," repeated the boy angrily, between his teeth, and rudely pushing her away. "You were obliged to tell him! Do you know that he is worth fifty of you?"

"It may easily be so, Charley, but I can not marry him."

"You mean that you are conscious that you

can't appreciate him, and don't deserve him, I suppose?"

"I mean that I do not like him, Charley, and that I will never marry him."

"Upon my soul," exclaimed the boy, "you are a nice picture of a sister! Upon my soul, you are a pretty piece of disinterestedness! And so all my endeavors to cancel the past and to raise myself in the world, and to raise you with me, are to be beaten down by *your* low whims; are they?"

"I will not reproach you, Charley."

"Hear her!" exclaimed the boy, looking round at the darkness. "She won't reproach me! She does her best to destroy my fortunes and her own, and she won't reproach me! Why, you'll tell me, next, that you won't reproach Mr. Headstone for coming out of the sphere to which he is an ornament, and putting himself at *your* feet, to be rejected by *you*!"

"No, Charley, I will only tell you, as I told himself, that I thank him for doing so, that I am sorry he did so, and that I hope he will do much better, and be happy."

Some touch of compunction smote the boy's hardening heart as he looked upon her, his patient little nurse in infancy, his patient friend, adviser, and reclamer in boyhood, the self-forgetting sister who had done every thing for him. His tone relented, and he drew her arm through his.

"Now, come, Liz; don't let us quarrel; let us be reasonable, and talk this over like brother and sister. Will you listen to me?"

"Oh, Charley!" she replied, through her starting tears; "do I not listen to you, and hear many hard things?"

"Then I'm sorry. There, Liz! I am unfeignedly sorry. Only you do put me out so. Now see. Mr. Headstone is perfectly devoted to you. He has told me in the strongest manner that he has never been his old self for one single minute since I first brought him to see you. Miss Peecher, our schoolmistress—pretty and young, and all that—is known to be very much attached to him, and he won't so much as look at her or hear of her. Now, his devotion to you must be a disinterested one; mustn't it? If he married Miss Peecher, he would be a great deal better off in all worldly respects than in marrying you. Well then; he has nothing to get by it, has he?"

"Nothing, Heaven knows!"

"Very well then," said the boy; "that's something in his favor, and a great thing. Then I come in. Mr. Headstone has always got me on, and he has a good deal in his power, and of course if he was my brother-in-law he wouldn't get me on less, but would get me on more. Mr. Headstone comes and confides in me, in a very delicate way, and says, 'I hope my marrying your sister would be agreeable to you, Hexam, and useful to you?' I say, 'There's nothing in the world, Mr. Headstone, that I could be better pleased with.' Mr. Headstone says, 'Then I may rely upon your intimate knowledge of me



for your good word with your sister, Hexam?" And I say, 'Certainly, Mr. Headstone, and naturally I have a good deal of influence with her.' So I have; haven't I, Liz?"

"Yes, Charley."

"Well said! Now, you see, we begin to get on, the moment we begin to be really talking it over, like brother and sister. Very well. Then *you* come in. As Mr. Headstone's wife you would be occupying a most respectable station, and you would be holding a far better place in society than you hold now, and you would at length get quit of the river-side and the old disagreeables belonging to it, and you would be rid for good of dolls' dress-makers and their drunken fathers, and the like of that. Not that I want to disparage Miss Jenny Wren: I dare say she is all very well in her way; but her way is not your way as Mr. Headstone's wife. Now, you see, Liz, on all three accounts—on Mr. Headstone's, on mine, on yours—nothing could be better or more desirable."

They were walking slowly as the boy spoke, and here he stood still to see what effect he had made. His sister's eyes were fixed upon him; but as they showed no yielding, and as she remained silent, he walked her on again. There was some discomfiture in his tone as he resumed, though he tried to conceal it.

"Having so much influence with you, Liz, as I have, perhaps I should have done better to have had a little chat with you in the first instance, before Mr. Headstone spoke for himself. But really all this in his favor seemed so plain and undeniable, and I knew you to have always been so reasonable and sensible, that I didn't consider it worth while. Very likely that was a mistake of mine. However, it's soon set right. All that need be done to set it right, is for you to tell me at once that I may go home and tell Mr. Headstone that what has taken place is not final, and that it will all come round by-and-by."

He stopped again. The pale face looked anxiously and lovingly at him, but she shook her head.

"Can't you speak?" said the boy, sharply.

"I am very unwilling to speak, Charley. If I must, I must. I can not authorize you to say any such thing to Mr. Headstone: I can not allow you to say any such thing to Mr. Headstone. Nothing remains to be said to him from me, after what I have said for good and all to-night."

"And this girl," cried the boy, contemptuously throwing her off again, "calls herself a sister!"

"Charley, dear, that is the second time that you have almost struck me. Don't be hurt by my words. I don't mean—Heaven forbid!—that you intended it; but you hardly know with what a sudden swing you removed yourself from me."

"However!" said the boy, taking no heed of the remonstrance, and pursuing his own mortified disappointment, "I know what this means, and you shall not disgrace me."

"It means what I have told you, Charley, and nothing more."

"That's not true," said the boy, in a violent tone, "and you know it's not. It means your precious Mr. Wrayburn; that's what it means."

"Charley! If you remember any old days of ours together, forbear!"

"But you shall not disgrace me," doggedly pursued the boy. "I am determined that after I have climbed up out of the mire you shall not pull me down. You can't disgrace me if I have nothing to do with you, and I *will* have nothing to do with you for the future."

"Charley! On many a night like this, and many a worse night, I have sat on the stones of the street, hushing you in my arms. Unsay those words without even saying you are sorry for them, and my arms are open to you still, and so is my heart."

"I'll not unsay them. I'll say them again. You are an inveterately bad girl, and a false sister, and I have done with you. Forever, I have done with you!"

He threw up his ungrateful and ungracious hand as if it set up a barrier between them, and flung himself upon his heel and left her. She remained impassive on the same spot, silent and motionless, until the striking of the church clock roused her, and she turned away. But then, with the breaking up of her immobility came the breaking up of the waters that the cold heart of the selfish boy had frozen. And "O that I were lying here with the dead!" and "O Charley, Charley, that this should be the end of our pictures in the fire!" were all the words she said, as she laid her face in her hands on the stone coping.

A figure passed by, and passed on, but stopped and looked round at her. It was the figure of an old man with a bowed head, wearing a large brimmed low-crowned hat, and a long-skirted coat. After hesitating a little the figure turned back, and, advancing with an air of gentleness and compassion, said:

"Pardon me, young woman, for speaking to you, but you are under some distress of mind. I can not pass upon my way and leave you weeping here alone, as if there was nothing in the place. Can I help you? Can I do any thing to give you comfort?"

She raised her head at the sound of these kind words, and answered gladly, "Oh, Mr. Riah, is it you?"

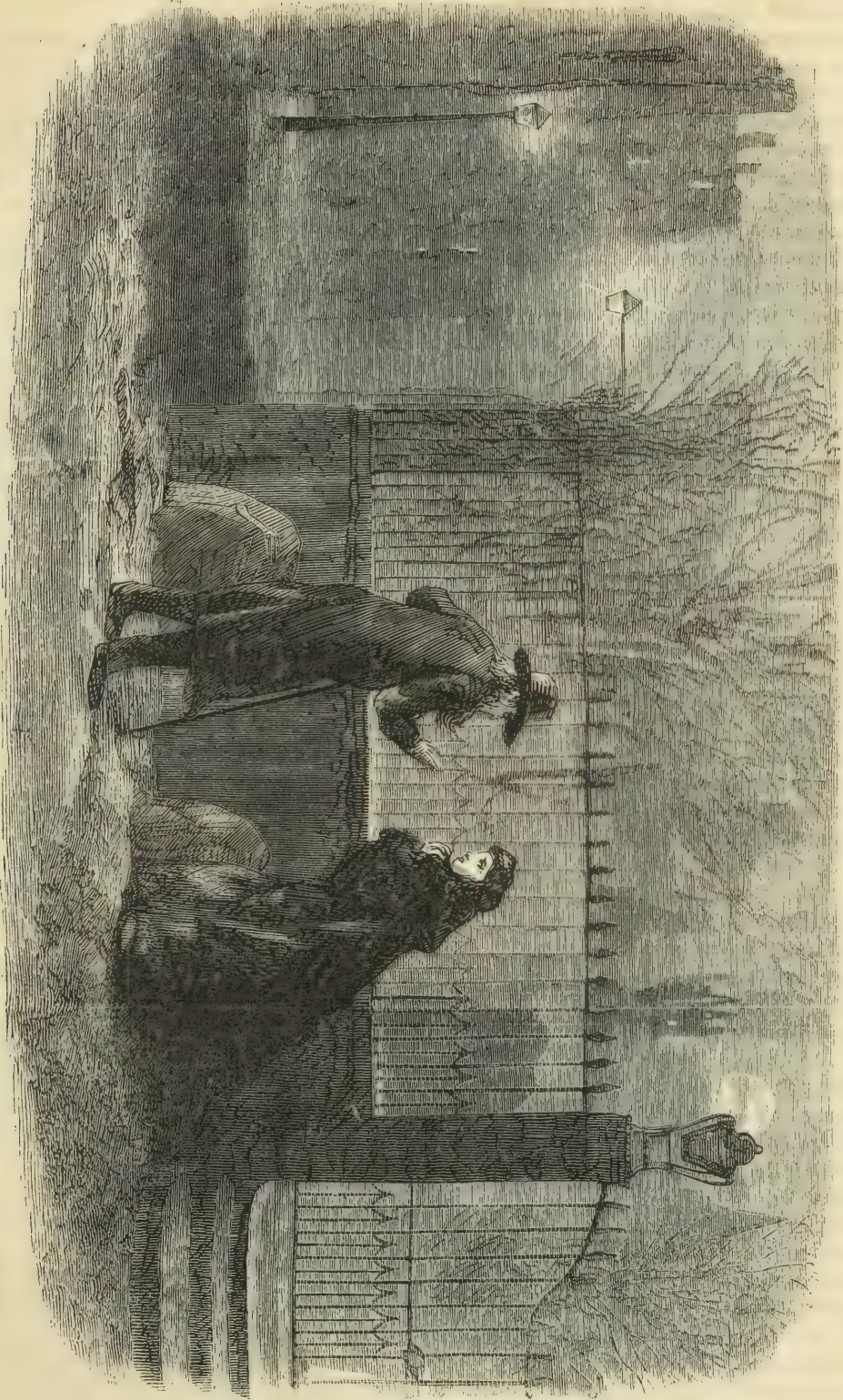
"My daughter," said the old man, "I stand amazed! I spoke as to a stranger. Take my arm, take my arm. What grieves you? Who has done this? Poor girl, poor girl!"

"My brother has quarreled with me," sobbed Lizzie, "and renounced me."

"He is a thankless dog," said the Jew, angrily. "Let him go. Shake the dust from thy feet and let him go. Come, daughter! Come home with me—it is but across the road—and take a little time to recover your peace and to make your eyes seemly, and then I will bear you



A FRIEND IN NEED.



company through the streets. For it is past your usual time, and will soon be late, and the way is long, and there is much company out of doors to-night."

She accepted the support he offered her, and they slowly passed out of the church-yard. They were in the act of emerging into the main thoroughfare, when another figure loitering discontentedly by, and looking up the street and down it, and all about, started and exclaimed, "Lizzie! why, where have you been? Why, what's the matter?"

As Eugene Wrayburn thus addressed her she drew closer to the Jew and bent her head. The Jew having taken in the whole of Eugene at one sharp glance, cast his eyes upon the ground, and stood mute.

"Lizzie, what is the matter?"

"Mr. Wrayburn, I can not tell you now. I can not tell you to-night, if I ever can tell you. Pray leave me."

"But, Lizzie, I came expressly to join you. I came to walk home with you, having dined at a coffee-house in this neighborhood and know-



ing your hour. And I have been lingering about," added Eugene, "like a bailiff; or," with a look at Riah, "an old clothesman."

The Jew lifted up his eyes, and took in Eugene more at another glance.

"Mr. Wrayburn, pray, pray leave me with this protector. And one thing more. Pray, pray be careful of yourself."

"Mysteries of Udolpho!" said Eugene, with a look of wonder. "May I be excused for asking, in the elderly gentleman's presence, who is this kind protector?"

"A trust-worthy friend," said Lizzie.

"I will relieve him of his trust," returned Eugene. "But you must tell me, Lizzie, what is the matter?"

"Her brother is the matter," said the old man, lifting up his eyes again.

"Our brother the matter?" returned Eugene, with airy contempt. "Our brother is not worth a thought, far less a tear. What has our brother done?"

The old man lifted up his eyes again, with one grave look at Wrayburn, and one grave glance at Lizzie, as she stood looking down. Both were so full of meaning that even Eugene was checked in his light career, and subsided into a thoughtful "Humph!"

With an air of perfect patience the old man, remaining mute and keeping his eyes cast down, stood, retaining Lizzie's arm, as though, in his habit of passive endurance, it would be all one to him if he had stood there motionless all night.

"If Mr. Aaron," said Eugene, who soon found this fatiguing, "will be good enough to relinquish his charge to me, he will be quite free for any engagement he may have at the Synagogue. Mr. Aaron, will you have the kindness?"

But the old man stood stock-still.

"Good-evening, Mr. Aaron," said Eugene, politely; "we need not detain you." Then turning to Lizzie, "Is our friend Mr. Aaron a little deaf?"

"My hearing is very good, Christian gentleman," replied the old man, calmly, "but I will hear only one voice to-night desiring me to leave this damsel before I have conveyed her to her home. If she requests it, I will do it. I will do it for no one else."

"May I ask why so, Mr. Aaron?" said Eugene, quite undisturbed in his ease.

"Excuse me. If she asks me, I will tell her," replied the old man. "I will tell no one else."

"I do not ask you," said Lizzie, "and I beg you to take me home. Mr. Wrayburn, I have had a bitter trial to-night, and I hope you will not think me ungrateful, or mysterious, or changeable. I am neither; I am wretched. Pray remember what I said to you. Pray, pray take care."

"My dear Lizzie," he returned, in a low voice,

bending over her on the other side; "of what? Of whom?"

"Of any one you have lately seen and made angry."

He snapped his fingers and laughed. "Come," said he, "since no better may be, Mr. Aaron and I will divide this trust, and see you home together. Mr. Aaron on that side; I on this. If perfectly agreeable to Mr. Aaron, the escort will now proceed."

He knew his power over her. He knew that she would not insist upon his leaving her. He knew that, her fears for him being aroused, she would be uneasy if he were out of her sight. For all his seeming levity and carelessness he knew whatever he chose to know of the thoughts of her heart.

And going on at her side, so gayly, regardless of all that had been urged against him; so superior in his sallies and self-possession to the gloomy constraint of her suitor and the selfish petulance of her brother; so faithful to her, as it seemed, when her own stock was faithless; what an immense advantage, what an overpowering influence, were his that night! Add to the rest, poor girl, that she had heard him vilified for her sake, and that she had suffered for his, and where the wonder that his occasional tones of serious interest (setting off his carelessness, as if it were assumed to calm her), that his lightest touch, his lightest look, his very presence beside her in the dark common street, were like glimpses of an enchanted world, which it was natural for jealousy and malice and all meanness to be unable to bear the brightness of, and to gird at as bad spirits might.

Nothing more being said of repairing to Riah's, they went direct to Lizzie's lodging. A little short of the house-door she parted from them, and went in alone.

"Mr. Aaron," said Eugene, when they were left together in the street, "with many thanks for your company, it remains for me unwillingly to say Farewell."

"Sir," returned the other, "I give you good-night, and I wish that you were not so thoughtful."

"Mr. Aaron," returned Eugene, "I give you good-night, and I wish (for you are a little dull) that you were not so thoughtful."

But now, that his part was played out for the evening, and when in turning his back upon the Jew he came off the stage, he was thoughtful himself. "How did Lightwood's catechism run?" he murmured, as he stopped to light his cigar. "What is to come of it? What are you doing? Where are you going? We shall soon know now. Ah!" with a heavy sigh.

The heavy sigh was repeated as if by an echo, an hour afterward, when Riah, who had been sitting on some dark steps in a corner over against the house, arose and went his patient way; stealing through the streets in his ancient dress, like the ghost of a departed Time.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## AN ANNIVERSARY OCCASION.

THE estimable Twemlow, dressing himself in his lodgings over the stable-yard in Duke Street, Saint James's, and hearing the horses at their toilet below, finds himself on the whole in a disadvantageous position as compared with the noble animals at livery. For whereas, on the one hand, he has no attendant to slap him soundly and require him in gruff accents to come up and come over, still, on the other hand, he has no attendant at all; and the mild gentleman's finger-joints and other joints working rustily in the morning, he could deem it agreeable even to be tied up by the countenance at his chamber-door, so he were there skillfully rubbed down and slashed and sluiced and polished and clothed, while himself taking merely a passive part in these trying transactions.

How the fascinating Tippins gets on when arraying herself for the bewilderment of the senses of men, is known only to the Graces and her maid; but perhaps even that engaging creature, though not reduced to the self-dependence of Twemlow, could dispense with a good deal of the trouble attendant on the daily restoration of her charms, seeing that as to her face and neck this adorable divinity is, as it were, a diurnal species of lobster—throwing off a shell every forenoon, and needing to keep in a retired spot until the new crust hardens.

Howbeit, Twemlow doth at length invest himself with collar and cravat and wristbands to his knuckles, and goeth forth to breakfast. And to breakfast with whom but his near neighbors, the Lammles of Sackville Street, who have imparted to him that he will meet his distant kinsman, Mr. Fledgeby. The awful Snigsworth might taboo and prohibit Fledgeby, but the peaceable Twemlow reasons, "If he *is* my kinsman I didn't make him so, and to meet a man is not to know him."

It is the first anniversary of the happy marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Lammle, and the celebration is a breakfast, because a dinner on the desired scale of sumptuousness can not be achieved within less limits than those of the non-existent palatial residence of which so many people are madly envious. So Twemlow trips with not a little stiffness across Piccadilly, sensible of having once been more upright in figure and less in danger of being knocked down by swift vehicles. To be sure that was in the days when he hoped for leave from the dread Snigsworth to do something, or be something, in life, and before that magnificent Tartar issued the ukase, "As he will never distinguish himself, he must be a poor gentleman-pensioner of mine, and let him hereby consider himself pensioned."

Ah! my Twemlow! Say, little feeble gray personage, what thoughts are in thy breast to-day, of the Fancy—so still to call her who bruised thy heart when it was green and thy head brown—and whether it be better or worse, more pain-

ful or less, to believe in the Fancy to this hour, than to know her for a greedy armor-plated crocodile, with no more capacity of imagining the delicate and sensitive and tender spot behind thy waistcoat, than of going straight at it with a knitting-needle. Say likewise, my Twemlow, whether it be the happier lot to be a poor relation of the great, or to stand in the wintry slush giving the hack horses to drink out of the shallow tub at the coach-stand, into which thou hast so nearly set thy uncertain foot. Twemlow says nothing, and goes on.

As he approaches the Lammles' door, drives up a little one-horse carriage, containing Tippins the divine. Tippins, letting down the window, playfully extols the vigilance of her cavalier in being in waiting there to hand her out. Twemlow hands her out with as much polite gravity as if she were any thing real, and they proceed up stairs: Tippins all abroad about the legs, and seeking to express that those unsteady articles are only skipping in their native buoyancy.

And dear Mrs. Lammle and dear Mr. Lammle, how do you do, and when are you going down to what's-its-name place—Guy, Earl of Warwick, you know—what is it?—Dun Cow—to claim the flitch of bacon? And Mortimer, whose name is forever blotted out from my list of lovers, by reason first of fickleness and then of base desertion, how do *you* do, wretch? And Mr. Wrayburn, *you* here! What can *you* come for, because we are all very sure beforehand that you are not going to talk! And Veneering, M.P., how are things going on down at the House, and when will you turn out those terrible people for us? And Mrs. Veneering, my dear, can it positively be true that you go down to that stifling place night after night, to hear those men prose? Talking of which, Veneering, why don't *you* prose, for you haven't opened your lips there yet, and we are dying to hear what you have got to say to us! Miss Podsnap, charmed to see you. Pa, here? No! Ma, neither? Oh! Mr. Boots! Delighted. Mr. Brewer! This is a gathering of the clans. Thus Tippins, and surveys Fledgeby and outsiders through golden glass, murmuring as she turns about and about, in her innocent giddy way, Any body else I know? No, I think not. Nobody there. Nobody *there*. Nobody any where!

Mr. Lammle, all a-glitter, produces his friend Fledgeby, as dying for the honor of presentation to Lady Tippins. Fledgeby presented, has the air of going to say something, has the air of going to say nothing, has an air successively of meditation, of resignation, and of desolation, backs on Brewer, makes the tour of Boots, and fades into the extreme back-ground, feeling for his whisker, as if it might have turned up since he was there five minutes ago.

But Lammle has him out again before he has so much as completely ascertained the bareness of the land. He would seem to be in a bad way, Fledgeby; for Lammle represents him as dying



again. He is dying now, of want of presentation to Twemlow.

Twemlow offers his hand. Glad to see him. "Your mother, Sir, was a connection of mine."

"I believe so," says Fledgeby, "but my mother and her family were two."

"Are you staying in town?" asks Twemlow.

"I always am," says Fledgeby.

"You like town," says Twemlow. But is felled flat by Fledgeby's taking it quite ill, and replying, No, he don't like town. Lammle tries to break the force of the fall by remarking that some people do not like town. Fledgeby retorting that he never heard of any such case but his own, Twemlow goes down again heavily.

"There is nothing new this morning, I suppose?" says Twemlow, returning to the mark with great spirit.

Fledgeby has not heard of any thing.

"No, there's not a word of news," says Lammle.

"Not a particle," adds Boots.

"Not an atom," chimes in Brewer.

Somehow the execution of this little concerted piece appears to raise the general spirits as with a sense of duty done, and sets the company agoing. Every body seems more equal than before to the calamity of being in the society of every body else. Even Eugene standing in a window, moodily swinging the tassel of a blind, gives it a smarter jerk now, as if he found himself in better case.

Breakfast announced. Every thing on table showy and gaudy, but with a self-assertingly temporary and nomadic air on the decorations, as boasting that they will be much more showy and gaudy in the palatial residence. Mr. Lammle's own particular servant behind his chair; the Analytical behind Veneering's chair; instances in point that such servants fall into two classes: one mistrusting the master's acquaintances, and the other mistrusting the master. Mr. Lammle's servant, of the second class. Appearing to be lost in wonder and low spirits because the police are so long in coming to take his master up on some charge of the first magnitude.

Veneering, M.P., on the right of Mrs. Lammle; Twemlow on her left; Mrs. Veneering, W.M.P. (wife of Member of Parliament), and Lady Tippins on Mr. Lammle's right and left. But be sure that well within the fascination of Mr. Lammle's eye and smile sits little Georgiana. And be sure that close to little Georgiana, also under inspection by the same gingerous gentleman, sits Fledgeby.

Often more than twice or thrice while breakfast is in progress Mr. Twemlow gives a little sudden turn toward Mrs. Lammle, and then says to her, "I beg your pardon!" This not being Twemlow's usual way, why is it his way to-day? Why, the truth is, Twemlow repeatedly labors under the impression that Mrs. Lammle is going to speak to him, and turning finds that it is not

so, and mostly that she has her eyes upon Veneering. Strange that this impression so abides by Twemlow after being corrected, yet so it is.

Lady Tippins partaking plentifully of the fruits of the earth (including grape-juice in the category) becomes livelier, and applies herself to elicit sparks from Mortimer Lightwood. It is always understood among the initiated, that that faithless lover must be planted at table opposite to Lady Tippins, who will then strike conversational fire out of him. In a pause of mastication and deglutition, Lady Tippins, contemplating Mortimer, recalls that it was at our dear Veneerings, and in the presence of a party who are surely all here, that he told them his story of the man from somewhere, which afterward became so horribly interesting and vulgarly popular.

"Yes, Lady Tippins," assents Mortimer; "as they say on the stage, 'Even so!'"

"Then we expect you," retorts the charmer, "to sustain your reputation, and tell us something else."

"Lady Tippins, I exhausted myself for life that day, and there is nothing more to be got out of me."

Mortimer parries thus, with a sense upon him that elsewhere it is Eugene and not he who is the jester, and that in these circles where Eugene persists in being speechless, he, Mortimer, is but the double of the friend on whom he has founded himself.

"But," quoth the fascinating Tippins, "I am resolved on getting something more out of you. Traitor! what is this I hear about another disappearance?"

"As it is you who have heard it," returns Lightwood, "perhaps you'll tell us."

"Monster, away!" retorts Lady Tippins. "Your own Golden Dustman referred me to you."

Mr. Lammle striking in here, proclaims aloud that there is a sequel to the story of the man from somewhere. Silence ensues upon the proclamation.

"I assure you," says Lightwood, glancing round the table, "I have nothing to tell." But Eugene adding in a low voice, "There, tell it, tell it!" he corrects himself with the addition, "Nothing worth mentioning."

Boots and Brewer immediately perceive that it is immensely worth mentioning, and become politely clamorous. Veneering is also visited by a perception to the same effect. But it is understood that his attention is now rather used up, and difficult to hold, that being the tone of the House of Commons.

"Pray don't be at the trouble of composing yourselves to listen," says Mortimer Lightwood, "because I shall have finished long before you have fallen into comfortable attitudes. It's like—"

"It's like," impatiently interrupts Eugene, "the children's narrative:



"I'll tell you a story  
 "Of Jack a Manory,  
 "And now my story's begun;  
 "I'll tell you another  
 "Of Jack and his brother,  
 "And now my story is done."

—Get on, and get it over!"

Eugene says this with a sound of vexation in his voice, leaning back in his chair and looking balefully at Lady Tippins, who nods to him as her dear Bear, and playfully insinuates that she (a self-evident proposition) is Beauty, and he Beast.

"The reference," proceeds Mortimer, "which I suppose to be made by my honorable and fair enslaver opposite, is to the following circumstance. Very lately, the young woman, Lizzie Hexam, daughter of the late Jesse Hexam, otherwise Gaffer, who will be remembered to have found the body of the man from somewhere, mysteriously received, she knew not from whom, an explicit retraction of the charges made against her father by another water-side character of the name of Riderhood. Nobody believed them, because little Rogue Riderhood—I am tempted into the paraphrase by remembering the charming wolf who would have rendered society a great service if he had devoured Mr. Riderhood's father and mother in their infancy—had previously played fast and loose with the said charges, and, in fact, abandoned them. However, the retraction I have mentioned found its way into Lizzie Hexam's hands, with a general flavor on it of having been favored by some anonymous messenger in a dark cloak and slouched hat, and was by her forwarded, in her father's vindication, to Mr. Boffin, my client. You will excuse the phraseology of the shop, but as I never had another client, and in all likelihood never shall have, I am rather proud of him as a natural curiosity probably unique."

Although as easy as usual on the surface, Lightwood is not quite as easy as usual below it. With an air of not minding Eugene at all, he feels that the subject is not altogether a safe one in that connection.

"The natural curiosity which forms the sole ornament of my professional museum," he resumes, "hereupon desires his Secretary—an individual of the hermit-crab or oyster species, and whose name, I think, is Chokesmith—but it doesn't in the least matter—say Artichoke—to put himself in communication with Lizzie Hexam. Artichoke professes his readiness so to do, endeavors to do so, but fails."

"Why fails?" asks Boots.

"How fails?" asks Brewer.

"Pardon me," returns Lightwood, "I must postpone the reply for one moment, or we shall have an anti-climax. Artichoke failing signally, my client refers the task to me: his purpose being to advance the interests of the object of his search. I proceed to put myself in communication with her; I even happen to possess some special means," with a glance at Eugene, "of putting myself in communication with her; but I fail too, because she has vanished."

"Vanished!" is the general echo.

"Disappeared," says Mortimer. "Nobody knows how, nobody knows when, nobody knows where. And so ends the story to which my honorable and fair enslaver opposite referred."

Tippins, with a bewitching little scream, opines that we shall every one of us be murdered in our beds. Eugene eyes her as if some of us would be enough for him. Mrs. Veneering, W.M.P., remarks that these social mysteries make one afraid of leaving Baby. Veneering, M.P., wishes to be informed (with something of a second-hand air of seeing the Right Honorable Gentleman at the head of the Home Department in his place) whether it is intended to be conveyed that the vanished person has been spirited away or otherwise harmed? Instead of Lightwood's answering, Eugene answers, and answers hastily and vexedly: "No, no, no; he doesn't mean that; he means voluntarily vanished—but utterly—completely."

However, the great subject of the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Lammle must not be allowed to vanish with the other vanishments—with the vanishing of the murderer, the vanishing of Julius Handford, the vanishing of Lizzie Hexam—and therefore Veneering must recall the present sheep to the pen from which they have strayed. Who so fit to discourse of the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Lammle, they being the dearest and oldest friends he has in the world; or what audience so fit for him to take into his confidence as that audience, a noun of multitude or signifying many, who are all the oldest and dearest friends he has in the world? So Veneering, without the formality of rising, launches into a familiar oration, gradually toning into the Parliamentary sing-song, in which he sees at that board his dear friend Twemlow, who on that day twelvemonth bestowed on his dear friend Lammle the fair hand of his dear friend Sophronia, and in which he also sees at that board his dear friends Boots and Brewer, whose rallying round him at a period when his dear friend Lady Tippins likewise rallied round him—ay, and in the foremost rank—he can never forget while memory holds her seat. But he is free to confess that he misses from that board his dear old friend Podsnap, though he is well represented by his dear young friend Georgiana. And he further sees at that board (this he announces with pomp, as if exulting in the powers of an extraordinary telescope) his friend Mr. Fledgeby, if he will permit him to call him so. For all of these reasons, and many more which he right well knows will have occurred to persons of your exceptional acuteness, he is here to submit to you that the time has arrived when, with our hearts in our glasses, with tears in our eyes, with blessings on our lips, and in a general way with a profusion of gammon and spinach in our emotional larders, we should one and all drink to our dear friends the Lammles, wishing them many many years as happy as the last, and many many friends as congenially united as them-



selves. And this he will add, that Anastatia Veneering (who is instantly heard to weep) is formed on the same model as her old and chosen friend Sophronia Lammle, in respect that she is devoted to the man who wooed and won her, and nobly discharges the duties of a wife.

Seeing no better way out of it, Veneering here pulls up his oratorical Pegasus extremely short, and plumps down, clean over his head, with: "Lammle, God bless you!"

Then Lammle. Too much of him every way; pervadingly too much nose of a coarse wrong shape, and his nose in his mind and his manners; too much smile to be real; too much frown to be false; too many large teeth to be visible at once without suggesting a bite. He thanks you, dear friends, for your kindly greeting, and hopes to receive you—it may be on the next of these delightful occasions—in a residence better suited to your claims on the rites of hospitality. He will never forget that at Veneering's he first saw Sophronia. Sophronia will never forget that at Veneering's she first saw him. They spoke of it soon after they were married, and agreed that they would never forget it. In fact, to Veneering they owe their union. They hope to show their sense of this some day ("No, no," from Veneering)—oh yes, yes, and let him rely upon it, they will if they can! His marriage with Sophronia was not a marriage of interest on either side: she had her little fortune, he had his little fortune: they joined their little fortunes: it was a marriage of pure inclination and suitability. Thank you! Sophronia and he are fond of the society of young people; but he is not sure that their house would be a good house for young people proposing to remain single, since the contemplation of its domestic bliss might induce them to change their minds. He will not apply this to any one present; certainly not to their darling little Georgiana. Again thank you! Neither, by-the-by, will he apply it to his friend Fledgeby. He thanks Veneering for the feeling manner in which he referred to their common friend Fledgeby, for he holds that gentleman in the highest estimation. Thank you. In fact (returning unexpectedly to Fledgeby), the better you know him, the more you find in him that you desire to know. Again thank you! In his dear Sophronia's name and in his own, thank you!

Mrs. Lammle has sat quite still, with her eyes cast down upon the table-cloth. As Mr. Lammle's address ends, Twemlow once more turns to her involuntarily, not cured yet of that often-recurring impression that she is going to speak to him. This time she really is going to speak to him. Veneering is talking with his other next neighbor, and she speaks in a low voice.

"Mr. Twemlow."

He answers, "I beg your pardon? Yes?" Still a little doubtful, because of her not looking at him.

"You have the soul of a gentleman, and I

know I may trust you. Will you give me the opportunity of saying a few words to you when you come up stairs?"

"Assuredly. I shall be honored."

"Don't seem to do so, if you please, and don't think it inconsistent if my manner should be more careless than my words. I may be watched."

Intensely astonished, Twemlow puts his hand to his forehead, and sinks back in his chair meditating. Mrs. Lammle rises. All rise. The ladies go up stairs. The gentlemen soon saunter after them. Fledgeby has devoted the interval to taking an observation of Boots's whiskers, Brewer's whiskers, and Lammle's whiskers, and considering which pattern of whisker he would prefer to produce out of himself by friction, if the Genie of the cheek would only answer to his rubbing.

In the drawing-room, groups form as usual. Lightwood, Boots, and Brewer flutter like moths around that yellow wax-candle—guttering down, and with some hint of a winding-sheet in it—Lady Tippins. Outsiders cultivate Veneering, M.P., and Mrs. Veneering, W.M.P. Lammle stands with folded arms, Mephistophelean in a corner, with Georgiana and Fledgeby. Mrs. Lammle, on a sofa by a table, invites Mr. Twemlow's attention to a book of portraits in her hand.

Mr. Twemlow takes his station on a settee before her, and Mrs. Lammle shows him a portrait.

"You have reason to be surprised," she says, softly, "but I wish you wouldn't look so."

Disturbed Twemlow, making an effort not to look so, looks much more so.

"I think, Mr. Twemlow, you never saw that distant connection of yours before to-day?"

"No, never."

"Now that you do see him, you see what he is. You are not proud of him?"

"To say the truth, Mrs. Lammle, no."

"If you knew more of him, you would be less inclined to acknowledge him. Here is another portrait. What do you think of it?"

Twemlow has just presence of mind enough to say aloud: "Very like! Uncommonly like!"

"You have noticed, perhaps, whom he favors with his attentions? You notice where he is now, and how engaged?"

"Yes. But Mr. Lammle—"

She darts a look at him which he can not comprehend, and shows him another portrait.

"Very good; is it not?"

"Charming!" says Twemlow.

"So like as to be almost a caricature?—Mr. Twemlow, it is impossible to tell you what the struggle in my mind has been, before I could bring myself to speak to you as I do now. It is only in the conviction that I may trust you never to betray me, that I can proceed. Sincerely promise me that you never will betray my confidence—that you will respect it, even though you may no longer respect me—and I shall be as satisfied as if you had sworn it."



"Madam, on the honor of a poor gentleman—"

"Thank you. I can desire no more. Mr. Twemlow, I implore you to save that child!"

"That child?"

"Georgiana. She will be sacrificed. She will be inveigled and married to that connection of yours. It is a partnership affair, a money-speculation. She has no strength of will or character to help herself, and she is on the brink of being sold into wretchedness for life."

"Amazing! But what can *I* do to prevent it?" demands Twemlow, shocked and bewildered to the last degree.

"Here is another portrait. And not good, is it?"

Aghast at the light manner of her throwing her head back to look at it critically, Twemlow still dimly perceives the expediency of throwing his own head back, and does so. Though he no more sees the portrait than if it were in China.

"Decidedly not good," says Mrs. Lammle. "Stiff and exaggerated!"

"And ex—" But Twemlow, in his demolished state, can not command the word, and trails off into "—actly so."

"Mr. Twemlow, your word will have weight with her pompous, self-blinded father. You know how much he makes of your family. Lose no time. Warn him."

"But warn him against whom?"

"Against me."

By great good fortune Twemlow receives a stimulant at this critical instant. The stimulant is Lammle's voice.

"Sophronia, my dear, what portraits are you showing Twemlow?"

"Public characters, Alfred."

"Show him the last of me."

"Yes, Alfred."

She puts the book down, takes another book up, turns the leaves, and presents the portrait to Twemlow.

"That is the last of Mr. Lammle. Do you think it good?—Warn her father against me. I deserve it, for I have been in the scheme from the first. It is my husband's scheme, your connection's, and mine. I tell you this, only to show you the necessity of the poor little foolish affectionate creature's being befriended and rescued. You will not repeat this to her father. You will spare me so far, and spare my husband. For, though this celebration of to-day is all a mockery, he is my husband, and we must live.—Do you think it like?"

Twemlow, in a stunned condition, feigns to compare the portrait in his hand with the original looking toward him from his Mephistophelean corner.

"Very well indeed!" are at length the words which Twemlow with great difficulty extracts from himself.

"I am glad you think so. On the whole, I myself consider it the best. The others are so dark. Now here, for instance, is another of Mr. Lammle—"

"But I don't understand; I don't see my way," Twemlow stammers, as he falters over the book with his glass at his eye. "How warn her father, and not tell him? Tell him how much? Tell him how little? I—I—am getting lost."

"Tell him I am a match-maker; tell him I am an artful and designing woman; tell him you are sure his daughter is best out of my house and my company. Tell him any such things of me; they will all be true. You know what a puffed-up man he is, and how easily you can cause his vanity to take the alarm. Tell him as much as will give him the alarm and make him careful of her, and spare me the rest. Mr. Twemlow, I feel my sudden degradation in your eyes; familiar as I am with my degradation in my own eyes, I keenly feel the change that must have come upon me in yours, in these last few moments. But I trust to your good faith with me as implicitly as when I began. If you knew how often I have tried to speak to you to-day you would almost pity me. I want no new promise from you on my own account, for I am satisfied, and I always shall be satisfied, with the promise you have given me. I can venture to say no more, for I see that I am watched. If you would set my mind at rest with the assurance that you will interpose with the father and save this harmless girl, close that book before you return it to me, and I shall know what you mean, and deeply thank you in my heart.—Alfred, Mr. Twemlow thinks the last one the best, and quite agrees with you and me."

Alfred advances. The groups break up. Lady Tippins rises to go, and Mrs. Veneering follows her leader. For the moment Mrs. Lammle does not turn to them, but remains looking at Twemlow looking at Alfred's portrait through his eye-glass. The moment past, Twemlow drops his eye-glass at its ribbon's length, rises, and closes the book with an emphasis which makes that fragile nursling of the fairies, Tippins, start.

Then good-by and good-by, and charming occasion worthy of the Golden Age, and more about the flitch of bacon, and the like of that; and Twemlow goes staggering across Piccadilly with his hand to his forehead, and is nearly run down by a flushed letter-cart, and at last drops safe in his easy-chair, innocent good gentleman, with his hand to his forehead still, and his head in a whirl.



## ULTRAMARINE VIEWS.

"YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of Fancy, and believe" the ravings of mad sailors and mendacious poets, listen to a history more veracious than, and equally instructive with, that of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia!

I would remark, by way of preface, that there are two modes of seeing one's friends off for an ocean voyage: *First*. You may linger on board with them until the "last syllable of recorded [New York] time" is uttered by the warning bell, then, retreating to the dock, with dislocating backward glances, you may again repeat the round of affectionate adieus by telegraph; and climbing, finally, some perilous roof or rigging, you may make frenzied demonstrations toward them, with whatsoever of your members are not required for the preservation of your physical equilibrium, until the last trace of the vessel has vanished. *Second*. You may establish your friends comfortably on board, make the actual hand-shakings and audible good-bys as earnest as you please, then turn resolutely away and return to your wife, your merchandise, or your *moutons*, with a heart more or less heavy.

In the first instance, you condemn your departing friends to the tortures of the rack. He must be on the alert for every signal you vouchsafe him—stretching the facial muscles to their utmost tension, and making spasmodic lurches at the retreating shore, with the grace and—it must be confessed, at last—with the sensibility of a frog, for the heart is paralyzed with the unnatural strain, and subsides as far as possible, leaving only its sullen servitor, the body, to do the last offices. Add to this unselfish consideration the fact that the agony is reciprocal; time seems interminable; the steamer crawls; you recall him of the "Thief and the Cordolier," who

"Oft fitted the halter, oft traversed the cart,

And often took leave, but seemed loth to depart!"—

and are on the verge of a delirious wish for the mortal tightening of the halter, or at least find the moment when you and your friend become mutually invisible absolute bliss.

In the other case, your friend is left at liberty to bring all his powers at once to bear upon his novel surroundings, and adjust them for the voyage; and you may be confident that his fond memory of yourself is brightened by the recent exhibition of loving consideration.

So our friends bade us good-by a month ago, first stocking our state-room with ammunition for the coming battle. Yet I confess (such is the weakness of my peculiarly-human nature) that when our fellow-passengers were seen all madly tip-toeing, nodding, and gesticulating at the densely-crowded pier, I, forsaken at once of my philosophy and my philosophical friends, did deliberately select an inoffensive stranger, whom idleness rather than affection had obviously drawn to the spot among the surging mass, and wave toward him an impassioned adieu! And though doubtless an undeserved, it was an un-

speakable relief, to recognize at the last moment a *bona fide* relative, who, detained past the hour of sailing, smiled the farewell he was too late to speak.

But gradually all objects upon the shore faded, and those about us come into sharp relief. First, foremost, and chiefest throughout the voyage, the veritable little "Commodore" who rules the waves of Liliput; him upon whom his sponsors, with prophetic ken, conferred the modest name of GEORGE WASHINGTON MORRISON, surnamed NUTT! Whereupon, it seems, the little victim, instead of imitating that historic infant who ran away from home at the age of two years because he understood his friends were going to call him Caleb, thwarted destiny by declining to add as many cubits to his stature as there were stories to his name, and became one of the wonders prodigally showered on the country of Niagara and the Slaveholders' Rebellion.

Exhilarated by the prospect of such a companion du voyage, we descended to inspect our quarters—we consisting, primarily, of the young divine off on sick leave; and, secondarily, of his wife, in the rôle of Dragon (for this trip only, it is to be hoped), guarding from overmuch speech and sight-seeing, and "all the miseries which in this life do either accompany or flow from" the travels of a lone man.

The state-room struck dismay to the heart and nostrils of No. 2, whose first voyage was yet before her, being in size, odor, and general atmospheric effect, like a neglected refrigerator, situated in the interior of the vessel, with no air or light save that doled out, second-hand, by the port-holes of the outer-cabins. Fortunately, the paucity of passengers enabled the purser to rescue us from a dungeon where instant mould and decay would have been our fate, and we had soon set up such of our household gods as were portable and sea-worthy in a room intended for the aggravation of as many cabin passengers as made the first voyage on record.

Returning to the deck after dinner (which proved the only meal throughout the voyage when dishes and meats were not oppositely electrified), we caught the sunset on the wing; but all its golden glory was to our eyes only the sacred nimbus about a little downy head lying in its crib far away—farther and farther away with every revolution of the wheels.

Eighty-five hours of unintermittent sea-sickness, aggravated by head winds blowing a gale! Can I be absolved if I confess that I was almost goaded into sympathy with a certain desperate woman who, overtaken by a storm during a voyage, exclaimed, "If I ever get safe to shore again, I never'll trust myself in the hands of Providence so much again?"

For several hours No. 2 found consolation in the fact of suffering alone (that must be a very shabby misery whose love of company would sacrifice even its dearest friends); but at last the door burst open, and a tall ghost appeared with a lemon under one arm, a flask under the other, and holding fast a heavily-freighted dinner-



plate. After a valiant struggle the apparition succumbed in a long captivity to nausea and Miss Braddon. The latter subjugation was a little triumph to No. 2, who, during her preparations for the voyage, had been adjured to forswear all literature save that conducive to the severest inquisition into the Italian language.

During the reign of terror which ensued we ceased to congratulate ourselves upon the capacity of our room to hold "a few souls, that is, eight," inasmuch as objects propelled gather force from distance, and objects half a foot removed from our berths were absolutely unattainable.

Having once perpetrated an Essay on the "Depravity of Inanimate Things," I lay, desperately clutching the side of my berth, and meditated a salt-water sequel, together with some observations upon the "Animation of Depraved Things." The Lion and Unicorn, stamped upon toilet and table ware, took to themselves wings and contended wildly in mid air. The priest's robes and the matron's crinoline make witch-excursions over and around us. In the midst of our distress we derived grim amusement from the suggestion "how romantic for a bridal tour!" and felicitated ourselves upon bonds thoroughly seasoned to "better or worser."

But a brighter day dawned. Possibly "Britannia rules the waves" no longer, or Thanksgiving-Day, 1864, would have been less calm and beautiful.

Obedient to Father Abraham, we gave thanks, even "by sea," for our country, and so much the more as the day of her redemption draws nigh. Spurred by patriotism and the stewardess, I "made an effort" which would have mollified even Mrs. Chick by its magnitude, and emerged from my berth.

To lift one's head from the pillow, and find hair which was double ratted and waterfalled *à la mode*, four days before, stiffened into an almost impenetrable conglomerate by a supererogatory cascade of Brown's Jamaica Ginger; to feel one's mortal body dimpled with painful depressions exactly corresponding to the various lemons, bottles of ammonia, chloroform, etc., with which misguided friendship has strewn one's bed; to drag one's self to the wash-bowl and find there Seidlitz powders, pomade, tonic pills, Croton oil, jewelry, and cough mixture, triturated into a pleasing compound by the revolutions of a hair-brush, a Balmoral boot, and a French Testament; to attempt one's toilet while the great vessel plunges on, and the noisy screw and one's dizzy head revolve discordantly, and one's convalescent husband sits by alternately laughing and exhorting; all this and more I found it to go down to the sea in ships.

Half-coaxed and half-dragged upward, I encountered in the gangway a Canadian youth whose wobegone aspect exactly expressed my feelings. He dragged out a miserable existence on shipboard by alternately asking and following the advice of the passengers, one after the other, in regard to his sea-malady. In the pres-

ent instance he was conscientiously engaged in swallowing with tears and groans a huge tumbler of hot rum and water, the prescription of the last individual consulted. In the midst of his struggles a bluff, hearty Scotchman, whose very presence was an offense to such misery as ours, appeared upon the scene with the exclamation, "Hoot mon! What hae ye there—rum? The worst thing in the wurld for ye!" The piteous look and accent of the sufferer are indescribable as he turned reproachfully upon his tormentor and faltered out, "Ye're allus tellin' what's bad for a man but never what's good!"

Mounting to the upper deck I beheld, for the first time, "water, water every where," and was content with a single glance. Mindless of every thing but the law of gravitation and the instinct of self-preservation, I sank down upon the planks and held fast to the railing. The little Commodore came to the rescue with fatherly advice as to the disposition of my person and drapery, and then strode the deck aggravatingly on his firm little legs. Presently also appeared the typical nice old gentleman who is to be found in every company of travelers, who is inevitably reminded by every thing which occurs, or does not occur, of "a most remarkable circumstance." Beaming on me mildly, he proceeded to relate (apropos of nothing) some facts relative to the "most remarkable resemblance" between himself and a certain Captain Tuey, whom he had never seen. It would seem that all mankind were in league to confound these "remarkable" counterparts. "'Pon my honor, a most remarkable circumstance! One day I was walking in Liverpool when a strange gentleman came up to me in the most friendly manner, seizing both my hands, and said, 'Why, Captain Tuey! when did your ship arrive?' 'You are laboring under a mistake, Sir,' I replied; 'my name is not Tuey.' 'Not Captain Tuey? Impossible! A most remarkable resemblance, 'pon my honor!' The very next day the same gentleman crossed the street to meet me, and exclaimed, 'Ah, Tuey! Here you are at last! A great joke happened yesterday. I met a man who was as like you as two peas, and I asked him when his ship got in! On another occasion I went to the office and inquired if there were any letters for me. 'Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir, a dozen!' And, 'pon my honor, the postman handed me a package of letters every one of which was addressed to Captain Tuey," etc., etc. In default of any perceptible point No. 1 suggested an appendix to these "remarkable circumstances," to the effect, that, once upon a time, said old gentleman and Captain Tuey were on the point of making each other's acquaintance; indeed they actually ran into each other in the hall of a hotel, but each supposing the other to be his own reflection in a mirror turned and walked the other way. After the nice old gentleman had resumed his "constitutional," which consisted of one hundred deck-lengths daily, my *vis-à-vis* at table took his place as my entertainer. This lady,



English, but for thirty years resident in Canada, a person of great kindness, sense, and cultivation, offered a sentiment which is worthy of record as an exponent of British intelligence in regard to America. After some pleasant chit-chat came the inquiry, "You are from the States, are you not?" With justifiable pride, augmented by four days of sea and home sickness, I replied, "Oh yes; from Massachusetts;" and was petrified by the response of my lady (who subsequently stated that she had visited *Boston*). "Ah, Massachusetts; that must be one of the States of the South, I suppose?" Must it indeed! Exhilarated by this sentiment, together with the keen air, and the "Star-Spangled Banner," rendered impressively by the mighty voice of George Washington Morrison Nutt, I found myself at eight bells equal to a place at the Thanksgiving-table, which was set apart for loyal Americans through the management of our obliging fellow-passenger, the author of "Harper's Guide-Book"—a thorough cosmopolitan, but always a true American.

We number perhaps fifteen. We notice at other tables some who should be with us. We pardon the defection of the little Commodore, not in consideration of his "peculiar position," which is plead apologetically, but of his peculiar size; and meditate profoundly upon the awful majesty of the British Cerberus, which extorts a sop from even this atom of humanity, two thousand miles from its domain! On the other side of the gulf there are also a cadaverous Frenchman, whose cotton-mill General Sherman has fired, and who maintains, with hunger-bitten lips, "You are meestaken! there are too much to eat to Richmond!"—and a Texan blockade-runner, too honest to take an oath he means to break, and consequently on his way homeward by this circuitous route; together with two or three others less pardonable. So much for the goats.

At our table all is peace. We include a German, an Englishman (all things are possible!), a Neapolitan, and a Spaniard, besides those "to the manner born;" but in loyalty to the old flag (which, in diminutive proportions, floats above a royal sirloin, in honor of the day) we are one.

The young divine gives thanks, during which solemnity the noise at the opposite table is suggestive, and the Lion and Unicorn upon the panel above us, and upon the china and silver before us, wax more than ever rampant.

A turkey of portentous magnitude of course holds the place of honor, and proves of loyal flavor, although at first I smell treason or insult in its unnational garniture of sausage-chains.

I venture to say there was no more cheery table in all Yankeedom that day than that on board the good ship *City of Baltimore*, save when the toast "Our friends at home" suffused our eyes with telescopic tears, which brought dear faces (and chief of all to us that precious little tenant of the crib, far away) too tenderly near us.

This proved to me almost the only white-marked day of all the voyage.

My apparition in the cabin was as uncertain as that of the most erratic of comets; but whenever I emerged, the little Commodore appeared as a star of the first magnitude. He was on terms of equal familiarity with the genial Captain and the imperturbable Boots; and no vicissitudes of weather or eccentricities of motion had power to jostle his charming good-nature. I recall, however, one peculiarly tempestuous evening, when the little elf would have been physically capsized had it not been for the aid and comfort of a friendly candlestick, to which he held fast until the vessel recovered its balance. A moment after he gallantly offered me the support of his puissant arm in crossing the cabin.

But another storm overtook us; I descend again into the inexpressibly disagreeable depths, and see neither sun nor star for many hours.

The cabin-boy (whose society is edifying, although his proffers of food are, to say the least, ill-timed) at last reports that "her jib is carried away." I am rather glad of it; for although I have the vaguest impression as to what a jib may be, yet I suspect it of collusion with the wind and waves in our recent horrors, and rejoice in its final assumption.

The Captain had rashly promised that, although we should lose our own appetite for food at the beginning of the voyage, we should acquire that of a horse subsequently. Our journey drew to its end, with no realization of this equine characteristic, unless it be an inordinate craving for green grass, which, on the eleventh day after our departure, was appeased by the vision of the beautiful coast of Ireland. Antæus was not more invigorated by the touch of mother earth than I by the sight. The terrors and discomforts of the voyage faded like a dream. I found myself gazing complacently, for the first time, upon the exquisite tints of the waves; I listened admiringly to the dolorous refrain of the sailors ("Draw boys, bully boys, draw!"); I even hummed, feelingly, "A life on the ocean-wave," and "The sea, the sea, the open sea!" Nevertheless, the little black water-spider, yclept a pilot-boat, was as welcome to my eyes as the return of the dove to the sea-sick patriarch.

Now culminated the glory of our little Commodore, who assumed command of the vessel, and took us in to Queenstown. Equipped in his dazzling uniform, which the English passengers are told, and solemnly believe, is his by right of an actual commission from the United States Navy, and brandishing a little sword (which is affirmed to be the gift of his brethren in arms), he stood upon the official "bridge," and received the pilot with a gracious "How are you, Murphy!"—while the Captain, holding himself humbly in the back-ground, chuckled convulsively, with something of the emotion with which a good-natured elephant might regard the mimicry of a small mouse.

The burly Irish pilot saluted instinctively, but his hair bristled with superstitious awe at the



apparition of the elfin admiral; and I suspect it is small thanks we owe to the bewildered Murphy that we did not come to grief that day in the harbor. Doubtless, Murphys of the third and fourth generation will listen with bated breath to the recital of their grandsire's pilotage of the little water-sprite.

At Queenstown we land the Texan (who finds three or four blockade-runners awaiting orders in *neutral* British waters) and the majority of steerage passengers. The next morning, at 10 o'clock, we behold the shipping of Liverpool with unutterable joy. On account of the tide we land by means of a tender, and as we are transferred to its deck the little hero of our voyage suggests "Three cheers for Captain M——!" adding, naïvely, "for I think he *needs* them." We all respond with a will, for Commodore and Captain are universal favorites. Whereupon the amiable little Nutt, pleased with his success, pipes pleasantly, "Three cheers for all the

crew!" which unprecedented motion is also carried by the graceful wave of the little morsel of a hand.

We reach the dock: custom-house officials work their own sweet will among such of our possessions as the stormy voyage has spared: then we separate.

The nice old gentleman vanishes in that absurdest of vehicles, a "Hansom," with many a "most remarkable circumstance" (contributed by garrulous or mischievous fellow-passengers) added to the stock of his funny old pate. Our consul at Leeds, whose management of the American question during the voyage, whether with rebel Columbians or gainsaying Britons, has been always fair and admirable, returns to his official duties. George Washington Morrison Nutt takes the high road to fame, and *on dit* to matrimony. Business, health, and pleasure seekers go their several ways, and so ends the history of my first voyage.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of January. The capture of Savannah and Hood's retreat Southward from Tennessee concluded the campaign of 1864. Up to that time the war for the Union had been for the most part a repeated series of campaigns along the border, or at important points along the coast, rarely overstepping certain pretty well defined limits. Virginia and Tennessee had been the great battle-grounds of the war. Two great inroads, however, had been made in the western part of the Confederacy. The capture of Vicksburg in 1863 had secured to the Federal armies undisturbed possession of the Mississippi River to its mouth, and a partial sway over a wide strip of Mississippi on the one side, and of Arkansas and Louisiana on the other. From Cairo to New Orleans the Federal gun-boats paroled the river, absolutely preventing communication between the Confederate armies on either side. From Chattanooga, also, on the southern border of Tennessee, Sherman had advanced through Georgia; in the first stage, and by the rugged marches and severe battles of the summer campaign, transferring his military centre to Atlanta, and in the second stage, by an easy promenade, in the months of November and December, to Savannah on the Atlantic coast. Proceeding upon this second stage, he had left a campaign behind him and a skillful general to decide it; while he was investing Savannah Hood was being defeated and driven from before Nashville. By this movement through Georgia Sherman, if he had not permanently bisected the cis-Atlantic portion of the Confederacy, had at least done so temporarily, by a pretty thorough mutilation of the railroad system centring at Atlanta.

Such was the military situation in the South and West at the close of our last Record. A new era of the war had begun. The Confederacy, by its reverses in the Shenandoah and in Tennessee, had been driven to a purely defensive policy, and, even for the purposes of defense, had been so far exhausted as to be able against three grand armies to oppose

but one—namely, Lee's army in Virginia. That army was immediately threatened from City Point, near at hand, and from Savannah, at a distance. The theatre of impending conflict was narrowed down to the territory between the James and Savannah rivers, including the two Carolinas and the southern half of Virginia. On the James was Grant's army, on the Savannah was Sherman's—both well appointed, confident, and efficient. Lee's army confronted the former; the latter had opposed to it, and in the way of its advance northward, only detachments scattered along the coast and at important points in the interior immediately threatened.

So far as General Sherman is concerned, the last month has been one of elaborate preparation. His army—at the beginning of the year numbering sixty thousand, cavalry and infantry—has been strongly reinforced. Efficient corps formerly associated with it in the West have rejoined it. A portion of the Nineteenth Corps, under General Grover, has relieved General Geary's command from duty in Savannah. The campaign about to be entered upon from this point is stupendous in its proportions, and beset with uncommon difficulties, from the nature of the country in which it is to be conducted. The enemy, too, will be able to oppose an obstinate resistance. It is not unlikely that Sherman will have to confront as large an army as he fought in the Atlanta campaign, and it is quite probable that he will again be opposed to General Joseph Johnston. The Confederate Congress, January 21, passed a measure providing for the office of Generalissimo, with the intent that it should be filled by General Lee. A few days before this bill was passed the General Assembly of Virginia recommended to Mr. Davis the appointment of General Lee as General-in-Chief. Mr. Davis replied that whenever it should be found practicable by General Lee to assume command of all the armies of the Confederate States, without withdrawing him from the direct command of the Army of Northern Virginia, he would place him in such command.

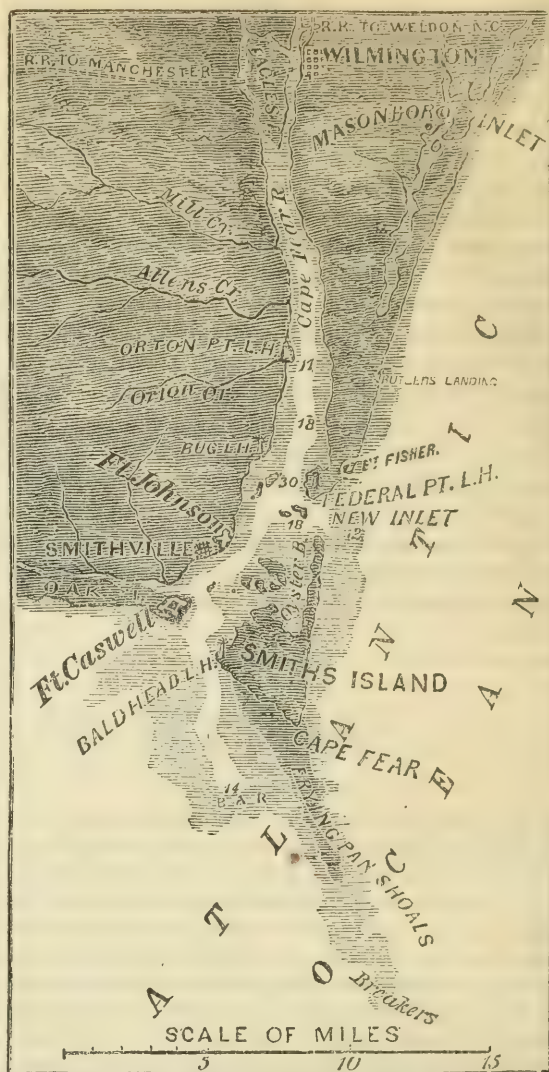


This would seem to indicate that Lee may retain his present position; at least, it is known that up to the 31st he had not even been nominated Generalissimo. If this indication be borne out by facts, it is probable that to General Johnston will be given the command of the army of the Carolinas confronting General Sherman. In that event we shall have repeated the tactics of last summer's campaign in Georgia.

In this opening campaign there are two favorable features. The first arises from the number of available bases of operation along or near the coast from Savannah to Fortress Monroe. Of these there are at least four—Pocotaligo, accessible by Broad River; Charleston; Georgetown, at the mouth of the Santee, which river is navigable to Columbia, as the Savannah River is to Augusta; and Wilmington, accessible by Cape Fear River. The other favorable feature is the temper of the people of Georgia and North Carolina in relation to the war, between which two States South Carolina is sandwiched. The disposition of the people of Georgia to submit to the Federal Government has been greatly increased since the occupation of Savannah. The date of occupation was December 21, 1864. Just one week afterward a meeting of citizens was held, under the call of their Mayor, Doctor Richard Arnold, and resolutions were unanimously adopted "to accept peace, submitting to the national authority under the Constitution, laying aside all differences, and burying by-gones in the grave of the past." Sherman's policy toward the citizens was beneficent and judicious. It was known throughout the State that perfect order reigned in Savannah, and that soldiers were in all instances summarily punished for any interference with the citizens. The charge against Sherman's army, that in its march through the State it had been guilty of outrages upon citizens, was retracted by the Georgia papers as totally unfounded in fact. These facts influenced the people of the State, and more especially the southeastern part, where Union meetings were held, and the people prepared to resist Confederate authority. Among other features connected with Sherman's policy in his Department, which comprises all the territory south of Virginia, the order of January 16, providing homes for freedmen, is noticeable. For this purpose he has appropriated the islands south from Charleston, the abandoned rice plantations along the rivers for 30 miles back from the sea, and the country bordering on the St. John River, Florida. In settlements hereafter to be established no white person is to reside, but the negroes are to have the exclusive management of affairs. General R. Saxton was by this order appointed Inspector of Settlements and Plantations.

The first of the above-mentioned bases of operations in the Carolinas and the one nearest Savannah, Pocotaligo, has already been secured. January 14 the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, under Howard, were transferred to Beaufort, and from that point moved upon the place, which was abandoned by the Confederate force, the latter retreating to the north side of the Combahee River. The point thus gained is 50 miles distant from Charleston, and 30 miles from Branchville.

The most important part of the operations against Wilmington, the naval base nearest to the James, was successfully accomplished by the capture of Fort Fisher on the 15th of the month. After the failure of the first attempt against the fort in December, the fleet returned to Beaufort to refit for a



MAP OF WILMINGTON HARBOR.

second expedition. General Butler, at the request of the Lieutenant-General, was removed from command of the army of the James, and General Weitzel took a furlough to get married. There had not been a cordial agreement between the military and naval commanders in the first expedition. In the second, Admiral Porter retained command of the fleet; the military command was assigned to General Alfred H. Terry, a skillful though modest soldier, who had in a quiet way distinguished himself at the capture of Fort Pulaski, in the operations against Morris Island and Fort Wagner, and in the summer campaign of Butler's army north of the James. The force given to General Butler in the first expedition had consisted of 6500 men. Terry's force was the same with the addition of a single brigade, making in all about 10,000 men. Besides these Admiral Porter had over a thousand marines available for the assault. The expedition arrived off Federal Point on the morning of the 13th. In the afternoon the troops were landed with provisions for twelve days. At 7.30 A.M. Porter sent in five monitors—the *Monadnock*, *Mahopac*, *Saugus*, *Canonicus*, and *New Ironsides*, the latter taking the lead; and the action commenced within a thousand yards of the fort. The effect of the bombardment was soon seen upon the southern angle of the work; traverses were disarranged, and one after another the guns were silenced. The wooden ships following the *Brooklyn* formed a second line of attack.



The bombardment from the fleet was continued on the 14th with good effect until sunset, when, says Admiral Porter, "the fort was reduced to a pulp." A reconnoissance was made by Terry, and it was arranged between him and Porter that an assault should be made at three P.M. the next day; the bombardment to continue up to that time. At the time fixed upon for this event, Paine's Division of colored soldiers, carefully intrenched, held the entire width of the beach facing toward Wilmington. This was to confront Hoke's Division, which might approach from Wilmington. This division, in the first expedition, was near at hand on Butler's flank. It did not at this time make its appearance, though it had by way of the river reinforced the garrison of the fort with about one thousand men. The assaulting party was formed in two separate columns—one consisting of the naval brigade, 1200 strong, under Commander K. R. Breese, the other, about 3000 strong, under General Ames. The former advanced against the seaward front of the fort under a terrific fire of grape and canister. The fire of the fleet had broken a way through the stockade guarding the approach to this side by flank, and the advance of the column rushed through to scale the fort. It had been intended that while this was being done a portion of the marine force in the trenches would cover the boarding party with their fire. But this was not done. As the stockade was reached Lieutenants Porter and Preston fell mortally wounded. The assault failed, and the brigade fell back. The garrison of the fort, numbering 2300 men, supposed this to be the main column, and that Ames's Division in the woods was intended as a support. But while they were giving their whole attention to this attack, Ames was already entering the eastern side of the fort facing the river. Here began a series of traverses—seventeen in number—on the northeast face. These were immense bomb-proofs, 60 feet in length and 23 in height, between which were mounted the guns on that side. Seven of these had been gained almost by surprise; the top of the eighth was reached, but was regained by the enemy. Here began the fierce contest in the fort which lasted nearly eight hours. The fire of the fleet was successfully directed against the traverses still in the enemy's possession. At four o'clock one half the fort had been gained, and the position was maintained until nine o'clock, when reinforcements arrived, and a final charge drove the enemy from the fort toward the extremity of the point, where the surrender was made. The fight had been severe—hand to hand, musket against musket; and the loss on both sides was great. Of the garrison 1900 men were surrendered, the other 400 being either killed or wounded. Every one of the brigade commanders of Ames's column—Curtis, Pennybacker, and Bell—had been wounded. The entire loss in the military division was 691, of which 88 were killed and 92 missing. Admiral Porter states his loss at 330. Total loss, 1021. The fort mounted 55 heavy guns, which were captured; among them a 150-pound Armstrong gun, bearing the name of its inventor. The capture of Fort Fisher was immediately followed by the possession of Fort Caswell, commanding the Old Inlet, and all the fortifications near the mouth of Cape Fear River. The capture of Wilmington will probably follow soon, when that city will become the grand base of the Carolina campaign.

The next morning after the capture of Fort Fisher a lamentable accident occurred. By some cul-

pable negligence soldiers were allowed to approach the magazine with lighted candles. This occasioned an explosion, from which upward of 200 casualties resulted, which are included in the above estimate of losses.

The Virginia campaign has developed nothing new. The Shenandoah has ceased to be an important theatre of operations on either side. On the 11th a detachment of the enemy, under General Rosser, advanced to Beverly, in West Virginia, and succeeded in surprising and capturing the small national force stationed at that point.—On New-Year's Day the bulkhead of the Dutch Gap Canal was removed by explosion. The result was hardly satisfactory, as a good portion of the earth returned into the crater formed by the explosion. Six tons of powder were used. This was to have been the final step in a bold scheme for cutting off seven miles of the James River by a canal two hundred yards in length across Dutch Gap—the narrow neck of the peninsula known as Farrar's Island. The work, which was originally General Butler's suggestion, was surveyed August 7, and was under the superintendence of General B. C. Ludlow, assisted by Major Peter S. Michie, chief of engineers on Butler's staff.—On the 23d an attempt was made by the Confederate iron-clads on the James to descend the river past the obstructions off Farrar's Island. It was a bold design directed against General Grant's base at City Point, and against the army north of the river. At least three iron-clads—the *Richmond*, *Virginia*, and *Fredericksburg*—were engaged in the raid. These were accompanied by the *Drewry*, a small wooden gun-boat mounting one gun. This boat got aground and was blown up. The enemy claims that the *Fredericksburg* passed the obstructions, but says that, owing to the *Richmond* and *Virginia* getting aground, the expedition was given up. It was really the land batteries that prevented the success of this daring raid, the most prominent among them being the Curtis House Battery.

General Hood effected his escape across the Tennessee River December 23 at Bainbridge, eight miles above Florence. He owed his safe retreat to Forrest's cavalry, which effectually covered his rear after the stand made at Spring Hill.

On the 21st, General Grierson started from Memphis with a force 3000 strong for a raid against the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, in General Hood's rear. He destroyed the road in great part from Corinth to Okalona. Ten miles south of the latter point he met with formidable resistance, and instead of proceeding to Meridian, as was his first intention, he turned westward, striking the Mississippi Central Railroad below Granada, destroying 30 miles of it with several locomotives and 50 cars, together with extensive factories. About 700 prisoners were captured, including Brigadier-General Gholson. There were also brought away 1000 negroes and as many horses.

On the 7th, a party of Indians attacked the Overland Mail coach near Julesburg, Colorado, and robbed the express mail. The troops at Julesburg started in pursuit, and a fight ensued, in which 35 Indians and 19 whites were killed.

The great political event of the month was the passage by the House, on the 31st, of the following joint resolution:

"Be it resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, That the fol-



lowing articles be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States; when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the said Constitution, namely:

"ARTICLE 13.—*Section 1.* Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

"*Section 2.* Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

The vote stood 119 for to 56 against—being two votes more in favor of the resolution than the requisite two-thirds majority. The following members of the Opposition voted in the affirmative: Messrs. Bailey, Coffroth, and M'Allister, of Pennsylvania, Baldwin of Michigan, English of Connecticut, Hutchins of Ohio, Rollins and King of Missouri, Yeaman of Kentucky, Wheeler of Wisconsin, and Ganson, Griswold, Herrick, Nelson, Odell, Radford, and Steele, of New York. There were eight members absent or not voting. Of the votes in the negative only one was from an Administration member—that of Brutus J. Clay of Kentucky. This joint resolution passed the Senate April 8, 1864, by a vote of 38 to 6, six members not voting. It came up before the House May 31, and was lost, there being only 95 votes for to 66 against.

The State Convention of Missouri, at St. Louis, on the 11th, passed the following ordinance by a vote of 60 to 4:

"Be it ordained by the people of the State of Missouri, in Convention assembled, that hereafter in this State there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

Besides the joint resolution above mentioned the following measures have passed the United States Congress: Resolution of inquiry respecting the credits given to the several States on the ground of naval enlistments, and the principle of their apportionment; to which the Secretary of War replied that the number of credits given for naval enlistments from April 17, 1861, to January 24, 1864, was 67,687, which had been apportioned to the places where the enlisted men resided.—Joint resolution to give the Government of Great Britain notice of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty.—Bill changing the place of holding the United States Circuit and District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia from Richmond to Norfolk.—The Amendatory Loan Bill, providing for no additional loan, but only changing the one already authorized from five-twenties to seven-thirties.—Resolution for the appointment of a Committee to count the votes in the late Presidential election; an amendment was added in the House, excluding from representation in the Electoral College the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee.—The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill: occasion was taken to insert before the word "Mexico" the words "Republic of" instead of "Empire of."

The following measures have passed the Senate: Joint resolution to free the families of colored soldiers.—Bill amending the act defining the pay of army officers so that a brevet rank shall not entitle the holder to any increase of pay.—Resolution to retaliate upon Southern prisoners for the sufferings inflicted upon our own, with amendments restricting its operations so that they shall conform to the law of nations and the usages of civilized war.

In the House, the following have been the principal measures passed: Resolution of inquiry as to the Parrott guns burst in the first bombardment of Fort Fisher, their number, and the cause of explosion; to which the Secretary of the Navy replied that five guns were destroyed, on the *Ticonderoga*, *Juniata*, *Mackinaw*, *Quaker City*, and *Yantic*.—Bill providing that in any action by or against any executors, administrators, or guardians, in which judgment may be rendered for or against them, neither party shall be allowed to testify against the other unless called to do so by the other.—Resolution of inquiry relative to prisoners confined in Old Capitol and Carroll prisons.—Amendment to the Legislative Appropriation Bill, appropriating, in addition to the \$2,000,000 already appropriated, \$1,777,000 for procuring dies, stamps, and paper for printing and circulating Treasury Notes.—Post-office Appropriation Bill.—Resolution to reduce the duty on imported printing paper from 20 to 3 per cent. *ad valorem*, which was reported in the Senate afterward with an amendment to reduce the duty to 15 per cent.—Resolutions of inquiry into the facts relative to the trade with insurrectionary States.—Resolution providing for the publication of President Madison's correspondence.

The House resolution dropping from the Army List all unemployed general officers was indefinitely postponed in the Senate.

#### CANADA.

Our relations with Canada have taken a brighter aspect. Burley, who was engaged in the raid on Lake Erie, has been recommitted in spite of Mr. Davis's recognition of him as a Confederate officer. Governor-General Monck includes in his financial estimate of expenses for the current year an appropriation to refund the money captured by the St. Alban's raiders. A bill has been introduced into the Canadian House of Assembly, which passed to a second reading on the 31st, giving power to the Provincial Government, under certain conditions, to remove such aliens from the country as may have proved themselves unworthy of an asylum therein.

#### EUROPE.

Publicity has been given to a bull signed by the Pope October 8, 1864, condemning all modern religious and political errors having a tendency hostile to the temporal power of the Catholic Church, and exhorting the bishops to confute them. This Encyclical Letter was drawn up by a Committee of Theologians, under the Presidency of Cardinal Caterini. In regard to this bull, which created general surprise throughout Europe, the French Government has decided that it is subversive of the Constitution, and can not be published.

The Spanish Cortes were opened December 22. January 7 Marshal Narvaez submitted a bill to repeal the act reincorporating San Domingo in the Spanish monarchy. The bill met with great resistance from the Opposition. The attitude of Spain toward Peru has become moderate, and it is likely that there will be no hostile collision on the Chincha Islands question.

Victor Emanuel has decreed that the Florentine convents shall be appropriated for the use of Government.

The Russian Emperor has issued an ukase extending the abolition of serfdom to Trans-Caucasia, the only province of the Russian empire where that institution still exists.



## Editor's Easy Chair.

THE essence of courtesy is kindness. Even when it is merely a form it is still an affectation of good feeling; and a man of truly large heart is generally a man of truly pleasant manners. In a country of travelers like ours courtesy is peculiarly essential to comfort. We live among strangers at hotels and upon railroads and steamers, and a churl is a public nuisance. A kind word, a generous act, a little self-denial, a little consideration of others upon the part of every man, would make a total of national good feeling and comfort to which every one ought to be glad to contribute. Yet it is unpleasantly true that a little meanness and selfishness often carry applause as manliness and shrewdness.

The Easy Chair was painfully reminded of this truth not long ago as it was rolling along the railroad between New York and Boston. The observation it made there will answer for many other railroads and regions in the country.

At Springfield the evening trains from Albany and from New York connect and proceed as an express train to Boston. A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. A—, turned in his seat in the smoking-car as the train moved out of Springfield, and said to Mr. B—, who was sitting behind him:

"From New York, Sir?"

Mr. B—, evidently surprised and a little amused by the abrupt question, answered, briefly,

"Yes, Sir."

"Going to Boston, Sir?" was the prompt rejoinder.

Mr. B—, clearly nettled by what he thought an impertinent inquisitiveness, replied, blandly but decidedly,

"Yes, Sir. Are you?"

There was something in the tone which seemed to ask, politely enough, what business it was of Mr. A—'s where Mr. B— was going. The quiet reproof of the tone was evidently felt by Mr. A—, and he explained:

"I beg pardon for my apparent curiosity, but I asked because I come to-day from beyond Albany; and as I live about four miles out of Boston I am anxious to be dropped near my home instead of being carried on and compelled to return so far after midnight. But the conductor will not stop the train for a passenger with an Albany ticket, while he will do so for one from New York. So if you would kindly exchange tickets with me I shall be at home at a reasonable hour, and the train will be delayed scarcely a minute in arriving at Boston."

It was a perfectly frank and fair request, and Mr. B— replied that he would willingly make the exchange. He gave his ticket to Mr. A—, who thanked him warmly and gave his in return. It was a very simple and natural act, and the conversation between the gentlemen was loud enough to be heard by all the passengers around them. The train rolled on; the conductor passed through and clipped the tickets; and at midnight Mr. B—, with the rest, alighted from the cars in the Boston station. He took his place with others in a sleigh for the hotel; but just as it left the station one of the other passengers said, in a chuckling tone, to his neighbor:

"Did you see the neat thing C— did in the cars to-night?"

"No, what was it?" asked his companion.

"Well, there was a fellow who came by the Al-

bany train and joined us at Springfield, who asked a man from New York to exchange tickets with him, because he wanted to get off before reaching Boston, and he said the conductor would not stop the train except for a New York ticket. The New York man exchanged with him, and C— heard the whole thing. When the conductor came along C— told him the story, and pointed out the men. The conductor smiled, passed on, and said nothing. But after we left Worcester, and he came round again, the Albany man asked him if he would slow the train to give him a chance to jump off at his point. The conductor asked him where he came from. The man showed his New York ticket. 'Yes,' said the conductor, 'but you don't come from New York.' 'Why, here is my ticket,' replied the other. 'Yes, my friend, but you came from Albany, and you have exchanged your ticket with a New York passenger, and the train can not stop, you know.' And the Albany chap was brought all the way in, and has got to get out of town as he can, and a darned cold journey he'll have of it. Smart in C—, wasn't it?"

And the two passengers laughed together at C—'s "neat thing."

Yes, it was smart, but it was ineffably mean. It showed a petty and narrow mind, and a lack of that generosity which ennobles men and makes human intercourse delightful. How instinctively you pity the wife and children of such a man! How poor the riches that come by such smartness! It was not a great crime—it was only an infinitely little discourtesy. It kept a man from reaching his home two hours, or perhaps a night, earlier, and it did not bring any other man five minutes sooner to his home. A small peg on the inside of the sole of your shoe is not a sword-thrust into your heart. But courtesy, generosity, the instincts of a gentleman, no more prick you with a pin than they cut you with a sabre. Every man should remember that he is upon trial when he travels. There is an inquest of a car-ful of other men and women upon his politeness and real manliness.

EDWARD EVERETT died a private citizen, although his whole life had been devoted to public service. He died at a most fortunate moment for his fame; and in the general gratitude for his faithful service during the war every body was willing to forget that his prescience had not been equal to his patriotism. But if a man strikes with all his might when danger comes to his country it is rather hard to reproach him that he did not see it coming. In our recent history we have all had need of much forbearance. If some did not see the approach of danger, they have at least been conspicuously steady and strong when it appeared; and, on the other hand, some who foresaw the attack have been very far from wise in the defense.

Mr. Everett was not a man of genius, nor of that temperament which makes or controls epochs in human affairs. But he had remarkable gifts, and they were remarkably cultivated. His powers of literary acquisition were extraordinary, his memory singularly trained and retentive, his intellectual habit rigidly methodical, and his scholarship, therefore, was not only vast and various, but its resources were constantly at the command of his delicate tact and courtesy. If in public speaking he never inspired his hearers, he was always sure to



charm them by the elegance and symmetry of the form, and instruct them by the comprehensive and well-digested substance of his orations.

His various accomplishments made him in many ways a most valuable foreign minister, and he related with a full sense of its humor—for his perception of comedy was acute—a little incident of his official residence as American Minister in London.

One day, at a pleasant country house, where Washington Irving and Bancroft were also guests, the conversation, as was natural among three gentlemen who had all been foreign ministers, fell upon diplomatic life. Irving, with the sly twinkle in his eye, was soon telling comical incidents of his experience when Everett, after listening with an air of great amusement, said:

"One of the drollest incidents in my diplomatic life occurred at my presentation as United States Minister in England. I went to the palace, by appointment, with Lord Melbourne, feeling very uncomfortable in my official toggery, and found that the Neapolitan ambassador, the Prince Castelcicala, was to be presented at the same time. We were introduced to each other, and after a proper interval the official presentations to her Majesty took place. When they were over [probably at Windsor] Lord Melbourne said:

"Your Excellencies will be expected to remain, and in the evening join a game of whist with the Duchess of Kent"—[the Queen's mother].

"We bowed," continued Mr. Everett, "and Lord Melbourne added,

"I play a very poor game myself, in fact, I scarcely understand it; but the Duchess is very fond of it."

"And I," said the Prince Castelcicala, turning to me, "I am a very poor player; and if I should chance to be your Excellency's partner, I invoke your forbearance in advance."

"We were all moving down the corridor toward the Duchess's apartments," said Mr. Everett, with a grave smile, "and it was very amusing to hear our mutual apologies and deprecations, especially as I remarked in my turn that I was not very familiar with the game. Here we were, three dignified personages in middle life, clad in extraordinary attire, and solemnly proceeding to play a game which we imperfectly understood, and for which we did not care in the least.

"When we reached the Duchess's apartments she was seated at the table, and we were formally presented, and, at her gracious invitation, seated ourselves for the game. Just as we were beginning to play, a lady in waiting approached and placed herself at the back of the Duchess's chair. The Duchess then turned to us and said, politely:

"Your Excellencies will excuse me if I rely upon the advice of my friend here, for I really am a very poor player."

"It was inexpressibly droll," said Mr. Everett, "and it was a curious illustration of the ceremonial character of court life."

Yet no man was more punctilious in observing all conventional duties than Mr. Everett. His humorous perception of their frequent absurdity did not disturb his respectful deference to them. So in his oratory he did not disdain any dramatic effects, and sometimes used them very skillfully. The felicitous rhetorical stroke which confirmed his fame as an orator was his appeal to Lafayette at the close of his discourse at Cambridge before the Phi Beta Kappa Society; and in his subsequent eulogy upon

Lafayette in Faneuil Hall he turned at the close of his oration and apostrophized the bust of the General which stood beside him, "Speak, marble lips!" amidst the enthusiastic emotion of his audience.

Less fortunate, however, was his display of the piece of the ocean telegraphic cable in his discourse to the Alumni at Harvard, and his striking his pockets, and jingling the keys and coin in them, in the oration upon Washington, when he alluded to Marlborough, the sordid miser. So also a little story told of his delivery of the same oration illustrates his fondness of elaborate dramatic effect in oratory.

There is a passage in the discourse in which he spoke of the soldiers of the Revolution, and as he was waiting in the ante-room before going upon the platform a Revolutionary veteran was introduced to him. Mr. Everett talked with him pleasantly, and, speaking of his oration, asked the old man to rise and stand before the audience when he began the passage. The old soldier was gratified, and said he would certainly do it.

The company proceeded to the platform, the veteran was seated conspicuously in full view of the audience, and the orator began. When he reached the passage alluding to the old soldiers he turned toward the veteran, who began to move and get upon his legs. After some struggling he succeeded, and the old man stood painfully leaning upon his cane, when the orator, raising his hand and addressing him, exclaimed:

"Nay, Sir, sit down, sit down; it is for us to stand in your presence!"

Upon which the bewildered veteran, somewhat confounded, sank back again into his seat, and afterward said, "That Mr. Everett is a very queer man. He told me to stand up, and the moment I stood up he said to me, 'Sit down, Sir, sit down.'"

But even Burke did not hesitate to aid his oratory by such effects.

It was very striking to see how Boston honored her son in his obsequies. Approaching the city from the north and east, and rumbling over the piles that carry the railroads to the main land, you saw the flag upon Bunker Hill monument, and all the lower flags in the city, hanging at half mast. People in the cars coming from the country to see the pageant were consulting where to find the best places, and there was but one topic in all circles. The street near the church was thronged; the building overflowed; the streets through which the procession was to pass were lined with spectators, and many of the shops upon the route were hung in mourning, while business was generally suspended. By-and-by the minute-guns on the Common and at the Navy-yard began to boom slowly; the church bells solemnly tolled; and the roll of muffled drums and the long, pealing, melancholy wail of the wind instruments filled the air. The mounted soldiers, the infantry, the heavily-curtained hearse, the file of carriages passed by, and the orator who, within the week, had made the last speech of his many speeches upon the theatre of his many triumphs, was hidden from human eyes forever.

The public sorrow at Everett's death is in many of the noblest minds also an act of forgiveness. Had he died four years before he would have missed his best fame. No student of his time can forget that, until those four years, the gifts and graces of this noted American citizen were lost to the cause of America. If it were not recorded, his own confession would remind us of it. And the simplest and



noblest act of his life, the act which restored him to the old love of his old admirers and the fresh respect of the new, was the avowal that he had mistaken his times. With a happiness and satisfaction he had not known for many a year, he saw at last that America was Liberty, and bowing his heart before her she touched his lips with a sweeter music than they had ever known.

And one of the truest and most honored priests of that Liberty, William Cullen Bryant, born in the same year with Mr. Everett, speaks for all who have lamented the long palliation of fatal wrong which his temperament and training imposed upon Everett, in saying at the Union League Club in New York: "If I have ever uttered any thing in derogation of Mr. Everett's public character, at times when it seemed to me he did not resist with becoming spirit the aggression of wrong, I now, looking back upon his noble record of the last four years, retract it at his grave; I lay upon his hearse the declaration of my sorrow that I saw not then the depth of his worth, that I did not discern under the conservatism which formed a part of his nature that generous courage which a great emergency could so nobly awaken."

THE building of the National Academy of Design is now nearly finished, and is one of the most conspicuous objects in the city. It is well situated, upon the corner of the broad Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street; and in these winter days its pure white marble walls, rising from the white snow, are contrasted with the blue sky in a more daring manner than most of our architects have attempted. White marble, indeed, is no longer a novel building material in New York; but it is always striking, and its treatment in this structure is original in this country.

A work so elaborate and conscientious as this building no man should dismiss with a careless criticism. We have not examined it critically. More than once, however, we have stopped to observe and to delight in the ornaments cut upon the marble, freshly copied from nature. After the Egyptian and Roman and Grecian and Gothic abominations in brick and plaster and wood with which the city abounds, the decoration of which is purely conventional and the effect humiliating, here is the return to nature for which the best art of modern times has been sighing. And how rich, how graceful, how honest, is the effect!

The building is sure to provoke censure. It is enough to do that that it is new. The passengers in the street cars "don't like such a queer looking thing." There are others who will see in it a little Doge's palace. And certainly it recalls that famous building, although its color and proportions are so different. There are others, too, who will find that the grand entrance, however beautiful and effective in itself, somehow dwarfs the whole and suggests a spacious marble cottage. There are many more who will suggest many more objections. But the architect need not wince. A work so fair and sincere as this will plead against all the charges of "queerness," and plead successfully. Let the passenger who stops to contemplate in the winter morning this happy thought wrought out in snow that does not melt, recall the building at the corner of Leonard Street and Broadway, where, a few years since, the Academy was housed. Let him go and look at it, and reflect that there was no outburst of popular indignation when it was built, and then ask

himself whether a city may not justly be proud which has advanced in so few years from gravely erecting such a building to this new one upon the Fourth Avenue.

When it is fully finished, what a joyous dedication there ought to be! How all the finest pictures accessible ought to be hung upon the walls, and a very few words be said by the very simplest tongue! When that time comes we hope to say something more about it.

Our kind friend, "A Disappointed Man," will not grudge the little delay in printing his pleasant little essay, for he knows the exigencies of a Magazine, and alas! he has acquired, perhaps, the sad habit of resignation to all kinds of disappointment. But his suggestions are not less true in March than they would have been in February. There is no more royal pleasure than that of music at table. There is no more royal privilege than the power of having it. What a sense of a lordly banquet the last scene in Don Giovanni conveys, when the band enters and plays while the magnifico eats; the band, not the two or three starveling fifers and fiddlers standing around, who sometimes "disfigure or present" it. No, the band, the orchestra rather, as it used to be represented at the Royal Opera in Berlin, where there was a harmonious multitude blowing and scraping in a gorgeous balcony. Music is as much part of a true feast as the mighty sirloin and the ortolan.

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR,—When my friend, Mr. Christopher Crowfield, told in the December *Atlantic* how cooking should be done, he missed one thing, in my opinion. That thing is music. There is more in music, as connected with digestion, than appears at first thought. Let me illustrate my meaning by an instance.

"There is a little dingy cellar on Anna Maria Street, in this city, the proprietor of which is a stalwart, velvet-clad Frenchman. He gives one a dinner of three courses for a mere trifle, and wine at discretion when paid for extra. The soups are *rather* watery; the entrées not what Soyer would recommend, and the vegetables run pretty much upon one thing—potatoes or spinach. But let that pass. In the wine, I am afraid, there is more than a suspicion of logwood, and the dessert is—one apple. Sometimes, however, there comes into this gloomy, subterranean dining-room a band of three Italians. Two bear harps, and the third a violin. They establish themselves in one corner; and, after the usual amount of thrumming, pour forth a flood of melody that fills every corner. Oh, Sir! that is the secret of this little *salon*. That is the key to the excellence of that French cookery. Three men, with harps and a violin, banish indigestion, and set the stomach at its work to tuneful measures.

"There are no truffles in the 'civet de lievre'; rather onions instead. The bouquet of the wine is not inspiring until the harps ripple out some tinkling stave, and the bread is, to speak mildly, glutinous and potatoey. But after that band of three have struck the props out from under the song, and let it slide down the wires into the air, the guests are guests of Lucullus, the table linen is damask, the earthenware is china of Sèvres, and the wine of such vintage and flavor that one dreams of it long after.

"When I individually hear these harpers I am persuaded, nay, convinced, that the world is much better than it is represented. Three minutes before perhaps the shambling gargon dribbled a rill of gravy from a 'blanquette de veau' that ran white and oleaginous over my coat-sleeve. I forgave him. I shall pension his family; and I thank the harpers that they turned the tide of my wrath into another channel.

"Dear Mr. Easy Chair, you have seen, in rumbling over the different floors in this country, how our respected fellow-citizens eat themselves to death. You know we are, as a race, lank, lean, and bilious. What I would



suggest is this: more music and less grease; more melody and less misery, from a digestive point of view. Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper, and I have no doubt he was all the better for the performance.

"When the band strikes up at Newport you can see the members from Africa step more lightly under their fragrant or savory loads. You can see Araminta Dulcibella beam all over with courtesy, and Alphonso chuckle with a suppressed joke. Conundrums rise to propound themselves, and jests and laughter supplant saturnine and splenetic countenances. When my friend Jeremiah Higgins eats his Thanksgiving dinner he does penance for a week thereafter; but Amadée Leschaud dines every day, to the tinkling of cymbals and whispering of harps, on 'perdrix au truffes' and 'concomitants' without a shudder.

"Oh, Sir! if we had fiddlers in every dining-saloon we should have fewer savage editorials in the dailies. Mr. Kenepen, fagged out and overworked, rushes to the nearest restaurant, and devours, in nervous haste, a plate of roast pig. In the course of the afternoon he pens a slashing article on the twaddle, fudge, and utter balderdash contained in the *Morning Tackhammer*. He spells Weekly 'Weakly,' and rejoices as much as his stomach will allow him over this caustic sarcasm. If music can soothe the savage breast, why not the savage stomach? I put it to the Easy Chair: Is it not better to be fluted into a suitable frame of mind during one's repast than to be dinner-pilled after it? Is not a musician better than a physician, and are not songs better than the sighs which emanate from the depths of the stomach? Oh, Sir! when the harp strikes his throbbing wires I feel no mere mortal experience can worry me. There are more guests present than they who sit at meat, and the rustlings that I hear are not merely those made by my neighbor turning his *Times*.

"Therefore, as I remarked at the outset, I wish Mr. Crowfield had said something about music in connection with cookery or our dinners.

"I once 'boarded out' where the daughter of the landlady was in the habit of betaking herself to the piano and bawling out, 'A watcher, pale and tearful,' whenever a meal was in progress. I do not think that aided any one's digestion; 'on the contrary, quite the reverse.' But I know for a certainty that a harp can soothe and assuage the sorrows of many a sensitive organization, and that a flute can warble, or a violin lull the troubled digestion into tractability. I would bring the soul of song into every house instead of potions, and there should be no grief unallayed.

"At twilight fall my wife sits and sings while the baby at her breast draws its life from her. Rosy little cherub! how sweetly it smiles when the lullaby falls gently upon its ear! But let Louisa scold, for instance (though she never does), and I know that pains and pangs unutterable would tweak the bowels of that unhappy child of our love. Sir, to be at ease when dining one must be sung to or played at skillfully and in harmony, and if the best results do not ensue I am . . . A DISAPPOINTED MAN."

THE Easy Chair is glad to see that traveling manners are still a subject of thought among its friends. How can it be believed that he or she who is not a gentleman or lady in a railroad car is so in any other place?

"If any body leaves a seat without a coat, or shawl, or bag, or something to mark his place, I shall take it," said a person in the seat behind a certain traveler.

"Yes, but if a gentleman comes and says that it is his seat?" asked his friend.

"Can't help it. No man can keep a seat in that way."

"Not by his word?"

"No."

It was very clear that if a gentleman came to claim such a seat he would not find one in it. But hear what a small voice from Washington says:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—So very much is said about the courtesy of gentlemen toward ladies manifested in resign-

ing seats and the nameless other little attentions which so much assist ladies traveling alone, I want to tell you something neither you nor Miss Dorinda seem to have noticed. It is, that the same gentlemen who so persistently retain their seats while Miss D. or her friend pass along, looking, not saying, Give me your seats—I am a lady! will rise instantly to resign their seats, even though they are obliged to stand, in favor of that modest little one whose only trouble is fear of troubling others, and her look of thanks, even though she speak not the words, is sufficient recompense. Gentlemen are quick to read the language of the face, and know intuitively whether it says, It is only my due; or, How good you are! Perhaps while Dorinda is thinking, If he were a gentleman he would give me his seat; the same *He* is thinking, If she were a lady I would give up my seat.

"I speak these words impulsively, not to shield the other sex, but for the right. I am a woman and *mean to be* womanly; it were simple justice to say a gentle-woman. Once we were proud of that appellation. Why is it Lady now? I have traveled much, and often alone. I am not handsome, and dress only plainly, and I never yet was obliged to stand in coach or car, however crowded. And now, dear Easy Chair, if you think any one may become more of a *true lady*, through the hint implied in this, please tell it in your own way. Say, too, that the real language of the heart becomes so habitual to the face that it is not easily masked, and especially in those little things. Is it because we are gentlewomen no longer that the name is abandoned? Is it not significant of the change in ourselves that the old name and the old chivalry are departing together?"

"Respectfully, from

A LITTLE ONE."

A VERY judicious friend of this Magazine, as will plainly appear from her saying: "I expect, like Bessie, to enjoy *Harper* in heaven. She invariably sings the last two lines of the hymn 'I want to be an angel,'

"A crown upon my forehead,  
And a *Harper* in my hand."

adds, after some assurances of friendly esteem, her experiences of the theatre:

"I read the account, in the December Number, of your visit to the Opera, and immediately was seized with a desire to tell you my experience. Very limited it is, to be sure, as far as opera and theatre are concerned. But when I deliberately make up my mind to be deceived, I like to be deceived. Don't you? I don't enjoy seeing the scene-shifters (is that the name?) deliberately pull into view a house where there was nothing before but a garden. Because it does not seem like nature, or art either. I remember going one evening to see a distinguished tragedian in Hamlet, where the ghost came upon the stage dressed in a suit of armor, with a little square of blue turlatan thrown over his head, descending to his elbows, where it stood out from him in every direction. I did not wonder that Hamlet appeared startled at the sight of him. I think most people would have been. As Ophelia came on, singing her little, woeful, crazy song, the gas by some mischance went out, whereupon the king very kindly came out with a tallow-candle in his hand, casting a halo of glory about his head, while another actor, with very slim legs, very red cheeks, and an exceedingly rumpled-looking wig, tried to light the foot-lights, gazing upon us, shrouded in darkness, after each unsuccessful attempt, with a ludicrously amazed expression of countenance. This winter I heard the — Troupe in *Robert le Diable*. The libretto said that supernatural sights and sounds would issue from a cave. Unfortunately there was no cave, so the sights came from the side of the stage, and the sounds from the drums and fifes of the orchestra. Whether they were supernatural or not I can not say, but they were certainly terrible. I was almost inclined to agree with the friend beside me, who whispered that he thought that Operas were like tomatoes, one must *learn* to like them."

THIS is the Easy Chair's letter-day. It does not come very often. But here is a cheerful note which



comes tumbling briskly out of the bag, and speaks a kindly word for England.

"E. CHAIR, ESQ.,—Now you suppose yourself assailed by one of the people who aspire to be literati. Not so. Yet I am one of those who can write better articles than are published. You will be gratified to learn that notwithstanding this, I keep my MSS. in an old pillow-case in the garret, waiting for paper-rags to be worth ten cents per pound:

"Cold, wire-drawn odes! Bucolics where the cows  
Would scare the writer if they splashed the mud  
In lashing off the flies.  
And counterfeiting epics, shrill with trumps  
A babe might blow between two straining cheeks  
Of bubbled rose to make his mother laugh;  
And elegiac griefs, and songs of love,  
Like cast-off nosegays picked up on the road,  
The worse for being warm!—

for ten cents per pound.

"Emerson says, 'Whoso expresses the poetry that is in him in some sort loses it.' And Tennyson,

"The poet's deep poetic heart  
Is better than the poet's fame;"

therefore I am content to be mute.

"I write to thank you for the kindly words that you sometimes say of the English, and to beg you to continue them. It always hurts my heart to see the endeavors of the newspapers to embitter the people's mind against England. I think newspapers give incorrect estimates of public sentiment. Most of us have lived so much in English literature that we have almost lived in England, and it is natural for us to regard England as the nearest and dearest of nations.

"We know London streets and houses by heart, and all the lanes and foot-paths in all the shires—the Hertfordshire lanes, and all the rest. Have we not walked in Oxford Street, Baker Street, the Strand, Pall Mall? Haven't we seen the Monument, and every statue in the British Museum? And have not Mrs. Gore and her friends introduced us to the very bedrooms of Belgravia? And are we not too much attached to them to be forever tilting with their masters? Since my Uncle Toby has made us all cousins, as Southey says he has, we ought to be fond of each other. The mere fact that we have so often been the guests of Doctor Primrose, tasting his best gooseberry wine, and of Elia, drinking tea in old china with himself and his Bridget, to say nothing of the hospitalities of Colonel Newcome, should make us forbearing and complaisant toward England.

"Gramercy for thy courtesy, dear Easy, to England! I kiss thy hands!"

### Editor's Drawer.

THERE is great danger of knowing too much. Jones was clerk in the General Post-office Department at Washington. A letter was given to him to copy: it was to be sent to a man applying for a new Post-office, and the letter refused the application on the ground of his proximity to another office. Jones suggested to his principal that the word "nearness" would be better than "proximity;" but was told to mind his own business, and copy the letter as it was written. He did, and very soon an answer came back from the applicant that he would like to know who the scoundrel was that charged him with *proximity*! This pleased Jones greatly, and when he spoke of it to his principal he got his walking-papers. He was not wanted in an office where he knew more than his betters.

But he got another place. One day a stranger was in, and after finishing his business asked Jones which way he should go to the Patent Office. Jones said he didn't know. The stranger then asked the way to the Capitol, and Jones said he didn't know.

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"Well, where is the White House?" and Jones did not know. "What do you know?" demanded the stranger. "Well, you see," said Jones, "I lost my last place because I knew too much, and now I know how to keep these ere books, and that's all I do know." The stranger retired satisfied and thoughtful.

MICHAEL M'HANNIN ran for Congress last fall. Patriotism was the dodge, and his opponent was a wounded officer fresh from the field of battle, covered with blood and glory. Michael stood a poor chance against such odds, and improved on a story he had read in the Drawer after the Mexican war. In addressing his constituents, mostly of the Hibernian denomination, Michael exclaimed:

"My brave fellow-citizens! No man, dead or alive, has done more for the Government than the humble and honorable individual who now addresses you. When this cursed rebellion first bust forth I could not leave you to go personally, but I hired a substitute to go for me; and there, my friends and fellow-citizens, there, on the red field of battle, in the midst of resounding cannon and the clash of arms, I fit and bled and died for my country!"

This unexampled patriotism in a live man carried all the voters that heard him, and the cheers for Michael made the welkin ring, and shook the stars of the tar-bangled spanner. If Michael had let it go at that it would have been well, and perhaps his country would have had his eloquence in Congress next winter. But excited by his success in rousing the enthusiasm of his friends, he went on to say:

"I was born in Munster, and fatched up in Cork, and if it hadn't been for Providence and another jintleman who guv me an edication, I should have been as ignorant as you are, my fellow-citizens!"

This was not very palatable to the merry Irishmen, and Michael subsided without even getting an invitation to liquor.

SOMETIME during the early portion of last winter, pending the proceedings of a military Court of Inquiry instituted in Washington, D. C., to examine the case of Colonel E—, an officer detached from the regular army, in command of a Pennsylvania regiment, the following conversation took place: The Colonel, who was employed in writing a paper, stopped, and asked General R—, sitting on the opposite side of the table, "How do you spell the word *fulfill*?" The General replied by spelling it. "I have been watching that word for ten years," said the Colonel. "My impression was it was spelled *fulfil*." "Indeed!" rejoined General R—. "You were not far wrong—you came within an 'L' of it."—[But one way is as *right* as the other.]

In the town of —, in Connecticut, lived an eccentric character, Squire S—, noted for his oddity and singular speeches. The town-hearse, having by long use got into a dilapidated condition, it was determined to get up a public subscription to repair it. In due time the committee called on Squire S—, and asked him to subscribe for the object. "No!" says the Squire; "I won't give a single cent. Twenty years ago I subscribed five dollars to build the old thing, and neither my family nor myself ever had any use for it from that day to this, and I won't give a cent to repair it!"

Our youngest boy had been reading some of



Mayne Reid's thrilling stories of adventures among the Indians till his mind and heart were, for the time, pretty well filled with their spirit, when one day a friend of his mother sent word inviting her to go on Friday to Dr. H——'s church to join the ladies of the congregation in their sewing society. "Don't go, don't go, mother!" burst out young Master Harry; "they are sewing for the missionaries among the Indians, and they are trying to convert 'em, and I don't want 'em to, for when I grow up I want to go out there and have a regular fight!"

AN out-in-the-West correspondent writes:

A friend of ours, residing not far from Lake T——, has near her house a fine mineral spring, supposed to contain great medicinal virtues. She has been in the habit of receiving bottles from an old gent across the lake to be filled with the water. As each batch of bottles would arrive so would complaints that the water lost its medicinal properties on the route. At last, by way of a joke, she filled one with a mixture of water, molasses, cream tartar, and whisky, and sent him word that it would retain its strength. As luck would have it, he sent that bottle, without examining it, to be analyzed. By return express he received a letter advising him by all means to buy that spring, as a *whisky cocktail* spring was a valuable piece of property.

A WORTHY townsman of ours, who goes by the sobriquet of the Deacon, was met by a lady friend as he emerged from a saloon, and accosted thus: "Good-morning, Deacon; but I am sorry to see you coming out of such a place." To which he dryly replied: "Why, Madam, would you have me stay there all the time?"

NED says that on a visit to a country town last summer he was talking over the gate to a "bonnie damsel," when a rough-looking Hibernian stopped upon the walk and looked admiringly into Dulcinea's eyes. In a moment, as her face glowed with blushes, she asked, "Well, Sir, what will you have?" To which Pat replied, without a moment's hesitation, "Faith, Miss, if I should chuse, 'twould be your own swate self I'd be after having." And upon Ned's request that he should move along he replied, "No offense, honey. 'Twas a civil question from the miss, and a true answer from Pat Malone. Good-morning!"

WHEN General Sherman was in command at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, he was in the habit of visiting every part of that institution, and making himself familiar with every thing that was going on. He wore an old brown coat and a "stove-pipe hat," and was not generally recognized by the minor officials or the soldiers. One day while walking through the grounds he met with a soldier who was unmercifully beating a mule.

"Stop pounding that mule!" said the General.

"Git out!" said the soldier, in blissful ignorance of the person to whom he was speaking.

"I tell you to stop!" reiterated the General.

"You mind your business and I will mind mine," replied the soldier, continuing his flank movement upon the mule.

"I tell you again to stop!" said General S. "Do you know who I am? I am General Sherman."

"That's played out!" said the soldier. "Every man who comes along here with an old brown coat

and a stove-pipe hat on claims to be General Sherman."

It is presumed that for once General Sherman considered himself outflanked.

SAM BORING was elected sheriff of one of the counties of California. Sam was educated in the Southwest, in one of those districts where the only alphabet they had was taken from the brands on the hides of stolen cattle—so the story runs, but for the latter statement we do not vouch. Now, in process of time and by process of law, Sam took a horse from a debtor by force because he would not pay. The horse was taken to the nearest town, about ten miles, and left at a livery stable. This town was about four miles from the county seat, where the sheriff kept his office. In a few days the debtor, seeing he could not escape payment, called on the sheriff, saying, if his horse would be allowed him, he would ride down among his neighbors and get the money. The sheriff knew it would be all right, and wrote the following order to the livery man for the horse:

"Mr H C—— pleas let the barrer of this not have his horse  
S BORING Sheriff"

It was an awful time for mud; but the "barrer" trudged the four miles on foot and presented the "not." The livery man read the document, nodded and smiled, put it carefully in his pocket, and began to whistle. The other was in somewhat of a hurry, and said so. Livery merely looked at his applicant, as much as to say, "D'ye take me for a sawney?" Owner of horse said, "Come, give me that animal as quick as you can, for I have a long way to go and it is getting late." Livery, bristling up, inquired if the applicant took him to be a fool. "You must think I, like yourself, can't read. Here you come to me asking me to give you the horse, at the same time passing into my hands an order from the sheriff explicitly telling me *not* to let you have the horse." A sight of the document was demanded, drinks followed, and debtor walked to the county seat and back again through the mud—eight miles of the hardest kind of footing—to get an *e* added to *not*, in order to make a *note* of it!

In a beautiful village away from all the bustle and stir of railroads and steamboats, and not a thousand miles from Detroit, lives Dominie L——, one of the best of men, and pastor of a flourishing church there. Some years ago the Dominie was very much annoyed by the fact that George N——, a godless young blacksmith, who was his nearest neighbor, would persist in sawing his wood under the parson's window on Sunday mornings. Having labored with him to no purpose, and borne the infliction till forbearance had almost ceased to be a virtue, he one morning threw up the window as George was pursuing his accustomed Sabbath morning avocations, saying, "N——, I want to make a bargain with you." George knew what was coming, and looking up with a comical grin, answered, "I make no bargains Sundays."

If you don't care to read how a brave officer in our brave army rejoiced in the conquest of one number of *Harper*, skip the following and go to the next. The fighting man writes:

I sat down in my quarters this morning, blue, bluer, bluest. An old gunshot-wound had been grumbling in my side till I could hardly walk, and on getting up for the day saw no very encouraging



prospect for the same. What to do to while away the day was matter of serious concern. Nothing to read; can't talk all day; I must be interested by something. The November Number caught my eye. Ah! old friend, I am glad to meet you. I went to Arizona with that most clever humorist, J. Ross Browne—rummaged the Drawer—filled the whole of the old Easy Chair—looked in at the Centennial of the Browns—pitied the hard fate of My Refugee—found My Soldier a beauty—and cruised with the *Sassacus* till the cold round moon looked gently down from a very blunt angle in the heavens. Hark! Taps—*Lights out!* It was indeed time for honest soldiers to be in bed. The day had surely passed. I had rollicked and laughed, smiled and reflected the livelong day away, in spite of dismal forebodings of the morning. A happy day and contented evening have been given me by the fortuitous visit of your *New Monthly*. Nor is this the first time the past summer. A blessed Miss —, away off in Puritanic New England, gave me a happy visit to Pegoty Plimpton's Choir once on a day while rebel shot and shell were playing sad havoc among us on the James. I hugged my bomb-proof, read the *Monthly*, and heard their infernal metal crash by overhead and around, and laughed at the picture she drew of rural life, its ambitions, strifes, and triumphs. To make the confession full I must say the *Monthly*, many a time during our long and anxious campaign before Richmond, has shone forth from beyond the dark clouds overshadowing us, dispelling them, and giving us a bright and cheerful sky.

BEING recently one of about thirteen passengers upon the platform of a street car where was just comfortable standing-room for about four, I was somewhat annoyed and inconvenienced by two great fellows jumping on to the same platform without troubling the car to stop. The larger one did not seem to care where he stood so that 'twas on some one's feet; and this caused me to remark to him, in an expostulative way, "There's more room on the front platform." To which he immediately replied, "Well, why don't you go there then?" My reply was intended to be unanswerable, but it was not: "Sir, I was on this car first, and I've no idea of moving off to make room for you." "Oh!" said he, "that's what troubles you, is it? Well, you jest rest easy—I've got plenty of room!"

A DRAWER reader writes of a couple of Green Isle friends:

An Irish *gentleman* in my employ was told one day to dig a hole in a certain place. Having occasion to pass not long afterward, and observing that but small progress had been made, I said to him, "Put in, Jimmy!" Returning, I was surprised to find the excavation filled, and on inquiring the reason why, was asked, in reply, "If I had not told him to put in?"

A SON of Erin was giving me an account of a certain Colonel whose sense of hearing had been affected by being present in a cave when a cannon was fired, said that for two weeks after the gentleman could not hear any thing unless it was written!

EVERY man and woman in Lower Egypt has heard of the pompous Judge K—, a noted lawyer and politician of Cairo, Illinois, and a much better judge of whisky than of legal technicalities. Well,

the steamer *City of Cairo* was finished a few weeks ago, and now "walks the waters like a thing of life"—probably unsurpassed in beauty, speed, and size by any craft that floats the "Father of Waters." In that spirit of liberality by which they are as fully characterized as any people, the citizens of Cairo on land presented to the officers of Cairo on water a full set of national colors—conferring upon the Judge the task of making the presentation speech, in the presence of an immense concourse crowded into the spacious cabin and saloon of the elegant vessel.

His Honor being fully "in the spirit," discharged his arduous duty in the following eloquent language: "Captain, ladies, and gentlemen—I have the honor, in the name of Cairo, in behalf of the ladies and gentlemen of this far-famed and justly celebrated city, to present you, captain of this noble steamer, these colors. Sir, may we all live to see the glorious flag of our country wave triumphantly over our graves! Here, captain, take these things!" Judge K— and the captain liquored.

DURING the last visit of the Federal forces, under Major-General A. J. Smith, to Holly Springs, Mississippi, in August, 1864, the following lines were penned by Colonel A— on the last page of a young lady's album, all others having been appropriated by real or pretended admirers in 1861. The black crape at the top of five loving epistles, and the broad, dark borders of five cards in the album, proved that ten of Miss Clemmie's admirers had fallen victims to Federal bullets, and that Yankee lead and steel were even more potent than Cupid's arrows. The females of the family being at the time residents of the elegant mansion, the book was returned to the centre table:

#### TO MISS CLEMMIE.

'Tis certain, Miss Clemmie, whether Fed or Confed,  
In the plain course of nature you're destined to wed;  
Some "Lord of Creation" will lovingly kneel,  
And pour forth his tender and fervent appeal,  
If the Feds and Confeds will cease this vain strife,  
And leave a man living to make you his wife.

FED.

An honest but not very astute individual received written directions from a bereaved husband, living at a distance, to erect a tombstone over the grave of his deceased wife, a copy of the desired inscription being sent in a letter. The agent unfortunately allowed a postscript addressed to himself to remain attached to the inscription, which consequently stands thus:

CAROLINE,  
WIFE OF WILLIAM SMITH,  
Died Oct. 4, 1864,  
AGED 52.

Rest in peace.

If you will attend to the matter you will confer a great favor upon

WILLIAM SMITH,  
Husband of the above.

HERE is a fine budget from Providence:

Somewhere in Washington County, Rhode Island—it does not matter as to the precise locality—there used to reside a country grocer, whose store was made exceedingly disagreeable to the timid by the presence of a large, ill-natured bull-dog, that always greeted every one who entered the door with a threatening growl. It is true that Tiger had never bitten any body; but it was very annoying to strangers to be saluted with such savage demonstrations as he usually exercised. In fact, he was regarded



as a nuisance by the community, while the only possible good that he ever rendered his master was to keep beggars and children at a distance. Jack Whitehorn, who had been repeatedly bored by him, at length declared he would kill him. Now Jack had sailed twice round the world, and had hunted lions in the African wilds, and professed not to be "afraid of any thing that went on four legs." So one day, as he entered the store, he picked up a small grain-sack and wound it snugly around his left fore-arm and hand. As usual, Tiger came for him with a growl. Jack threw out his protected arm in a threatening manner, and the maddened creature shut his teeth on it at once. Jack then deliberately seized him by the ear with the other hand, which caused Tiger to let go his grip upon Jack's arm, when Jack, by a dextrous movement, secured the other ear. In this position the dog was completely at his mercy. Our hero now coolly dropped upon his knees, and, amidst the applause of the half score of by-standers who were witnesses of the rencontre, fastened his teeth into the victim's nose until he dropped his tail between his legs and fairly yelled with pain. When Jack considered him conquered he let him go. Tiger was *killed*; for his spirit was broken, and he was worthless ever afterward. He sneaked away to his retreat behind the counter, where he always remained from morning till night. Beggars and children might invade the grocery in battalions, but they could not draw him from his hiding-place.

THE following is a fact. It is one of those neighborhood incidents which are told every now and then as illustrations of character:

Old Peleg C——, long since gone to his account, had been an invalid for several years, both of his arms being rendered useless by a paralytic stroke. But he lived in the days when every body drank ardent spirits, and his disease had not in the least impaired his appetite for strong drink. Thrice a day he used to take his toddy smoking hot from the stove, his indulgent wife holding the cup to his lips as he drank.

On one occasion a nephew of his had called in while the mug of toddy was warming on the stove. When it was ready he was about to call his wife (who was in the adjoining room) to give it to him; but the young man, interpreting his wishes, quickly exclaimed,

"I will hold the cup for you, Uncle Peleg."

"No, no," said the old man, bluntly, "that won't do; for the Scriptures say, 'Cursed is every man who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips.'"

"But don't you care for aunt?—how will she escape?"

"Why, man, it don't curse women," replied old Peleg, with earnestness; then raising his voice, he exclaimed, "Come, Polly, give me my toddy!"

My attention was once called to a confirmed loafer, who was the pest of the neighborhood where he resided, and of whose boyhood a friend related to me the following circumstance:

When Dick R—— was about eleven years of age he was one day in the field with his father and workmen. It chanced to be in the haying season, and they were provided with a bottle of rum, according to custom. After drinking around, his father passed him the bottle, saying, "Dick, put that in the spring"—meaning for him to set it in the water to keep the contents cool.

About an hour afterward Dick was summoned to bring the bottle. His father took a swallow, while Dick stood near with a broad grin on his face. It contained nothing but water. Turning to his mischievous son, he exclaimed, in an excited tone,

"Dick! what did you do with the liquor that was in this bottle?"

"I poured it into the spring, Sir," he replied, in a hesitating tone, fearing that he had carried the joke too far; for he was in hopes one of the hired men would take the first drink.

"Well, Dick," the parent continued, with a significant flourish of his scythe-rifle, "you did right; but don't never do so again!"

My friend remarked that Dick had evidently followed this advice ever since, for he had never done any thing that was right from that day to the present time.

OVER in Jersey, during the last Presidential canvass, a young lawyer, noted for the length of his neck, his tongue, and his bill, was on the stump blowing his horn for General M'Clellan. Getting on in his eloquence, he spread himself, and said: "I would that on the 8th day of next November I might have the wings of a bird, and I would fly to every city and every village, to every town and every hamlet, to every mansion and every hut, and proclaim to every man, woman, and child George B. M'Clellan is President of these United States!" At this point a youngster in the crowd sang out: "Dry up, you fool! You'd be shot for a goose before you flew a mile!"

AND this reminds us, as the President says, of a little story:

A few years since the noted Tom Marshall was delivering an address before a large audience in Buffalo, when some one in the hall every few moments shouted, "Louder! louder!" Tom stood this for a while; but at last, turning gravely to the presiding officer, said: "Mr. Chairman, at the last day, when the angel shall with his golden trumpet proclaim that 'time shall be no longer,' I doubt not, Sir, that there will be in that vast crowd, as now, some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting, 'Louder! louder!'" The house roared; Tom went on with his speech; but there were no more cries of "louder!"

UNDER the Internal Revenue Law cases of infraction come before the United States Commissioner here. The other day one of this kind, from the west side of the city, was arraigned before the Commissioner, and the defendant being interrogated replied, "Sure, your Honor, I didn't sell or taste of liquor in a month." Judge W——, who was standing by, spoke up, "I'll swear to that. I tasted some of his so-called whisky the other day when coming from Harlem, and if it was not strychnine I am no judge." "Then," says the Commissioner, "he must take out a license as a vendor of drugs, and I hold you, Judge, as a witness against him."

IMMEDIATELY after the battle of Prairie Grove some rebel officers of rank were sent up to Cane Hill, Arkansas, to negotiate for exchange of prisoners. It was during their visit that the amusing and characteristic scene that I am about to relate occurred:

In a small building close on the only street of that crooked village three Confederate officers, in their best gray uniform, were sitting on one side of



a table, and three Federal officers, in blue, on the other. An old gray-headed and gray-bearded man came to the door, and incontinently walked in, with the query:

"Es this the Provo's offis?"

He was dressed in brown homespun, and had an old white wool hat on his head, tied on with a handkerchief, and leaned on a brown stick.

"Es this the Provo's offis? I want a pass."

Some one here attempted to explain to the old gentleman that he was in the wrong shop; but the old fellow, who was a little deaf, it seems, mistook this as a hesitation to give him what he wanted.

"I'm a good l'yal citizen. I've got my perfection papers. I've ben to get paid for my forage. It's all right."

There was a slight inclination to laugh by several present; but the old gentleman continued to make the most earnest protestations as to his "l'yalty."

"Look here, my friend," said Colonel W——, with a smile, "you had better take care what you say about loyalty. Look at these gentlemen"—pointing over the table—"don't you see they are Southern officers?"

The old man's hand trembled as he adjusted a dilapidated pair of spectacles to his eyes, and closely examined the gray uniforms with the velvet collars and brass stars. His hands trembled more violently. For the time being he seemed to forget the place and surroundings in his fear and bewilderment. At last, in great distress, he turned to the gentlemen, and began to stammer out his explanations:

"Well, gentlemen, I didn't think. I—I didn't mean any thing. I've allers ben a Southern man. I've jest got one son, and he's with Marmaduke. The only other man grown that's fit for service is my darter's husband, and he's with Rector, and—and—"

"Hold on, old fellow!" cried Colonel W——; "what about your being a loyal citizen?"

"Will you inform me," asked Colonel P——, who sat next to Colonel W——, "who paid you for your forage?"

The old man turned to look at the other side of the table. Again he adjusted his spectacles, and looked at the blue coats, and in an agony of distress he took off his spectacles and his handkerchief and hat, and while he leaned on both hands on the table, the tears ran down the wrinkles of his old face.

"Well, well, gentlemen," he at last found words to say, "you go on an' fight it out among yourselves. I can live in any government."

I WAS one of some six hundred wounded who had been captured by the enemy during the battle of the Wilderness, and we were placed in open-field hospital at Locust Grove. While lying under a shed, without blankets, scarce food, and a paucity of medical supplies, I was the witness to the following:

We were talking on indifferent subjects when a young man (now dead, poor boy!) spoke up. He told us how he had lain all night upon the battlefield, and in spite of the pain from his shattered limb and the usual dreadful cries round him, he felt much inclined to sleep. This was rendered impossible by an old owl that had perched itself—a fitting serenader on the bloody field—over his head. He said that the confounded thing kept crying, "Who—who hit yer? Who—who hit yer?"

As the surgeon was going his rounds, examining

the patients, he came to a sergeant of a New York regiment, who had been struck by a bullet in the left breast, right over the region of the heart. The doctor, surprised at the narrow escape of the man, ejaculated, "Why, my man, where in the name of goodness could your heart have been?"

The poor fellow, with a faint and sickly smile, replied, "I guess it must have been in my mouth just then, doctor!" You will be gratified to learn that he subsequently escaped, and arrived quite safe in our lines.

A KANSAS correspondent at Fort Leavenworth writes:

At our camp on the Arkansas, after the pursuit was ended, the Army of the Border was dissolved, the troops proceeding by different routes to their several stations. In the evening previous to the separation most of the officers were congregated at General Curtis's head-quarters to bid each other good-by. Major P——y, of General Blunt's staff, who has frequently been known to "take something," on this occasion did honor to his prerogative to an alarming extent. General Blunt propounded the following grave question: "What is the difference between Major P——y and a demijohn?" It remained unanswered, and the Major insisted upon the General's telling the difference. "There is none," answered General B., and the Major "passed."

AN officer of our regiment, famous for his misapplication of big words, was present at Fort Garland when certain companies of the regiment were mustered in. The mustering officer, Major W——, had refused to muster the individual who had been appointed captain of one of the companies. During the evening several officers were congregated in the sutler's store, and the conversation turned upon the subject; when Major W—— remarked that he had not mustered Captain H—— principally on account of his *antecedents*. Our friend pompously threw himself back, placing his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, asking, "Major, who were his antecedents, and what did they do?"

MR. DRAWER, you often tell stories at the expense of Western school committees and trustees. But I have heard one about your New York schoolmen that leaves all the rest out in the cold:

Mr. Patrick O'Finnehan, School Commissioner, visits the public school in his ward, and as he enters he sees a pair of globes.

"And what for are these?"

"They are globes," said the teacher; "one to show the heavens above us, and the other the various countries on the earth."

"Oh!" said the learned Patrick. "And I thought you tached chimistery, and these were a pair of stame-bilers!"

JOE and Commodore Rogers, brothers, blacksmiths in Whitewater, Wisconsin, have a great reputation for being practical jokers. Last summer Joe bought an old-fashioned dash churn, for the purpose of manufacturing their own butter; and as the Commodore was a widower and lived with Joe, all such work as churning naturally fell to him. One eve, after supper, the first churning was got ready, and the Commodore was invited to churn. "Hold on," says he, "till I go down town and get some *tabacker*." He went, and while gone Joe did the



churning, took out the butter, and left the butter-milk in the churn.

The Commodore returned, looked at the churn, took off his coat, and says, "Wa'al, old churn, it's you and I, and here's for ye!" and commenced his labor. After churning a couple of hours, he remarked that "he guessed it would be cheaper to buy butter than to make it." "I think so too," says Joe, "if you are going to try to churn it out of butter-milk!"

A few days after that churning process Joe put one end of a small bar of iron into his forge fire, gave the bellows three or four pumps, and stepped into the back-shop. While gone, the Commodore heated the iron to a black heat, then changed ends with it, and stepped out of the front-door to watch progress.

In came Joe, took up the iron, but dropped it instant, holding up his burned hand, and roared with pain. "Put on some butter-milk, Joe—it's good for a burn!" said the Commodore, as he made a masterly retreat amidst a shower of bouquets composed of hammers, hard coal, and old horse-shoes.

THE Rev. James Freeman, who formerly preached at the Stone Chapel, in Boston, was a man very small in stature, but highly respected for his talents and the liberal doctrines which he promulgated. One day he was passing down Beacon Street, in company with two very tall ministers, and Mr. F. happened to be between them, when whom should they meet but the celebrated wit of the day, Matthew Byles. "Well," said Mr. B., "here we have the Bible represented in its three parts; the Old Testament on the left, the New Testament on the right, and the little Apocrypha in the middle!"

SOME years ago the best pilot belonging to Boston was named James Tilley. In his youth he had met with an accident which caused him to become badly humpbacked. He was a genial sort of a man, much liked, and was always called upon to pilot the ships of war in and out of the harbor. One day he took out a *British* frigate, and as he was leaving the ship a pompous officer on board called out, "I say, old fellow, what have you got on your back?" "*Bunker Hill!*" replied Tilley; "perhaps you have heard of the place before."

A YEAR or more ago a newly-appointed Provost Marshal out West, who sported a full military uniform on duty as well as off, and "put on a good deal of style" generally, conceived the idea that it would be greatly to the advantage of his department, and increase the dignity of his office, if his numerous deputies should be allowed to wear an appropriate uniform—and he accordingly wrote to head-quarters on the subject. The Provost Marshal General directed that Captain——be informed that no uniform would be allowed to deputies; but if Captain——could not recognize his deputies without, he might mark them!

THIS is written for the Drawer, and is true:

The Rev. John Brodhead, formerly Member of Congress from New Hampshire, commenced his career as a Methodist minister near Stroudsburg, in his native State of Pennsylvania. He was a large man, of powerful frame, and before his conversion had been noted for his prowess in the athletic sports and combats then common in that region. One day,

while he was delivering a discourse on the banks of the Delaware, preparatory to administering baptism, quite a disturbance was raised by some of his old companions, more in merriment than malice, however, and they finally, in a laughing way, made preparations for a mock baptism. Mr. Brodhead paused in his discourse, and addressing the disorderlies, said, "Look here, boys! I belong to a denomination that holds to the possibility of *falling from grace*. If I should happen to fall from grace—and I feel very much like it—while you are cutting your capers, some of you will catch it badly!" The ringleader, a good-natured fellow of some education, saw there was trouble ahead, and after hesitating a moment, turned to the others, and said, "I say, fellows! he's got into the vernacular—we'd better stop!" And stop they did, and the exercises were concluded without further interruption.

In the newspaper of Middletown, Connecticut, a very worthy man who takes people under, and is therefore called an undertaker, publishes the following:

#### A CARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE TOWN OF MIDDLETOWN AND VICINITY—Permit me to take this method to inform you that I have sold out the Manufacturing part of my Establishment to my Son, Capt. G. M. Southmayd—soon to remove from Danbury—where he has resided fourteen years in the undertaking business. He has given general satisfaction, and his friends and the public feel quite disappointed in his leaving. His object in returning to the place of his birth is the regard he has for Middletown, and to make the remainder of my life comfortable. I am confident that he will spare no pains in trying to please all who will favor him with their custom. As regards myself, I shall continue the undertaking part of the business for the present. I have no desire to make myself wealthy from the business—only a comfortable support. I have returned the money paid me in trying to beautify the city and cemeteries, and I think I can say with a clear conscience, that I have been kind and charitable to the poor and afflicted—I hear no complaint. I commenced the undertaking business with an old horse with four wheels and four posts, not fit to carry a rebel to that bourne from which no traveler returns. It is my opinion, that a man who has no other god but this world, ought to be buried in good style, and I am the man who can do it. Remember the place, near the beautiful elm—the handsomest tree in the city. The north half is St. Patrick tree, the south half, the tree of Liberty—the only one in all New England, that bears the flag of the Union.

I thank you all for your kindness and patronage. I do not wish to boast of my kindness and sympathy, to the afflicted, my heart is as kind and feeling as when I first commenced this unpleasant business. I have to appear as cheerful as possible under circumstances quite affecting. If I permitted my feelings of sympathy to mingle with the mortality I am conversant with, I should die myself. I claim no goodness of my own, am no hypocrite but have unbounded charity for all. I should as soon expect a safe passage on board ship bound from New York to London with a hole in her bottom as big as a porrage pot, as expect to gain heaven by belonging to a church without piety. I do not tell my heavenly Father what a clever fellow I am, but I like to repeat the prayer of the humble publican, not so much as lifting up my eyes to heaven but tapping my breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

I have the honor to be very respectfully and truly your obedient servant,  
J. BUCKLEY SOUTHMAYD.

MIDDLETOWN, Dec. 27, 1864.

If we lived there—or rather, if we ceased to live while there—Mr. Southmayd is the man for our money.

OUR friend Bull is a glorious good fellow, full of



good-humor and common sense, but strangely ignorant of what he calls "the sciences." One day Miss D—— asked him if he had ever seen a bazar. Not knowing exactly what a bazar was, but shrewdly suspecting that it was some sort of an animal, our hero replied, "No, I never saw any wild animals except a bear, two monkeys, and a few other var-mounts. *The bazar died before the show got here!*"

A LADY relative, who lives in a certain town in Vermont, told me last summer this anecdote of a young clergyman who had come to supply the vacant pulpit of the Congregational Church in that place, as a candidate for settlement:

He was just out of the Theological Seminary, and had the peculiarity of an extremely boyish size and complexion, which, of course, was unknown to most of the congregation. A little before the hour the new minister made his way, almost unnoticed, into the pulpit, where he was concealed from view by the reading-desk in front of him. But an old lady, who sat close on the right of the pulpit in consideration of her deafness, was much concerned to see a boy in the place of the expected clergyman. So she very softly arose, stepped on tip-toe to the pulpit stairs, and beckoning with her forefinger, whispered loudly, in coaxing accents, "Come down, sonny, you mustn't sit there; that's the place for the minister!"

FROM one of our brave boys now in Arkansas we have the following:

When the Eighty-sixth Illinois was stationed at Nashville, the orders in camp were very strict. Sentinels were stationed around camp with instructions to allow no one to cross their beats in the night without the countersign, and no one in the daytime without the proper "pass," except for water, or on other duty, in *squads*.

One day, as the sentinels were leisurely walking their beats, a furious wind-storm came on, and dashing limbs, shingles, hats, etc., recklessly about, swept into camp, upsetting barrel chimneys, throwing off tent flies, prostrating tents, and spreading confusion generally. A soldier passing at the time, and nearly losing his balance, called out to the sentinel, "Say, John! what did you let that cross your beat for?" The sentinel, nothing at a loss, replied, "Because it came in *squads!*"

AN army lad writes to the Drawer:

During the summer the Virginia farmers, being much troubled by our boys foraging, were apt to conceal their stock and poultry as much as possible, so as not to tempt the Yankee appetite. On one occasion we were obliged to go down into a dark cellar for the porkers with which to make our dinner. But we were much more amused, another time, to hear one of the boys exclaim, upon returning to camp without any spoils, "There is nothing on the whole plantation but a yoke of oxen, and they were chained to the bed-post in the house!"

SAMH an Old Colony, Massachusetts, man: If the "Maine Law" is not entirely worn out, take the following, which gives the opinion of a friend of the "Irish persuasion:"

Pat lived with a neighbor of ours, and oftentimes; when I was passing that way, I would stop and talk a few moments with him. Pat was fond of the "crayther cumfort wunst in a while;" and whenever there was a wedding or a wake Pat was

sure to be there. He became very much interested when they began to discuss the Maine Law in our State Legislature; and the day after it passed, happening to meet Pat, I made it known to him. With a rueful countenance he exclaimed, "Och! murther! don't say it. The haythens!—it gives me hart a big sthroke! Divil a bit a wonder they calls it the mane law, for of all the mane laws this, for that same, would git the ma-jar-i-ty any where intirely! What we will do at the wakes I dunno; it's the bad times intirely whin a man can't bury his frinds dacently, nor himself nayther!" After a short pause, with a very serious face, he said, "It's my opinion that law is kal-ke-lated to bring grate distress not only on the livin' but on the did; and bad luck to it, I say, and all sich!"

OUR correspondent in Virginia City, State of Nevada, writes:

Messrs. R—— and L——, who keep a drug-store in this city, had occasion a short time since to remove their stock during the alteration of their premises. Being given to hospitality, it is their custom to place in an accessible part of their store sundry casks containing spiritual comforts of various kinds. Among others who were in the habit of regaling themselves was an old Irishman of the genus "Bummer," who was in the habit of paying visits, which certainly were not those of angels.

Their temporary premises being rather small, the casks were set up on end to save space, with the cocks pointing upward. Pat came in and proceeded to investigate the same, hoping by some principle of hydraulics to extract a portion of the precious fluid. Finding all his efforts unavailing, he turned, with a mournful air, to Mr. L——, and pointing to the row of casks, exclaimed, "Bedad an' it's hopin' I am ye'll soon be afther movin', for sure ye've no convayniance here at all, at all!"

WE get this from Bridgeport, Alabama:

Some days ago I started, in company with Captain A——, the Quarter-master at this post, to go up the railroad a few miles to inspect a coal-mine. We had just taken our seats in the "caboose" when a gaunt, grim, glassified young man—a real, genuine butternut Alabamian, blundered awkwardly into the car, and addressed the Captain—who is a gruff, sombre-looking man, in a long blue overcoat and high boots: "Say, Captain, can you tell me where that man, Mr. Wright, is, what wants to get men to go down to Savannah for breaksmen to Sherman?"

"Mr. Wright?" said the Captain, mildly.

"Yes, Mr. Wright."

"Ain't you mistaken in the name?"

"No, Sir. Mr. Wright wants to get men to go down to Savannah for breaksmen to Sherman."

"I don't know Mr. Wright, but I know Mr. Davis."

"Mr. Davis! Does he want men?" said the verdant dupe.

"Yes, Sir. Jeff Davis has had a big lot of such fellows as you working as breaksmen to Sherman for some time, and they have scarcely slackened his speed at all yet. And now he wants to get up a new gang—will you go?"

The fellow "dug out" on double-quick time, while we all shouted with laughter.

A HARTFORD friend says: A gentleman in this city, Mr. G——, who has recently become quite



bald, went to New York a few weeks since, and met an old friend whom he had not seen for three or four years. After the first cordial greetings had passed, the friend suddenly exclaimed, "Why, G——, how queer you look!" G——, astonished, asks, "What's the matter?" "Well," said the friend, eying him critically, "I don't like the way your hair is frizzed. It's parted altogether *too wide in the middle!*"

THIS comes from Trenton, Grundy County, Missouri:

When the news reached Trenton of Thomas's great victory over Hood at Nashville, in common with the citizens of the village we illuminated our dwelling. Our children, particularly our little five-year-old, were greatly delighted. Now our little five-year-old is a great boy in his way, and says many cute things. When he had enjoyed the sport for a few hours he became wearied, and went up to his mother, and, says he, "Ma, let's unilluminate, for I'm tired!" This "brought down the house," and his ma unilluminated.

THE following is very likely to be true:

A short time ago two prominent railroad officials, Mr. A—— and Mr. B——, were engaged in a discussion of railroad rules relating to the movement of trains. The discussion grew quite interesting, each party supporting his position with fervent argument, if not always sound reasoning. They finally separated for the night, and each went home with his head full of the subject. The next morning, being Sunday, Mr. A—— went to his office to write some important letters which, by reason of the discussion the night before, had been neglected. While thus engaged Mr. B—— entered the office, and expressing surprise at finding Mr. A—— at work on the Sabbath, asked if he knew what the Fourth Commandment said. "Why, yes," replied Mr. A——, without looking up from his writing. "If the Eastward-bound train gets twenty behind its own time, it must keep out of the way," etc.

A BROOME COUNTY man writes:

You have frequently published certificates of *Western Justices of the Peace*. If you have any which beats this, given by a New York Justice, I should like to see it. I copy "verbatim et literatim et spellatim" from the original, now in my possession:

"Personly Came before me the within person George N—— and Almira N—— his wife knoon to me to be the person hoo exacuted the within mortige and exnoleged the execution of the same and the said being by me examinde apart from hur husband exknowlige that shee icknowledge the same freiley and without anny compushen on the husband

JOHN W P—— Justice"

IN the town of Gaines, Orleans County, New York, lives an old gentleman named H——, who is more noted for his money-making tact than for his general intelligence. Among his many peculiarities, he is somewhat noted for his dislike for the Scripture and its teachings, and improves every opportunity to make his dislikes known.

Not long since, while in conversation with a neighbor on the merits of the Bible, he was asked to state some of his objections to its teachings. "Wa'al," said he, "there's a great many things that hadn't never ought to 'a been there." Being pressed to be more explicit, he gravely delivered

himself of the following original idea: "Wa'al, I'll tell ye: there's the whole book of Job that had better been left out; and," added he, with much earnestness, "it wouldn't never have gone in, neither, if Job hadn't been on the Committee!"

ONE of the cemeteries in which the people of Detroit bury their dead is situated a short distance from the city, with which it is connected by a plank-road. Midway there is a toll-gate. Like most other toll-barred roads, funerals are allowed to pass free. The well-known Dr. B—— was returning from calling on a patient, and stopped at this gate to pay his toll. Says the Doctor to the gate-keeper,

"You ought to pass doctors free of toll."

"Ah! no, Doctor," says the keeper, "*you send too many dead heads through here!*"

The Doctor paid his toll and drove on.

AFTER Burnside's fight at Fredericksburg, and when the army had become settled in winter-quarters, flour was offered for sale by the commissaries. The officers and men were glad of the chance to eat hot bread. One day I heard a man in the rear of my tent asking my cook if he could lend him a board to knead bread on. Morey, who was always ready with a joke, replied: "A board to knead bread on? Why, I *need* bread on my stomach!"

THE Delaware *Republican* has the following advertisement of a remarkable dog that strayed away without its head:

"\$5 REWARD.—Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, in Centreville, on the 2d of October, a small dog near the color of an opossum, with yellow legs and head and tail cut off. Any person returning him will receive the above reward.

DANIEL KILROY."

A FRIEND of ours purchases his boots in Hamburg, Germany, and his clothes in New York. He says he is *shod* by a Dutchman and *shoddied* by a Yankee.

A "HIRED-HELP" of ours being sent to a distant clearing on the farm, was told to come right in when he heard the dinner-horn. Scratching his head, he rather comically remarked, "Sure, an' maybe I won't hear it at all, at all! Hadn't I better take it with me, and then, you know, I can blow it myself?"

A CLERGYMAN lately traveling in the Oil Region saw a child in the road stumbling and falling. He kindly picked her up, saying, "Poor dear! are you hurt?" when she cried out, "I ain't poor! Dad struck a ile well yesterday!"

WE hear of many mean men and women, but I doubt if any one meaner than this could even be thought of:

Soon after the last new "stamp duty" made its appearance a "down Easter," from Maine, Silas Flint by name, entered one of our large stationers here, in this city (*i. e.*, New York)—the stationer, by-the-way, was a friend of Silas. After buying a few things the stationer, thinking to please Silas, handed him a pack of the best French playing-cards. Silas took them, turned them over slowly in his hand, and then looking up at the stationer, said,

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Rose, much obliged; but I must just fine you a little. These cards are not stamped!"



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXIX.—APRIL, 1865.—VOL. XXX.



## A DOG'S DAY ENDED.

I AM only a dog, and I've had my day;  
So, idle and dreaming, stretched out I lay  
In the welcome warmth of the summer sun,  
A poor old hunter whose work is done.

Dream? Yes, indeed; though I am but a dog,  
Don't I dream of the partridge I sprung by the log,  
Of the quivering hare and her desperate flight,  
Of the nimble gray squirrel secure in his height,

Far away in the top of the hickory-tree,  
Looking down safe and saucy at Matthew and me,  
Till the hand true and steady a messenger shot,  
And the creature up-bounded, and fell, and was not?

Old Matthew was king of the wood-rangers then;  
And the quails in the stubble, the ducks in the fen,  
The hare on the common, the birds on the bough,  
Were afraid. They are safe enough now,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXX.—No. 179.—O o



For all we can harm them, old master and I.  
We have had our last hunt, the game must go by,  
While Matthew sits fashioning bows in the door  
For a living. We never hunt more.

For time, cold, and hardship have stiffened his knee;  
And since little Lottie died, often I see  
His hands tremble sorely, and go to his eyes  
For the lost baby-daughter so pretty and wise.

Oh! it's sad to be old, and to see the blue sky  
Look farther away to the dim fading eye;  
To feel the fleet foot growing weary and sore  
That in forest and hamlet shall lag evermore.

I am going—I hear the great wolf on my track;  
Already around me his shadow falls black.  
One hunting cry more! Oh, master! come nigh,  
And lay the white paw in your own as I die.

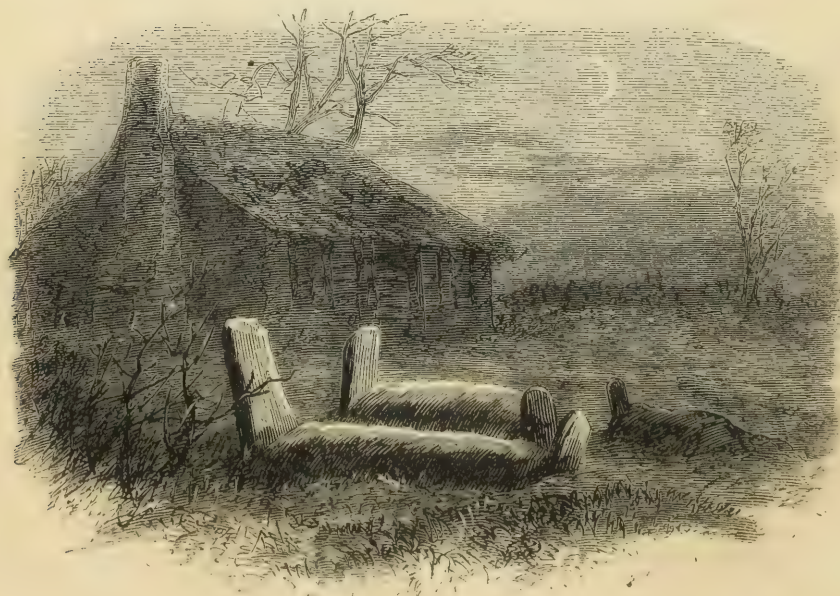
Oh come to me, master! the last hedge is passed;  
Our tramps in the wild wood are over at last;  
Stoop lower, and lay down my head on your knee.  
What! tears for a useless old hunter like me?

You will see little Lottie again by-and-by.  
I sha'n't. They don't have any dogs in the sky.  
Tell her, loving and trusty beside you I died,  
And—bury me, master, not far from her side;

For we loved little Lottie so well, you and I.  
Ha, master! the shadow! fire low! it is nigh!  
There was never a sound in the still morning heard,  
But the heart of the hunter his old jacket stirred,

As he flung himself down on the brute's shaggy coat,  
And watched the faint life in its quivering throat  
Till it stopped quite at last. The black wolf had won,  
And the death-hunted hound into cover had run.

But long ere the snow over graves softly fell  
Old Matthew was resting from labor as well;  
While the cottage stood empty, yet back from the hill  
The voice of the hound in the morn echoes still.





## WHERE THE "WATEREE" WAS.

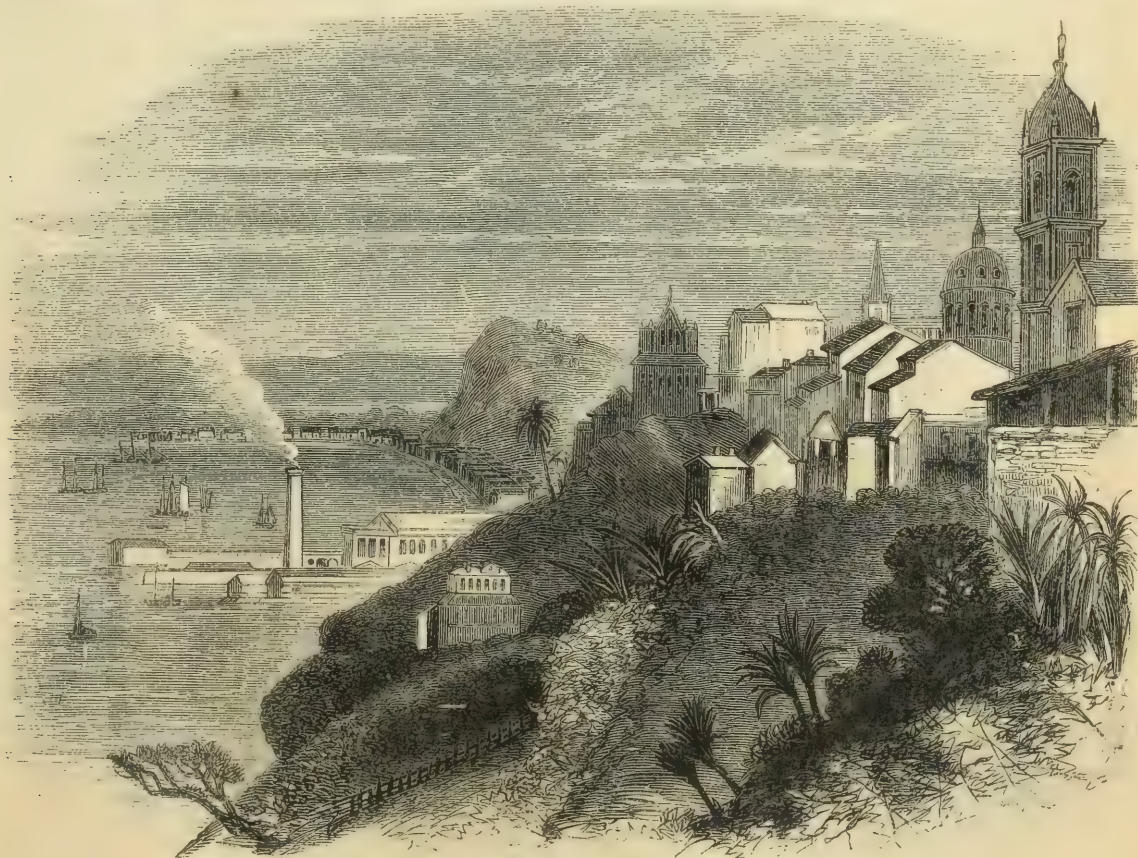


CHARLOTTE AMALIA, ST. THOMAS.

FROM ice and snow, a half-frozen river and the chilled air of an American winter, to sunny skies and summer. We were to leave the war behind us. Seventeen thousand miles of steaming for our untried river-boat; with long months of waiting for home-news, for words of war or peace. Waiting; with as much heart-sickness, perhaps, from hope deferred, for those we left watching events of each day, as for us to whom the stories of long campaigns, profitless battles, perhaps great victories, would come together, come without warning, in a sin-

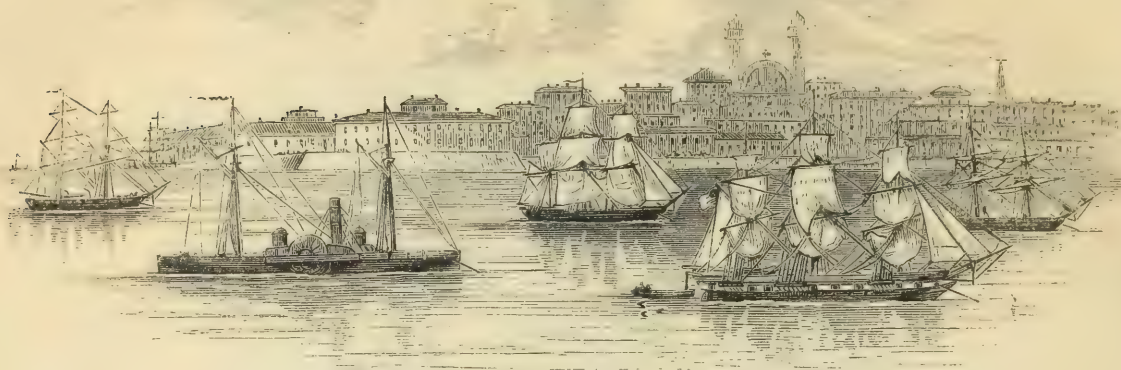
gle day, somewhere in the distant Pacific. Our vessel, the *Waterree*, was the first iron vessel of war ever built for Government. Of fair sea-going size, her draught was so light—scarcely more than that of a fishing schooner—that the chances of her safely performing the task allotted her were at least problematical.

From Washington, then, early in March, 1864, meeting a thirty-hours' gale when off Cape Hatteras, we steamed in eight days to Charlotte Amalia—a picturesque little town. The Island of Saint Thomas has a single harbor, scooped



BAHIA.





MONTEVIDEO.

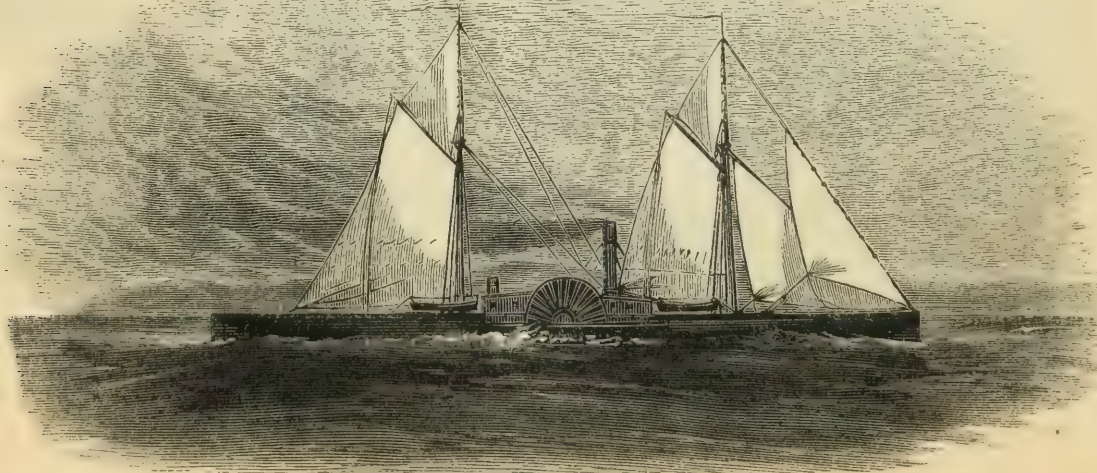
crater-like from its southern slope—the rendezvous of the various lines of English mail-steamers that connect the principal ports of the West Indies and Mexico. Set like a gem in a ring, but on its inner surface, the town, named for some princess of Denmark, shows brilliantly from the sea in its varied colors of white and yellow walls, red roofs, and blotches of tropical foliage, in dark green, scattered among the masses of buildings. A fortnight there, anchored near the *Trent*, of unfortunate memory, and we steamed southward again.

The lake-like Caribbean Sea for a few days. Then out into the Atlantic, between Saint Vincent and Santa Lucia, past Barbadoes, steadily southwest till Cape Saint Roque, the farthest eastern point of South America, came in sight; rounding that, passing Pernambuco and its larger suburb, Olinda, in three weeks from Saint Thomas we entered the immense harbor of San Salvador, or Bahia de Todos os Santos, thirteen degrees below the equator, and nearly five thousand miles from home.

Bahia has the beauty of enchantment from the bay at night. Each street is marked out in lines of light from the thousands of gas-burners

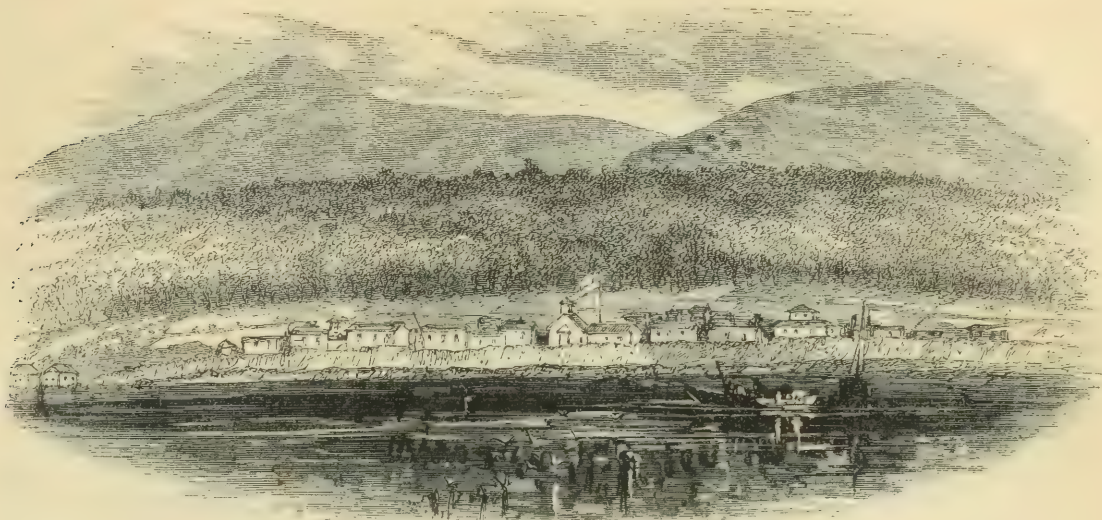
set profusely along all the avenues, large or small, that wind about the slopes and terraces on which the city is built. Like Constantinople, its beauty is hardly more than external. Two hundred thousand people, of whom the majority are black and slave, with municipal regulations and habits such as ruled European towns in the unclean ages, make it noisome by day and dangerous to one's peace of mind by night. A few streets are exceptions. These, a strange hanging-garden that overlooks the water, a grand Opera-house, and some pleasant suburban roads, offset the generally unpleasant impression given by a walk about the city.

Ten days in the Bay of All the Saints, and southward again. Into cooler and cold weather as we go. Up the great river of La Plata at length, on a foggy morning, and at anchor by noon off Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, and the cleanest town, it is said, in South America. This neatest, best-regulated, and most home-like city we had seen since leaving America was just preparing for coming winter and a rebel army. May is their last autumn month; and Flores, with an insurgent force outnumbering the national troops, was but eleven miles



ENTERING THE STRAIT OF MAGALHAEN.





CHILIAN SETTLEMENT AT SANDY POINT.

from the walls, waiting for some one to attack him. Why he did not march in and occupy the town no one seemed to know. At the close of our fortnight's stay in the harbor he had not moved; and so far as we could learn did not intend to do so.

Southward still, leaving Montevideo with its finished civilization in manners, customs, streets, shops, and police regulations, we steamed down the eastern coast of Patagonia. On the 23d of May we entered the Strait of Magalhaen.

Opening winter, in a region as near utter desolation as any thing on earth, met us fairly in the face. We left the familiar Atlantic in the gloom of a sky heavy and black with storm-clouds. By the aid of a few sketches I propose to tell the story of our singular cruise through the Strait, and the almost unknown regions of inland water beyond.

Do many people know that the Strait of Magalhaen has a governor? At Sandy Point—a hundred miles from the Atlantic—there is a village of some fifty houses, where he lives and holds almost absolute rule over his little garrison of one company of Chilean infantry, and a vague number of Patagonian irregulars. Sent there by the Government of Chili, which country claims the barren heritage of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, he is now serving his third term of three years. I introduce him with great pleasure. Governor Schutz, a Danish gentleman, of rare scientific ability, more widely known in Europe than America; who knows Patagonia, the Strait, the neighboring islands, and the inhabitants of these regions better than any one else; and who will, I trust, some day give the world the results of his tedious residence and studies at Sandy Point.

I was pleased to find my old idea of the great size of the Patagonian Indians verified. Deriving it as a child from Malte Brun, I had kept it, despite contradiction of all sorts, till the Governor showed me the result of many measurements taken among the native men by himself,

resulting in an average height of between five feet eleven inches and six feet.

From Sandy Point to Port Famine, thirty miles further. Here we anchored in a driving snow-storm that would have been creditable to New England in January. In an hour afterward the storm cleared away. The harbor of Port Famine, even in winter weather, is one of the loveliest spots that I ever saw. One singular fact, unnoticed so far as I have seen in any description of the country, is the absence of any deciduous tree in Patagonia, even in midwinter. Not that the ordinary evergreens of the North form the mass of the forests. On the contrary, a great variety of all sorts of trees, among which are duplicates of the maple and oak of our own country, outnumber the spruces, pines, and



PATAGONIANS.





RUINS AT PORT FAMINE.

cedars, common in the higher latitudes all over the world. Grass grows fresh and green beneath the snow, and I gathered butter-cups in a temperature of 32° Fahrenheit, in the old cemetery on the bluff above the harbor mouth at this point.

With sunshine and fair weather we went ashore. Port Famine has a historical fame. Centuries ago a colony from Spain perished wretchedly here from want of food. Some twenty years since a Chilean settlement for convicts met its death by a revolt of the prisoners—who rose on their guards, murdered men, women, and children, captured a trading schooner at anchor in the harbor, massacred its crew, and sailed away. It is pleasant to know that these convict pirates were afterward punished. At Ancud, in Chiloe Island, the place is shown where they were pulled in pieces by horses; in the same style in which a certain King of France put the supposed assassin Damiens to death. Ruins of frame-houses crown the high land on the northern side of the harbor. A square inclosure, surrounded by a half-decayed fence of wooden pickets, shows the plaza of the convict-village, afterward the burial-ground of the victims of the massacre. A wooden cross stood in its centre a few years ago. Visitors to the place, though very few in number, have hacked this away till a stump, a yard in height, is all that remains of it. Graves are scattered thickly around. An old earth-work, with two or three corroding guns, overlooks the cemetery and the ruins. The story of the misfortunes of Port Famine was told to me by Governor Schutz, while I sat in his comfortable library at Sandy Point. The view from the window took in the broad expanse of the Straits, with the snow-covered mountains of Tierra del Fuego on the southern side. A scene of desolation. A region without house or hut in sight, beyond the fifty or sixty that made the Governor's village. Sitting there at ease, in a room whose appointments were the same as those of any similar room at home, smoking a choice cigar and tasting very fine old sherry meanwhile, it was hard

to realize that only two mails in a year were possible for the Governor, so far removed is his house from the outer world.

More than a hundred mountain peaks are within range of vision from the plateau where the ruins of Port Famine stand. A vast inland lake terminates thirty miles to the southward in the entrance to Magdalen Sound—a passage to the southern Pacific, cut through the mountains of Tierra del Fuego. Narrow, twisted, walled in by high cliffs, a channel whose waters have never seen the sun, it is filled with shoals and sunken rocks; round and over which the breakers beat unceasingly. The naturalist Darwin says, very truly, that it resembles an avenue to another and a worse world.

From Port Famine to Port Gallant; rounding the southernmost point of the main land of America, Cape Froward, a black and weather-worn rock, a thousand feet in height, in a strong gale from the south. Port Gallant was the first of the many harbors of the same kind in which we were destined to pass dreary southern winter nights before entering the open ocean again. They seem like sunken craters. A crevice in the side admits the ship into a well whose walls are mountains. Hardly one of them is large enough to hold more than one or two ships at a time. As harbors they are perfect. The fiercest storms outside leave their surface unruffled. Their silence at night is something unnatural. In some of them, cascades of pure and cold water come down from thousands of feet above, in dust-falls, shivered into spray far up in the air. In others the strange "side-wheel" duck paddles through the darkness, alarmed by some movement on the vessel. The utter stillness of these little bays was broken by such sounds only.

The "side-wheel" ducks made their first appearance as we entered the Strait. I believe they are found only in Patagonia. Discarding their wings as instruments for flying and their feet as paddles, they use their wings as wheels; never rising from the water even when pursued, but rushing ahead at great speed, leaving wakes



behind them precisely like those of paddle-steamers. An examination of their wings showed a cartilaginous projection at the elbow, with which they undoubtedly strike the water; but while in motion the rapidity of their movement was such that any attempt to analyze its nature was impossible. A gray mist at either side of the body was the only visible means of progression; while their feet dragged after them on the surface. When approached too closely they dive. I never saw one leave the water, or make any attempt to fly.

Leaving Port Gallant on Sunday morning, our route for the day lay, straight as if drawn by rules, down the middle of a majestic aisle, sixty miles in length, with side-walls of mountain headlands and cliffs. They met in the clear distance in perspective. This superb channel, with a constant succession of the wildest Alpine scenery on either side, snow-capped mountains, deep ravines, high precipices, and immense glaciers, that filled long gorges, and spread out into seas of ice at intervals, is known as "Crooked Reach." The name seemed to me very illy given.

Borgia Bay, Port Tamar, and the Strait of Magalhaen itself were left behind in two days more. The strange portion of our cruise began.

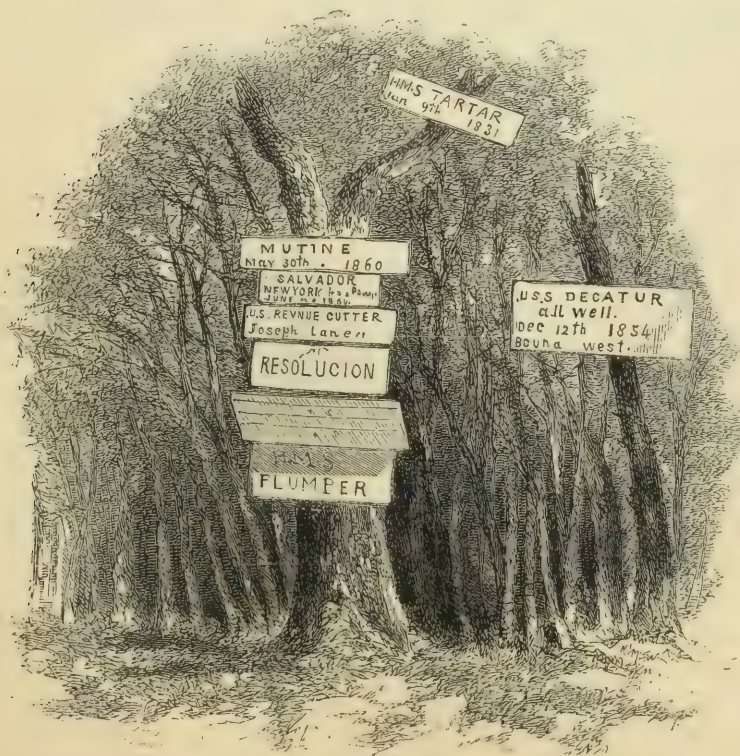


BORGIA BAY.

From the Strait to Tres-Montes Peninsula, through six degrees of latitude, a series of intricate inland channels lie among the Patagonian islands. Their general course is northward. They are known in succession as Smith's, Sarmiento, and Mesier channels. These principal passages have many connections, short cuts, and intermediate channels, making a somewhat labyrinthine tract of water that is seldom traversed by any other vessels than sealing schooners, and by these at long intervals. The surveys of Admiral Fitzroy, of the English navy, are the basis for the charts of these inland waters; and even those are so far from correct at some points, that our steamer, traveling by daylight only, had to feel her way, sometimes for miles, by the lead-line. We had passed a week in the Strait of Magalhaen, and headed north

again for our next port, Valparaiso. An old custom exists among the voyagers of the Strait, of leaving the names of their ships, with some records of their cruises, at the different anchorages. At Borgia Bay was a large collection of records of this sort, painted boards nailed on the trees. Among them the names of the United States ship *Decatur*, which staid in the Strait weather-bound for two months, about ten years ago; and the *Resolucion*, one of the Spanish vessels that seized the Chinchas islands. One captain had recorded his command as a "whaling skuner."

At two or three points we found excellent opportunities for hunting the guanaco, a species of lama, valued for its flesh, which resembles beef, and its fur. The Patagonians (literally, "men with large



INSCRIPTIONS AT BORGIA BAY.





PATAGONIAN BELLE.

feet") make robes of the guanaco skins, sewing several together, using them for winter clothing. As the men have no beard it becomes difficult to distinguish the sexes when both are seen in company. An intense plainness and similarity of feature characterize the nation. One female of eighteen years that I saw with her mother might have been almost any age or of either sex, so far as any appearance of face, dress, or figure was concerned.

We hunted guanacos and ostriches. They both abound in the more level country at the eastern end of the Strait. They are very shy, and we met with no success in our hunts. At Sandy Point the natives offered finished robes for sale. I found one an admirable bed-covering in the winter weather.

I use the term "we" in the plural number. The officers of the ship were twenty in all. Eight of us, more nearly allied by a common residence in the ward-room and its eight tributary state-rooms, were the chief explorers and sportsmen. The captain, well known in the service as an expert and daring navigator, led us all, however. Neither cold nor exposure seemed to daunt him whenever, in our numerous anchorages, any signs of game worth securing were seen. He and a young relative who shared his cabin, as ardent a sportsman as the captain, furnished us in the ward-room with many a meal of unknown fowls in the dreary days when cold and impending scarcity of food made the fowling-piece or rifle our only hope.

Twenty officers and one hundred and eighty-six men thrown upon their own resources for amusement in a long voyage find under most favorable circumstances some trouble in realizing any. For some of us in the ward-room it was a first cruise of any length. My own pre-

vious sea-going had been wholly on the blockade. Four of the eight had but just entered the naval from the merchant service. Three of us were in the regular service, and five in the volunteer. This mingling of the two branches, far more in the navy than the army, becomes unfortunate. Officers on ship-board are necessarily thrown so much more together than those on shore, and small jealousies have so much fairer a field in which to work. Yet the evil is insurmountable in such a war as ours, and will perhaps work its own cure in time.

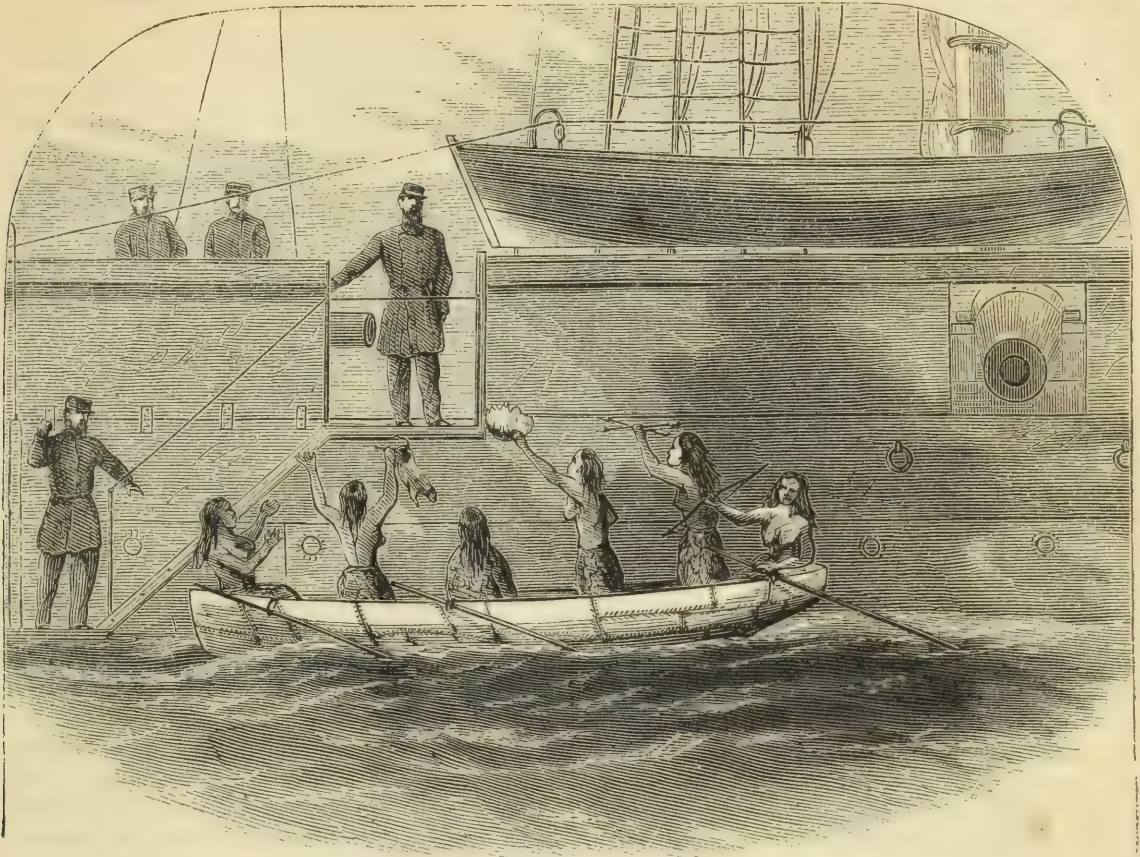
With us affairs went on with tolerable smoothness. A punning man, two common-sense men, a careful man, a talkative man, an eccentric man, and two negative men were sufficiently distinct in personality to give some zest to conversation. Then one of the common-sense men was an inveterate grumbler, and afforded enjoyment to the others from that peculiarity.

I ought not to leave the Strait without speaking of its oldest living habitué, Captain Smiley, of the Falkland Islands. The Captain is a remarkable example of the fact that sailors *may* sometimes live to advanced age and keep in perfect health. He acknowledges a residence of fifty-five years in the high latitudes of the Southern Hemisphere; but an old gentleman of Montevideo told me he had known Smiley personally for over seventy years, and that when he first saw him he was a full-grown man. Smiley's age must, in that event, be nearly ninety. His appearance and actions are those of a well-preserved and active man of fifty years or thereabouts. He is known by every one, civilized and barbarian, from Uruguay round to Chili. I was assured by a captain, who was wrecked on the eastern coast of Patagonia, that Smiley scented the disaster six hundred miles away, and came with assistance. His services to ship-



CAPTAIN SMILEY.





FUEGIANS IN SMITH'S CHANNEL.

wrecked vessels have been numerous and invaluable; and he has, I am glad to know, accumulated a large fortune as the result of a life filled with good actions enough to counterbalance the many hard stories told of him—stories with foundation, I fear, but left to his biographer. Parton or Brantz Mayer would find material for a full volume in the old gentleman's career. He is the only man I have met who has rounded Cape Horn *alone*. This he did in a fifty-ton schooner. His personal acquaintance with the Fuegian and Patagonian natives is large. He mentioned to me a call that he made a few years since on an old friend, a Fuegian chief, and found him devouring choice cuts from his wife's body, killed, as the chief remarked, to satisfy his curiosity as to the form in which she would prove most pleasing. Cannibalism still exists in Tierra del Fuego.

One canoe-load of these Fuegians boarded us one stormy day; a family party—father, mother, sons, and daughters. Though the thermometer stood at 40°, they were entirely naked, save a small piece of seal-skin, two feet square, worn round the shoulders by the matron and others of the party, about the waist by the rest. I saw no trace of any thing but the most complete barbarism in their appearance. Physically, they were far inferior to the Patagonians. They bartered bows and arrows for tobacco. Their fear of the steamer and her wheels, which last they seemed to think were alive, was something painfully ludicrous.

Northward, up Smith's Channel, snow, rain, bergs of floating ice broken from the glaciers

that fill every valley in the mountains and islands of southwestern Patagonia, cold winds, and clouded skies were our greeting to the strange passages we entered. The evergreen vegetation covered all the land that the glaciers left exposed.

We held our course day after day in mid-channel; not to secure sufficient depth of water, for the lead-line rarely found bottom at less than fifty fathoms close to the shore, except in the little crater harbors of which Port Gallant was the type. The outlying islands seem to have been riven from the continent by some splitting force in past ages. The mountains on either hand carry their steep slope down below the surface till they meet hundreds of fathoms deep beneath the sea level. The abomination of desolation covers land and water. Neither human nor brute life could be seen on shore; and the few water-fowls, the cape-pigeon, with its harlequin plumage, the albatross, the mysterious fish-hawk, with face like a death's-head, flew round the ship with melancholy cries that only made the loneliness of the region more real. These sea-birds are tame compared with those on land. Sailors rarely injure them. Many believe, in fact, that the souls of dead mariners are embodied in these restless creatures, and have a kindly feeling for them in consequence. The same birds will follow a ship for weeks. I know of one instance where an albatross, caught and marked with a red ribbon about its leg, and then released, flew three thousand miles in company with a vessel before it left her, from necessity being on the wing al-



most unceasingly for that immense distance. The Ancient Mariner's yarn is true to fact in that description at least.

Welcome Bay was our first night's anchorage after leaving Port Tamar. Its features were not peculiar. The mountain walls that shut out the sky, with a foamy line of falling water drawn on one precipitous hill-side, showed nothing new. By daylight next morning we were again under way.

Days more of the same superb but wearying scenery, anchoring every night. As far as Saumarez Island at length, where Sarmiento and Mesier channels meet. Here, in the sudden darkness of a snow-squall, just at sunset, we for the first time lost our harbor for the night. The chart gave Sandy Bay as an available anchorage, but to find Sandy Bay in the intense darkness was impossible. The situation was awkward. By daylight every sunken rock is buoyed out by kelp floating on the water, and always meaning possible danger. The sunken rocks are very abundant. The depth on them may be from one fathom to several; and just outside their boundary lines of floating kelp the sounding lead may find no bottom. Moving slowly through the night, we knew that each turn of our paddle-wheels might crash us against some one of them, and end our cruise at once. Boats with lanterns were sent out, but their lights flashed only against the black mountain sides, and showed no opening within which our wished-for harbor might be hidden. All night long the vessel crawled aimlessly about, or lay still, disheartened by continued failures, till at length the morning came and found her safe. Safe, and nearly where the darkness met her. How many times in the night destruction had been near her is known only to Him who guarded her from it.

A novelty came with the morning. Mesier Channel entrance was filled from shore to shore with bergs and floes of ice. Far beyond we could see the open water, but to reach it in that direction was impossible. The chart showed a side channel winding round to the eastward of an island near us, and re-entrant in Mesier some miles further north. To try to pass through this was our only resource. Our very light draught of water enabled us to do feats of navigation im-

possible to most ships of a thousand tons, and gave feelings of security in such attempts.

From some error in survey, and consequent mistake in the chart, this eastward channel proved a myth. As we moved slowly through its supposed commencement, the mountains on either hand approached, till at length they met. A narrow passage of egress on the right hand, unmarked save as an indentation of the shore upon the chart, seemed to show an outlet from their *cul-de-sac*. We headed for it. Winding through a tortuous lane of water, a large land-locked bay suddenly opened before us.

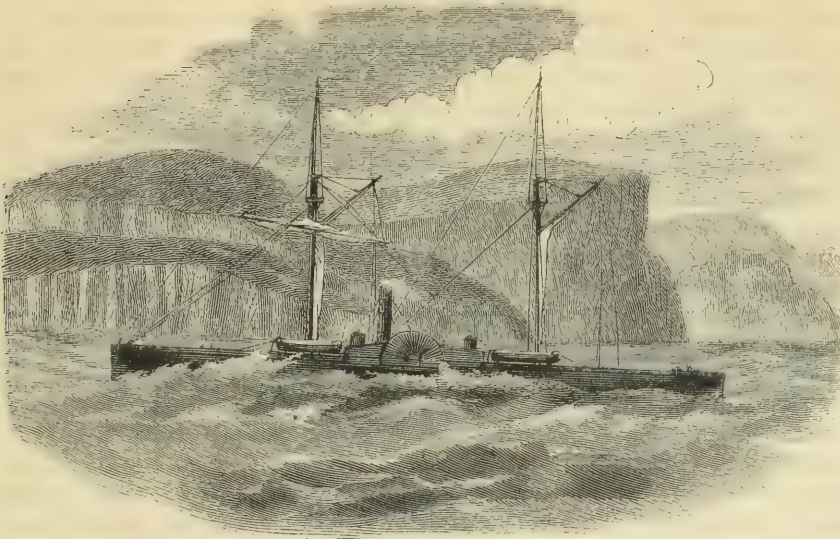
If surveys, charts, and records tell the truth, we were the first that ever burst into that silent sea. It spread out like an inland lake. Still and placid, walled by strange cliffs thousands of feet in height, that opened here and there in outlets of ravines that came down from valleys between the distant and overtopping mountains in the back-ground, each valley and its terminal ravine filled with a vast river of ice, overlaid in its frozen billows with drifted snow, the unknown bay was set with islands, each covered to the water's edge by the dense verdure of a Patagonian winter. The high precipices shut out every wind. Our ship moved on among the islands, each turn showing us some new beauty in the strange combination of mountain glaciers, woodland, and unruffled waters.

To its farthest limit, finding no passage out. We turned back. There was no resource left but to try the main entrance to Mesier again; hoping that the tide had set the ice-fields in motion and cleared our way.



"H" CLIFF, WATEREE BAY.





ROUNDING TRES MONTES.

We named the new-found water after our ship. Some of the more marked localities were christened also. One high cliff of curiously intermingled red sandstone and white marble bore on its perpendicular face a giant "H," done in marble mosaic on the dark sandstone. A species of geological eccentricity. Looming behind a glacier at another point there rose a snow-covered mountain, with a broad summit that was shaped, in the smoothest and purest white, in a giant likeness of a woman's breast. As if some Titanic sculptor had begun to fashion the inland mountain range into the effigy of a sleeping Venus, and had ceased when this exquisite fragment of his toil was done.

Mesier Channel was clear when we came to it again. A few small bergs were coming down with the tide, but the great fields of ice had gone. We went on steadily northward. Between us and the open Pacific were only two days more of steaming; and Valparaiso, with news from home, was but a few hundred miles beyond. It was the fifth day of June. Three months had passed since we came away, and in that time neither newspaper nor letter had reached us. The war might have ended for aught we knew. Bets were offered, and found ready takers upon all conceivable contingencies of home affairs. Our careful man had "hedged" to such an extent that when, long after, we reached civilization, no one in the ward-room could unravel the intricate chain of wagers, and we were forced to declare all of them "off."

The two days passed. We left the inland channels with a slight regret. Their canal-like navigation had grown natural by weeks of continuance; and to be under way after sunset was a rather disagreeable novelty. I think on our last night but one we tied up to the bank, in Mississippi river style, finding no bottom in the channel, and no harbor for anchoring.

Round the peninsula of the Three Mountains, and up on the outer side of the islands which lie north of it. And here two unpleasant facts came upon us at once. A heavy gale with rain

and snow, and an announcement that only *one* day's coal remained in our bunkers. We could have weathered the storm, but coal was our life. Our *sailing* abilities were on a par with those of a ferry-boat destitute of fuel. We left Montevideo with coal stowed in every available part of the ship, but from some deception or misconception there, or some undiscovered waste on board, it was thus nearly gone.

Only one course could be taken. A harbor at

once had to be found, and it fortunately existed in Narborough Island, one of the group known as the Chonos Archipelago, twenty miles from us to the northeast. We fought our way toward it against the gale, and let go our anchor there on the 8th of June, a little after mid-day.

Our short cruise to Valparaiso was a thing of the future now. Wood-cutting, slow steaming, crawling by degrees from island to island till some coal station could be found, were to be the rule for weeks, months perhaps. No one could tell how long. The heavy rain and the blank desolation of our anchorage at Narborough aided the vague feeling of misfortune that came over every one on board. I should except our captain. Trained by the severe experience of four shipwrecks (among them that of the steamer *San Francisco*, where he was forced, although a passenger, to assume the heaviest responsibilities), he seemed little depressed by the delay, and gave courage and hope to others by his equanimity.

Nine days in Narborough with ceaseless rain. Sickness came among the crew. A case of scurvy appeared, with the slight consolation to my mind that its victim was filthy enough in personal habits to contract almost any disease idiopathically. One poor fellow, who had been under medical treatment for a long while, died of tubercular consumption, and was buried on the island. I read the burial-service over his grave with the feeling that others might follow him if our stay in Patagonia should be a lengthened one. I could give little encouragement to my patients when such small prospect of a change for the better in our movements existed.

Through these nine days our men were cutting wood for the furnaces, and bringing it off to the ship. It was water-soaked and almost unflammable. A few tons of coal were left to use as a base for the wood fires; and on the 17th of June we got up steam, after infinite labor, and ran slowly out of the most dismal harbor I ever saw. We hoped to reach some port to the



north, where we could again cut wood or find a little coal. We meant at least to get inside the islands again, and run our northward course to Chiloe Island in smooth water. Man proposes. Our nine days' cutting of wood gave us but *six hours'* steam, and we anchored again in the afternoon in a secluded little harbor in an unnamed island, fifteen miles east of Narborough, trying to solve the problem of our future movements. If more than a week's work at gathering wood resulted in fifteen miles' steaming, how long would it take us to reach Chiloe, two hundred miles away? The answer was unsatisfactory. And fresh discomfort came now from the exhaustion of our choicer provisions in the officers' messes, our "coming down on our rations" in consequence, and the paymaster's announcement that of these even there was but three weeks' supply in the ship. We smoked our pipes, wondered whether our stock of tobacco would give out as well, and reflected gloomily on the probable event of our becoming resident Patagonians during the ensuing season—with mussels, snails, kelp-geese, and other delicacies of the sort, for permanent diet.

I made an interesting culinary discovery during our period of semi-starvation. The kelp-geese, which, when cooked in the ordinary way, has a strong savor of old lamp-oil, may be entirely deprived of that, and every other taste, by boiling it for a day in salt-water, for another day in fresh, and roasting it on the third day. A very tender mass of fibrous and muscular tissue is the result, which satisfies hunger if it does not nourish.

We called this second harbor the Bay of the 17th of June. The chart ignored its existence even. I said the island was unnamed. As I sit writing in my state-room this evening—the ship being some eight hundred miles south of San Francisco, and running for that port against a stiff norther, with one hundred and sixty tons of coal on board, and twenty or thirty cases of remittent fever, a legacy from our last ports, Acapulco and Magdalena Bay—a brother officer reminds me that it was called Stokes's Island. For the benefit of visitors to the Chonos Archipelago I would recommend this Bay of the 17th of June. It lies in the northeastern corner of the island, and is as convenient and safe as an anchorage can be. Kelp-geese are abundant, but very hard to kill. It may be interesting to know that one of them disposed of three Sharpe's or Spencer's rifle-bullets, in some mysterious way, that were fired at him and that certainly hit him, and then flew quietly away. The water-fowls are the only game there. From end to end of the Patagonian coast we found no fish that would bite at a baited hook; and the larger land game ceases at Port Famine, in the Strait of Magalhaen, where the sea-coast forest begins. Seals are as abundant as fish are seemingly rare. Their familiar human eyes reminded me many times of the old Aquarial Gardens in Central Court, in Boston, where Mr. Cutting used to demonstrate how thoroughly they might be

tamed. I saw them in Sarmiento Channel swimming in compact column, with curious and regular somersaults of the entire column by files as they swam, completely filling a mile of water in width and more than that in length.

Wood-cutting went on with more ease in Stokes's Island than it did in Narborough. Pleasant weather and more agreeable scenery aided the efforts of the men; and after two days' stay we started out again. The chart gave a winding but broad and deep channel among the northern islands of the Chonos group, that lead into the wide strait between them and the main land, that is known as the Chonos Gulf. Ninulac Channel and Memory Passage are the names given to the different portions of this winding way.

In smooth water we steamed easily along, expecting soon to reach the gulf. An awkward surprise awaited us. In place of Fitzroy's ample egress from the Ninulac Channel, a most decided barrier of firm land stretched right across our path. Evening was near, and our only choice was another anchorage, with more days of wood-cutting to replenish our nearly exhausted stock. Somebody on board shot an albatross one day while the ship was in the channel of Sarmiento. The incident came up in the memory of some of our officers, and the Ancient Mariner's disasters after a similar act were freely cited as likely to find a parallel in our own case. Affairs began to look as if this might be so. Still wood-cutting went on through the next day; and then, retracing our course, and trying every avenue that seemed to run eastward, we at length fairly squeezed through an opening that was never intended for a thousand-ton ship to use, and came out into Chonos Gulf. A clear channel of inland water stretched from where we were to Chiloe Island, fresh provisions, and possible coal. But a hundred and eighty miles of distance—only a day's work with proper fuel; but with nothing save wood to burn, it became a task of very indefinite length. And just here, as we entered the gulf, our wood gave out again.

I hardly remember how many times more we ran in behind some projecting head-land, anchored, and sent our hewers of wood ashore. Sunday Harbor, Delay Harbor, Hindrance Bay—names of our own giving—each mark a place where this sort of work was done. I think that at Hindrance Bay we accomplished the feat of getting wood enough on board to give a hundred miles of steaming, and a hope of going back to civilization again. At noon of the day after we left there we entered the inlet that nearly divides the Island of Chiloe in two, leading up from the Corcovado Gulf to the ancient city of Castro.

For fifteen miles the inlet runs through scenery like that of the Rhine. The high hills on either side come down in slopes and terraces to the water; and every where farm-houses and cultivated fields give a completed appearance to the country. Rarely, even in New England, have I seen such a finished landscape. Fences



and walls mark the limits of the different fields that were mapped out on the hill-side in varied shades of green. There seemed to be no waste land. A golden haze, resembling vaguely that of an Indian summer at home, covered shore and river as our ship steamed slowly through the windings of the inlet toward the city. From desolation and a wilderness in the morning into a land of plenty at night!

But one or two steamers were ever in Castro River before. Ours was the first steam-vessel of war to enter it. So the inhabitants told us, at least. As we moved along the hill-sides were dotted with men, women, and children hurrying down to the shore to see the strange sight. Our opera-glasses showed them miles away. Farm-houses emptied themselves of entire families, even to babies in arms and dogs. Padres, with their gowns brailed up, came over the fields from distant villages, bringing their parishioners with them.

The whole country-side population stampeded for the river. The *Great Eastern* caused no greater proportionate excitement when she entered New York harbor for the first time than our ship created in Chiloe.

A boat met us five miles from Castro containing a wealthy old gentleman, the proprietor of Lemuy Island, his family, and their household priest. They were taking an afternoon sail to the city. They were invited on board, and their boat taken in tow. The padre was a gentleman of refinement and education. He gave us all the news he had heard from America, in a tolerably clear account of two or three great battles where Grant had driven Lee back with great slaughter. As Grant was in the Southwest when we sailed from Washington, we imagined the battles to have been there. It was some weeks afterward before Spottsylvania and the Wilderness became names of any import to us.

The priest acted as pilot up to the city. We anchored at sunset. Our visitors left us with many promises of fresh provisions, fruit, and the many necessities of shore life that are luxuries on board ship. Our sea-fare had held out well. A week's supply remained when we reached Castro, but salt-horse and beans had grown very distasteful. And the padre told us that in Chiloe chickens sold for twenty-five cents each, and potatoes of excellent quality were but seventy-five cents per barrel.

Early next morning the padre's story was verified. Boats began to approach the ship at daylight, bringing every thing eatable that their owners could find on shore. The steamer's deck looked like a meat-market. Officers and men were buying beef, mutton, potatoes, fowls, eggs, hams—any thing with a flavor of land growth about it. One needs a few weeks' or months' subsistence on salted meats to understand how savory a breakfast of steak, ham, eggs, fresh butter, and actual milk may be. Potatoes especially have a substantial relish about them under such circumstances, and these are grown of a superior quality by the thrifty farmers of Chiloe.

The prices of provisions in the island were remarkably low. Chickens from fifteen to twenty-five cents each. Sheep a dollar apiece. Beef three cents a pound. Eggs a cent each. Excellent flour, ground in mills like those in use in Bible times, by hand-power, three cents per pound. Hams of singularly delicate flavor fifty cents each. These hams are prepared by smoking only, and are fresh as the pork of recent killing. The people of Castro showed a want of money-making intelligence that we have never found before or since in our cruising round South America. The Bay of all the Saints held as inveterate a set of swindlers in this particular as most cities with names of less holy import. At Montevideo, Valparaiso, and Callao, prices ruled very high. Excepting cigars in Bahia, for the choicest of which it is impossible to pay more than *two dollars* per hundred, and beef in Montevideo, where a butcher apologized to me for its very exorbitant price, *two and a half cents* a pound for sirloin steaks, saying that the Flores rebellion had made every thing high, the necessities of life command a greater price in gold than they did in paper in America when we left Washington in all the coast cities of South America. In Panama ten cents is the charge for a tumbler of iced water. I found, however, that the cigars of San Salvador de Bahia de Todos os Santos and the Montevidean beef were each among the choicest of their kind, even at such low rates. For the benefit of visitors to the Brazilian city, I would suggest that an inquiry at almost any tobacconist's shop there for cigars of the brand "Suspiro," with both ends twisted to points, will give them material for smoking that five times the price could not procure them in America in regard to richness and purity of flavor. I venture the remark from the fact that poor cigars there, as elsewhere, outnumber good ones.

Castro has historic fame. Though now almost unknown and unvisited, it was once the principal political point on the Pacific coast. Its harbor has a length of twenty miles, with an average width of a mile and a half, and is absolutely free from any danger in storms from any quarter. The often-mentioned "navies of the world" might anchor there at once; and a wash-tub could be paddled from ship to ship in a storm with no more risk than on a village pond. Every mile or two in the winding length of this land-locked bay was a projecting headland, where a battery might oppose a fleet. There is deep water and good anchorage from its mouth to the city. Centuries ago the Spaniards had recognized these advantages, and guarded the harbor and city against all hostile intrusion. With the decay of Spain the place became neglected. Castro is now nothing but a village, with grass-grown streets and hardly a thousand inhabitants, though still the centre of one of the finest farming countries in the world. The climate of the eastern slope of Chiloe is a temperate one in the strictest sense. Snow and ice are almost unknown, and the summer heats are never vio-



lent. Any vegetable or fruit of the Middle States of our own country will grow there. There seems to be no reason why Castro may not again become a city of importance, and the island a residence for a large population, should the Chilean Government offer requisite inducements for immigration. A plank road connects Castro with Ancud at the northern end of the island, sixty miles distant, where the English mail steamers come twice each month from Valparaiso—a road laid down more than two hundred years ago, and since renewed from time to time. A railway over this road, and southward up the island, would develop the resources of the country as an agricultural region, and in time pay well for itself. Immigration is the one thing needed. Thrifty and successful as the farmers of Chiloe are, they have but a faint idea of their own possibilities in any project of improvement.

Castro is in a state of decay. An old church—how old no one about it knew—stands on one side of the plaza. Faithful and painstaking hands in some past age adorned its interior with rude carvings in wood that still bear the marks of laborious cutting with knives, as a boy whittles a stick. It has long been tenantless. A new building, with residences for the priests attached, occupies another side of the public square, and is the only church of the town. The Governor's house takes up nearly all of a third side, and the fourth has a row of houses where the better class of the town's-people live. Wheeled vehicles are almost unknown. The inevitable donkey, with his omniferous panniers, seemed to do here, as in all the sea-coast towns of South America, the internal carrying trade of the place. Two or three little shops, where hoop-skirts and cigarritos were sold, were the only symptoms of visible business.

We wanted coal, but the Castrians had none. Wood was our only obtainable fuel. After waiting at Castro a week, and taking in a few cords only of this, the ever-present American, who would appear wherever a ship might go if she waited for him, came to us by water from an island in the bay ten miles below the town. His name was Smith, and his trade blacksmith, at Port Famine, or rather at Sandy Point; it would have been Smiley and his trade wrecker, if any disaster had befallen us in Magalhaen Strait. It was Avery in the general brokerage business here. Avery had been in Chiloe and Patagonia for thirty years. Sealing, sea-going, and potato-whisky had left their marks upon him. This last article is a native production of the island, and is, I think, the most horrible distillation ever made. Its flavor is indescribably nauseous. Its purity and great intoxicating powers are its sole recommendations. Avery told us of a hundred cords of wood that might be had at a low price at the place he came from that morning. We took him on board, weighed anchor, and went there.

Wooding again, but this time with greater ease and rapidity than in the Chonos Archipel-



THE OMNIPRESENT YANKEE.

ago. A week at Quehuy Island, during which we celebrated the Fourth of July as well as we could in such a locality, and we left the magnificent harbor or river of Castro, heading up the Corcovado Gulf for Ancud, a hundred miles distant by water. The lonely mountains of Patagonia came into view again as we left the river.

The people of Chiloe labored under a strange delusion about our vessel. News of the seizure of the Chinchas had just arrived in the island; and from the Governor to his valet every one believed us to be Spanish. No argument could undeceive them. They believed we were sent to spy out the weakness of the land, and that our want of wood was a fiction. A peculiar style of paint that disfigured our hull, unlike that of any man-of-war ever seen any where, and our visit to such an out-of-the-world place as Castro, confirmed them in their opinion.

There were one or two more anchorages on the island side of Corcovado Gulf, but Ancud was reached at last. The town is in the extreme north of Chiloe, and is, with Port Montt, a German city on the opposite shore, the terminus of the southern Pacific mail-route. Ancud, or San Carlos—it has both names—was once a place of some importance; but the flourishing immigrant settlers at Port Montt, on the main land, have every thing their own way now, and the island town is drooping. We staid there nearly a week. Rain fell steadily night and day through the whole time. An abundance of wood, and all the coal that the courteous captain of the English mail-steamer *Callao* could possibly part with, gave us fuel enough to attempt to make Valdivia, a hundred miles further north.



We steamed out into the open Pacific for the second time with some misgivings. There was a possibility of finding coal at Valdivia. Nothing more. Beyond that point two hundred miles intervened between it and the great coal-mines of Lota and Lotilla. A distance almost impossible to pass with wood alone. It was our only course, however, and was fortunately successful. We ran into the harbor of Valdivia on the day after leaving Ancud, were boarded by the usual officials, and found that seventy tons of coal could be purchased. It was all there was in the harbor, and its owner seemed as glad to sell as we were to buy. It had been on his hands for a great many years, how many I have forgotten, and he had long ago lost all hope of ever selling it. The people of the smaller South American towns use only charcoal for heating and cooking purposes.

Valdivia harbor is another of the many land-locked bays on the Pacific coast that have been strangely overlooked; while open roadsteads, like the so-called harbor of Valparaiso, mark the sites of large and important cities. Its natural defenses are almost perfect. Two decaying forts, with a few rusted guns, are the only artificial ones.

Coal came rapidly on board. Valparaiso was fast assuming shape in our minds as a goal that might be reached by a few more efforts. Letters from home, news of the war, the relief of anxiety about our ship, that we knew must have been caused by our many delays, were all objects almost within our grasp. The mail-steamer *Callao* had taken the report of our arrival at Ancud, but she left us almost destitute of fuel, with several hundred miles of open ocean to traverse before any supply was possible. With our seventy tons on board we bombarded one of the two old forts to please a company of Chilean officers\* which came from shore, showed them what heavy rifled cannon could and could not do, and left Valdivia for the coal-regions of Coronel. Two hundred miles were rapidly passed over. Standing in toward the land the curious double mountain of Bio-Bio, and the low coast south of it, marked the entrance to the bays of Lota, Lotilla, and Coronel, three villages among the coal-mines. We anchored off the iron pier of Lota at sunset.

In this portion of Chili coal is found in abundance. Vessels are constantly loading for ports along the coast, as far north even as Panama. The mines are in the southwestern corner of Araucania. Though the government holds nominal sway over this entire province, its actual jurisdiction is limited to the sea-shore. The unsubdued Araucanian Indians are as independent now as in the old days when they stood alone, the only tribe unconquered by the invading Spaniards.

The coal district is owned in great part by a Chilean proprietor resident in Santiago. Its managers are mostly English, as are also the principal subordinate officials. Men trained to mining business in the English coal-fields. I

passed an interesting morning in visiting the mines and their machinery. One of the superintendents went about with me, giving me many details in regard to the works. The hills back of Lota are seamed with veins of coal. The richest deposits are known to be under the bay; but at such little depth that any mining there by shafts on shore and horizontal tunneling is impossible.

Two sorts of mines have been excavated. Shafts from thirty to a hundred yards deep are sunk at different points, and from them the veins are followed in some instances for nearly a mile by horizontal digging. At one point a shaft with a dip of about one foot in fifty enters a hill-side from the surface. At another a railway connects a pit with a delivery-shed a half mile distant, on which the loaded cars are drawn up a steep slope by an endless rope of wire and a stationary engine. Every thing works smoothly. Laborers are easily found among the Chilean peons. From six to ten thousand tons per month are taken out at the Lota mines alone.

The hill-sides and cuttings of the coal region show in brilliant colors from the bay. A turf of most vivid green, its grass dense, velvety, and heavy as that of England, has a subsoil of bright red. The many excavations of pits, railways, and roads give a contrast in color to the surface that has an effect of artificiality beyond any thing of the sort that I ever met before. A house here and there among the hills, of white stone or wood, with yellow or red roof, aids the kaleidoscopic appearance of the landscape. Wherever a hill-side is scarped by the action of the sea, as those are skirting the beach, the sectional strata of clay, loam, gravel, and rock show even more contrasting colors than the surface of the country. A pleasant effect of fresh cleanliness results.

The old and new cities of Concepcion were both near by. The mining people offered us horses and guides to take us to them across the country; but time pressed, our coal was on board, and we were forced to decline their services. The constant rain of Ancud had given place to bright sunshine and dry air. July is the midwinter month of the southern hemisphere; but the days at Lota were like those of October in the north. The line of equal cold runs far toward the pole in Chili and Western Patagonia. I think that even in the Strait of Magalhaen the thermometer never goes below 20° Fahrenheit in the coldest weather.

We left Lota with an ample supply of coal. This Chilean coal is ultra-bituminous. It burns rapidly, with great evolution of heat and smoke, becoming any thing but economical for ship's use. Cardiff from Wales and anthracite from America are brought to various ports in the Pacific by sailing-vessels, but in small quantities only. We found anthracite at Saint Thomas, Cardiff at Bahia and Montevideo, an unworked mine of valuable bituminous at Port Famine, anthracite again at Valparaiso, Callao, Panama, and Acapulco. Twenty dollars per ton



in gold is asked for anthracite coal in some of the Pacific ports. For a steamer, whose only dependence is upon what her engines can burn, the expenses of a voyage in this ocean are heavy.

I speak of payments in gold. The republics of the South are more fortunate in currency than we have been. Through their unceasing, intestinal wars they have preserved a gold and silver circulating medium, or one of paper redeemable in coin. English and French gold is very common in the cities. American gold and silver are in use in a less degree. A new silver coinage in Brazil, Chili, and Peru, of most beautiful design and finished appearance, had been recently adopted as we visited each country. No coinage of our own can compare with it in workmanship. It is national and distinctive, of course, in each of the three countries, but of similar character in sharp and clear outline. Doubloons and their fractions in gold, as well as the half-worn halves, quarters, and eighths in silver, that were once diagnostic of Mexican or South American production, are growing less common as the new coinage is introduced. Chili has gold dollars, like those first issued in our own country.

The Andes of Chili skirted the horizon as we went down the coast. "Down" the coast, from the southern pole; though "up" seemed from our northern habits the correct adverb to use. Their snow-line grew steadily higher. In the Strait of Magalhaen it came nearly to the sea-level.

The Pacific Ocean had hardly deserved its title, so far as our experience went thus far. Either constant rain and wind, or fair weather with a heavy sea, had been the rule since we entered it. One needs to go to sea in a steamer of eight feet draught, without a keel, and with a powerful engine that forced her against head winds and waves, to understand how uneasily a vessel can move.

We entered the open roadstead in front of Valparaiso on the morning of July 23, after one of the longest passages ever made from Montevideo by a steamer. Our anchor was scarcely aground before a boat came alongside with our mail-bag. The letters were the first that had reached us since we left America, four months and sixteen days before. They were intensely welcome. The mail steamer at Ancud had given us vague accounts of the progress of the war. The full details of the campaigns, battles, and victories of the spring and early summer came to us "in a single day, at this port in the distant Pacific," as I knew they would when we left Hampton Roads.

Valparaiso was a series of pleasant surprises. From the sea its appearance is commonplace. It has none of the picturesqueness of Bahia or Charlotte Amalia, or even of Montevideo. Spurs of the arid table-land, a thousand feet above the sea, run toward the shore in decreasing height, leaving a border of land or sea-beach between their scarped termini and the water, a few hundred yards in width. The ends of the

spurs, the valleys between them, and the reclaimed sea-beach make the site of the city.

The streets of the lower town are devoted to wholesale and retail business. There are blocks of warehouses differing in no way save height from those of Europe or America. The occurrence of an earthquake as often as once every fortnight precludes any very imposing architecture; necessitating broad and low buildings, with walls massive enough to sustain the shocks or else so yielding as not to be broken by them. Buildings in the city are usually of the former character. The huts of the peons in the country have bamboo or cane walls covered with clay. Internal plastering is little used even in the most expensive houses. Rooms are finished in paper or boards. The retail shops are as varied in character, as elegant in windows of large plate-glass, as thoroughly stocked with choice goods of every sort, as they are in New York or Boston. I found no want of civilized purchasers uncared for. Shops where nothing but sheet-music is sold, perfectly-supplied furnishing warehouses for both men and women, jewelry shops, confectionery saloons, fruit-shops, tailoring establishments, with fashions as late as our own, bar-rooms, well-arranged restaurants, all the different retail businesses that our own cities have, exist in as good condition in Valparaiso. Milliners alone make little display, from the fact that very few of the female portion of the population ever wear any thing on the head in the streets save a veil or a fold of mantilla. This peculiarity is common to all classes of society. The effect is more singular from the adoption of the latest styles of dress in every other particular, and the entire similarity of the male costume to our own, including the stove-pipe or nail-keg hat. Whether the beautiful and superabundant hair of the South American women is due to this constant exposure of the head I am unable to say. I am inclined to believe that it is so.

The hotels in Valparaiso are not so good as they might be. They are kept in a mixed European and American manner. Their charges are three dollars per day for every thing—board, lodging, and attendance. Soup, as a first course for breakfast, is a novelty that I first met here. A visitor to the city can obtain his meals most satisfactorily at the Exchange Coffee House near the Mole, where the choicest dishes are served by the card.

Horse cars traverse the lower town. They are more commodious than American cars, having as many seats on top—to which comfortable stairways lead—as there are inside. The improvement is one that would be popular in America. The stairways curve outward from each side of the platform, which has its entrance step in the centre, instead of the side as with us. The streets are thoroughly lighted by gas at night, and amply supplied with a uniformed police.

In the valleys leading up to the inland plateau, and upon the summits of the projections



of the table-land, are the residences of the middle and upper classes. One gentleman, the senior partner in as large and well-arranged wholesale drug-house as I have often seen, while standing with me in front of his store, pointed out his house to me, three hundred feet above us, and not more than as many yards distant in an air-line. The queer effect of these rocky precipices, crowned with dwellings, rising directly from the streets of the city, is, I think, peculiar to Valparaiso among the sea-coast towns of the Pacific. Their summits are reached by zig-zag foot-paths in the faces of the cliffs, or by winding roads from the intermediate valleys.

We left there after a fortnight's stay. Santiago, the Chilean capital, connected with Valparaiso by rail, where the horrible burning of the Compania Church occurred a year ago, was unvisited by any of us except our captain. He described it as a large and beautiful city of two hundred thousand inhabitants. Valparaiso has a population of seventy-five thousand. As we

left the harbor the tall peak of Aconcagua, ninety miles in the interior, stood out grandly against the sky. Its great height, twenty-three thousand feet, dwarfed the many smaller mountains nearer the coast, that rise from eight to fifteen thousand feet above the sea. Our course was northward. Lima and its sea-port, Callao, Tumbes, Panama, Acapulco, Magdalena Bay, were our several prospective ports. They have all been visited and left behind. San Francisco is near. There the ship will recover energies wasted by seventeen thousand miles of cruising. I trust my seventy sick men may do so too.

In a late number of the *Army and Navy Journal* there was the following item:

"NAVAL.—The missing steamer *Waterlee* has at last been heard from. She was at Castro, a port in the Island of Chiloe."

The statement was so brief and our cruise so novel, that I thought something more might be told of the reason why we were missing, and "WHERE THE 'WATERLEE' WAS."

## LOVE AT SEA.

FOAM-CRESTED waves, from morn to night,  
That met all round the deep blue sky,  
With here and there a sail in sight,  
Which came, then vanished to the eye.

Our glittering wake shone white behind,  
A path of silver reaching back;  
With shrill voice sang the salt sea wind;  
The petrel hovered in our track.

Linked arm in arm, when skies were fair,  
We trod the deck with thoughtless aim,  
Or sometimes, seated idly there,  
Watched the far sails which went and came.

Or, gazing down along the deep,  
We marked the long, dark indolent swells,  
And saw the bounding porpoise leap,  
And heard on board the half-hour bells.

Oh, what to us was Time's swift flight—  
Or Time itself, beyond a name?  
Oh, what to us the noon or night,  
To whom all seasons were the same?

For Love possessed our souls, and drew  
His rosy veil before our eyes,  
And, steeped in bliss, our souls looked through  
The open gates of Paradise.

Left far behind the new world lay;  
Dim, distant, shadowy, and vast,  
The old world rose before our way,  
Replete with records of the Past.

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What time fair Hesperus, rising, gleamed  
In crimson deeps where sank the breeze,  
The red sun from the far west seemed  
To drop into the purple seas.

And on the farthest verge of night  
Rose the full moon, like some pale nun,  
Her face all wet with tears, and white,  
When the sweet vesper hymn is done.

Or sailing on from high to higher,  
By skirts of silver shining clouds,  
She seemed at times a ball of fire  
That struggled in the tall dark shrouds.

On one side, spanned with quivering light,  
The phosphorescent ocean lay,  
And on the other, lost to sight,  
The shadowy waves stretched far away.

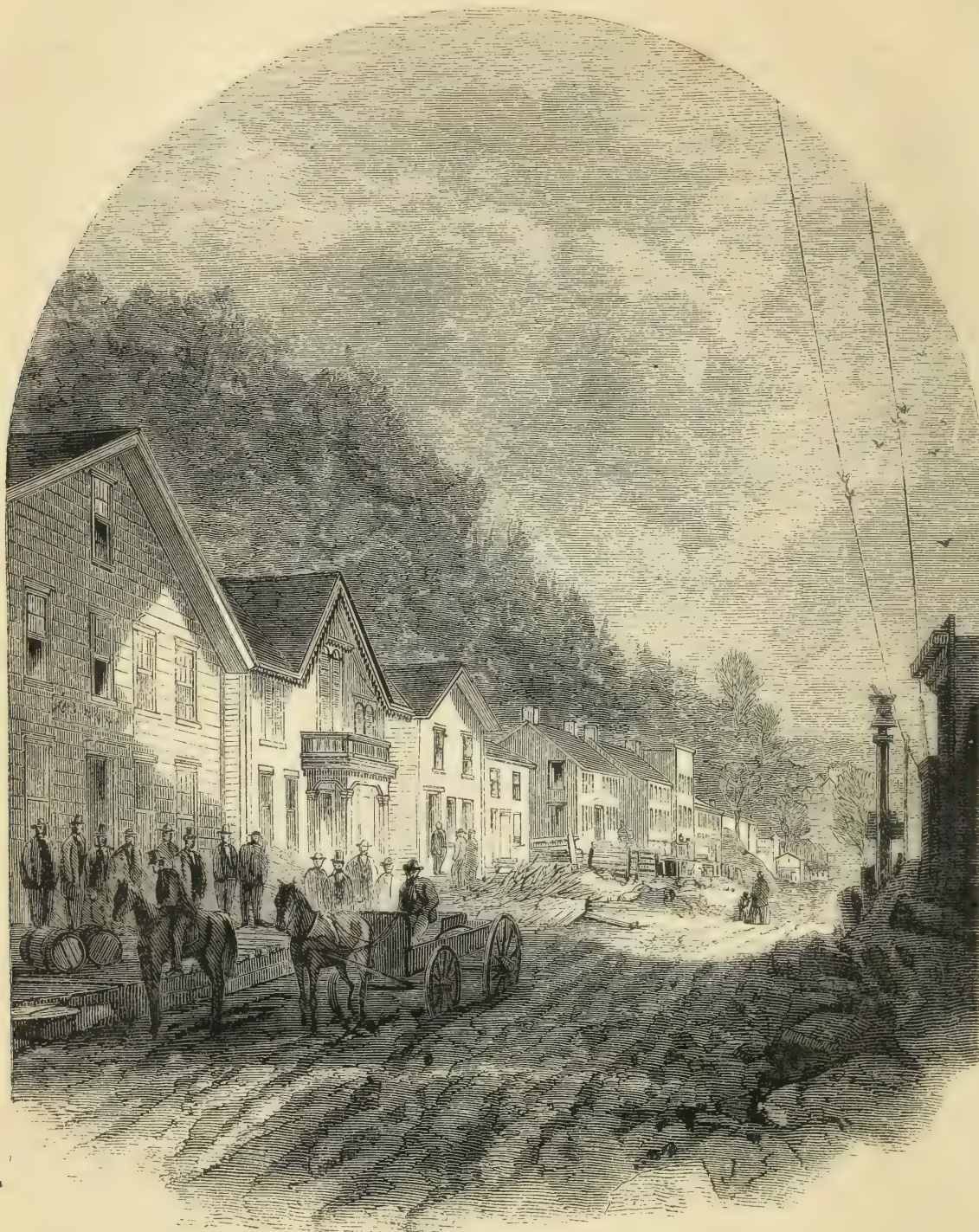
And sometimes, like a silent ghost,  
Dim outlined on the dark night sky,  
Some fair ship, from a foreign coast  
In distant seas would pass us by.

Oh! soft, still nights; oh! calm, rich days  
To which my thoughts like currents tend,  
In whose bright wake my fancy plays,  
There is no voyage but hath its end.

One morn I woke to scent the breeze  
That over English downs had swept;  
And round our prow in sluggish ease  
The waters of the Mersey slept.



## THE PETROLEUM REGION OF AMERICA.



STREET VIEW IN OIL CITY.

WHEN the treasures of California were discovered thousands rushed to its golden shores. The wilderness of the great West teemed with life, and the gulches were compelled to give up their treasures, long hidden from the eye of man. The American mines were no sooner opened than Australia was overrun with eager adventurers seeking for gold. Gold having been found in other parts of the world, skeptics on the subject have ceased to exist, and the golden mines of the eastern and western hemispheres have become realities.

But there is a mineral substance more precious

than silver or gold, the occurrence and profitable discovery of which geology alone is able to determine. That substance is coal. Yet when coal was discovered many predicted the almost immediate failure of the supply; but as civilization overspread the land, removing our forests of heavy timber, thus decreasing the supply of the only fuel we then had, Nature came to our assistance and disclosed to us the vast coal-fields hidden for so many ages beneath the earth. The coal "bubble" has never "burst." New fields are being discovered.

Seemingly not satisfied with the present de-



velopments of mineral wealth bestowed on us, Nature, keeping pace with the necessities of man, suddenly unfolds another wonder—*Oil, Petroleum*—which now comes spouting from the bowels of the earth, from inexhaustible basins hidden deep down amidst the sandstone rocks below.

Although Nature has selected the nineteenth century in which to develop her great resources in the article of petroleum, yet history informs us that the existence of "rock-oil" was known through many past ages. The walls of Babylon were built with brick, cemented with hot bitumen or asphaltum, which was found in Judea, afterward discovered in France, and in the sand rock of Albania. This asphaltum is black in color, brittle and solid, and when heated is reduced to a liquid state. It finds its way to the surface in the shape of a thick, waxy fluid, which was used for lubricating purposes, and for the calking of vessels. In the Birmese empire there is a mountain where over five hundred pits have been sunk for the collection of petroleum, which has long been used for burning purposes. It is also found on the shores of the Caspian, where it oozes through a soft soil in the form of vapor or gas, and is led through earthen pipes, and employed for illuminating the neighboring towns and cities. A very light liquid oil, resembling naphtha, is found coming from a spring near the village of Amiano, in the State of Parma, which supplies a sufficient quantity to illuminate the city of Genoa, for which purpose it is employed.

It is evident that the supply of whale-oil is fast decreasing, and that those mighty creatures of the deep have become so few that our once immense whale-fisheries threaten soon to be among the things that were. During the past ten or twenty years the demand for a burning oil has increased so rapidly that lard-oil and burning-fluid were introduced. But these, together with the sperm-oil, not only failed to supply the increased demand, but have gradually become almost extinct. It was at this point that there was disclosed to us, at our thresholds, a never-failing supply of burning oil.

The most celebrated oil-wells as yet discovered and operated on the American continent are located in the western part of Pennsylvania, principally in Venango, Crawford, and Warren counties. The wells next of note are found in Western Virginia and Eastern Ohio; and recently wells have been opened in the States of New York and Michigan, also in Canada.

It has been said that petroleum is only found within a belt running diagonally across the globe, varying from six to sixty miles in width—sweeping across through the centre of the State of New York, passing over the western part of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and the eastern portion of Ohio and Kentucky, and so on down through the wilds of Tennessee. That there is such a belt of oil lands in existence, from the present developments, is not doubted; but the assertion that no oil is found without the belt

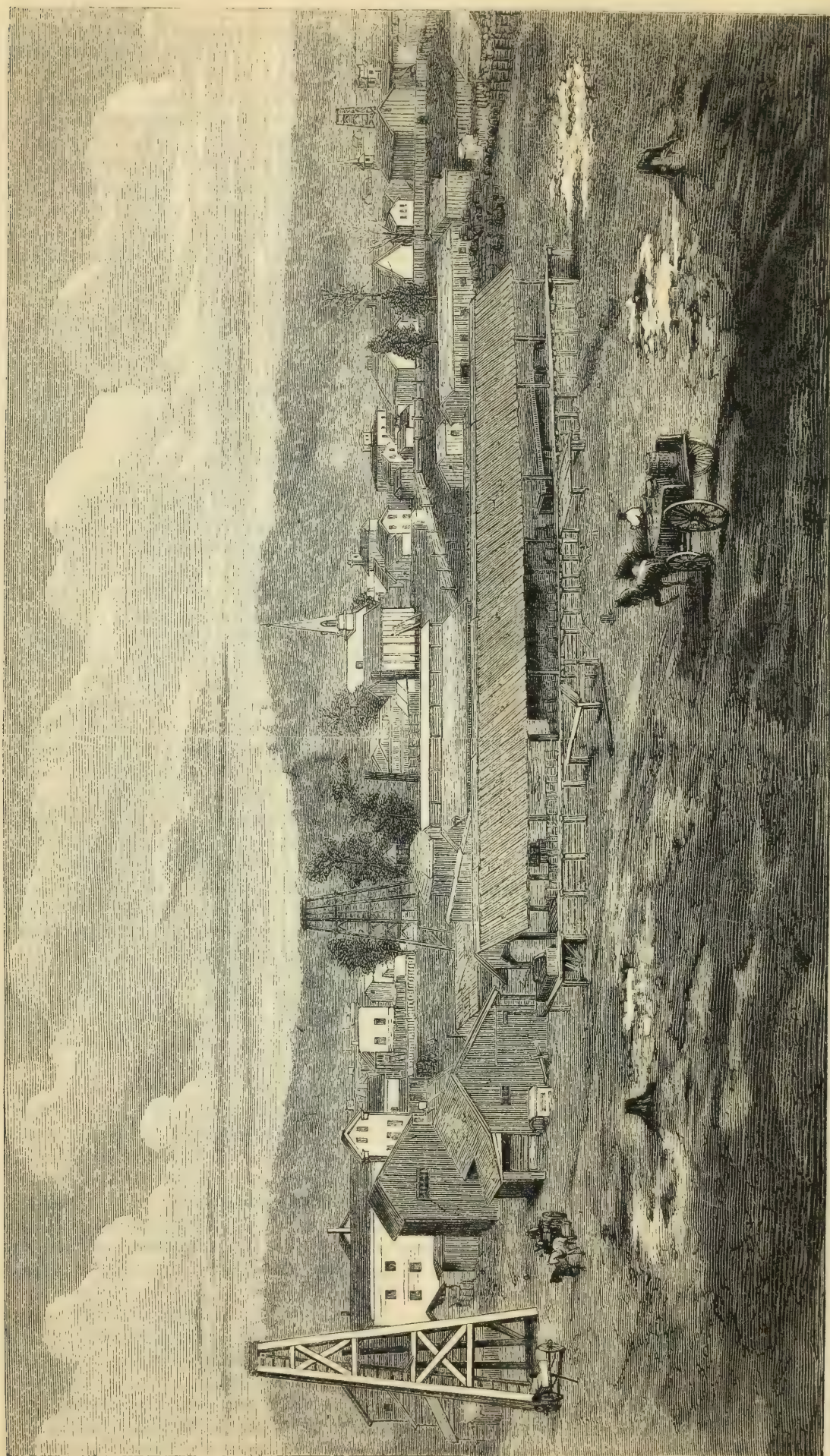
can not be sustained by facts, because the Canadian wells now flowing hundreds of barrels of oil are located on the borders of Lake Erie, far to the west of the so-called oil belt.

Oil Creek, which has become celebrated as the site of the richest oil-producing region on earth at the present day, is a tortuous mountain stream, taking its rise in the northern part of the State of Pennsylvania, near the south line of Erie County, and, with its tributaries, waters Crawford and Warren counties, and after a course of about thirty miles through these counties empties into the Alleghany River seven miles above the town of Franklin. The valley through which Oil Creek takes its course is narrow, and flanked on each side by high and rugged hills, on the top of which are broad fields of excellent farming land. The scenery on Oil Creek at one time, no doubt, was quite picturesque; but now the bottom lands are dotted with tall derricks, wooden engine-houses, and iron smoke-stacks, out of which columns of black smoke roll upward to the clouds. The pines and hemlock are cleared from the mountain sides, and all is busy life.

Previous to the developments of the petroleum discoveries this entire region supplied the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi with vast quantities of lumber. Thousands of long rafts found their way out into the Ohio and Mississippi rivers during the spring and fall freshets. The extensive lumber saw-mills of Messrs. Brewer, Watson, and Co. were located on Oil Creek, near Titusville, the present metropolis of Petrolia. Near those mills oil first made its appearance in large quantities in this country. Half a mile below Titusville Oil Creek meets its principal confluent, Pine Creek, more commonly known now as the East Branch of Oil Creek; and the delta of these two streams is covered with old oil-pits, which occur at intervals all along the creek below Titusville. These pits are supposed by some to have been the work of the French during their occupancy of the country in 1759, on account of being located almost directly between the French forts of La Bœuf and Venango. The writer is inclined to believe that these pits were constructed by the Indians long before the appearance of the white man in this region; which belief is sustained by the following circumstance: In sinking a well recently in the neighborhood of Titusville, five feet beneath the spot where a tree had stood, which, calculating the layers of its yearly growth, must have been at least two hundred and forty years old, was found a wooden well curb, or mouth, of an old oil-pit in a good state of preservation.

The land of this entire region belonged to the "Holland Company," who obtained it in lieu of moneys lent to Congress during the Revolution. It was divided into four-hundred-acre lots, and sold at a very low price; but so many more attractions were held out to emigrants by the Western States at that time that this Venango region was almost overlooked, and it be-





TITUSVILLE.



came settled very slowly. In the year 1797 Jonathan Titus and Samuel Kier arrived from the east and entered lands in this region. Mr. Titus secured a large tract of many hundred acres, part of which is now the site of Titusville and part the lands belonging to the "Titus Estate Petroleum Company" of New York. The Hon. John Reynolds, now of Meadville, with his father, shortly afterward settled at Cherry Tree, seven miles below; and not long afterward Hamilton and James M'Clintock settled on Oil Creek—the former at what is now Petroleum Centre, and the latter on the present site of M'Clintockville.

Petroleum, under the name of "Seneca oil"—so called from the tribe of Indians of that name who once inhabited the country—became early of great importance to the settlers, both as a medicine and for burning and lubricating purposes. The greater portion of oil was obtained from two natural springs. One of these was in the immediate neighborhood of Titusville, on the lands now owned by the "Watson Petroleum Company" of New York, on the spot where now stands the old "Drake Well." The other spring was on the farm of Hamilton M'Clintock, within four miles of the mouth of Oil Creek.

The old salt-wells situated on the Alleghany River, near the town of Tarentum, were owned by the father of Samuel M. Kier, now of the city of Pittsburg. About two years after the opening of these salt-wells oil made its appearance upon the water that flowed into the salt-kettles, and interfered with the quality of the salt to such an extent that Mr. Kier at one time thought of abandoning his wells; but he afterward constructed a canal leading into the river, into which he passed the oil from the water. The oil on the water in the canal and river became very offensive to the people in the neighborhood, and many complaints were made. One day some boys, who were playing near the canal with matches, accidentally set the oil on fire, and it was with the greatest difficulty the village was saved from burning.

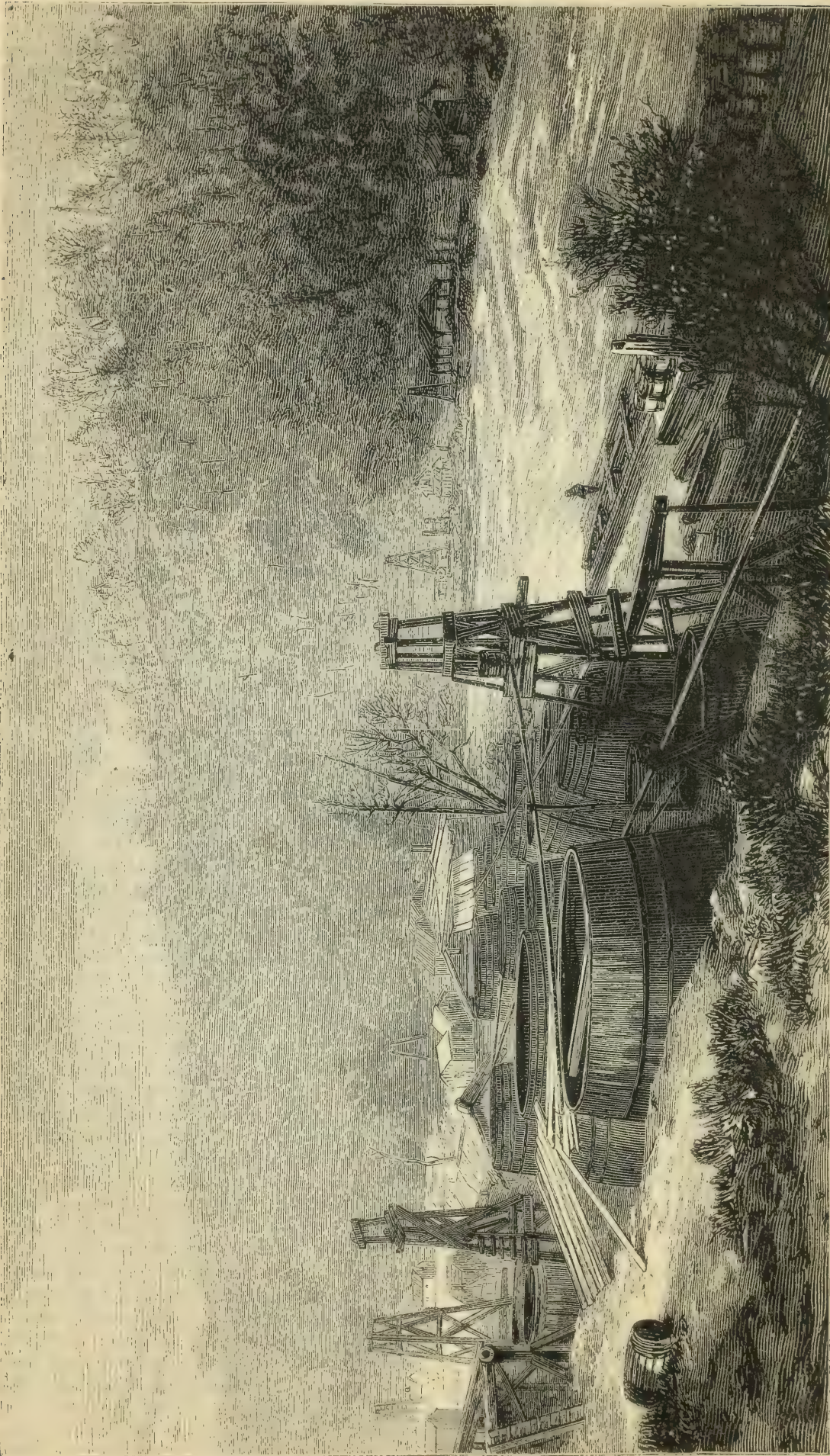
During the year 1853 Dr. F. B. Brewer, of the firm of Brewer, Watson, and Co., conceived the idea of collecting surface oil by means of absorbing it in blankets, and wringing the oil out. Great quantities were collected in this novel manner, and used for burning purposes in the lumber mills of the Oil Creek region. The oil produced from the oil springs became so necessary and useful as to suggest the formation of an oil company in 1854 called the "Pennsylvania Rock-Oil Company." This was the first Oil Company ever formed. This was prior to the sinking of any well, or before such a thing was suggested.

The Pennsylvania Rock-Oil Company purchased 100 acres of land on Oil Creek, below Titusville, for the purpose of collecting the surface oil. This project was, however, soon after abandoned, and the original Petroleum Company ceased to exist.

Although Professor Silliman, of New Haven, had in 1854 analyzed the rock-oil, and pronounced upon its properties, no further developments of any importance took place until the winter of 1857, when Colonel E. L. Drake, of Connecticut, arrived at Titusville, and was the first man who attempted to bore for oil. In December, 1857, he visited Titusville, examined the oil springs, and gave the subject of surface oil a thorough investigation. He soon concluded that rock-oil could be obtained by sinking a well; and acting upon this, he in company with James M. Townsend and E. B. Bowditch, leased the lands of the Pennsylvania Rock-Oil Company for the term of twenty-five years for the purpose of boring for oil. The operations were to commence the following spring. Soon after closing this lease, Colonel Drake and friends from Connecticut formed a company called the "Seneca Oil Company" for the purpose of working the lands and sinking wells under the management and control of Colonel Drake. Early in the spring he removed his family to Titusville, then containing not over one hundred and fifty inhabitants. He first informed himself thoroughly on the subject of boring, and visited the salt-wells on the Alleghany River for that purpose, where, after some difficulty, he employed a man who agreed to sink wells for the Seneca Company; but he and others to whom he had applied failed to keep their engagements, and it was not until the following spring that he could obtain a suitable person to commence the well. The first difficulty encountered was the surface water, which would flow into the well and undermine the earth, and cause it to cave in. In sinking the well it was supposed necessary to dig to the first rock; but in consequence of the earth caving in on the workmen so frequently, Colonel Drake invented the iron driving-pipe and mode of driving which is now in universal use, not only in the oil regions, but among the salt borers. He was obliged to go fifty miles to a machine-shop every time his tools needed repairing; but after many delays and accidents, on the 29th day of August, 1859, at the depth of 69 feet 6 inches, he struck a vein of oil, from which he afterward pumped at the rate of thirty-five to forty barrels per day. This is now known as the Drake Well, and was the first well ever sunk for oil, and the first petroleum ever obtained by boring.

Now commenced a scene of excitement beyond description. The Drake Well was immediately thronged with visitors arriving from the surrounding country, and within two or three weeks thousands began to pour in from the neighboring States. Every body was eager to purchase or lease oil lands at any price demanded. Almost in a night a wilderness of derricks sprang up and covered the entire bottom lands of Oil Creek. Merchants abandoned their stores, farmers dropped their plows, lawyers deserted their offices, and preachers their pulpits. The entire western part of the State went wild with excitement.





THE PHILLIPS WELL.



Very soon after the success of Colonel Drake, Messrs. Brewer, Watson, and Co. leased the farm of Hamilton M'Clintock, and commenced a well on it, which was successful at the depth of 70 feet. Then followed the sinking of many wells on the different farms on Oil Creek. The Barnsdell Mead and Rouse Well was opened in the spring of 1860. Then the Crosley Well in April of same year. During this summer many wells were opened in the vicinity of Tideoute on the Alleghany River. In June, 1861, A. B. Funk sunk a well 470 feet deep on the M'Ilheny farm, which was the first large flowing well. Then followed the Brewer, Watson, and Co. Well on the G. W. M'Clintock farm, the Phillips Well on the Tarr farm, the Willard Well on the H. M'Clintock farm, and the Rouse, Mitchell, and Brown Well on the Buchanan farm. This latter well flowed a stream of oil without pumping equal to one thousand barrels per day. Thousands of barrels of oil flowed into the creek before suitable tanks could be prepared to receive it.

In the midst of the excitement, from some cause unknown, the gas and oil from this well took fire, and, as described by an eye-witness, columns of black smoke rolled upward into the air, the blazing oil leaped heavenward, and, falling over on all sides from the fiery jet, formed a magnificent fountain of liquid fire. The sight was awfully grand, but, sad to relate, nineteen human beings were burned to death. Among them was Mr. Rouse, one of the proprietors of the well. Mr. Rouse lived for several days after being injured, and in framing his will, after making certain bequests, left to the County of Warren a handsome sum, to be applied one half for road purposes and one half to the poor of the county. This bequest is now valued at \$150,000.

The next large flowing well opened was the Empire, in the vicinity of the Funk Well, that flowed 3000 barrels per day. The Sherman Well was opened in April, 1862, then the Noble and Delemater Well in May, 1863. This celebrated well was commenced in 1860, and was bored to the depth of 167 feet and abandoned. Mr. Noble went further down the creek and became interested in other wells on the Tarr farm, but in the spring of 1863 he recommenced the work on his old well, and went down to the depth of 471 feet without having any indications of oil. At that depth he concluded to tube and pump, abandoning the idea of obtaining a flowing well, but to the great astonishment of himself and every one else, after pumping a very short time, suddenly the great Noble Well commenced to flow. Long before the opening of this well petroleum had become so plenty that most of the pumping wells were abandoned. Every person wanted a flowing well.

Samuel M. Kier, of Pittsburg, was the first man who refined the crude oil, and to him we are indebted for this discovery. W. H. Abbott, of Titusville, erected the first large refinery at that place, which was before the days of railroads in that region. The heavy iron

castings and machinery were brought in wagons from Union Mills and Franklin, through mud axle-deep. Parties interested with him became disheartened, and would have abandoned the enterprise had it not been for the energy of Mr. Abbott, who finally succeeded in completing his building.

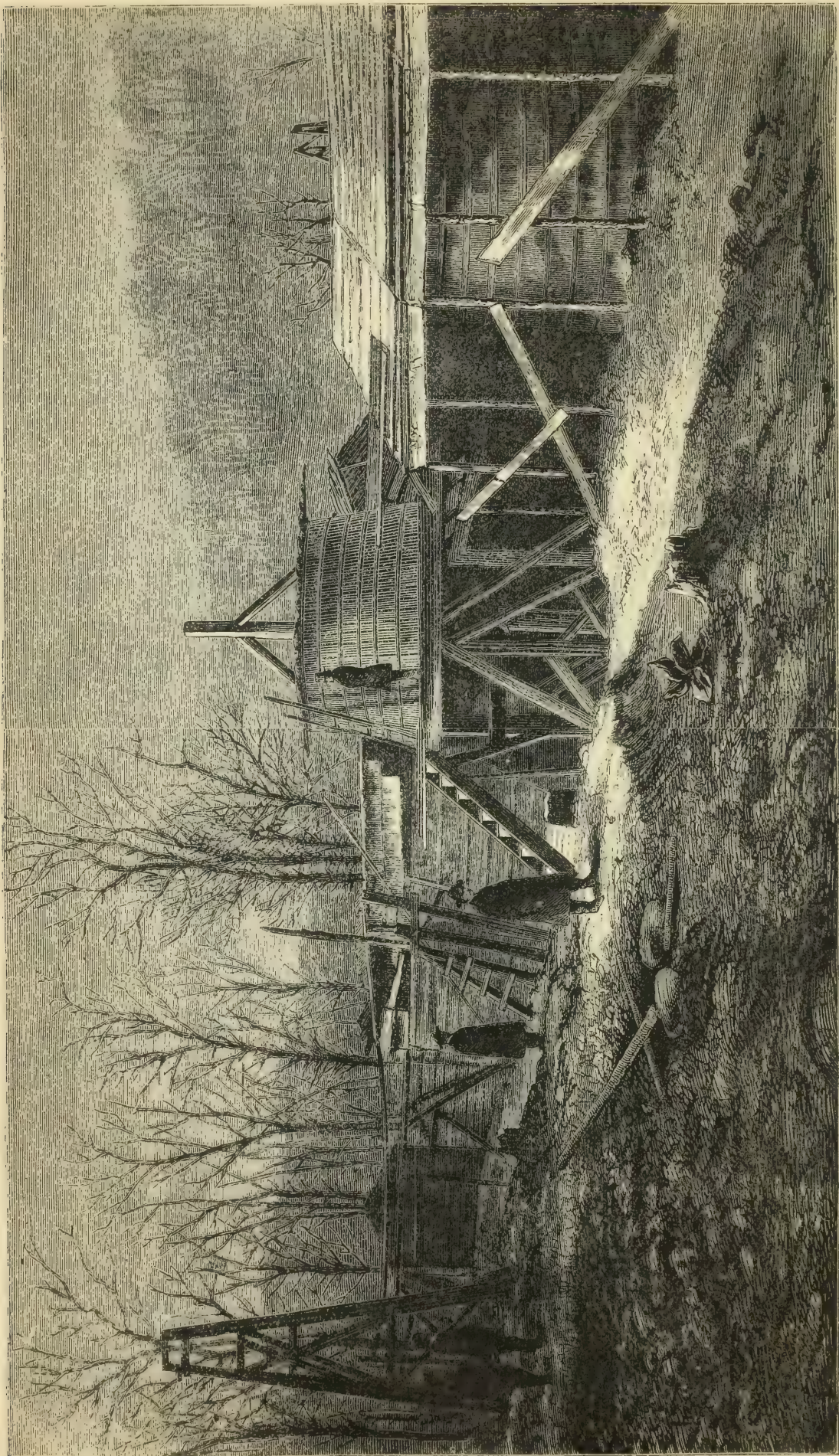
Brewer, Watson, and Co. were really the great pioneers in the introduction of petroleum in large quantities. This enterprising firm expended the sum of \$750,000 in cash for barrels alone before they realized one cent of profit. All they required was the actual cost of the barrel. They have lived to reap a rich harvest from their arduous efforts in the introduction of petroleum, and have been handsomely repaid for the hardships and trials through which they have passed. During the summer of 1861, Samuel Downer, of Boston, established a branch of his works and commenced the refining of oil at Correy, and gave his entire attention to the business, and during that year his refinery absorbed nearly all of the oil product. George M. Mowbray, agent for Schefflin and Co., of New York, made the first extensive purchase of petroleum for shipment. Messrs. Drake, Watson, Brewer, Kier, Abbott, Mowbray, Downer, the firm of Brewer, Watson, and Co., and others, exerted their utmost endeavors to introduce the article, and to create a demand equal to the supply; but before this could be accomplished oil at the wells was offered for sale at prices ranging from ten to fifty cents per barrel, and thousands of gallons were allowed to run into the creek.

The only pumping wells opened at an early day, and not abandoned but worked until the present time, are the celebrated Economite Wells, located opposite the town of Tideoute, on the Alleghany River, in Warren County, Pennsylvania. These wells are four in number, and are each now pumping 30 barrels of oil per day. Many persons at the present time, in passing through the oil regions, wonder at the number of abandoned wells to be seen. These wells were not abandoned because the borers failed to discover oil, but simply because it did not pay to operate them when oil was so plenty and cheap and no great demand existed for it.

The entire oil regions of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio were consequently nearly deserted, and the then so-called "oil bubble" exploded. Most of those who had taken leases and had opened wells removed the tubing, and sold their engines, tools, etc., and retired from the oil trade disgusted with their enterprise, and, no doubt, much displeased with themselves, returning to their deserted homes to be ridiculed by the knowing ones, who "always said the undertaking would prove a failure."

Much time, however, did not elapse before a new demand for petroleum was created, and once more thousands poured into the oil regions; and to-day the use of petroleum is universal; and for a cheap and perfect burning oil it has no equal. The old wells are being opened, and





THE NOBLE WELL.



new ones going down every day. The Alleghany River, and its great northern tributaries, are no more crowded with long rafts of lumber floating with the current to the Western cities. Saw-mills have given place to oil refineries and producing wells. Tow-boats, filled with barrels of petroleum, take the place of lumber-rafts. Villages have suddenly grown into cities. The iron horse rushes with lightning speed around the base of the mountain and down the valley of oil. Rich farms are laid waste. The plow turns no more furrows. The scythe cuts no more bending grain. The farmer's barns are no more loaded down with the fruitful harvest. The farmer himself, with his homespun clothes, is seen no more in the fields. All is changed! The farm is sold! The old man and his grown-up sons are worth millions, and the old homestead is deserted forever.

We propose to describe the Oil Region as it appeared at the opening of the present year:

Titusville, situated in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, at the head of Oil Creek, had only 150 inhabitants in 1857. In one year it increased to 350. Lumber was worth from five to ten dollars per thousand feet for the best qualities. The number of buildings were about thirty-five of all kinds. The importation of merchandise about one hundred tons per annum. The trade was local, and every thing was done upon the long credit system, and nothing exported but lumber. In 1865 the population is estimated at from 5000 to 6000. Lumber is worth from \$25 to \$50 per thousand, and the supply inadequate to the demand. The number of buildings are now over one thousand. The importation of merchandise, etc., during the year 1863, over the Oil Creek Railroad, was 70,000 tons, and the exports of oil alone equal to 750,000 barrels. It is estimated that the exports from Titusville will amount this year to over \$18,000,000, and the imports will largely exceed those of last year; at least the local trade has kept even pace with the improvements in the way of building. There are now in progress several fine stone and brick buildings, which give the place a substantial appearance. In 1858 town lots could have been purchased from \$30 to \$40 each. In 1864 lots were selling from \$1200 to \$1800 each, and sought after.

The Watson Flat is a tract of flat land, situated in the bend and on both sides of Oil Creek, adjoining and below Titusville. This flat land was at one time greatly in favor; but after the larger flowing wells were discovered below the Shaeffer Farm less attention was given to lands above. Recently, however, the Watson Flat has been brought into notice again, and several flowing wells have been opened, and now hundreds of derricks spot its surface. This extensive tract of rich bottom-land, being in close proximity to Titusville and the dépôt of the Oil Creek Railroad, will no doubt be found more attractive than the territory farther down the creek. It is said that the quality of oil found here is very superior; and it is generally

believed that when wells are sunk to the depth of 1200 feet the largest flowing wells will be found.

Oil in quantities having recently been procured north of Titusville, the entire line of Oil Creek above that place, as far as Oil Lake, is now occupied, and numerous wells are in process of drilling, causing great excitement in that region.

The Oil Creek Railroad commences at Correy, on the Great Western and Atlantic Railroad, and passes through Titusville and as far down Oil Creek as the Shaeffer Farm, which is about seven miles below Titusville, and nearly half the distance to Oil City. Shaeffer Farm is a fast-growing place, and contains about ten commission houses and several hotels. The bottom-land at this place not occupied by wells is covered with pyramids of empty oil casks, sometimes reaching fifty feet in height. It is proposed to continue the Oil Creek Railroad down to Oil City, there to connect with a new road from Franklin on the Alleghany River, running up the west shore of the river, and tapping the Philadelphia and Erie Road at Irvine.

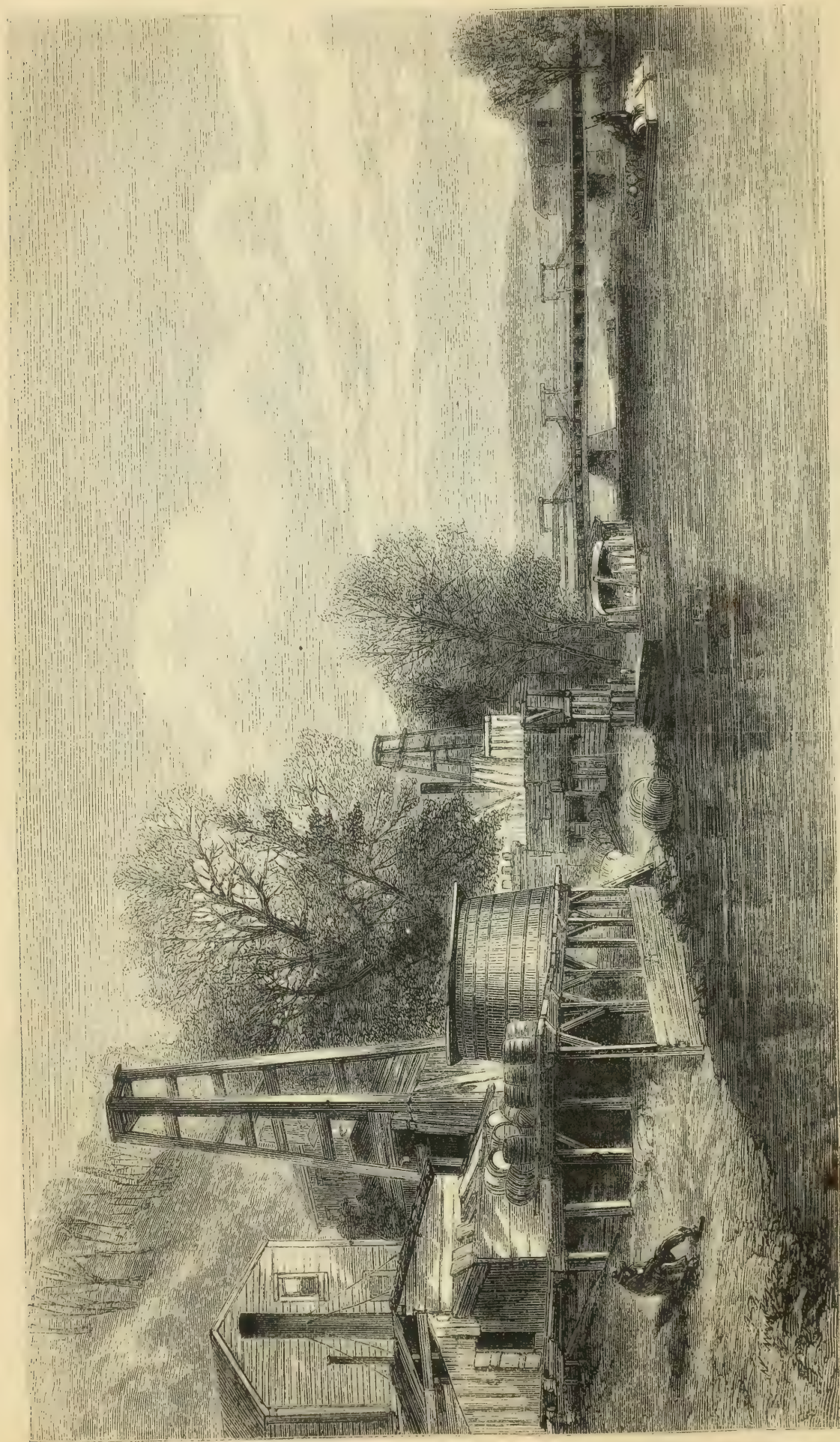
Funkville and Petroleum Centre, on Oil Creek, are thriving towns. M'Clintockville, on the H. M'Clintock Farm, is growing rapidly. The wells at this place are principally owned by the M'Clintockville Petroleum Company of Philadelphia.

Oil City, at the mouth of Oil Creek, is situated at the base of a mountain under a bluff, and for want of room can never become a very large city. The town consists of only one street, winding down the west side of Oil Creek and the Alleghany River. It contains five or six hotels, all of which are crowded nightly with anxious oil seekers. All the business being done on one street the town has a very busy look.

The town of Franklin, the county seat of Venango County, situated at the confluence of French Creek, with the Alleghany River, about seven miles below Oil City, is a place of considerable note. It is the terminus of a branch of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad. A very extensive trade is carried on here. Large dépôt buildings have been erected, and thousands of barrels of petroleum are annually shipped from this point. French Creek is quite a large stream, rising in the southern part of New York, and, flowing almost parallel with Oil Creek, empties into the Alleghany River. The banks of French Creek, on either side, are dotted here and there with derricks, giving evidence of the existence of many oil wells.

The town of Tideoute, in Warren County, is situated on the west bank of the Alleghany River, about twenty miles above Oil City, and fourteen miles below Irvine. The wells of importance at this place are the celebrated Economite Wells, and some ten or twelve others situated in Tideoute Island and on Tideoute Flats. The oil territory, on both sides of the Alleghany River, commencing at Irvine and extending





PUMPING WELL NEAR OIL CITY.



down below Franklin, is considered excellent, and is now being fast developed, having recently changed hands at greatly advanced prices. Large flowing wells have been found at many points on the river, and the Alleghany is now ranked next of importance to Oil Creek.

The view on the Alleghany at the mouth of Gordon Creek, below the town of Tideoute, is very fine. As the stranger approaches the river by a winding road over the mountain and turns the point of a high bluff, he beholds far beneath his feet the clear rippling stream of Gordon Creek. In the distance, to the left, winds the Alleghany, with its steep mountain-shores, covered with tall old pines. The derricks of the Economite Wells line the eastern shore. A tow-boat, loaded with barrels of oil, is struggling against the stream. The next turn of the road brings to view the long row of white painted houses forming the town of Tideoute, reaching for over two miles in length along the shore. On the right, running due south, is the river, dotted here and there with beautiful thickly wooded islands, with clouds of black smoke rolling up from among the tall trees. And as the sombre hue of evening shade is cast over the valley, the mind is filled with wonder that beneath the surface of that beautiful landscape is hidden untold treasures, the possession of which leads so many far from home and friends.

The oil from the wells on the Alleghany River is taken to Irvine in tow-boats drawn by horses. These boats are built very stanch, and are made to carry from one hundred and fifty to two hundred barrels of oil. The horses often cross and recross, and sometimes pull and tug up through the centre of the river. The driver has regular fords to cross, and it requires as much judgment to drive tow-horses up the Alleghany as to pilot a steamboat down the Mississippi.

In passing through the oil regions of Pennsylvania one is struck with the primitive mode used in obtaining oil. Inferior machinery and exceedingly small engines are used in most cases, with hardly sufficient power to raise the sucker-rod out of a deep well. Yet wells are worked in this manner, only producing from one to three, or perhaps five, barrels of oil. Often they entirely fail to get a drop of oil. In such cases the wells are abandoned as worthless. At the same time, if the proper machinery had been applied with more powerful engines, twice or thrice the yield might have been obtained. The air-pump is a great improvement, and its application will no doubt add at least thirty per cent. to the yield of all wells to which it is applied.

Next in importance to the Alleghany River is Cherry Run, on which stream is located the great Reed Well, now flowing 280 barrels of oil daily. The lands on this run and Pit-Hole Creek and Cherry-Tree Run, have been purchased at very high prices, and hundreds of wells are now going down on both sides of these streams. In January of this year the first large flowing well was struck on Pit-Hole Creek, on the Holmden

Farm, situated four miles above the mouth of the Creek, and about three miles due east from Funkville, on Oil Creek. Tionesta Creek also bids fair to vie with any other in the region for its oil properties; wells are being put down from its source to its mouth, and already several producing wells are in operation here. The entire counties of Venango, Warren, and Crawford are now being prospected for oil. One can not ride through a lane, over any obscure road, up mountain paths, or, after leaving his horse, climb a ledge of rocks, or work his way through jungles of undergrowth, without meeting with prospecting parties seeking new oil lands. Mud, rain, or floods are no obstacles in the way of oil-land hunters; they ride their livery horses at full speed from well to well, asking a thousand questions.

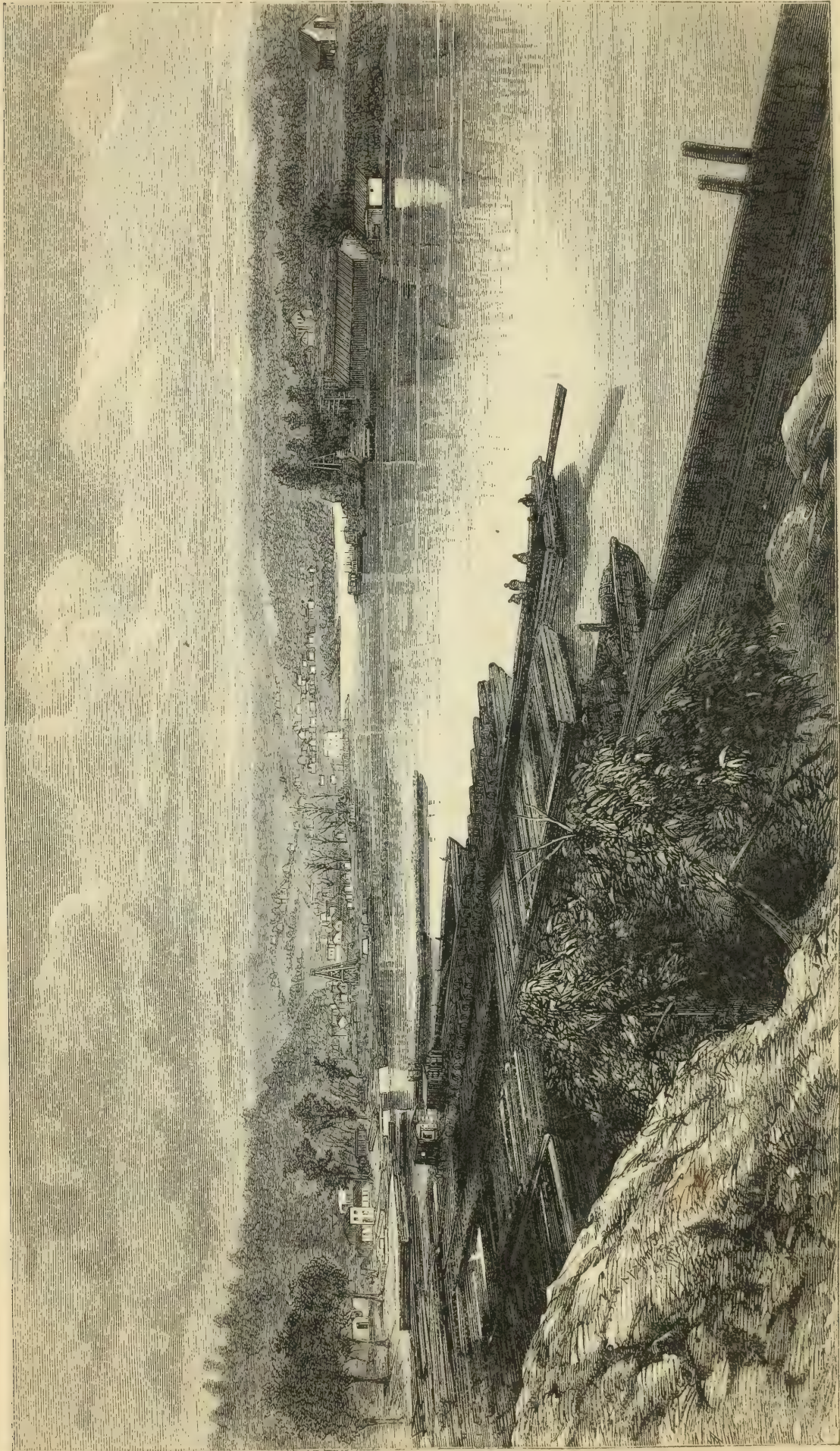
The oil regions are dotted here and there with refineries, where the crude oil is distilled and prepared for burning purposes. Many changes have taken place, and vast improvements made, in the refineries of oil since the first were erected. The most extensive establishment for this purpose, now in operation in the immediate vicinity of the oil regions, is at the town of Correy, in Crawford County, Pennsylvania—a new and thriving place, situated at the crossing of the Atlantic and Great Western and Philadelphia and Erie Railroads. The building is entirely of brick, and was erected by Samuel Downer, one of the pioneers in the business, at a cost of \$150,000, including machinery. Upward of 200 workmen are here daily employed, and when the works are operated to their greatest capacity 300 barrels of crude oil are daily required.

The Virginia oil regions are located in the counties of Pleasants, Richie, Wood, and Wirt. The best territory is found on the Ohio, Little Kanawha, and Hughes Rivers; on Goose, French, Cow, Calf, Bull, Horseneck, Worthington, and Stillwell Creeks; on M'Elroy, Bull, Campbell's, Rawson's, Nettle, and Riffle Runs. The town of Parkersburg, on the Ohio, at the mouth of the Little Kanawha, is the grand headquarters of all oil speculators who visit that region. The entire territory embraced in the above-named counties has already changed hands, and most of it is held by speculators, who are offering it in Eastern markets.

Very little has been accomplished in the development of these Virginia lands compared with the operations in Pennsylvania. Since their discovery some wells have been sunk, and great quantities of oil have been taken from them; but the great developments are yet to be made.

The principal wells now in operation in West Virginia are on "Horseneck," a small creek tributary to Bull Creek. The latter stream flows into the Ohio a few miles above the mouth of the Little Muskingum River. The "Jackson and Peto" Well, on "Cowneck," was sunk to the depth of 587 feet, and flowed, when first opened, 1000 barrels daily of fine quality illuminating oil. The "Jackson" Well, on the "Mansion House Ford," at 100 feet, flowed 200 bar-





OIL CITY.



rels of the best quality of lubricating oil. A well on "Horseneck," when first opened, flowed 40 barrels, and afterward only water; but when properly tubed, and a new seed-bag supplied, it flowed 1000 barrels daily for three days.

On the territory from French Creek to Bull Creek, on the Ohio River and tributaries, operations are quite brisk. Twenty-five wells have been put down, and nearly fifty more are in process of boring. Many wells are going down on French Creek. The "Gillfillen" Well, on "Horseneck," is 250 feet deep, and at one time yielded 500 barrels per day. On "Rawson's" Run there are two wells, one of which yielded, when first opened, 700 barrels daily, and the other 45 barrels. On the Little Kanawha, at "Burning Spring," many productive wells have been found, yielding at one time from 25 to 1000 barrels daily.

The Ohio oil regions are located principally in Washington, Morgan, and Noble counties. The city of Marietta, situated at the mouth of Great Muskingum River, is one of the oldest places in the State, and is where all Ohio oil speculators congregate. The Ohio lands have very rich surface indications, and promise to be as fruitful as any yet discovered in the country. Capitalists from all parts are flocking to these new regions, and are taking up all of the lands they can get on the Great and Little Muskingum Rivers, Duck Creek, Cow Run, Pawpaw, East and West Branches of Duck Creek, Whipple Run, Wolf and Federal Creeks.

New oil lands have recently been discovered in Adams and Sciota counties, on the Ohio River, about ninety miles above Cincinnati. The surface indications are very promising—such as oil on the water in the marshes and water-courses, the upheaval of the sand rock, and hills of shale saturated with petroleum, one ton of which has produced by distillation fifty gallons of oil. Some 5000 acres have been purchased here by the New York and Ohio Petroleum Company, now operating.

In sinking a well for oil many curious and wonderful discoveries have been made. On the lands belonging to the Story and M'Clintock Petroleum Company, of New York, located on Caldwell's Creek, near Titusville, in sinking a well in October last the drillers passed through a layer of rock four feet in thickness, at the depth of forty feet; and another layer, six feet thick, at the depth of fifty-six feet; and at the depth of seventy feet, after passing through two thick layers of hard rock, the drill passed through a log eighteen inches in diameter.

Oil wells are put down to a variety of depths, from 100 to 1100 feet. The mode of sinking a well is as follows: After the spot is decided upon, which is in most cases in the lower bottom lands, a stake is driven into the ground at the spot where the bore is to be commenced. A derrick is built, from twelve to sixteen feet square at the base, and about forty feet in height, running to a point at the top. The engine-house is erected, and the necessary ma-

chinery made ready within. Sections of iron pipe, six inches in diameter, are then driven into the ground, by means of a pile-driver, until the first layer of rock is reached, which, in most cases, is found at a depth of thirty-five or forty feet below the surface of the ground. Great care is taken that this iron pipe is driven plumb. After the rock is reached, and the earth within the pipe is removed, a block and tackle is rigged at the top of the derrick, and the drilling tools, weighing in some cases 900 pounds, are hoisted up and dropped into the driving-pipe down to the rock. A temper-screw is then attached to the top of the drill by means of a rope, and made fast to the end of a walking-beam. The walking-beam is a heavy horizontal piece of timber, supported in the centre by a Samson-post. The other end of the walking-beam connects with the driving pulley by means of a crank. The engine drives the pulley, the end of the walking-beam rises and falls, and thus the drill is raised and lowered at will. At intervals, during the process of drilling, a tool called a "Reamer" is inserted in the well, and the bore is increased to the proper size. A sand-pump is a metal case from five to ten feet in length, constructed with a valve at the bottom. This sand-pump is lowered into the well at intervals, and when it reaches the bottom the valve opens and admits the borings, and when the pump is raised the valve closes, and the contents are brought to the surface. After the bore is thus cleaned the drill is once more inserted, and the drilling is continued.

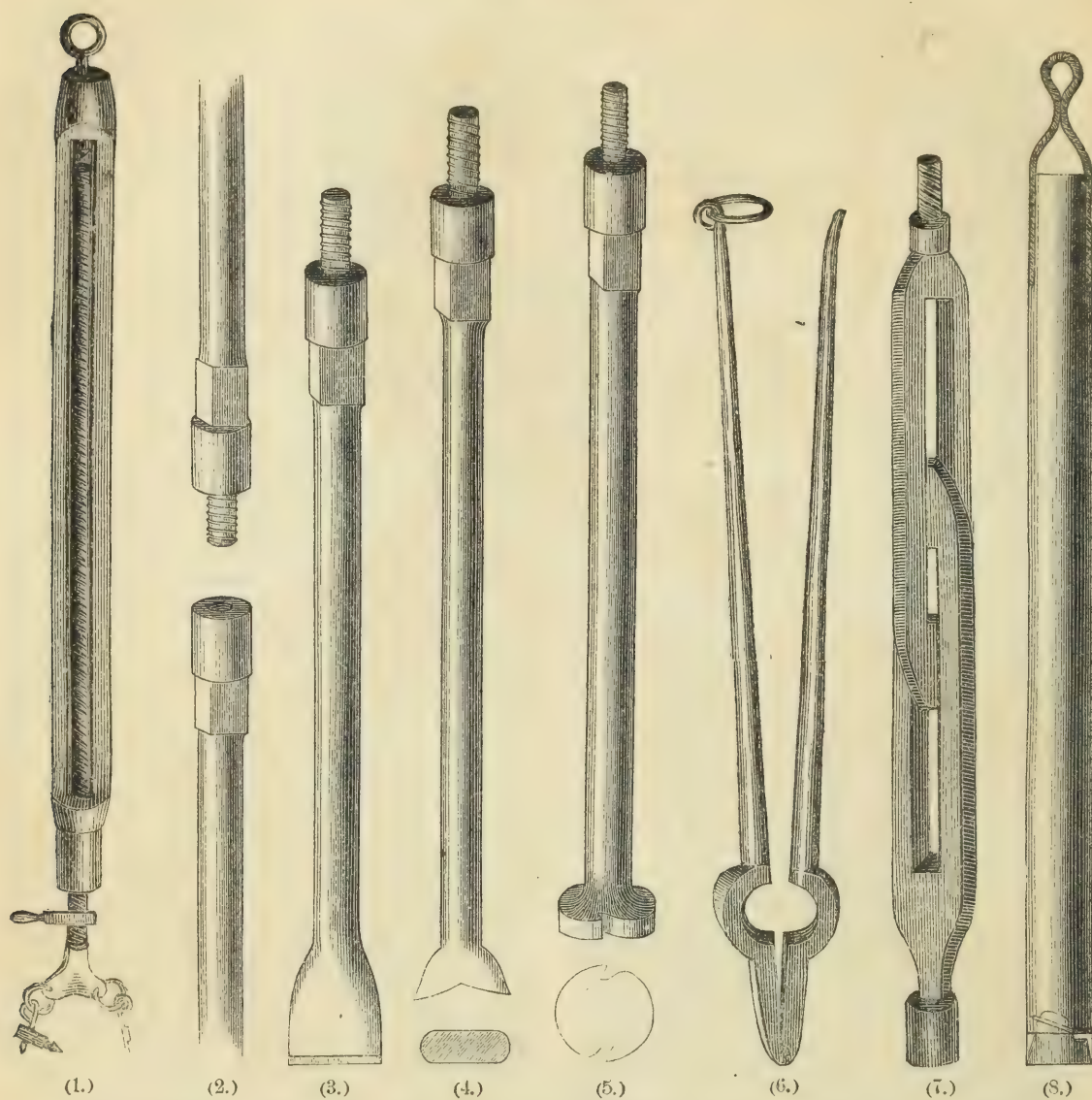
In boring a well a correct journal is kept, showing the different kinds of rock and earth passed through, and the exact points where water-courses, gas, or shows of oil are found. If a large vein of oil is struck, the well is immediately tubed with a 2 or 2½ inch iron pipe, put together in sections. The water from water-courses and the surface water is prevented from flooding the well by means of a leathern bag, called a seed-bag, filled with flax-seed, which is placed on the outside of the tubing and within the earth chamber below the water-courses. When the flax-seed becomes saturated with water it swells, and completely shuts off all communication with the bottom of the well on the outside of the tubing.

If the vein of oil struck proves to be large, and the pressure of gas is sufficient, the oil will flow out without the aid of a pump; but in most cases a pump is required, in which case a copper working barrel is placed at the bottom of the well, and attached to the lower section of the tubing, with a valve at the bottom. The upper valve is connected with a sucker-rod, the end of which is attached to the end of the walking-beam. The tanks or tubs to receive the oil are mostly made of wooden staves, and are located at some distance from the well, and are connected with it by means of iron tubing attached to the spout of the pump, and through which the oil flows.

It is almost impossible to give the exact cost



## IMPLEMENTS USED IN BORING.



1.—Temper-Screw.—2. Drill-Stem.—3. Drill.—4. Reamer.—5. Round Reamer.—6. Pipe-Tongs.—7. Jarr.—8. Sand-Pump.

of sinking and completing a well at this time. Prices vary in different localities, and the cost of drilling ranges from \$2 to \$3 50 per foot. Including all of the necessary equipments, the present cost of sinking a well complete would be between five and six thousand dollars.

Naphtha, the lightest variety of petroleum, is found in Persia. It consists of carbon 82.20, and hydrogen 14.80, and is the only fluid free from oxygen. The next variety found is the petroleum proper, or American petroleum, which is a much heavier and thicker fluid. Another variety is found, called maltha, which is less fluid than petroleum, resembling tar or pitch. In Derbyshire is found still another variety, called "elastic bitumen," which is flexible and elastic, and about the weight of water. The last variety, called "compact bitumen" or asphaltum, is black in color and solid like coal, its specific gravity is 1 to 1.6. In the island of Trinidad is a lake, three miles in circumference, that is now one solid mass of black compact bitumen, which is supposed to have been at one time a lake of liquid petroleum.

No positive conclusions have yet been arrived at, giving any correct idea of how deep down in the earth the greater basins of petroleum are to be found. The oil from the largest flowing and pumping wells so far discovered is obtained from beneath the third sandstone. Several large producing wells have been sunk without finding this third sandstone. It is, however, believed by most of the experienced borers that the great basins are yet to be discovered at the depth of from 1500 to 3000 feet, where a never-failing supply of petroleum will be reached. It is believed by some that the formation of petroleum is still rapidly going on in the laboratories of Nature, and that enormous quantities of carbonated hydrogen gas, which accompanies the oil, is undoubtedly evolved in its formation, and were it not constantly forming would soon all escape, and flowing wells would be an impossibility. It is impossible, however, to fathom the hidden mysteries of the petroleum world below. Astronomy can pierce the depths of space, but Geology can only guess what is going on a few thousand yards below our feet.





BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

## HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

## V.—MILITARY ADVENTURES BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI.

General Banks Supersedes General Butler.—Farewell.—Effects of Conciliation.—The Opelousas Expedition.—Marchings and Battles.—Corps d'Afrique.—The Texas Expedition.—Brief History of the Lone Star.—Sam Houston's Career.—Texan Secession.—Treason of David E. Twiggs.—War Incidents.—Heroic Death.—Sabine Pass Expedition.—The Red River Expedition.—Triumphs and Disasters.—War's Romance and Ravage.

**I**N the fall of 1862 General Banks was ordered to New York City to take charge of an expedition being fitted out at that port. This consisted of a fleet of nearly fifty vessels, one

half of them steamers, and a force of about ten thousand men. The destination of this fleet was kept a profound secret from the country. Even the officers who accompanied it were ignorant of its purpose.

"General," said one of them to the commander, "we want to know what kind of climate we are going to, in order to know whether to provide ourselves with thick or thin clothing."

"Provide yourselves with both," was the reply, "and then you will be sure."

On the 15th of December this fleet arrived at New Orleans. Its object was to strengthen the



military power in Louisiana, redeem the entire State from rebel control, co-operate with General Grant above, in re-opening the Mississippi River, and operate in various expeditions in the trans-Mississippi district. General Banks superseded General Butler. The latter was ordered to report at Washington. He issued on the same day a farewell address to his soldiers. His language resembled, in its terse, laconic character, the eloquence of Napoleon, whom he may almost be said to have rivaled in the vigor of his administration :

"I greet you, my brave comrades, and say farewell!

"This word—endeared as you are by a community of privations, hardships, dangers, victories, successes military and civil—is the only sorrowful thought I have.

"You have deserved well of your country. Without a murmur you sustained an encampment on a sand-bar so desolate that banishment to it, with every care and comfort possible, has been the most dreaded punishment inflicted upon your bitterest and most insulting enemies.

"You had so little transportation that but a handful could advance to compel submission by the Queen City of the rebellion.

"Landing with a military chest containing but seventy-five dollars, from the hoards of a rebel government you have given to your country's treasury nearly half a million of dollars, and so supplied yourselves with the needs of your service that your expedition has cost your Government less by four-fifths than any other.

"By your practical philanthropy you have won the confidence of the 'oppressed race,' and the slave. Hailing you as deliverers they are ready to aid you as willing servants, faithful laborers, or, using the tactics taught them by your enemies, to fight with you in the field.

"You have met double numbers of the enemy and defeated them in the open field. But I need not farther enlarge upon the topic. You were sent here to do that.

"I commend you to your commander. You are worthy of his love.

"Farewell, my comrades! Again farewell!

He addressed himself also to the citizens of New Orleans; defended himself, for the first and last time, in a few brief words, from the calumnies that had been heaped upon him; and appealed to their own consciousness to testify that no one had suffered under his command who had conducted himself with propriety. In a few scorching words he unveiled the hypocrisy of England's assumed horror at his supposed severities :

"I do not feel that I have erred in too much harshness; for that harshness has ever been exhibited to disloyal enemies of my country, and not to loyal friends. To be sure I might have regaled you with the amenities of British civilization, and yet been within the supposed rules of civilized warfare. You might have been smoked to death in caverns, as were the Covenanters of Scotland by the command of a general of the royal household of England; or roasted, like the inhabitants of Algiers during the French campaign; your wives and daughters might have been given over to the ravisher, as were the unfortunate dames in the Peninsular war; or you might have been scalped and tomahawked, as our mothers were at Wyoming by the savage allies of Great Britain in our own Revolution; your property could have been turned over to indiscriminate 'loot,' like the palace of the Emperor of China; works of art, which adorned your buildings, might have been sent away, like the paintings of the Vatican; your sons might have been blown from the mouth of cannon, like the sepoy of Delhi; and yet all this would have been within the rules of civilized warfare, as practiced by the most polished and the most hypocritical nations of Europe. For such acts the records of the doings of some of the inhabitants of your city toward the friends of the

Union, before my coming, were a sufficient provocation and justification.

"But I have not so conducted. On the contrary, the worst punishment inflicted, except for criminal acts punishable by every law, has been banishment, with labor, to a barren island, where I encamped my own soldiers before marching here."

He recounted in the same terse and powerful language the principal acts of his administration, and conjured them to return to their allegiance; then declared plainly the only obstacle which prevented such return, and the way to deal with it :

"There is but one thing that at this hour stands between you and the Government, and that is slavery.

"This institution, cursed of God, which has taken its last refuge here, will be rooted out, as the tares from wheat, although the wheat be torn up with it.

"I have given much thought to this subject.

"I came among you by teachings, by habit of mind, by political position, by social affinity, inclined to sustain your domestic laws, if by possibility they might be with safety to the Union.

"Months of experience and of observation have forced the conviction that the existence of slavery is incompatible with the safety either of yourselves or of the Union. As the system has gradually grown to its present huge dimensions, it were best if it could be gradually removed; but it is better, far better, that it should be taken out at once than that it should longer vitiate the social, political, and family relations of your country.

"I am speaking with no philanthropic views as regards the slave, but simply of the effect of slavery on the master. See for yourselves. Look around you and say whether this saddening, deadening influence has not all but destroyed the very frame-work of your society."

On the following day General Banks by public proclamation assumed command of the Department of the Gulf, to which was now added the State of Texas. The change in commanders was very generally believed to be in consequence of a desire on the part of the Government to pursue conciliatory measures. The policy pursued by General Banks confirmed this hypothesis. He suspended all public sales of property on account of the United States until further orders. He released a number of political prisoners. His inaugural proclamation was of a conciliatory and persuasive character. It was followed in ten days by another accompanying the President's emancipation proclamation, the object of which seemed to be to demonstrate to the rebels' satisfaction that "the war is not waged by the Government for the overthrow of slavery," and that the only way to secure its preservation was by a return to the Union.

These measures, however, accomplished no good results. They encouraged but did not conciliate the rebels. The order which had been preserved under the more stringent rule of his predecessor was followed by growing disorders. The soldiers were insulted in the streets. Indecent and threatening letters were sent anonymously to various officers. Jefferson Davis was publicly cheered by crowds of men and boys. Thus experience demonstrated the necessity of rigor.

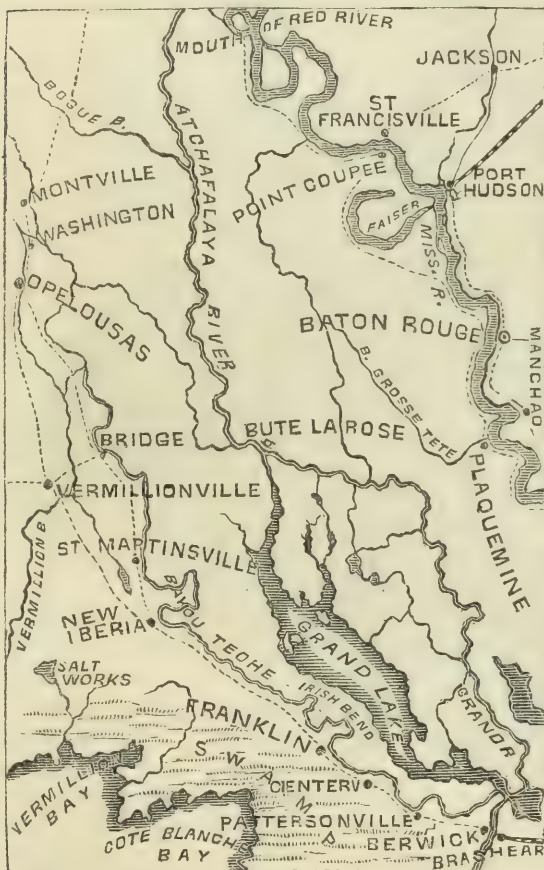
General Banks found himself compelled to change somewhat his tone. He gave public notice that offensive demonstrations of any kind



would be instantly and severely punished. He confirmed the order of General Butler assessing, for the support of the poor, those rich secessionists who had subscribed to the secession fund. And he thus demonstrated both his ability and his purpose to preserve order by measures of severity should those of conciliation fail.

Thus passed the winter of 1862-'63 in arranging the civil government, and in preparing for military movements in the spring. The military operations of General Banks in the Department of the Gulf naturally range themselves under four great expeditions. The Port Hudson, the Opelousas, the Texas, and the Red River expeditions. The first we have described in our last Number. It is to the other three we now direct our readers' attention.

#### THE OPELOUSAS EXPEDITION.



West of the Mississippi River lies an exceedingly rich and fertile section of country. It is intersected by numerous bayous and large lakes, and embraces much of the richest lands in the State. It is called by the Southerners "The Paradise of the South." The rebels, not anticipating any attack from the Union soldiers in this quarter, had put in their crops as usual. A small force was stationed in the heart of this section for its protection; and its efficiency was greatly increased by the presence of a small gun-boat, the *Cotton*, which, threading with ease the innumerable bayous and lagoons, afforded very efficient protection against any mere land-forces.

In the midst of this region, some seventy-five miles west of New Orleans, in a straight line, is Lake Chetimacha. It is connected with the

Gulf of Mexico by the Atchafalaya River. Near the head of this river, and not far from the shore of the lake is Brashear City, connected with New Orleans by the New Orleans, Opelousas, and Great Western Railroad, of which it is the present western terminus. Flowing into this lake is the Bayou Teche, which rises in St. Landre parish, and flows thence in a southeasterly direction through the towns of Opelousas, Martinsville, and Franklin. After the capture of the capital of the State the remains of the rebel State government had retreated to Opelousas, where the rebel Legislature was in fact assembling in accordance with a proclamation of the Governor on the very day on which General Banks assumed command of the Department of the Gulf.

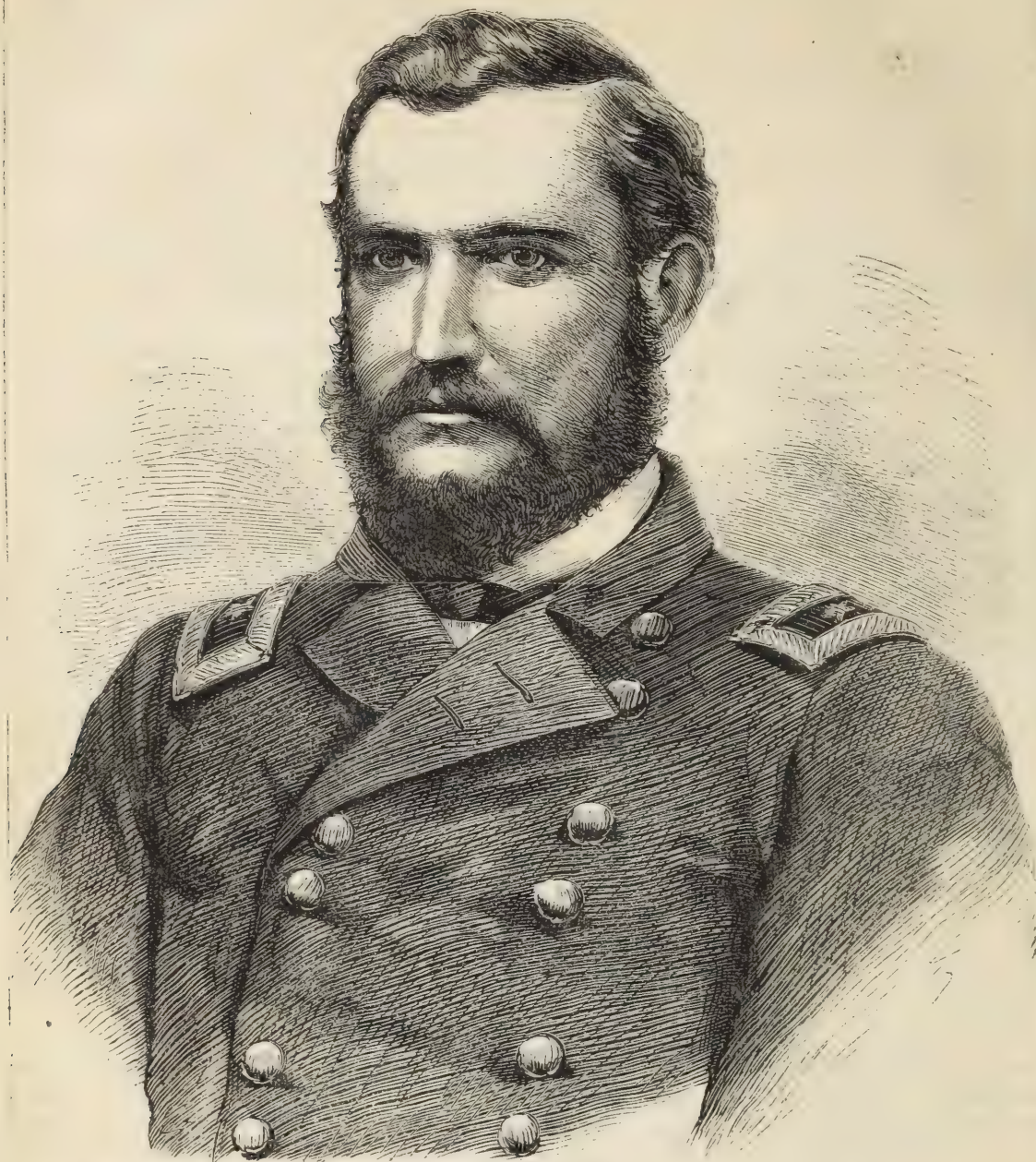
In October previous General Butler had fitted out a double expedition for the purpose of destroying the rebel gun-boat, capturing rebel crops, especially cotton, and obtaining possession, or at least control, of this part of Louisiana. A fleet of five vessels left New Orleans, sailed up the Atchafalaya River, passed Brashear City, and entered the Teche River. Here, however, they found formidable obstructions and land batteries, and were compelled to withdraw from the pursuit of the rebel gun-boat until the land-forces should arrive.

Meanwhile General Weitzel, with a brigade of five regiments, left on transports, landed at Donaldsonville on the Mississippi River, and commenced a march across the country to join the fleet at Brashear City. About nine miles beyond Donaldsonville they met the enemy, who were drawn up in line of battle to receive them. But after a short though brilliant engagement, the rebels ignominiously fled, leaving two hundred and sixty-eight prisoners in General Weitzel's hands, with one piece of artillery. During the remainder of his march he met with little or no resistance.

The negroes flocked in great numbers to his camps, each bringing some palatable addition to the soldiers' otherwise hard fare. The people, surprised to be kindly treated, learned to regard as friends those whom they had been taught to look upon as enemies. The retreating rebels burned their warehouses, destroyed their crops, took whatever they wanted, and made no other recompense than Confederate scrip. The patriot army provided the rural population with a valuable market in New Orleans for such articles as their professed friends had not stolen or destroyed, and paid fair prices for what they took. Meanwhile the Opelousas Railroad, destroyed by the rebels, was repaired by a force moving directly west from New Orleans, and thus communication was opened between General Weitzel and the former place.

Joining the fleet at Brashear City early in January, the combined expedition proceeded up the Teche River. Here they found formidable preparations made to resist the further advance of the expedition. Rifle-pits and concealed batteries were planted on the shore. Torpedoes





GODFREY WEITZEL.

and obstructions were placed in the river. The position of the land defenses, flanked by an impenetrable swamp, was such as to prevent a successful attack by the national infantry. And after a brief but gallant engagement the fleet were compelled to fall back. One principal object of their expedition, however, was accomplished. For the rebels, fearing that another attack might prove more successful, and determined not to allow their gun-boat to fall into the hands of their antagonists, applied the torch to the steamer, and floated her down toward the national fleet, one sheet of flame.

Satisfied for the present with this measure of success, General Weitzel retired to Thibodeaux, near the Opelousas River, which he made his head-quarters.

Such was the condition of affairs when General Banks undertook a second expedition up the Bayou Teche. Early in April he rendezvoused his forces at Brashear City. They were organized in two divisions, one under the command of General Emory, the other commanded by General Grover. General Banks accompanied the expedition in person. The rebels had already provided a strong line of intrenchments near Franklin. A palisade of piles and earth, three feet high, protected by a natural ditch or bayou, extended for several miles from the lake on the east, across the Teche River, to impassable swampy woods on the west. The passage of the river itself was most effectually obstructed by the rebels; while the lake and swamp prevented any flank movement.





LIVE-OAKS ON THE TECHE.

The position was a strong one, and easily defended by a small number against a vastly superior force. General Banks sent General Grover with his division to effect a landing on the shore of the lake in the rear of these works, while he advanced upon them in front with General Emory's division. The movement proved successful. General Grover's landing was in vain resisted. After a brief engagement the enemy were routed and compelled to take refuge in the woods and canes. Advancing upon them, General Grover drove them before him until he had nearly reached the bank of the river. Meanwhile Generals Banks and Emory advanced directly upon the rebels by land from Brashear City. Their advance was hotly but vainly contested by the rebels, who gradually fell back to their breast-works. The successes of General Grover had rendered these untenable, and at length, on the 14th of April, after three days of fighting, the enemy abandoned their position altogether, and beat a hasty retreat. Two of their gun-boats and three transports they destroyed to prevent their falling into the Federal hands. One other was destroyed by the Union gun-boats after a hot engagement on the lake.

In this battle General Banks shared all the dangers of the front in common with his soldiers. At one time he and his staff became a mark for the guns of a rebel gun-boat. One or two shells having struck near them, General Banks ordered them to disperse, and rode slowly away himself toward another part of the field. A correspondent present felt inclined to condemn his bravado.

"I expected to see them gallop off at double-quick," said he; "but what was my surprise when I saw them walking their horses as if they were going to a funeral!"

The result proved the superior judgment of the General. In a few minutes a shell from the boat, well-aimed, struck the ground half a mile distant, just about where he would have been had he galloped instead of walking away from the scene of danger.

Curiosity is sometimes stronger than fear. At one period in the engagement a part of the infantry lay concealed upon the ground while a skirmish line was thrown out in advance. The shot and shell were whistling over their heads. Any head exposed became straightway a target for the enemy's batteries. But it was impossible to lie still, ignorant of the events which were transpiring. All along the line heads were raised, one after another, to reconnoitre the field. Some even, in their eagerness, stood upright. The most positive command from the superior officer passed unnoticed. Nor was he able to secure their concealment, till he had threatened to arrest the first man who showed himself to the enemy. The fear of arrest was greater than the fear of shot and shell. The true soldier dreads dishonor more than death.

General Banks left the rebels no time to recover from the effects of their disastrous defeat. Reveille at four, breakfast at five, march at six, was the order given the morning after the battle. First Franklin, then Iberia were taken possession of by the Federal forces. In both places were large foundries. So precipitate was the rebel retreat that they had no time to destroy



them. Pushing rapidly forward, meeting the enemy again at Bayou Vermilion, and compelling them to fly, passing the vicinity of Grand Coteau, on the 20th of April, eight days after leaving Brashear City, General Banks entered in triumph the city of Opelousas.

During this time he had defeated the enemy in a hotly contested battle, taken two thousand prisoners, two transports, and twenty guns, and either destroyed or compelled the destruction of eight transports and three gun-boats. He had effectually protected New Orleans from an attack which the rebels had boastfully threatened, and had obtained possession of one of the richest regions of the entire South. Quantities of stores and provisions had also been captured by him. From Opelousas, too, he sent out expeditions into the surrounding country, and on the 7th of May a part of his forces entered Alexandria, which had already the day before surrendered to Admiral Porter, who, operating from above in connection with General Grant, had advanced upon it with his fleet by way of Red River. Hundreds of negroes had flocked to the Union standard during this expedition. The plantations were large, and their owners held many slaves. Soon after his occupation of Opelousas, General Banks issued a proclamation providing for the organization of African troops in regiments of five hundred men. He designed eventually an organization of eighteen regiments. It was to be termed the "*Corps d'Afrique*."

General Banks, after a fortnight's rest, marched east, recrossed the Mississippi River, and commenced operations against Port Hudson. The rebels reoccupied Opelousas. The west bank of the Mississippi swarmed with guerrilla parties, who fired on the passing boats. On the 23d of May Brashear City was recaptured, with 1200 prisoners, sick and well, and a large quantity of stores, by a party of Texans. But the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson left them without the hope of retaining what they had obtained, and by the middle of July the rebels commenced to withdraw again from the Southern Paradise, once more pursued by General Banks's victorious forces. Such, in brief, is the history and result of the Opelousas expedition.

#### TEXAS AND THE TEXAS EXPEDITION.

For many years Texas has been the chosen home of America's voluntary outlaws and ex-



SCENERY ON THE TECHE.

iles, and the scene of deeds of daring and desperation, which in the Middle Ages would have been termed chivalric; but which in the nineteenth century, with truer judgment, we characterize as barbaric. For years it was without any settled government. Both Mexico and the United States claimed it as their territory. The people acknowledged allegiance to neither, nor did they possess any stable government of their own. Their almost sole judiciary was Judge Lynch. Their chief reliance for government was in extemporized vigilance committees. Its condition was like that of the Israelites in the time of the Judges—"every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Its people were like those that gathered about David in the wilderness—"every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented" sought refuge in the wilds of Texas. Horse-thieves, counterfeiters, robbers, murderers—in short, all the vagabonds whose crimes had made the States a dangerous residence sought and found security in this territory.

Its condition was such as to invite thither such a population and exclude all others. When the United States bought Louisiana, in 1803, we bought into a quarrel. The boundary line between the French and the Spanish possessions was unsettled. The United States claimed under her purchase to have acquired all the country to the Rio Grande. Spain claimed rights even east of the Sabine River. Where thus each nation claimed the right to govern neither exercised it efficiently. Filibustering expeditions, organized often in the United States, though never by its sanction, entered from time to time this territory, and endeavored to expel the Mexicans and secure an independent government. Of these the most notorious in history is that of the celebrated Aaron Burr. At length, in 1819, by treaty between Spain and the United States, the much vexed question of



boundary was apparently settled. Florida was ceded to the United States, and all territory west of the Sabine was guaranteed by the United States to Spain. We say apparently. The Southwest did not acquiesce in this treaty; nor did it prevent the continuation of individual revolutionary enterprises. Meanwhile the great fertility of the soil, salubriousness of the climate, and mineral wealth attracted thither a large emigration, in spite of the disadvantages to which we have referred. A French and German population sought and settled in Western Texas. Colonies, chiefly from the Southwestern States, settled in its eastern portion. Land speculations increased this emigration.

Under Colonel Austin a colony of eight hundred families settled in and about the county which now bears his name. Thus the residents of Texas had very little in common with the government under which they were placed. It treated them often with gross injustice. It proved itself quite incompetent for their adequate protection. At length, in 1835, after some unsuccessful attempts to secure a better government in the Mexican Republic, they proclaimed their independence, and in a brief but decisive campaign of a few short months secured it. In this campaign the Texan troops were commanded by General Sam Houston, then in the forty-third year of his age, and in the zenith of his fame and power.

The life of General Houston is full of romance and adventure. He was born in Virginia, March 2, 1793; taken by his widowed mother to Tennessee while yet a boy; abandoned school because he could not agree with his teacher about his studies; ran away from a store, employment in which was too confining for his tastes; lived among the Indians as an adopted son of one of their chiefs for three years; returned home; entered the army as a private at the age of twenty; earned by his bravery promotions and the lasting friendship of General Jackson, under whom he served; obtained the appointment of Indian agent, in which office he distinguished himself by his zeal in preventing the importation of negroes through Florida, then a Spanish province, into the States; resigned his commission in the army; studied law six months; was forthwith elected prosecuting attorney, and honorably acquitted himself in this position; gained such popularity as to obtain almost without opposition any office the State of Tennessee could give him; was elected, first, Major-General of Militia, then Representative to Congress, then twice Governor of the State; in 1829 separated from his wife, resigned his gubernatorial office, left Tennessee forever to make his home thenceforth with the Indians; proved a faithful and valuable friend to them; accomplished the removal of several Indian agents for fraud; wearied in turn of this half savage life, emigrated to Texas; assumed at once a prominent position in this then nebulous republic as General-in-Chief of all her forces; defeated and captured Santa Anna, and secured

the independence of the State in a brief but brilliant campaign; left the military command of the Lone Star Republic to accept its presidency; proved himself as able and efficient in managing its civil affairs as he had in wielding the sword; represented her subsequently for two successive terms in the Senate of the United States; left the Senate only to be made Governor; and continued, until a short period previous to his death, the most popular, as he certainly was the most able, man which the State contained.

The little republic of Texas thus launched, unfurled for its banner the Lone Star. Alone, indeed, it was, and for nine years maintained against the most serious difficulties a struggling and precarious existence until 1845, when it was annexed to the United States, under the administration of President Polk.

Neither the population nor the institutions of Texas are homogeneous. The western counties are settled chiefly by French and German emigrants. They are divided into small farms and plantations, and are tilled by free labor. These people are, upon principle, warm opponents of the slave system, with which they possess no sympathy, in which they have no interest. The eastern counties, on the other hand, are settled largely by political and commercial adventurers from the States, chiefly the Southwest. There are but few of them wealthy enough to be large slaveholders, but they are among the most virulent supporters of the system. Except in the wildest counties of Arkansas and Missouri, it would not be easy to find any where a more desperate class than are assembled in some parts of Eastern Texas.

Still the number of slaveholders is not large. In 1850, out of a population of 212,592, but 7747 were slaveholders. Most of their slaves were apparently household servants. Only a little over 450 of these slaveholders possessed more than 20 slaves. The general sentiment of the State is sufficiently indicated by the fact that in August, 1859, General Sam Houston, then sixty-six years of age, was triumphantly elected Governor of the State. Southern in birth, education, sympathy, and sentiment, he had nevertheless strongly opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and eloquently defended the petition of the 3000 clergymen of New England against it; and he was the distinctive and outspoken candidate of the Union party. It was upon this record he was chosen Governor.

Immediately after the election of President Lincoln in the fall of 1860, both parties in the State of Texas began to take sides. At first it was evident that the Union party were largely in the majority. The Governor was himself entirely opposed to secession. In the western counties of the State the feeling was almost unanimous. Even in the capital strong Union demonstrations were made. An enormous popular meeting was held as late as December. A Union pole was raised, the Stars and Stripes





SAM HOUSTON.

were unfurled, and the national airs were played in the midst of an assemblage the largest which had ever been gathered in the city of Austin. But that same timid inaction which proved so fatal to the Union cause in other States proved equally so here. The Governor, advanced in years, and worn-out by the adventurous life which he had led, longed for repose. Instead of boldly treating treason to the punishment it deserved, he temporized and tampered with it. He would not follow in the lead of fiery South Carolina; but he condemned the imagined invasion of Southern rights by Northern politicians, and demanded a union of the Southern States for their mutual protection. He did not think secession was necessary; but he was clear abolitionism was a crime. He would not call the Legislature together; but he summoned the people to elect delegates to confer in a general Convention with delegates from the other slaveholding States. He would not plunge at once into the vortex of the whirlpool; but he

would sail gradually around at the circumference for the purpose of examination.

Dreams of past adventure were sometimes enkindled in the bosom that dared not bare itself bravely to the present and inevitable conflict. He hinted at a possible separation of the State, alike from North and South; the conquest by military arms of its ancient enemy Mexico, and the establishment of a new Southwestern Confederacy. Let us not deal uncharitably with the memory of General Houston. His weakness was his greatest fault. The old man of nearly three-score years and ten was unable to sustain the reputation of the hero of forty-two. If General Houston had been ten years younger the rebel leaders in the State would never have dared what they did.

He refused to call a Convention. An irresponsible call, signed by sixty-one individuals, was issued. He refused to summon the Legislature. It was summoned to meet by one of its own members. A brave man would have called





DAVID E. TWIGGS.

the authors of such revolutionary proceedings to instant account. The punishment of a single ringleader would have saved the State from civil war. But Governor Houston dreaded the conflict which he saw was impending. He took, unwittingly, the very measures to hasten it. He had resisted importunity. He had not the courage to face revolution. He convened the Legislature, but urged them to delay calling a State Convention, and endeavor still to preserve, if possible, the Union. His recommendations were contemptuously disregarded. He should have expected nothing else. They legalized the illegal call for a Convention already issued. They laid on the table resolutions for delay in the secession movements. They condemned coercion. They provided that if an ordinance of secession were passed by the Convention it should be submitted to the people.

The Convention assembled one week after the act of the Legislature legalizing it. The Union party in the State had paid no attention to the

first call, signed by irresponsible secessionists. Living in a State but little blessed with railroads and telegraphs, they possessed no intimation of the action of the Legislature until long after the day of election had gone by. In nearly half the counties no election was held at all; in others it was but the merest pretense; in many instances not more than a quarter of the legal voters went at all to the polls. A Convention thus elected was almost unanimously for secession. An ordinance was passed in less than a week after it assembled. Delegates were elected to the Southern Congress. A Committee of Safety was appointed, who effectually took the Government out of the hands of General Houston. In eighteen days after the passage of this ordinance it was submitted to the people. It was carried by a large majority. But many voters either refused to vote or were prevented doing so. The vote was 17,000 less than at the Presidential election. The Governor refusing to acquiesce in the action of the Convention,





the gubernatorial chair was declared vacant in March, 1861, and Lieutenant-Governor Clark was directed to assume the place of Governor Houston. Thus cavalierly treated by the secessionists, and despised by the Union party, whose cause his weakness had betrayed, he lived a few months in disgrace at the capital of the State, vainly endeavored to retrieve his fallen fortunes by yielding a tardy acquiescence to the secession cause, and died six months after his expulsion from the chief office of the State, neither honored by his friends nor respected by his foes.

The military operations in the State of Texas were of some importance in their results, but of little in their intrinsic character. At the time of Mr. Lincoln's election General David E. Twiggs was in command of the United States forces in the State of Texas. Before as yet the secession of the State had been accomplished he surrendered the entire army and property of the United States to the traitors in the State, and received as the reward of his treason a commission as Major-General in the Confederate Army. Other detachments of United States troops were easily made prisoners, but

were released on parole. The revenue cutter upon the coast was seized, and a vessel which had come to Texas from the North to supply the light-houses was also taken possession of. All citizens of the North were warned to leave the State. The payment of all debts due the North was suspended.

The most cruel and relentless persecution of all loyal men was commenced. The German residents of the western counties were driven from their homes, and in many instances cruelly massacred for no other crime than their loyalty and their Free State principles. The General Government, surprised by the treachery of General Twiggs, and compelled to concentrate all their troops for the defense of the national capital, was obliged to leave the citizens of Texas to protect themselves. The Federal fleet, however, blockaded the coast soon after the consummation of the State's secession. The surrender of Galveston was demanded in May, but no attempt was made to enforce compliance with the demand until October, when Commander Renshaw, with a fleet of four steamers, took possession of the place. No attempt at its recapture was anticipated. No sufficient



precautions were taken to guard against such a possible catastrophe.

The city of Galveston is situated on a long, low, narrow island of sand. It is connected with the main land by a bridge, some two miles in length. Upon the shore commanding this bridge the rebels had planted batteries. No attempt had been made to dislodge them from this position. The bridge even had not been destroyed. For a considerable time no infantry even occupied the town. It was considered to be sufficiently guarded by the presence of the Federal fleet. The *Harriet Lane*, a revenue cutter converted into a gun-boat, stood sentinel at the island end of the bridge. It probably afforded a sufficient protection against any land attack. No attack by water seems to have been anticipated or even thought of. The latter part of December, 1862, some regiments of infantry were ordered from New Orleans to Galveston. Not quite three hundred had already arrived. More were on their way. The previous fleet of four vessels was increased by two more. In a few days the Federal force would have been strong enough to have assumed themselves the offensive. But those few days were not allowed them.

For in the mean time the Confederate General Magruder had been preparing to attack the place. Two steam-packets, running between Galveston and Houston, were fitted up as gun-boats. They were protected by bulwarks of cotton bales. One of them was manned by a squad of sharpshooters. Early in the morning of the 1st of January the rebel batteries opened on the *Harriet Lane* and the infantry in the city. The latter could only reply with their musketry, having no guns. The former replied with a vigorous fire. Almost at the same time she discovered the rebel gun-boats coming from the bay. She signaled for assistance. The *Westfield*, flag-ship, started to her aid, ran aground, and was thus left *hors du combat* in the very beginning of the engagement. The *Clifton* exhausted her energies in vain efforts to pull the *Westfield* off the bar. The *Owasco* dared not venture up the uncertain channel, which had already proved so perilous to her companion, and contented herself with engaging the enemy's batteries on shore. The rebel steamers built for these shallow waters had the *Harriet Lane* at their mercy.

Struck amidships with a tremendous blow, boarded by an overwhelming force, she was not surrendered until her commander had fallen dead, bravely defending his vessel to the last. The defense of the town thus destroyed, it fell necessarily into the rebel hands without further struggle. The gallant commander of the fleet, Commodore Renshaw, finding all efforts to rescue his flag-ship vain, determined it should not fall into the rebel hands. He allowed his men fifteen minutes to transfer themselves and their baggage to a neighboring transport. He himself prepared the vessel for destruction. For fifteen minutes the most intense activity prevailed. Then all were ordered out of the ship.

The last boat awaited the Commodore's presence. Another, filled with men and baggage, waited close at hand. The Commodore was the last to leave the vessel. He stepped down the stairway into the waiting gig. A few minutes more and all would have been well. But he had hardly taken his seat when a thick cloud of smoke rolled up from the hatches of the vessel. A bright flame leaping up followed close upon it. Then in an instant there followed an explosion which shook the bay, as though an earthquake trembled underneath it. The air was filled with the fragments of the ill-fated vessel, and dark with the smoke of its explosion. For some unexplained cause the explosion had taken place prematurely, and when the smoke had lifted neither boat was to be seen. The Commodore had perished with his ship. The rest of the fleet immediately abandoned a harbor which was no longer tenable.

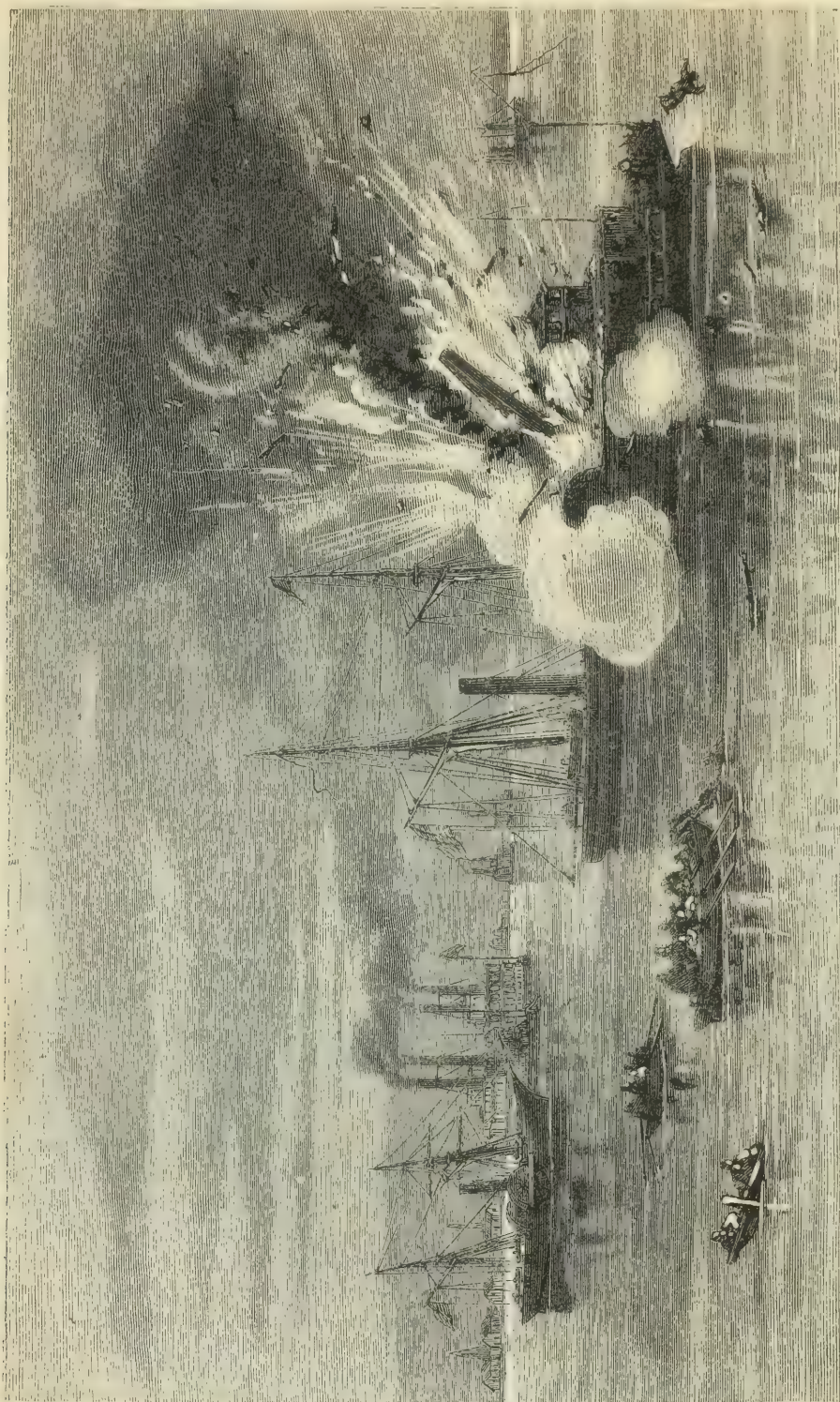
None of the military movements which have taken place in Texas can be considered of great importance. It was too far removed from the seat of war to afford a field for very active operations by either side. Texas has indeed furnished to the Confederate army as many soldiers in proportion to her population as any other rebel State. But they have fought chiefly upon other fields. Texas has furnished large quantities of supplies to the rebel armies. The chief object of the national Government seemed to be to cut off these supplies, while the rebels endeavored to open some one of the harbors which lie along her coast to the commerce of other nations.

Immediately after the recapture of Galveston General Magruder issued a proclamation declaring the blockade raised, and inviting commerce to the port. But it is hardly necessary to say that the national fleet was too vigilant to allow the invitation to be accepted. On the 21st of January the blockading vessels off Sabine Pass, two in number, were captured, during a dead calm, by two rebel steamers with cotton bulwarks. They were instantly pursued by the Union gun-boats. One of the captured prizes was burned to prevent its recapture. Again General Magruder, by public proclamation, declared the blockade raised; and Commodore Bell, by counter proclamation, warned all concerned that it was as effectual as ever, and that merchant vessels attempting to carry on illicit traffic would do so at their peril.

In September, 1863, General Banks fitted out an expedition under General Franklin, to occupy the mouth of the Sabine River. It consisted of four thousand men, and four steamers. The expedition proved an entire failure. Two of the gun-boats, disabled by a shot through the boilers, at almost the first fire, fell into the rebel hands. Another ran aground and escaped with difficulty. The expedition returned without effecting any injury whatever upon the enemy.

A month later General Banks took command in person of an expedition the object of which was the occupation of the Texan coast. He landed at the mouth of the Rio Grande River,





THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WESTFIELD.

and successfully occupied, without serious opposition, most of the coast of Texas, from its western boundary nearly to the city of Galveston. This campaign, however, produced no important influence upon the general results of the war, and was marked by no striking incidents or important battles.

The rebel leaders in Texas complain bitterly of the manner in which their State has been treated by the Confederate authorities at Richmond. They say her troops have been summoned to other fields, and she herself has been left defenseless. They even threaten to secede from Secession, and set up an independent South-

ern empire. It is certain that the national control of the Mississippi River forever separates them from the heart of the Southern Confederacy. In truth the battles of Texas and Arkansas were fought on that river. Their fate was determined at Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

#### THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

Northwestern Louisiana, rich in all agricultural products, had long supplied the Southern Confederacy with various products. Apparently beyond the reach of the Federal armies, it was stored with immense quantities of cotton. A railroad runs from Shreveport at the extreme



LANDING AT THE RIO GRANDE.



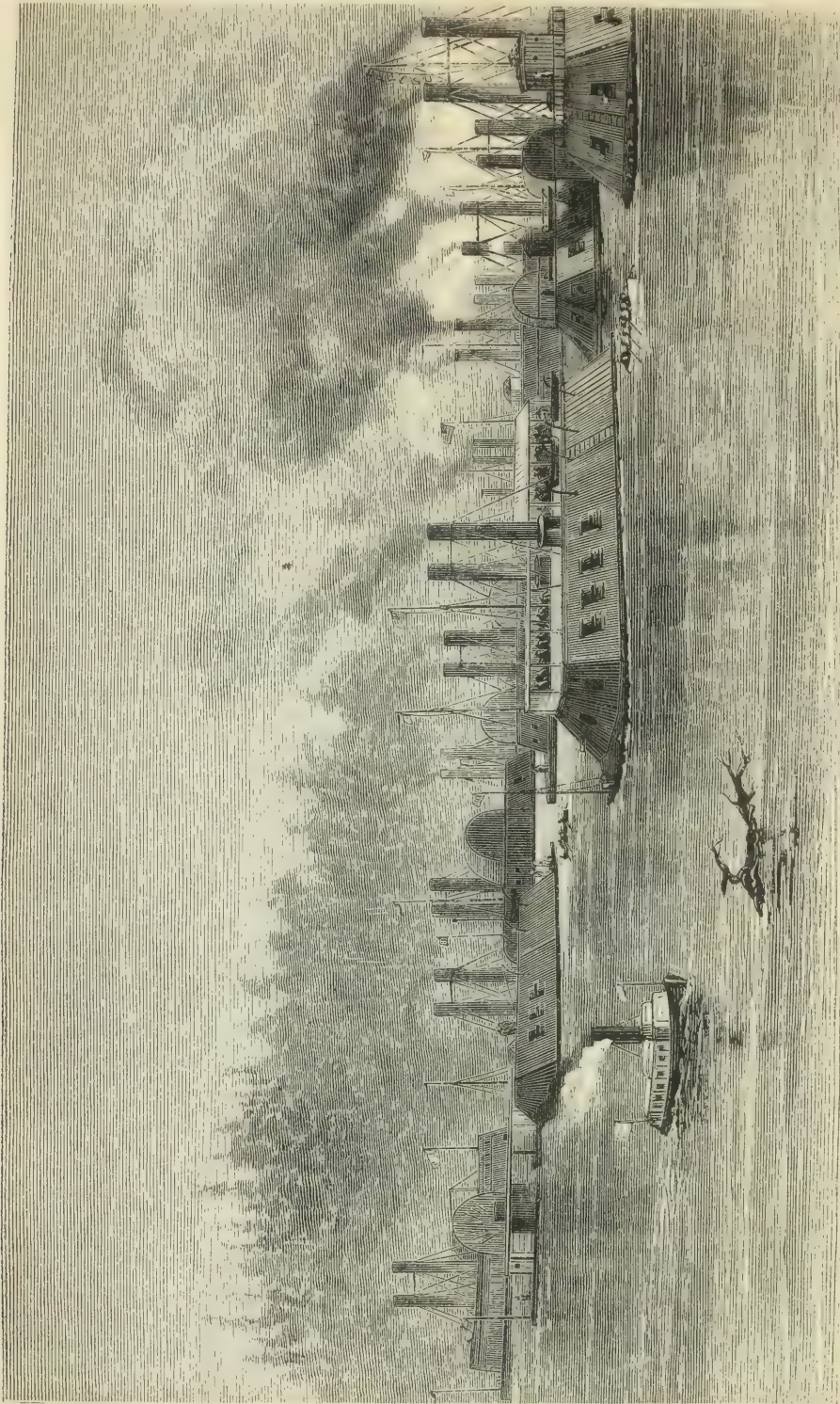
western boundary of the State east to Vicksburg. The Red River, an important tributary of the Mississippi, flows southeasterly across the State through this region, at once watering the country through which it flows and furnishing an otherwise inaccessible region with easy access to the markets.

Upon the west bank of this river, about one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, is situated the town of Alexandria, a place of some two or three thousand inhabitants. It had been temporarily occupied by General Banks in his Opelousas expedition, but necessarily abandoned again when he withdrew his forces to lay siege to Port Hudson. Early in the spring of 1864 General Banks fitted out an expedition for the

purpose of entering and occupying this territory. He withdrew for this purpose a part of his forces from Texas, concentrating them in and about New Orleans. He divided the army into three corps. He commanded the expedition in person. General Franklin was second in command. Admiral Porter, with a fleet of gunboats and transports, co-operated in the movement.

The rebels, however, were better prepared for resistance than they had been at the time of the previous Opelousas expedition. They constructed a strong fort on the Red River below Alexandria. They entitled it Fort De Russy. A formidable work, quadrangular in shape, with bastions and bomb-proofs covered





PORTER'S FLEET.

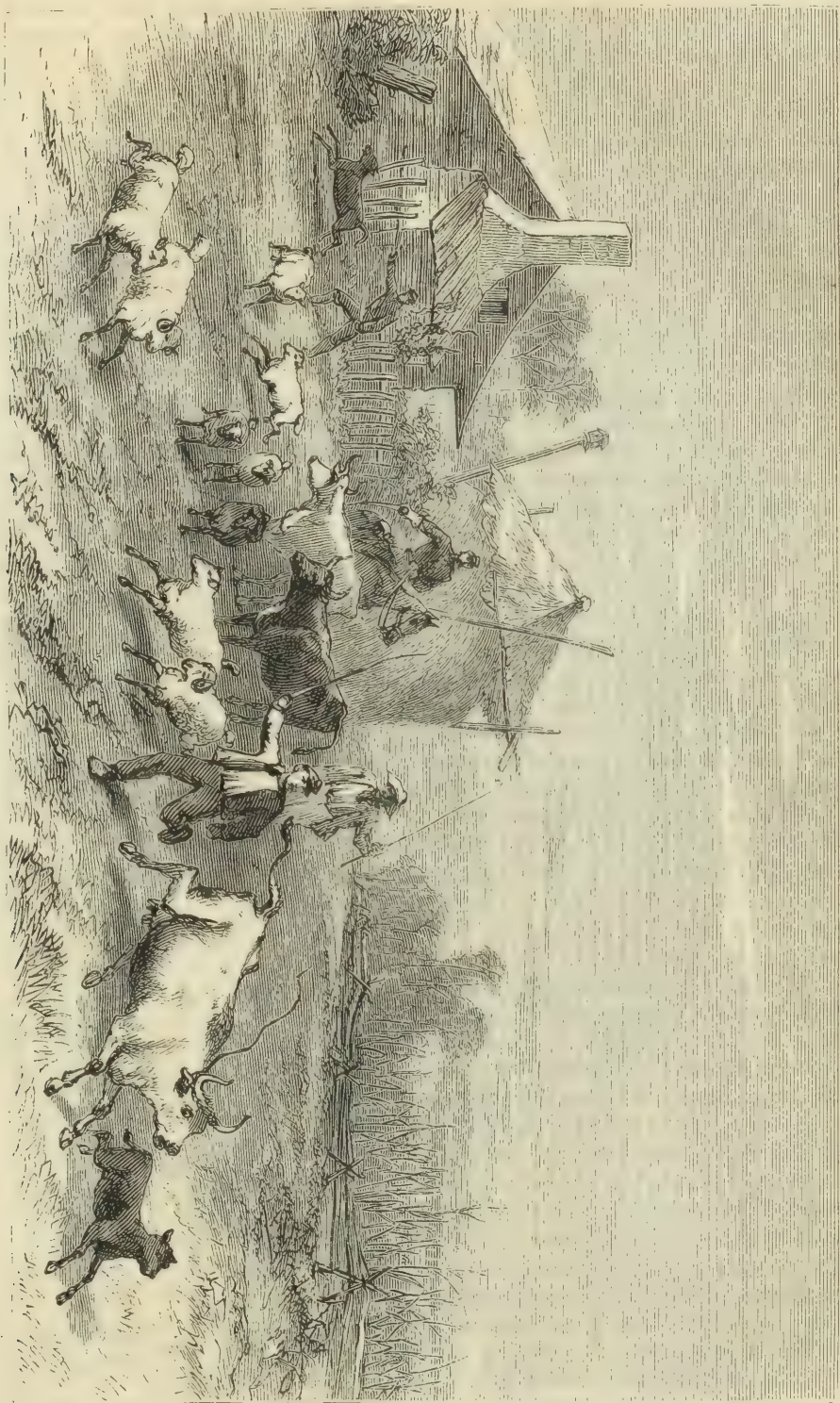
with railroad iron, strengthened by a powerful water-battery, the whole located in a commanding position, it must be captured or destroyed before the fleet could ascend the river. General Dick Taylor occupied it with a large force.

General Franklin landed from transports early in March, a few miles below this fort, to co-operate with the gun-boats in an attack upon it. General Taylor determined to attack him before the rest of the Union force should come up, and marched out of his works for that purpose. But he committed the fatal mistake of attacking his foe in the rear. General Franklin was quick to avail himself of his enemy's blunder, aban-

doned his communications, refused battle, and marched straight for the now vacant fort. General Taylor saw his error too late to retrieve it, and hastened after his antagonist in vain. The Union army entered the fort, three hours in advance of the rebels, unopposed, capturing, without a battle, 325 prisoners, 10 guns, a lot of small-arms, and large stores of ammunition. Thus, by a military blunder, the rebels lost the entire advantage of their year's engineering labor, the fleet passed up the river without opposition, and occupied Alexandria on the 15th of March, the army entering it the day following. The rebel army fell back further up the



FORAGING IN LOUISIANA.



river. It was soon increased by timely reinforcements. General Magruder joined it with 2500 Texans, and General Price with 7000 infantry from Missouri and Arkansas. The entire force was commanded by General Kirby Smith.

Meanwhile the residents of Alexandria suffered alike from friend and foe. Such cotton as was found in store was seized by the fleet as its lawful prize, while orders were given by the rebel commander to burn that which was stored along the river to prevent it from falling into the Federal hands. Rebel cavalry overran the country executing the order. Thousands of bales were thus destroyed. The people, as

usual, suffered no less from the protection afforded by their friends than from the captures and confiscations by their supposed enemies.

Near the northwestern boundary of Louisiana is the town of Shreveport. This was supposed to be the ultimate destination of General Banks's expedition. Here, therefore, strong fortifications had been erected; obstructions had been placed in the river; provisions were here accumulated sufficient to last for a siege of six months. The events which followed rendered it unnecessary for the rebels to make use of these their last resort. After about ten days' delay at Alexandria, where General Banks concentrated his forces and prepared for their future movements,



he commenced his march. The gun-boats succeeded in passing the falls in the river, which are situated at this point. The army took up its line of march by land. About thirty miles above Alexandria the Federal advance met the rebels strongly posted at Cane River. Their force was considerable, and their position advantageous; but after a short engagement with artillery and skirmishers a general charge was ordered, and the rebels beat a hasty, though well-ordered retreat. This was on the 28th of March.

The army were in high spirits. They thought they were sweeping easily all before them. The rebels were said to be disorganized and dissatisfied. A correspondent had already written:

"It is useless for them (the rebels) to attempt to keep back the irresistible column which General Franklin will hurl against them."

This confidence, apparently shared alike by officer and private, increased by the victory so easily gained at Cane River, brought to a disastrous issue what, more prudently conducted, might have proved a successful expedition. The Union army pressed rapidly forward. The rebels as rapidly retreated. Grand Ecore was passed. Natchitoches (pronounced Nakitosh), capital of the parish of that name, was occupied without opposition; and on the 6th of April the army continued its advance toward Shreveport. At Grand Ecore the road leaves the river bank. It passes through Natchitoches four miles from Grand Ecore, the nearest river town. Then it enters heavy pine-woods. A single road conducts through this uncleared forest. It affords excellent opportunities for ambuscade.

The Union army no longer enjoyed the formidable protection of the gun-boats. The rebels had purposely avoided battle until they could fight without being compelled to encounter these greatly dreaded foes. The elated army, however, neither anticipated nor prepared for serious resistance. The cavalry, five thousand men, constituted the advance. It was commanded by General Lee. They were followed by their wagon-train. Several miles in the rear was the nearest infantry force. This was the Thirteenth Army Corps. The Nineteenth Corps was still further in the rear. On the 7th the cavalry found its progress somewhat resisted. There was slight skirmishing, but nothing worthy of the name of a battle. But on the following day General Lee sent back for reinforcements. He had driven the rebels some eight miles. They had at length made a stand from which he was unable to dislodge them. General Ransom with two divisions was ordered forward to his assistance. Nothing like a general engagement was expected or prepared for. General Ransom indeed urged awaiting the arrival of the rest of the army; but he was overruled.

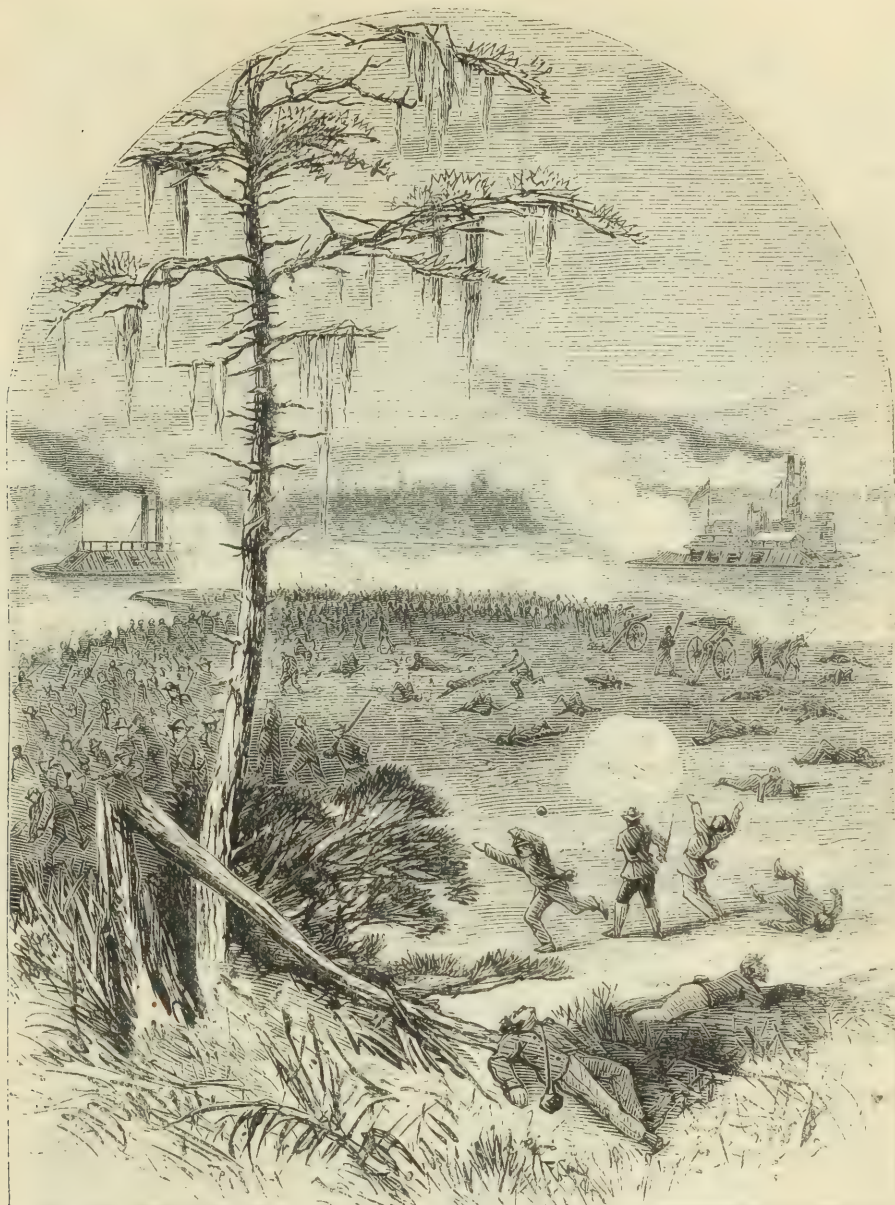
An order to charge upon the rebels was given. It was obeyed. The issue proved the greatness of the mistake. The rebels, under cover of the trees, had formed an ambuscade in the shape of an enormous V. The devoted sol-

diers, entering the opened wedge at its base, charged upon the apex. The wings then closed upon them. They were mowed down by a terrific fire both from front and either flank. The cavalry was thrown into disorder, and began to retreat down the road filled with the infantry. The wounded and dying were trodden under the horses' feet. The infantry, surprised by the murderous fire from a concealed foe, were thrown into utter confusion by the retreating cavalry, who, completely routed, cantered in wild disorder through their lines. An attempt was made to withdraw and meet reinforcements from the Nineteenth Corps further back; but the single narrow road was effectually blockaded by the cavalry wagon-train.

An orderly retreat was impossible. Soon all was in the utmost confusion. "Let every man take care of himself!" became the universal cry. General Ransom made the most heroic efforts to rally his men—but in vain. Generals Banks and Franklin, hearing of disaster, hastened to the front, and mingled in the thickest of the fight. The first-named officer was severely wounded in the knee. General Banks received a shot through the hat, and narrowly escaped capture. The wagon-train could not be carried







ATTACK ON THE GUN-BOATS.

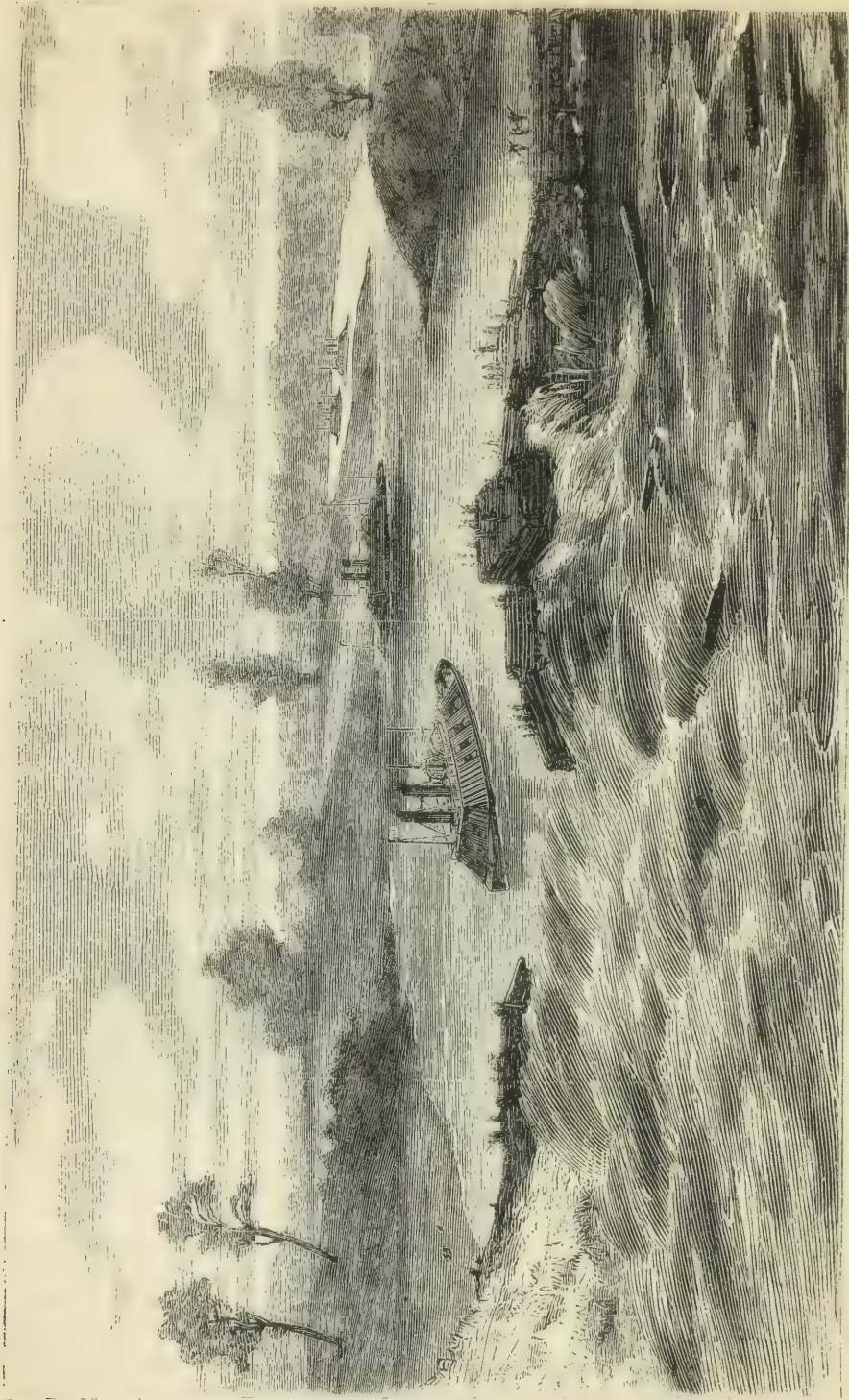
off, and was abandoned to the enemy. Twenty guns fell into the rebels' hands. Among these captures was the Chicago Mercantile Battery. The Federal loss was very heavy. General Franklin is reported to have said that the scene was far more terrible, and the rout more complete, than any thing at Bull Run. One regiment came out of the encounter with but fifty-eight men. Nearly half of the Thirteenth Corps were placed *hors du combat*. The entire army was only saved from utter demolition by the timely arrival of reinforcements from the Nineteenth Corps and the darkness of approaching night. This engagement is known by the name of the Battle of Mansfield. There seems little reason to doubt that the disaster was the result of mismanagement. General Banks, supposing that he was pursuing a retreating and disorganized foe, was led into a trap, from which he barely succeeded in extricating himself and his command. He engaged the enemy with but two divisions of infantry, expecting only a skirmish,

and totally unprepared for a general engagement.

The night of the 8th was full of anxiety. The national army continued its retreat during the darkness, and arrived at Pleasant Hill by early dawn of the 9th—a distance of from twelve to eighteen miles. Here the army, which had been so disastrously defeated only because it fought in fractions, was concentrated. General A. J. Smith, with the Sixteenth Army Corps, held the right; General Franklin, with the Nineteenth Corps, held the left. The Thirteenth Corps, exhausted and almost destroyed by the previous day's fighting, was unable to participate in the anticipated battle.

The army being thus posted to receive an attack, if one should be made, General Banks ordered the retreat to continue to Grand Ecore. The wagon train was immense. It took nearly all day to get it started. The rebels made no attack until toward evening. Then they assailed at once the entire line. It was about





PASSING THE DAM.

five o'clock when the attack was made. At first it proved successful. The Federal soldiers were forced back for nearly or quite half a mile. Several guns were captured. The moment was critical. The reserve line was reached. Here, however, the patriot host made a new stand. The rebels charged upon it with fiery purpose, in two lines—one close behind the other. They were greeted with a terrific fire from concentrated batteries of artillery and thousands of rifles. They trembled and recoiled before the shock. No time was given them to recover from its effect. General Smith ordered a charge. With a wild shout the undaunted soldiery obeyed the command; and the rebels

broke and fled, leaving the Union army in possession of the field.

The victory of Pleasant Hill neutralized the disastrous defeat of Mansfield, and saved General Banks's army from threatened annihilation. But that was all. The bleeding and broken fragments of an army left after these terrible encounters was in no condition to continue an expedition which was, indeed, hazardous at the best. The impatient wishes of the soldiery, who were anxious to pursue the fleeing foe, were restrained, and the Federal retreat was continued to Grand Ecore. The fleet, under Admiral Porter, which had already ascended the river to within eighty miles of Shreveport, was ordered



to return. The rebels, who now swarmed the river-bank, opened upon it, but after a brief engagement were driven away with great slaughter. After a short rest the Federal army continued its retreat to Alexandria. They were followed by the rebel forces; stragglers were picked up by prowling guerrillas; and an attack was made upon the Federal rear-guard, but it was repulsed with heavy rebel loss. Arrived at Alexandria the adventures of the expedition were not at an end. At this point is a considerable fall in the river. The water, which was now at a low stage, was insufficient to allow the vessels to pass the rapids. Obstructions were placed by the rebels in the river below. The fleet had entered a trap from which it seemed impossible to escape. But an ingenious engineer, Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, contrived and constructed a dam, 600 feet in length, across the river, at the falls. He thus formed a sort of temporary lock, which enabled him to extricate the entire fleet from its perilous position. This accomplished, General Banks evacuated Alexandria, continuing his retreat to the Mississippi. So ended the Red River expedition.

### MISS MILLIGAN'S SERMON.

ON a fine summer day, about ten years ago, the early train going eastward received two female passengers in deep mourning, who being unattended, had come to the station half an hour before the proper time. One of these ladies was advanced in years, and wore a widow's cap. The other, about four-and-twenty, strongly resembled her, except that where a fixed expression of gravity, if not sorrow, appeared on the face of the widow, there was a naturally arch and almost roguish cast on the features of the younger woman. A very careless observer would have guessed that these persons were mother and daughter. Time seemed to show, by the ravages which he had made in the beauty of the elder lady, what would be the daughter's fate some day. He had turned the yellow locks to a drab-like silver, and the varying complexion of bright youth had faded into a delicate paleness. Still the young face and the old face were alike in this—both were pleasant to look upon. The name on their trunks was marked very plainly "Milligan," and the baggage-master had carelessly chalked under it "Wingham," from which we may infer that this was the destination of our travelers.

Mrs. Milligan was very recently widowed. One of those men whose mission it is to get themselves and all their friends into trouble during their whole existence, had just died, leaving, as such people generally do, a helpless family behind him. The city home was broken up, the furniture sold, every debt scrupulously paid, and all the money that they had left was three hundred dollars, which Miss Milligan had prudently fastened in the lining of her dress. They were going to live in a place which had once been a sort of home to the widow in her

early youth, and this place was called Appledore.

Miss Milligan did all that she could to make her mother comfortable. She arranged the car window so as to admit the June breeze without the June sunlight. She made the seat more easy by spreading her shawl over it, and as Mrs. Milligan sank wearily into it the affectionate girl tried to refresh and revive her with Cologne water and a fan. A look full of tenderness rewarded the daughter's devotion.

After a time those mysterious sounds which announce the departure of the train made themselves heard. There was the usual quantity of shaking, snorting, grinding, hallooing, and whistling, and they were off. Miss Milligan took the morning paper out of her pocket, and her mother went to sleep very comfortably. The young lady was distracted from her journal by the various odd figures which are always to be seen among the traveling public. Lanky men, much troubled as to what they should do with long legs and tall umbrellas; old ladies, very apprehensive that they had got in the wrong car; large family parties, carrying baskets full of apples, pea-nuts, and oranges, which they began to eat as soon as seated; naughty boys who *would* run at full speed through the train; politicians squabbling about the candidates for Governor; Miss Milligan, with her gentle but sarcastic smile, looked at, and was amused with them all. Only for a few moments. A name returned to her mind with great interest, and this name was Appledore. It is a place so small that you can not find it on any map; but it was to be the home of her mother and herself; and we are all selfish enough to feel as if any place that *we* are to inhabit must have a special value of its own.

In the first place, Miss Milligan did not wish to go to Appledore. To gratify her idolized mother she would have consented to almost any thing; but considering, as she did, what was to happen when their slender means were exhausted, and anxious by every exertion to guard this dear mother from privation, Miss Milligan could imagine no possible future for them in this little country place. Her only resource, as a career, seemed to be that of a governess, and to this she had some time before made up her mind. She meant to submit to her fate, and do as well as she could, but she felt pretty sure that Appledore was no place for her. Here, I think, she was wrong. Any place was a good one for Miss Milligan, for cleverness and good sense will always be needed in this world. She could speak good French, and also good English (not an invariable accomplishment), she sang and played finely, and was exceedingly well-read. Nor was this all. She knew how to manage and keep a house with prudence, comfort, and elegance. She could make pies and puddings, cut and fit dresses, and had a decided taste for sewing and embroidery. But a marked quality, indeed one that must immediately strike any observer of



Miss Milligan's character, was an abhorrence of defeat, a determination to snatch success, which was a sort of augury of the future.

Our young friend sat revolving various plans in her mind, almost unconscious where she was, when she was aroused by the sound of a loud nasal voice two or three seats off. This voice said, "We're a long way from Appledore yet." Miss Milligan turned and saw that the speaker was a young man of about twenty-five, with sandy hair, a turned-up nose, and a set of features expressing dullness mingled with a sort of cunning. The drollness of this man's appearance was much increased when he added to the number of sleepers in the car, which he soon did. His goggle-eyes closed, a large and ugly mouth fell open, and with his rough locks standing in every direction, he was a spectacle for a caricaturist. "Beauty in repose!" said Miss Milligan to herself; and on the fly-leaf of a French book which she had with her she made, with an end of lead-pencil, a rough, comic sketch of this odd figure. Then, opening the volume carelessly, she became interested in it, and soon forgot the drawing and its subject. Meantime the long and tedious day wore on. The train stopped for refreshments, and people got in and out; Mrs. Milligan woke and went to sleep again with great regularity, and her daughter continued to read. The day waned, and at about sundown the Milligans were aroused by the loud voice of the conductor calling out, "Wingham!" This was the name of the place where they were to take a carriage for Appledore; and Miss Milligan, hurrying her mother along, had just secured her trunks, and was about to step into a conveyance of the country sort, when she saw that the back seat contained the very model of her sketch, now awaked to life and vivacity. "We want to go to Appledore," said Miss Milligan to the driver of the vehicle. "Step in here, ladies," said the sandy-haired man; and with that he awkwardly took himself out of the back seat which he had appropriated. With polite acknowledgments the ladies accepted his civility. He placed himself beside the driver, with whom he seemed to be well acquainted, and an interesting dialogue commenced.

"Well, what's the news, Hiram, since I went away?"

"Well, not much; that's a fact. Jones's gray mare's gone lame."

"What's the matter with her?" inquired the sandy-haired man, who had a straw in his mouth.

"Ring-bone," replied Hiram, concisely.

"Did it rain here a' Sunday?" inquired the first speaker.

"I guess it did, pretty smart. You was preachin' to Middleboro, wasn't ye?"

"Yes. Halloo, Hiram. Stop at the Post-office, can't ye? Ladies, I hope 'twill be no offense?"

"None, Sir," returned Mrs. Milligan; and "Beauty," as Miss Milligan privately called him, and the Rev. Salem P. Cooley, as he was

called by the world, scrambled out of the little carriage.

"Is that gentleman a clergyman?" asked Mrs. Milligan of the driver.

"Yes; he is our new minister," replied the reticent Hiram. After a few moments he added, "He hain't ben here long."

An interval of profound silence ensued, when Hiram, driving the flies away from his horses, remarked,

"He don't *look* like a smart chap any how."

"I should not suppose him *one*," said Miss Milligan, rather hastily.

"Folks think so though," said Hiram. "Deacon Tinkham has took a powerful likin' to him. He says he's a most various preacher."

"What?" inquired Miss Milligan.

"Well, p'raps that ain't the word; but what I mean is, the Deacon says he's sure he won't get tired on him, for he hain't never heerd him preach twice alike."

Hiram's remarks were cut short by the return of the Rev. Mr. Cooley, who shambled into the rockaway, with a couple of newspapers in his hands. One of these, bearing the name of the *Independent Shout of Freedom*, he opened and began to read; but Miss Milligan, who watched his proceedings with a strong desire to laugh, remarked that his attention seemed to be principally directed to the advertisements. Meanwhile the two rough horses started off, and another hour or two brought our travelers to Appledore. It was a pretty place. Imagine the long village street of white houses in trim gardens, the wide green, and the lofty elm-trees, and Appledore, as it looked on this June evening, is before you. Glad enough were our tired friends when they and their properties arrived safely at the Widow Kimball's, where two quiet rooms had been engaged by them some weeks before. Hiram and Mr. Cooley had jogged on to a house at some distance.

Mrs. Kimball was glad to see Mrs. Milligan, whom she remembered very well, some forty years back, as a pretty young girl in Appledore. The widow saw a good many changes in her old acquaintance and herself since those days. Mrs. Milligan, once so handsome, rich, and gay, was now grown old, grave, and poor; while Betty Green, the sewing girl, who many a time had toiled for the young beauty, was now comfortable and wealthy—of course I mean for Appledore.

Perhaps it was not without secret satisfaction that Mrs. Kimball, while pouring the tea for her company, out of her best tea-pot, footed up the balance of Time's losses and benefits to them both, and brought it out a good deal in her own favor, though by this I don't mean to say that she was a bad-hearted or malicious woman. But when she remarked what a fine girl Miss Milligan was, and how completely devoted to her mother, and reflected that *she* had no attached child to cling to her in her old age, and that her hard-earned dollars would all go to an indifferent set of relations, about whom she cared no-



thing, *then* I say, she thought the Fates had not used her very well after all.

"I expect I seen Mr. Cooley a sittin' along with Hiram as you come in," said Mrs. Kimball. "He's ben away for a spell."

"Betty," said Mrs. Milligan, "I never was more surprised than by the appearance of that rough-looking Cooley. There is nothing clerical about him."

"Dew you think so, Mrs. Milligan? He's reckoned uncommon smart."

"That is amazing, for he has a foolish countenance. Nature has written him down an ass."

Mrs. Kimball's face bore a look of dismay; but as she could never shake off her awe of one who had befriended her, and always seemed immeasurably above her, she turned the conversation by saying:

"Dew you calc'late to go up to the old place? It's all changed there now."

"So I suppose," said the lady with a sigh. "My dear old aunt and uncle are gone, and the family long dispersed. But we shall walk up there probably. I wish, my child, to see the good old home of former times. But, perhaps, we can go to our rooms, Betty?"

Mrs. Kimball ran to bring her lodgers two of those vile camphine lamps, still to be seen in the rural districts, and the mother and daughter gladly retired.

When Miss Milligan woke the next morning from roseate dreams to find the "blue ethereal sky" shut from view by an equally blue paper curtain, and likewise discovered that a pitcher holding about one pint of water had been judged sufficient for her morning's toilet, her pretty mouth pouted sadly, and two bright tears of disgust fell on Mrs. Kimball's shabby little pillow, as my young friend exclaimed, "Oh, this horrid Appledore!"

The sound of a bell fell on her ear, and diverted her thoughts. It was Sunday morning, and Miss Milligan, as she looked from the window, and at the risk of instant decapitation from the unmanageable sash, took a view of the landscape, felt a pleasant calm steal over her. While dressing, she determined to conceal from her mother her own opinion of things at Appledore. So effectually did she enact her part, that that lady when she appeared, far from detecting the pious fraud, really thought her child was as happy to be in the village home of her youth as she was herself. Was not my little friend an amiable humbug? Well, so she was, and so most kind, self-sacrificing women are. If they did not thus deceive friends, countrymen, and lovers, just tell me how we should all get on. Better to be deceived for good than for evil; a little bit *ruse* the fair sex is known to be, and always will be *in secula seculorum*!

There was only one church in Appledore, and rather than remain at home the Milligans resolved to attend it, and listen to the teachings of the Rev. Salem P. Cooley. Plain indeed was the little building, but it had this in its favor, that it was quite unpretending; if there was no-

thing to admire, at least there was nothing to ridicule.

A clergyman, evidently a stranger, made a prayer; after which the lank form of Mr. Cooley rose in the pulpit, and Miss Milligan, who had composed herself to a quiet attention, felt all her ideas scattered immediately by the sight of his grotesque figure. She anticipated an effusion in keeping with the mind and attainments of the orator when he at once announced his text, which was taken from the story of Balaam. His critic waited in vain for any of the follies she had expected. The sermon was forcible, clear, and elegant; it bore the marks of a superior mind. Strange to say, it had for Miss Milligan the charm of being a previous acquaintance, and after the preacher had proceeded for a few moments, she no longer wondered at the interest he excited. With this sermon, indeed, she had long been familiar, for it was one of Bishop Butler's happiest efforts. That Cooley should so calmly preach it as original showed several things very plainly; his unblushing impudence, his ignorance, and his daring estimate (a correct one too) of the ignorance of his flock. Miss Milligan took a covert survey of the congregation as well as she could. It consisted of the farmers and their families, the doctor (who had been up all night with a patient, and was asleep in his pew), the few shop-keepers and mechanics in Appledore, and the girls from a country boarding-school about two miles off. Not a very critical audience! Deacon Tinkham, indeed, hearkened attentively to the discourse; and his remark that Mr. Cooley had never preached twice alike was now made quite clear to Miss Milligan. She saw that the little country church was provided with a minister, who perhaps too idle, but certainly too incapable to compose any thing original, and yet with a strong desire for applause, was practicing on his flock, and building up a reputation by making a free use of the labors of others.

As Miss Milligan returned home from church her mother spoke of the sermon in terms which showed that the good lady shared in the general unconsciousness of the deceit of the Rev. Mr. Cooley. She commended the preacher's remarks, and observed to her daughter that they had treated him with injustice, as the morning's effort showed that he must be a man of superior abilities. To these observations her daughter gave but little answer. Miss Milligan, indeed, who was sharp and shrewd beyond her years, and rendered a good deal more so by adversity, quietly determined to say nothing of the discovery she had made. She reflected that it was not for her to put herself forward in the matter; that a young unfriended woman is not the person to bring charges, and make enemies; and, finally, that least said is soonest mended. You see by these facts that my friend Miss Milligan was one of the women who not only can keep their own secrets but other people's as well. You might trust her as a friend with any confidences; she was too honorable to betray you



under any circumstances. But I must add that she was mighty slow to give you back any information about herself or her own affairs, and she often reminded me of the lady whom Pope means to be so severe upon, when he says:

"Secrets of yours are safe in Chloe's ear,  
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear!"

The great poet surely did not reflect when he penned these lines how many families have been ruined, and how many hearts broken, all for the want of a little sensible reticence!

On Monday morning Mrs. Kimball informed Mrs. Milligan that she feared she had made a mistake about letting the rooms they occupied. "You see them rooms is too dreadful low," said our friend Betty, apologetically. "After the letter had went I mistrusted I couldn't afford it after this month, and I kinder thought tew let ye know, and then there warn't time enough, so the difference ain't much any way."

"Not much certainly to most persons," said Miss Milligan, coolly, "but at present something to us. You ought to have known your own mind, Mrs. Kimball."

"Wa'al, ye see," returned that lady, "the ground-floor back is agoin' to be on my hands. Abby Peters, the cripple that's stopped with me eleven year, is agoin' to Hartford to her sister's to stay constant."

"So you want us to make it up?" said Miss Milligan. "I must say I think this is a rather unusual proceeding." And a flash of indignation gleamed from her blue eyes. Her mother was cooler, and could better allow for Betty's sordid views and narrow mind. Indeed the Widow Kimball was an odd specimen of character; she was not destitute of good feeling, and was far from unfriendly to the Milligans; but her long-hoarded gains had become so dear to her that not even for her most respected friends could she bear to diminish them. It was finally agreed that two rooms, less desirable than those they already occupied, should be assigned to the Milligans as soon as the month for which the engagement had been made was expired; and Miss Milligan, bored with the whole controversy, and sadly reflecting that altered circumstances must bring in their train many such vexatious petty trials, took a book in her hand, and set forth to explore the woods and fields about Appledore.

It was a bright morning. She followed the course of the little stream after it passed under the old stone bridge, and came to where it widens considerably; in fact, it seems more like a pond or small lake than a river. Just here she threw her shawl on a stone under a shady tree, and sat down to rest and look at the surrounding scene.

On this bright summer morning the face of nature wore no smile for Miss Milligan. She only contemplated her own and her mother's position. How small were their resources, and how soon, even with their economy, would they not be exhausted! And how cruel of her fate to plant her here in this obscure Appledore, where

her talents and her powers could be of no use to her! "This will never, never do," she thought. "Money must be made; I must make it; and to do this I must quit Appledore. To leave mamma will not be so hard as to see her suffer." As she mused on her troubles she did not observe that a man was fishing in a small boat a short distance from the bank. Presently he rowed nearer; her attention was arrested, and she saw that the coarse hands that pulled the oar, and the big limbs that sprawled over and almost out of the boat belonged to the Rev. Mr. Cooley. His pantaloons were turned up around his ankles, his clothes were wet and muddy, and the brim was nearly torn off his old straw-hat. In short, he reminded the lady of Robinson Crusoe, but without his man Friday. As he neared the bank he rose, bowed awkwardly, yet familiarly, to Miss Milligan, and leaving the boat, he hastened toward the stones where she was seated. He did not look much like a "minister of the Gospill," as he invariably pronounced it, as he advanced, with a tin pot containing worms in one hand, and a string of fish in the other.

"I hope I see you well, Miss," he began. "How is the old lady to-day?" Our young friend, who did not much enjoy this unexpected rencontre, answered politely but frigidly that her mother and herself were both quite well. Mr. Cooley, nothing daunted, seated himself on a stone at a little distance from Miss Milligan; and apparently considering that his toilet might be improved, he laid aside his fishing apparatus, and began to turn down his trowsers. And you, my reader, who know the world, will agree that this perhaps was as much an indication of the dawning of the tender passion as Benedick's "brushing his hat o' mornings." Having finished this operation before Miss Milligan, who contemplated flight, could make her escape our fisherman continued the conversation.

"I hope you're comfortable up to Kimball's?" said he, interrogatively.

"Not so much so as I hoped," said Miss Milligan. "At the end of the month we are to take two less convenient rooms at the same rate. Mrs. Kimball says she made a mistake."

"Well, I vow that's too bad!" exclaimed the Rev. Salem. "A tight one is Betty; I always knew that. Why don't you leave?"

"I don't see exactly that we could do much better. Mamma used to stay in this village when she was young, but knows nobody here now. She can not afford to pay any more than Mrs. Kimball asks her. I intended to give lessons, but from what I see of this place, I have concluded there is no opening here for any thing of the sort."

"Well, no. I should say there wasn't," said Mr. Cooley, reflectively. "There's the boarding-school at Pikeville, two miles off."

"Yes," said Miss Milligan, "I think I saw the scholars in church yesterday. Do you know if they are in want of a teacher there?"

"I'm afraid not," returned Salem, slowly. "It ain't any place for *you* any how." An un-



mistakable expression of admiration was painted on his rough features; that is, it would not have been mistaken had it been observed; but Miss Milligan was not thinking of him or his conduct. She was reflecting on her own affairs, and sadly pondered what course she ought to pursue.

"Mr. Cooley," said she at length, after they had both been silent a long time, "perhaps you may hear of something that will suit me. There are many things that I can do. I could teach children, or read aloud to an invalid, or sew, or embroider, or make preserves, or take pupils in French or German, or do copying, or ground young girls in history or belles-lettres."

Salem's eyes were wide open as Miss Milligan enumerated her accomplishments, and as she paused for breath, he exclaimed,

"Land of hope! You must be awful smart! What did you come to Appledore for?"

"Ah! what indeed!" said Miss Milligan. "Simply to please my mother, who wished to live here."

"I see you're a good daughter," said Mr. Cooley, nodding his head approvingly. "I was a good son to the old folks too, as long as they lasted. They made me a minister. I took to preachin' just to please them, though my taste has allers been for farmin'; that's a fact."

Miss Milligan was tempted to smile a little at this confession from a man who would have made a competent farmer, but had been persuaded by unwise parents to gratify them by entering a walk of life for which he obviously could never have been intended by nature, or fitted by any amount of education. Yet she failed not to perceive that this incongruous and even laughable position had, like many other things which seem ridiculous at first sight, its painful and pitiable side. She rose, intending to go home; but if she wished to rid herself of her companion she was unsuccessful, for Salem, taking up his fishing-tackle, prepared to accompany her.

"Wouldn't your mother like some fish?" he inquired. "I'll carry 'em home and give 'em to Betty myself. They'll be nice for tea or breakfast. Your mother was in church on Sunday, wasn't she?"

"Certainly."

"And how did you like the sermon?" asked Salem, unconscious of the pitfall beneath him.

"Do you wish me to tell you the truth?"

"Why yes, of course I do."

"Well, then, mamma thought the sermon very fine, and you a very superior man to have composed something so excellent; but as for me I did not think so."

Here Mr. Cooley was doubtful of the young lady's meaning, and with a puzzled look inquired, "What say?"

"I don't want to hurt your feelings," said Miss Milligan, gently; "but I repeat that I thought no better of your talents after hearing you preach that sermon."

"And why not?" demanded he uneasily, but without any idea of what she meant.

"Because it was not yours. I had read it before."

Salem's coarse features became suffused with a deep peony-red. He stood stock-still in the middle of the road, and after a few moments he ejaculated,

"Law sakes! Good land! Now who would have guessed that?"

Miss Milligan, suppressing a strong desire to laugh heartily, walked on at a brisk pace, and had gone about a hundred yards before he came panting after her.

"What did you mean, Miss, by that statement?" he asked rather gruffly, and yet in an embarrassed tone.

"I meant, Mr. Cooley, to say that I discovered on Sunday that you preached an old sermon of Bishop Butler's as your own; that I said nothing about it, and that I think no one is aware of it but myself, and that I heartily advise you either to preach sermons of your own composition or to select authors who are less known."

"Preach my own sermons!" he broke in. "You don't know what you're talkin' about. Suppose a man can't, what then? Now this is a private conversation, and I'll tell you what it is, I've tried it many a time, but I can't get any further than 'My Christian friends.' When I was a student my friend Smith stuck to me, and he helped me through the seminary; more times I wish he hadn't; well, this is the first time I've been found out, and by a woman too!"

"It is only strange you were not discovered sooner," said Miss Milligan, "between Bishop Butler in the morning and Spurgeon in the afternoon."

"Well," said Salem, "I'm not smart; that's a fact. *You are smart*; that's another. You know enough to write sermons yourself, and I'll be bound you could do it."

"I dare say I could. Tolerably good ones perhaps, and if I had any object in it," said Miss Milligan, giving him a glance of her blue eyes.

"Well, what would ye think was an objick?" he went on.

"Money," said Miss Milligan, firmly; "and if you will agree to a proper compensation I will furnish you with all that you require."

"You will!" cried he, his eyes sticking out of his head; "and suppose it is found out?"

"It will not be. If you were not afraid to preach Bishop Butler and Mr. Spurgeon, you certainly can not fear delivering a sermon that never was read before, and which every one must suppose your own. You need not think I will mention it—of course you will not—and who will be the wiser?"

"Why, nobody to be sure," answered Salem. "Name what you think is right, and we'll close it up."

Miss Milligan reminded him smilingly that he had better see a specimen of her powers before committing himself. She also added that great caution would have to be observed about the transfer of manuscripts, etc., if they would



avoid suspicion. This was arranged by Mr. Cooley, who proposed that the *Independent Shout of Freedom*, which he was in the habit of taking, should be sent to Miss Milligan every week, and it was to be returned inclosing the manuscript.

Mr. Cooley then accompanied our friend to the widow Kimball's, where, after a short colloquy at the gate and an awkward bow, he left her. "Law sakes alive!" said Betty (who had observed this scene from the window of the "keeping-room"), to Mehetabel Adams, the hired help; "I dew believe the minister has took a likin' tew Miss Milligan. I see him a talkin' tew her for nigh goin' on twenty minits. She mought go furdur and fare wuss; if he is humly his father was a well-to-do man, and I guess Salem's pretty well off, let alone that big farm down on the Penhasset Creek, where the Deacon used to live."

"I've heerd tell he had plenty of bank-stock," said Mehetabel; "my father says *he knows* Mr. Cooley's purty well off—'specially for a minister."

Miss Milligan ate her dinner as usual; coaxed and petted her mother; was pleasant, gay, and affectionate as she always was. Her poor little heart was sad enough, however—to be engaged in any affair that required concealment was, in spite of what I said about her playful little deceptions, a very unpleasant thing to Miss Milligan. For there is a wide difference between a self-defensive, worldly prudence, and those vile arts by which the wicked seek to deceive that they may injure others.

When the young lady had retired to her room she was tempted to indulge in a fit of crying as she stood looking at the moonlight, which lay streaming over the woods and hillocks of Appledore. But she forcibly drove away her melancholy feelings, and producing writing materials, she began her task. Not till midnight did she enter her little cot, and when she did so, a well-written essay on "Justice in the affairs of common Life" was laid in her port-folio. Nor did her mother suspect, when her child complained of headache the next morning, how the same had been obtained.

So weeks passed, and the trifling means possessed by the mother and daughter would have been nearly exhausted had it not been for those moderate sums which Mr. Cooley was only too glad to pay, in order to have the fearful task of providing two weekly sermons taken from his mind. Miss Milligan informed her mother that she was engaged in doing some writing for Cooley, and obtained from her a promise of complete silence. The secret remained entirely unsuspected; and Miss Milligan used to sit Sunday after Sunday, listening to her own compositions, until she became excessively weary; but no one ever guessed, although she used to gape incessantly during the sermon, the reason of her evident fatigue.

Weeks passed on, I say, and every body in the village was aware of the minister's admiration for Miss Milligan except the young lady

herself, who never thought about him, except as concerned in a business matter, and therein of some importance to her mother and herself. Salem, indeed, was too bashful a lover to dare to intrude his attentions. He kept the Milligans constantly supplied with fish and game, greatly to the improvement of Mrs. Kimball's penurious table, and much to that lady's satisfaction; and he made the strangers aware that his comfortable country carriage was always at their service. So things went on.

One morning as Miss Milligan was tying up some geraniums in front of the Hotel Kimball, as she used laughingly to call it, the ungainly form of Cooley was seen shambling along the road. He stopped before the garden gate, and asked Miss Milligan if she would walk with him as far as the bridge. As soon as they had arrived at the destined spot he told her that he desired, on the next occasion that offered, to preach on "Faith."

"This is the second time you have alluded to this matter," said Miss Milligan; "and I warn you that you will get yourself and me into trouble by it. I am not equal to it, nor can you supply what is wanting. Do select something else."

"I've got my reasons, Miss Milligan," returned he; "if you knew 'em, you'd approve of 'em."

"I tell you, Mr. Cooley, I am not capable of writing on that subject; however, if you insist—"

"Wa'al, not insist—seein' it's a lady; but I know you can do any thin'—"

"Very well, then," said she, "take your own way and the consequences both;" and, considerably out of humor, she walked back to the house. Salem followed; he had at last become aware of the state of his feelings, and had nearly gained courage to explain them to Miss Milligan; but her evident dissatisfaction threw cold water on his plans, and he retired in silence, very unhappy for two reasons: first, because he had failed to tell his love; and, secondly, because he knew she was displeased with him.

"What an obstinate fool he is!" said Miss Milligan to herself when she was alone; "and what an unfortunate girl I am!"

It was early in June when the Milligans came to Appledore. It was now the 1st of September; the whole country was in a ferment. A great Agricultural County Fair was to be held at Slocumville, two or three miles from Appledore, and the small village shared in the excitement of the larger town. Every bed and room in Slocumville were engaged, and the surplus of the traveling public surged over into Appledore. The one small hotel for man and beast was crammed, and the citizens had to open their houses to unlooked-for guests. On Sunday there was scarcely standing-room in the little church. No less than three well-known clergymen, of the denomination to which Mr. Cooley belonged, were present; two were with him in the pulpit, and one, a young and handsome



man, with the bearing of a gentleman, and a most intellectual countenance, occupied a seat in the minister's pew. It was on this auspicious occasion that the Rev. Salem P. Cooley preached his famous sermon on "Faith," which afterward made such a sensation in Appledore. It was listened to with the deepest attention, not only by Deacon Tinkham and the three clergymen, but every body else who was present. Its whole effect was not observed by Miss Milligan, who, oppressed by the heat of the day and feeling very faint, was obliged to leave the church.

As the congregation dispersed there were murmurs, especially among the elder part of the audience, and Deacon Tinkham, in particular, was loud in debate. Nor was this surprising when we reflect that this unlucky sermon on "Faith" unfortunately contradicted in extremely plain terms certain very decided views entertained by the particular sect of which the Rev. Salem P. Cooley was one of the most ignorant members as well as ministers.

A week passed away, and left Miss Milligan indisposed with a nervous headache, and Mr. Cooley in a sort of typical hornet's nest. Indeed, there was now no peace for this unfortunate man. The great fair at Slocumville was over, and his flock had obtained ample time to bestow upon him. The officers of his church, headed by the three ministers and Deacon Tinkham, had called upon him and requested an explanation of his sermon; and he now for the first time learned that he had been guilty of promulgating views in direct opposition to those held by his sect.

The Rev. Mr. Hartridge, the youngest of the clergymen, pitying the evident agitation and alarm of the unhappy Salem, requested that Cooley might be allowed sufficient time to reflect on the expressions he had used, and to acquire calmness enough to explain himself to his flock; and by this means Tinkham and the rest of the malcontents were prevailed on to depart.

"Now that we are quite alone," said Hartridge to the distressed pastor, who was walking up and down with his hands in his pockets, "I will confess to you that I was amazed at your sermon myself. It was not in the least in your former style—as you preached a year ago, when I last had the pleasure of hearing you. And what on earth can have changed your theological views since then I am at a loss to imagine. Will you let me read over the sermon?"

"That's just what can't be done," said Cooley, gruffly.

"And why not? I wish to read it in order to understand what your system is."

"You can't have it," returned Salem.

"But I must, my dear Sir. It is impossible that justice should be done you unless the matter is thoroughly understood."

"To cut that matter short," returned Cooley, "it ain't here. I haven't got it. It has been sent for by a person—a lady." This was true.

Miss Milligan, with a sort of apprehension of trouble, had sent for the manuscript early on

Monday morning, and it was now in her possession.

"What a very singular reason!" replied his persevering friend. "I assure you that the sermon will have to be produced and re-read. I am willing to be of service to you in this matter, and if you will treat me as a friend I think I can assist you materially. Much in the discourse may be readily explained, and I shall be glad to prove that it is so. Write a line to your friend, authorizing me to obtain the manuscript, and I will call for it."

And Mr. Hartridge placed a pen in the pastor's trembling hand. Cooley, stunned by the whole business, and scarce aware of what he did, hastily scrawled a few lines: "Miss Milligan, please deliver the Sermon on Faith to Rev. Mr. Hartridge." The address, "Miss Milligan—Kimball's," was all but illegible, but Hartridge contrived to find out where he was to go.

Mr. Hartridge was shown into the Widow Kimball's shabby little parlor, and nearly struck his stately head against the low door as he entered. A handsome card, bearing "The Rev. Walter Hartridge" upon it, was taken up by Mehetabel to Miss Milligan's room. Our friend had recovered from her headache, and had forgotten most of her annoyances, the unlucky Salem included. She was sitting up stairs, singing an air from "Gemma di Vergy" and embroidering a pocket-handkerchief. She looked as happy as a bird, and as fresh as a rose in her neat white morning dress, as she came gracefully forward to greet Mr. Hartridge in the dingy little parlor. Walter had never seen her before; but Miss Milligan instantly recognized the tall and distinguished-looking man whom she had observed in the minister's pew.

Hartridge had intended to come directly to the point, but somehow he did not. They fell into general conversation, after he had briefly mentioned that he was charged with a commission from Mr. Cooley. It was so long since Miss Milligan had enjoyed the society of an accomplished and elegant man—and Hartridge was both—that she yielded to the pleasure of the moment; she talked, and Walter listened, listened with agreeable surprise. Here, in this wretched little Appledore, to meet so sweet, so interesting a woman! How exceedingly odd it was!

The hour that followed neither of them ever forgot. How in that space of time they learned so much of each other, neither Hartridge nor Miss Milligan could explain; but before it ended she knew all about his previous life, his travels in Egypt and Syria, from whence he had only returned in the previous year, and the events which had led him to become, at least for a time, the pastor of the church at Wingham. Miss Milligan, true to her nature, was not quite so communicative; but if the leaves of the flower were still half coyly folded, Hartridge saw enough to know that all within was sweetness.

"I must not let the charms of conversation



prevent me from executing my commission," said Hartridge. "Mr. Cooley has intrusted me with this note," here he took out poor Salem's scrawl, "and I will beg you for the sermon which you have in your possession. He has allowed me to read it; indeed it has excited so much remark, that it will have to undergo a very thorough criticism."

"Will it, indeed?" asked the lady, and she turned as white as the handkerchief in her hand. "Why certainly it will," replied Walter; "here he has been preaching in a most extraordinary way. Nobody knows what to make of it. He was always very eccentric, but this last performance goes beyond any thing that he has yet done." Miss Milligan rose to find the sermon. She was so very pale, and looked so embarrassed, that Hartridge's keen eye remarked her as she left the room, and he said to himself, "I wonder if she can be interested in Cooley? It looks like it." He walked up and down the room, then stopped and turned over the books on the table. On the fly-leaf of one was a rough pencil sketch of a man asleep, with his mouth open. Under it was written, in a lady's hand, "Beauty in repose, S. P. C." "No, no," said Hartridge, bursting into a hearty laugh, "she's not in love with him! It's Salem P. Cooley, I declare!" And with a feeling of positive delight he sat down to wait for Miss Milligan. She soon returned, bearing a small closely folded manuscript, and evidently expected that Walter would put it in his pocket unopened, and then depart. In this she was mistaken, for he took it to the window, opened and examined it. Miss Milligan sat pale and motionless in her chair; she kept her eyes on Hartridge, whose brow grew stern and dark as he rapidly ran over several pages of the manuscript. At last he turned around. "This is a most singular thing!" he observed, dryly and coldly. "The handwriting of this is evidently not Cooley's. I know his hand pretty well. There is an initial M. on the paper. I do not believe he wrote this. There is some gross deception here, I am afraid. Excuse me, but I believe *you* could explain it if you chose."

"*Sir!*" said Miss Milligan, coloring scarlet.

"Pray, pray excuse me," said Hartridge, changing his tone instantly; "you have only to say that I am wrong, that you know nothing about it, and I beg ten thousand pardons."

Miss Milligan sat perfectly silent, but her cheeks grew red and then pale.

Hartridge looked at her keenly and coldly. "Miss Milligan," said he, "your silence leaves me but one possible conclusion. You know all about the matter, for *you* have written this sermon. Is it not so?"

"I can not deny it," said she, trembling all over.

"Then what a very wrong and deceitful part you have been acting, and Cooley also! These things are done in England, I know, under that corrupt system of church government," said Hartridge, who disliked nearly every thing En-

glish, "but *here* they are unjustifiable. And that a lady should lend herself to such an evasion! I am inexpressibly pained and shocked!"

Miss Milligan had listened without reply to Hartridge's remarks, but as he stopped for breath, she covered her burning face with two delicate white hands, and tears streamed through the taper fingers.

At last, in a broken voice, she said, "It was to help my mother I did it, my widowed mother! I could not provide for her in any other way. Mr. Cooley's assistance has been every thing to us. Oh, Sir, you are cruelly severe!"

The tones of her voice were stifled by a deep sigh. It was lucky for her that Mrs. Kimball was ironing in the wing, and Mehetabel gone out to pick vegetables, while Mrs. Milligan was up stairs darning stockings.

Hartridge walked up and down the room. Shocked by the manner in which Cooley had deceived so many people (himself included), and astounded to find that Miss Milligan had dared to be his accomplice, he had been betrayed into a harshness of speech which he almost immediately regretted. For another thing, he observed that Miss Milligan was in tears, and he was not the first man who could not bear to see a pretty woman cry.

So he stopped short in his walk across the room, and stood before Miss Milligan. "A grave offense against truth and propriety has been committed," said he, gently, "though the odium of it must rest upon Cooley. But I will try and hush up the matter, that farther scandal may be prevented. If Cooley is unable to prepare his own sermons, I apprehend his usefulness is at an end; but at any rate, such an arrangement as this, of course, could no longer exist."

No reply. A deep sigh from Miss Milligan.

"I hope," said Walter, not without hesitation, "that you will pardon the apparent harshness of any thing I may have said."

Still no answer.

"I really can not go," said Hartridge, with his hat in his hand, "until you say that you do not entertain any hard feeling toward me. If I have been severe, let me beg you to excuse me. Pray do. Will you not?" he asked, very gently.

"You have been quite right, and I very, very wrong," said Miss Milligan, with a misty smile in her eyes as she took her handkerchief from her face. "But I own that your remarks, though just, were hard to bear."

"But you forgive me, do you not?" he broke in. "We part friends, quite friends; is it not so?"

"Yes. You meant well. Quite friends."

"And may I take your hand?"

She gave it to him; he held the pretty white satin hand for a moment, and pressed it earnestly before he let it go.

He bowed politely and was gone, but half his heart was left behind.

Great was the wrath of Deacon Tinkham and the rest of the flock when they discovered they



had been praising and admiring, for more than a year, a man who had been strutting in the borrowed plumes of preachers of all beliefs and denominations. Mr. Hartridge had enough to do to calm down the excited congregation. He managed so well, that, while every one knew that the sermon on "Faith" was not written by Cooley, no one ever was able to detect the real author.

At first a storm of indignation was aroused against Cooley; but by one of those strange fatalities which sometimes occur, Salem, from being an object of wrath, became one of pity. As he was driving over to Wingham his horse took fright, ran away, broke the wagon, and threw him out. One of his own parishioners picked him up, much injured; and his leg was found so badly fractured that he would be crippled for life. He resigned his charge; and Deacon Tinkham and the rest of the congregation at once called another, and, let us hope, a more successful minister.

But through autumn sunlight and autumn showers Mr. Hartridge galloped over from Wingham to Appledore. His horse became a well-known object in the landscape, as, picketed in front of Widow Kimball's dwelling while his master was within, he beguiled the weary hours by nibbling the bark off the widow's trees. And that stupid little parlor had grown to be a heaven on earth to Hartridge. The dull pattern of the carpet, the ugly ornaments on the chimney-piece were associated in his mind only with pleasure and joy; for here in this humble spot he had found his "own heart's home." And Miss Milligan, too, felt that a magic charm had been cast over her dull life in Appledore. Every thing was bright and radiant, for "love was now the lord of all." And papering and plastering and refitting went on at the parsonage in Wingham, and it was whispered among the gossips that winter would not have come before the minister would bring home a young bride.

"Pears like as we made a mistake," said Mrs. Kimball to Mehetabel; "it warn't Cooley arter all. Wa'al, he was awful humly; I guess she has done a sight better."

"I guess so tew," said Mehetabel. "Ain't it strange what things goes on in our midst?"

The Indian Summer had come. Mrs. Milligan sat knitting in the keeping-room. The fair-haired Alice was on the little sofa, and Walter lounged by her side. In one hand he held an open book; in the other a long golden curl that hung from the pretty head that was so close to his own.

"Why do you not read, you lazy Walter?" said his Alice's silvery tones. "Ah, how idle you have grown!"

"Study is a good thing," said Hartridge, roguishly. "To the perusal of one rather eccentric literary work I may say I owe all my present happiness."

"And what may that be?"

Walter seized her hand, and drawing her toward him, whispered in her ear—

"Miss Milligan's Sermon!"

## THIEVES' JARGON.

THAT the noble society of thieves and beggars have a language of their own is tolerably well known; but few of the honest readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, probably, suspect that this jargon is very complete; that it is understood and used in this country as well as in England—the French having an *argot* of their own—and that it includes a simple but complete set of hieroglyphics, with the help of which one of the fraternity can make known to those who follow him all the useful information he has acquired as a "tramp."

Mr. John Camden Hotten, of London, has set himself the task of compiling a Dictionary of Cant and Slang—an amusing volume to the uninitiated, though perhaps not so welcome to the professional rogue, whose "mystery" it lays bare. As the thieves' cant is founded upon English, it may seem to some that any ingenious person might unravel it without Mr. Hotten's assistance. To such we have the pleasure of presenting the following communication, written by a "chaunter," an English vendor of street ballads, to a gentleman who had taken some interest in his welfare:

DEAR FRIEND,—Excuse the liberty, since i saw you last i have not earned a thickun, we have had such a Dowry of Parny that it completely Stumped or Coopered Drory the Bossman's Patter therefore i am broke up and not having another friend but you i wish to know if you would lend me the price of 2 Gross of Tops, Dies, or Croaks, which is 7 shillings, of the above-mentioned worthy and Sarah Chesham the Essex Burick for the Poisoning job, they are both to be topped at Springfield Sturaban on Tuesday next. i hope you will oblige me if you can for it will be the means of putting a Quid or a James in my Clye. i will call at your Carser on Sunday Evening next for an answer, for i want a Speel on the Drum as soon as possible. hoping you and the family are All Square, I remain Your obedient Servant.

Without a glossary it would be difficult to make out the meaning of this letter, though it is pretty simple.\*

Mr. Hotten assures us that in all languages the thieves and beggars have their jargon; and certainly as the policeman is nearly as universal as the thief in this over-civilized world of ours, the poor persecuted fraternity of pirates, by land and water, have occasion for all the defenses they can muster. In French, the secret language of thieves and cut-throats is called *argot*. The Spanish thief calls his private tongue *Germania*,

\* The writer, a street chaunter of ballads and last dying speeches, alludes in his letter to two celebrated criminals—Thos. Drory, the murderer of Jael Denny, and Sarah Chesham, who poisoned her husband, accounts of whose trials and "horrid deeds" he had been selling. Below is a glossary of the Cant words:

<i>Thickun</i> , a crown-piece.	<i>Topped</i> , hung.
<i>Dowry of Parny</i> , a lot of rain.	<i>Sturaban</i> , a prison.
<i>Stumped</i> , bankrupt.	<i>Quid</i> , a sovereign.
<i>Coopered</i> , spoiled.	<i>James</i> , " "
<i>Bossman</i> , a farmer.	<i>Clye</i> , a pocket.
<i>Patter</i> , trial.	<i>Carser</i> , a house or residence.
<i>Tops</i> , last dying speeches.	<i>Speel on the Drum</i> , to be off to the country.
<i>Dies</i> , " "	<i>All Square</i> , all right, or quite well.
<i>Croaks</i> , " "	
<i>Burick</i> , a woman.	



holding that gipsies and other loose fellows came from Germany; the German robber uses what he calls *Roth-wälsch*, pointing to his conviction that thieves came from Italy. In Malta and other places in the Mediterranean they use a mongrel tongue called *Lingua Franca*, which is, as it were, the universal or court language of the looser part of society. The Lazaroni and the Italian brigands use a secret jargon which they call *Gergo*; and we are assured that even the Hottentots have a set of parasites and vagabonds, with a peculiar lingo called *cuze-cot*.

In the language of the English rogue, to *cant* has meant "to speak" for more than three hundred years. It came, doubtless, from chaunt; the professional beggar, and the amateur who turns from thieving to begging for a change, or for a purpose, have always found their account, in England, in singing for the street public. A chaunter—a canter—was a street-ballad singer, one of a tribe not yet extinct. A writer of the 16th century mentions that the beggars and gipsies "have devised a language among themselves, which they name Canting, or Pedlar's Frenche." In more recent times this has been known as St. Giles's Greek.

Mr. Hotten is careful to distinguish between cant and slang as very different: a thief in cant language would term a horse a *prancer* or a *prad*; while in slang a man of fashion would speak of it as a *bit of blood*, or a *spanker*, or a *neat tit*. A handkerchief, too, would be a *billy*, a *fogle*, or a *kent rag*, in the secret language of low characters; while among vulgar persons, or those who ape their speech, it would be called a *rag*, a *wipe*, or a *clout*. He points out that a number of words which have crept into our language, or are used by the English canters, are of Gipsy origin. Thus *bamboozle* is Gipsy, and means there to perplex or mislead by hiding; *bosh* is Gipsy; *gad* means wife, in that tongue—in ours it applies more narrowly to a woman with a sharp tongue. *Gibberish* is the name of the Gipsy language; with us it is applied to unmeaning collocations of words.

But the thieves' jargon being an unwritten tongue, has greatly changed in the last three hundred years—so much so that Mr. Hotten tells us the modern "Greeks" of St. Giles could not understand much of the old cant, and would be puzzled to guess the meaning of many of the older canting songs, as that famous one of which the following is a verse:

"Bing out, bien Morts, and toure and toure,  
Bing out, bien Morts, and toure:  
For all your duds are bing'd awast;  
The bien cove hath the loure."\*

But it is curious to remark that in the old cant are some words which look akin to some others now in common English use. For instance, *boogit* signified basket; it is no longer

used in the thieves' jargon; but it reminds us of our word *budget*, a parcel, which Worcester derives from the French. So *cofe* was, in the old slang, a man; *gentry cofe*, a gentle man; *gentry cofe's ken*, a gentle man's house. From *cofe* we have *cove*, a slang term for a man; but may it not also be the origin of the word *coffee*, which is applied to the negro?

In Thomas Harman's *Canting Dictionary*, published in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and embodied in this later work by Mr. Hotten, we find these and some other amusing words and phrases. Harman gives the term *freshe-water-mariners*, saying, "These kind of caterpillars counterfet great losses on the sea: their shippes were drowned in the playne of Salisbury."—"Prigger of prouncers," he says, "be horse-stealers, for to prigge signifieth in their language to steale, and a prouncer is a horse; so, being put together, the matter was playn." He concludes his description of this order of "pryggers" by noting, "I had the best gelding stolen out of my pasture, that I had amongst others, whyle this book was first a printing." It is not often that a lexicographer can justify a definition by such a personal experience.

All languages and all jargons seem to have been laid under contribution to furnish the English thieves' cant. *Argot*, the name by which they call it, is from the French. *Booze*, a house, comes from the Dutch *buysen*. *Domine*, a parson, is from the Spanish. *Donna and feeles*, a woman and children, is from the Latin; and *don*, a clever fellow, has been filched from the *Lingua Franca*, or bastard Italian; while *duds*, the vulgar term for clothes, may have been pilfered either from the Gaelic or the Dutch. *Feele*, a daughter, from the French; and *frow*, a girl or wife, from the German—are common tramps' terms. So *gent*, silver, is from the French *argent*; and *vial*, a country town, also from the French. *Horrid-horn*, a fool, is believed to be from the Erse; and *gloak*, a man, from the Scotch. Mayhew says: "There are several Hebrew terms in our cant language, obtained, it would appear, from the intercourse of the thieves with the Jew fences (receivers of stolen goods); many of the cant terms, again, are Sanscrit, got from the gipsies; many Latin, got by the beggars from the Catholic prayers before the Reformation; and many, again, Italian, got from the wandering musicians and others; indeed, the showmen have but lately introduced a number of Italian phrases into their cant language." The Hindostanee also contributes several words, which have been introduced by the Lascar sailors.

Moreover, the English thieves' jargon has preserved many words of English which were formerly in common and respectable use, but are now dropped from the Dictionaries as low or vulgar. Mr. Hotten has made a curious collection of such words, which would now, but did not once, shock ears polite: "A young gentleman from Belgravia, who had lost his watch or his pocket-handkerchief, would scarcely remark to his mamma that it had been *boned*—yet *bone*,

\* Which, literally translated, means:

"Go out, good girls, and look and see,  
Go out, good girls, and see;  
For all your clothes are carried away,  
And the good man has the money."



in old times, meant, among high and low, to steal. A young lady living in the precincts of dingy but aristocratic May-Fair, although enraptured with Jenny Lind or Ristori, would hardly think of turning back in the box to inform papa that she made no *bones* of it; yet the phrase was most respectable and well-to-do before it met with a change of circumstances. 'A *crack* article,' however first-rate, would, as far as speech is concerned, have greatly displeased Dr. Johnson and Mr. Walker; yet both *crack*, in the sense of excellent, and *crack up*, to boast or praise, were not considered vulgarisms in the time of Henry VIII. *Dodge*, a cunning trick, is from the Anglo-Saxon; and ancient nobles used to 'get each other's *dander up*' before appealing to their swords—quite *flabbergasting* (also a respectable old word) the half score of lookers-on with the thumps and cuts of their heavy weapons. *Gallavanti*g, waiting upon the ladies, was as polite in expression as in action; while a clergyman at Paule's Crosse thought nothing of bidding a noisy hearer 'hold his *gab*,' or 'shut up his *gob*.' *Gadding*, roaming about in an idle and 'trapesing' manner, was used in an old translation of the Bible; and 'to do any thing *gingerly*' was to do it with great care. The great Lord Bacon spoke of the lower part of a man's face as his *gills*." Shakspeare has preserved many such words, which he now enjoys in communing with costermongers and others of the lower sort. Thus, "clean gone," in the sense of out of sight; "it won't *fade*," or suit; "I'll make him buckle under."

There is a limited literature of the thieves' jargon, of which an example, in the shape of a tailor's advertisement, is subjoined. This we take from Mr. G. W. Matsell's "Rogue's Lexicon":

"**WILLIAM BRISTOL**, whose chant used to be Bristol Bill, wishes to nose his old pals, and the public generally, that he has tied up priggings, and is now squaring it at No. 350 Back Hill, Hatten Garden, where he keeps on hand, for ready cole—tick being no go—upper benjamins, built on a downy plan; slap-up velveteen togs, lined with the same broady; moleskin ditto, any color, lined with the same broady; kerseymere kicksies, any color, built very slap with the artful dodge; stout cord ditto, built in the 'Melton Mowbray' style; broad cord ditto, made very saucy; moleskin, all colors, built hankyspanky, with double fakement down the side, and artful buttons at the bottom; stout ditto, built very serious. Out and out fancy sleeve kicksies, cut to drop down on the trotters. Waist benjamins, cut long, with moleskin back and sleeves. Blue cloth ditto, cut slap-up. Mud-pipes, knee-caps, and trotter-cases, built very low.

"A decent allowance made to Seedy Swells, Tea Kettle Purgers, Head Robbers, and Flunkeys out of Collar.—N.B. Gentlemen finding their own Broady can be accommodated."

The uninitiated reader would find some difficulty in deciphering the above, and we subjoin, therefore, a translation of it:

"**WILLIAM BRISTOL**, formerly known as Bristol Bill, wishes to inform his old friends, and the public generally, that he has given up stealing, and is now getting his living honestly, at 350 Back Hill, Hatten Garden, where he keeps on hand for ready money, overcoats of a superior style and pattern; superior velveteen coats, lined with the same material; moleskin, any color, lined

with the same stuff; kerseymere knee-breeches, any color, made very fashionable, with the yellow neckhandkerchief included; cord ditto, made in the 'Melton Mowbray' style; broad cord ditto, made the top of the fashion; moleskins, of all colors, made in the latest fashion, with double stripes down the side, and buttons at the bottom; stout ditto, very strongly made. Waistcoats, cut long-waisted, with moleskin back and sleeves. Blue cloth ditto, fashionably cut. Gaiters, leggins, boots, and shoes, made very reasonable.

"An allowance made to poor men of fashion, men who exchange old clothes, butlers, and footmen out of place.—N.B. Gentlemen finding their own materials can be accommodated."

But, besides this, there are hieroglyphic signs, well understood by the whole fraternity, and used by the noble order of "tramps"—which includes, in England, beggars, peddlers, "fresh-water mariners," sneaks, and thieves of the humbler and less enterprising kind. These marks may be seen on corners of streets, on door-posts, and on house-steps; they inform the succeeding vagrants of all they require to know; and a few white scratches may say, "Be importunate," or "Pass on." A writer in *Notes and Queries* remarks, on this subject: "Every door or passage is pregnant with instruction as to the error committed by the patron of beggars; the beggar-marks show that a system of freemasonry is followed, by which a beggar knows whether it will be worth his while to call into a passage or knock at a door. Let any one examine the entrances to the passages in any town, and there he will find chalk marks unintelligible to him, but significant enough to beggars. If a thousand towns are examined, the same marks will be found at every passage entrance. The passage mark is a cipher with a twisted tail: in some cases the tail projects into the passage, in others outwardly; thus seeming to indicate whether the houses down the passage are worth calling at or not. Almost every door has its marks: these are varied. In some cases there is a cross on the brick-work, in others a cipher: the figures 1, 2, 3, are also used. Every person may for himself test the accuracy of these statements by the examination of the brick-work near his own doorway—thus demonstrating that mendicancy is a regular trade, carried out upon a system calculated to save time and realize the largest profits." An English "tramp" described to Mayhew the method of "working" a small town. He said: "Two hawkers (*pals*) go together, but separate when they enter a village, one taking each side of the road, and selling different things; and in order to inform each other as to the character of the people at whose houses they call, they chalk certain marks on their door-posts."

The English love of system has indeed turned begging into an industry. It is a trade or occupation; as such, it is followed by thousands; and they avail themselves very ingeniously of labor-saving devices. Thus in many cases, over the kitchen mantle-piece of a thieves' lodging-house, is hung a map of the district, marked with certain signs which denote failure or success in mendicant applications. Mr. Hotten has been so fortunate as to procure one of these



charts, of the district of Maidstone, in Kent, which we copy on this page, with the explanations given of the marks or hieroglyphics. Who " $\frac{3}{4}$  Sarah" is, or what relation this mysterious and homely creature has to the district, Mr. Hotten was unable to ascertain.

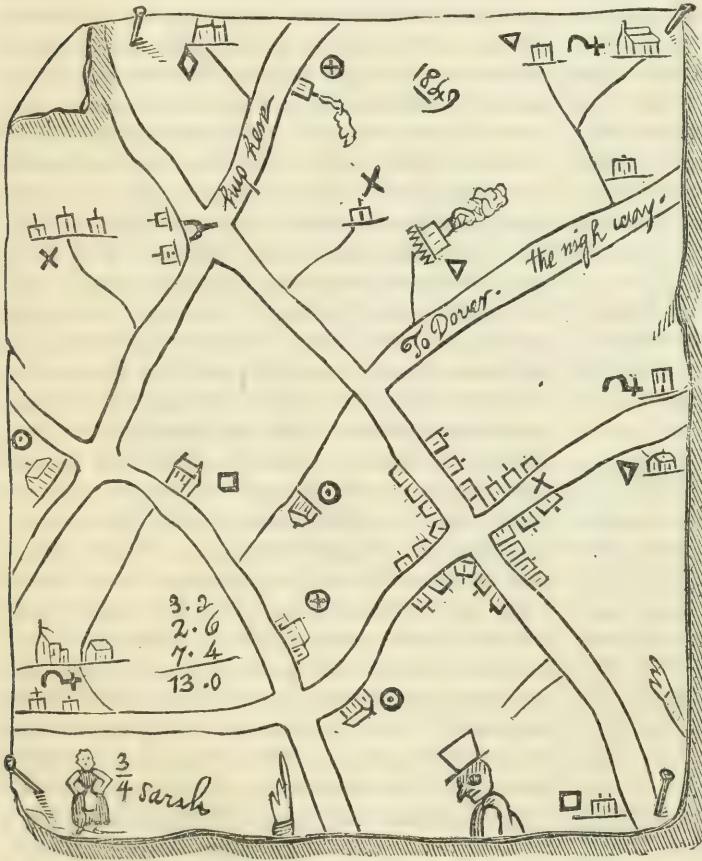
When no artist appears to make a map for the fraternity, Mayhew tells us that the "walks" are described in writing. "In almost every one of the padding-kens, or low lodging-houses, in the country, there is a list of walks pasted up over the kitchen mantle-piece. At St. Albans, for instance, at the —, and at other places, there is a paper stuck up in each of the kitchens. This paper is headed, 'Walks out of this Town,' and underneath it are set down the names of the villages in the neighborhood at which a beggar may call when out on his walk, and they are so arranged as to allow the cadger to make a round of about six miles each day, and return the same night. In many of these papers there are sometimes twenty walks set down. No villages that are in any way 'gam-

my' [bad] are ever mentioned in these lists; and the cadger, if he feels inclined to stop for a few days in the town, will be told by the lodging-house keeper, or the other cadgers that he may meet there, what gentlemen's seats or private houses are of any account on the walk that he means to take. The names of the good houses are not set down in the paper for fear of the police." This custom appears to be very old; it was noticed by English writers three hundred years ago. The communication by signal reaches even to the gallows. The display of a red handkerchief by the "sufferer" is a token that he has not betrayed any professional secrets.

The origin of the mark of direction, the third in the list given below, is explained by the following paragraph in an English "Constable's Guide:" "Gipsies follow their brethren by numerous marks, such as strewing handfuls of grass in the day time at a four-lane or cross-roads: the grass being strewn down the road the gang have taken; also, by a cross being made

on the ground with a stick or knife—the longest end of the cross denoting the route taken. In the night time a *cleft stick* is placed in the fence at the cross-roads, with an arm pointing down the road their comrades have taken. The marks are always placed on the left-hand side, so that the stragglers can easily and readily find them." It is curious to learn that the publication of these hieroglyphics has enabled some persons to escape the importunities of beggars. A clergyman writes that by himself marking the characters □ (Gammy) and ⊙ (Flummuxed) on the gate-posts of his parsonage, he enjoys a singular immunity from alms-seekers and cadgers on the tramp.

Mr. Hotten has some amusing paragraphs about *slang*, which he separates entirely from thieves' jargon. Slang is low English; and the English are perhaps the most slangy of civilized nations—though they accuse us Americans of being their masters in this art of indirect expression. If we speak of our President as "Uncle Abe," they call their Queen "Little Vic," their Prime Minister "Pam," the leader of the Opposition "Dizzy;" and every grade of society in England, if we may believe Mr. Hotten, has its own peculiar slang. In English politics, for instance, a *plumper* is a single vote at an election—not a *split-ticket*; and electors who have occupied a house, no matter how small, and boiled a pot in it, thus qualifying them-



#### EXPLANATION OF THE HIEROGLYPHICS.



- NO GOOD; too poor. and know too much.
- STOP—if you have what they want, they will buy. They are pretty "*fly*" (knowing).
- GO IN THIS DIRECTION, it is better than the other road. Nothing that way.
- BONE (good). Safe for a "cold tatur," if for nothing else. "*Cheese your pater*" (don't talk much) here.
- COOPER'D (spoiled), by too many tramps calling there
- GAMMY (unfavorable), likely to have you taken up. Mind the dog.
- FLUMMUXED (dangerous), sure of a month in *quod* (prison).
- RELIGIOUS, but tidy on the whole.



selves for voting, are termed *pot-wallopers*. A *quiet walk over* is a re-election without opposition and much cost. A *caucus* meeting refers to the private assembling of politicians before an election, when candidates are chosen and measures of action agreed upon. This term originated in America. A *job*, in political phraseology, is a government office or contract obtained by secret influence or favoritism. Only the other day the *London Times* spoke of "the patriotic member of Parliament *potted out* in a dusty little lodging somewhere about Bury Street." The term *quockerwodger*, although referring to a wooden toy figure which jerks its limbs about when pulled by a string, has been supplemented with a political meaning: a pseudo-politician, one whose strings of action are pulled by somebody else, is now often termed a *quockerwodger*. The term *rat*, too, in allusion to rats deserting vessels about to sink, has long been employed toward those turn-coat politicians who change their party for interest. Stout or careful members of Parliament shout to the cabmen on the rank, "*Four-wheeler!*" meaning a four-wheeled cab.

There is university slang, religious slang, and military, which is synonymous with dandy slang. In this last, inconvenient friends, or elderly and lecturing relatives, are pronounced *dreadful bores*. Four-wheeled cabs are called *bounders*; and a member of the Four-in-hand Club, driving to Epsom on the Derby Day, would, using fashionable phraseology, speak of it as *tooling his drag down to the Derby*. A vehicle, if not a *drag* (or *dwag*), is a *trap*, or a *cask*; and if the *turn out* happens to be in other than a trim condition, it is pronounced at once as not *down the road*. The cockney swell would say it is not *up to the mark*; while the costermonger would call it *very dickey*. In the British army a barrack or military station is known as a *lobster-box*; to "cram" for an examination is to *mug-up*; to reject from the examination is to *spin*; and that part of the barrack occupied by subalterns is frequently spoken of as the *rookery*. In dandy slang any celebrity, from Paul Bedford to the Pope of Rome, is a *swell*. Wrinkled-faced old professors, who hold dress and fashionable tailors in abhorrence, are called *awful swells*—if they happen to be very learned or clever; a title is termed a *handle*; trousers, *inexpressibles*, or, when of a large pattern, or the inflated Zouave cut, *howling bags*; a superior appearance, *extensive*; a four-wheeled cab, a *bird-cage*; a dance, a *hop*; dining at another man's table, "*sitting under his mahogany*;" any thing flashy or showy, *loud*; the peculiar make or cut of a coat, its *build*; full-dress, *full-fig*; wearing clothes which represent the very extreme of fashion, "*dressing to death*;" a reunion, a *spread*; a friend (or a "good fellow"), a *trump*.

On the English Stock Exchange, "breaking shins" means borrowing money; "rigging the market" is playing tricks with it; a "stag" is a speculator without money; bank-notes are called "long-tailed ones," and also "flimsies;" a mon-

key is £500; a "plum" is £100,000; and a million sterling is called a "marygold." Money, in its various shapes, is known by not less than one hundred and thirty slang terms in England. Specie is called *beans* or *blunt*—to distinguish it from *stiff*, and *rags*, which mean bank-notes; *brads*, *brass*, *bustle*, *coppers*, *chunk*, *chinkers*, *chips*, *corks*, *dibbs*, *dinarly*, *dimmock*, *dust*, *feathers*, *gent* (silver—from *argent*), *haddock* (a purse of money), *horse nails*, *loaver*, *lour* (the oldest cant term for money), *mopusses*, *needful*, *nobbings* (money collected in a hat by street-performers), *ochre* (gold), *pewter*, *palm-oil*, *posh*, *Queen's pictures*, *quids*, *ready*, or *ready gilt*, *redge* (gold), *rhino*, *rowdy*, *shiners* (sovereigns), *skin* (a purse of money), *stiff* (paper, or bill of acceptance), *stuff*, *stumpy*, *tin* (silver), *wedge* (silver), and *yellow boys* (sovereigns). So attentive is slang speech to financial matters, that there are seven terms for bad, or "bogus" coin. Bogus, by-the-way, is American slang. A *case* is a counterfeit five-shilling piece; *half a case* represents half that sum; *grays* are half-pence made double for gambling purposes; *queer-soft* is counterfeit or lead coin; *schofel* refers to coated or spurious coin; *sheen* is bad money of any description; and *sinkers* bears the same and not inappropriate meaning. *Flying the kite*, or obtaining money on bills and promissory notes, is closely connected with the allegorical expression of *raising the wind*. In winter or in summer any elderly gentleman who may have prospered in life is pronounced *warm*; while an equivalent is immediately at hand in the phrase, "his pockets are well lined."

Each separate piece of money has its own slang term, and often half a score of synonyms. To begin with a farthing: first there is *fudge*, then *fiddler*, then *gig*, and lastly *quartern*. A half-penny is a *brown* or a *madza saltee* (cant), or a *mag*, or a *posh*, or a *rap*—whence the popular phrase, "I don't care a rap." The penny has for slang equivalents a *copper*, a *saltee* (cant), and a *winn*. Two-pence is a *deuce*; and three-pence is either a *thrums* or a *thrups*. Four-pence, or a groat, may in vulgar speech be termed a *bit*, a *flag*, or a *joey*. Six-pence is well represented in street talk, and some of the slang substitutes are very comical—for instance, *bandy*, *bender*, *cripple*, and *downer*; then *fye-buck*, *half a hog*, *kick* (thus, "two and a kick," 2s. 6d.), *lord of the manor*, *pig*, *pot* (the price of a pot of beer—thus half a crown is a "five pot piece"), *snid*, *sprat*, *sow's baby*, *tanner*, *tester*, *tizzy*—sixteen vulgar words to one coin. Seven-pence, being an uncommon amount, has only one slang synonym, *setter*. The same remarks apply to eight-pence and nine-pence, the former being only represented by *otter*, and the latter by the cant phrase *nobba-saltee*. Ten-pence is *dacha-saltee*, and eleven-pence *dacha-one*—both cant expressions. One shilling boasts eleven slang equivalents; thus we have *beong*, *bob*, *breaky-leg*, *deaner*, *gen* (either from *argent*, silver, or the back slang), *hog*, *levy*—a word which made its way to this country, and was formerly used



in Pennsylvania and Ohio for the old twelve-and-a-half-cent piece; the "long bit" of New Orleans—*peg*, *stag*, *tevis*, and *twelver*. One shilling and six-pence is a *ky-bosh*. Half a crown is known as an *alderman*, *half a bull*, *half a tusheroon*, and a *madza caroon*; while a crown piece, or five shillings, may be called either a *bull*, or a *caroon*, or a *cart-wheel*, or a *coach-wheel*, or a *thick-un*, or a *tusheroon*. The next advance in slang money is ten shillings, or half a sovereign, which may be either pronounced as *half a bean*, *half a couter*, a *madza poona*, or *half a quid*. A sovereign, or twenty shillings, is a *bean*, *canary*, *couter*, *foont*, *goldfinch*, *James*, *poona*, *portrait*, *quid*, a *thick-un*, or a *yellow-boy*. Guineas are nearly obsolete, yet the terms *neds*, and *half-neds*, are still in use. Bank-notes are *flimsies*, *long-tailed ones*, or *soft*. A *finuf* is a five-pound note.

Mr. Hotten suggests that many of these slang terms bear the mark of their mintage; they came from the work-shops: thus *brads*, from the ironmonger; *chips*, from the carpenter; *dust*, from the goldsmith; *feathers*, from the upholsterer; *horse-nails* from the farrier; *had-dock*, from the fishmonger; and *tanner*, from the leather-dresser. Here the object itself is called by the name of an article which procures it. A tailor, by-the-way, is called by the collegians and "fast" men a "sufferer"—a very significant term. Intoxication, in its various forms, has also a number of slang synonyms. Thus to be mildly drunk is to be *beery*, *bemused*, *boozy*, *bosky*, *buffy*, *corned*, *foggy*, *fou*, *fresh*, *hazy*, *elevated*, *kisky*, *lushy*, *moony*, *muggy*, *muzzy*, *on*, *screwed*, *stewed*, *tight*, and *winey*. A higher or more intense state of intoxication is represented by the expressions *podgy*, *bearger*, *blued*, *cut*, *primed*, *lumpy*, *plowed*, *muddled*, *obfuscated*, *swipey*, *three sheets in the wind*, and *top-heavy*. But the climax of fuddlement is only obtained when the *disguised individual can't see a hole in a ladder*, or when he is all *mops and brooms*, or *off his nut*, or with his *main-brace well spliced*, or with the *sun in his eyes*, or when he has *lapped the gutter*, and got the *gravel rash*, or is on the *rantan*, or on the *re-raw*, or when he is *sewed up*, or regularly *scammered*—then, and not till then, is he entitled, in vulgar society, to the title of *lushington* or recommended to *put in the pin*. We can add but one slang phrase to Mr. Hotten's collection; in New England it is sometimes said of a tipsy fellow that he "*has been to see his uncle*."

Shakspeare was well read in the slang of his day. Falstaff abounds in slang, more witty than is commonly heard in these days; and the plays are a mine of old slang. But the other and later play-wrights were adepts as well. Thus, an Abram-Man was a wandering beggar; but Beaumont and Fletcher give a number of curious synonyms for this phrase:

"And these, what name or title e'er they bear,  
Jarkman, or Patrico, Cranke, or Clapper-dudgeon,  
Frater, or Abram-Man; I speak to all  
That stand in fair election for the title  
Of king of beggars."

A few specimens of the jargon in which rogues delight to speak will give the reader some notion of the humor of these "lewd fellows of a baser sort." Poor soft cheese is called *beeswax*; a large foot is a *beetle-crusher*; food is *grub*, or *belly-timber*; a "Bible-carrier" is a person who sells songs, but does not sing them. The generic term for handkerchief is *wipe*; but eleven different phrases describe as many different patterns of this indispensable article: a *Billy*, or *fogle*, is a silk handkerchief; a *clout*, one of cotton; a *Bird's-eye wipe*, is one with a darkish-blue ground, and large round white spots, with a spot in the centre of darker blue than the ground. This was adopted by Jim Belcher, the pugilist, and soon became popular among "the fancy." It is also called a *Belcher*, a handkerchief much patronized by Sam Weller, Senior, if we may believe Mr. Dickens. Then there is the *Blood-red fancy*, which is red; the *Blue-billy*, blue ground with white spots; the *Cream-fancy*, any pattern on a white ground; the *Green-king's-man*, any pattern on a green ground; the *Randal's-man*, green, with white spots, named after Jack Randal, pugilist; the *Water's-man*, sky-colored; the *Yellow-fancy*, yellow, with white spots; the *Yellow-man*, all yellow.

A *bloke* is a cove, and a cove is a man. "The bloke with the jasey" means the Judge; *jasey* signifying wig. A policeman is called a *blue-bottle*. The term *buffer*, which is now common slang, and means a jolly good fellow, has a curious origin. It is probably from the French *bouffard*—a clown or fool; but in the middle of the last century a *buffer* was, according to one of the dramatists of that day, "a rogue who killed good sound horses, for the sake of their skins, by running a long wire into them." A *buster* is a small loaf of bread; a man goes into a low beer-shop for lunch, and calls for "a penn'orth of beeswax and a two-penny buster." The term "fast," as "a fast young man," Mr. Hotten describes as an Americanism, which has taken root in England, where they now have not only fast men but fast young women. Of the latter our author has a story which certainly shows that the young British female may be an adept in slang. It is of a bishop's daughter, now living, who was skilled in horses:—Being desirous of ascertaining the opinion of a candidate for ordination, who had the look of a bird of the same feather, as to the merits of some cattle just brought to her father's palace for her to select from, she was assured by him they were utterly unfit for a lady's use. With a knowing look at the horses' points, she gave her opinion in these choice words, "Well, I agree with you; they are a rum lot, as the devil said of the ten commandments." Dickens wittily remarked that, when applied to men, the words *fast* and *loose* are synonymous.

To *drain* is to drink; hot gin and beer, spiced, is called *flannel*; brandy and port-wine mixed is *flesh and blood*; and beer is *gatter*, a shant of *gatter* being a pot of beer. In Australia, which has a peculiar slang of its own, what is



in England called a "go," and here a "drain" or "drink," is spoken of as a "nobbler." A lady's veil is known as a midge-net; to milvader a man is to beat him; paw-cases are gloves.

By-the-way, the misuse of the word "allow," which is common in the South and West—as, "he allowed he would go to-morrow," "he allowed he would give me a dollar," is of English origin. It is used, for instance, in an old-folk rhyme, "Tom Clodpole's Journey to London:"

"He 'lowed he'd gi' me half a crown,  
And treat me wud sum beer,  
If I wud make it up wud him,  
And let un go off clear."

## PLEASANT VALLEY AND DEACON MARVIN.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view!"

MY earliest recollections cluster around the beauties of Pleasant Valley. It is one of the loveliest spots on the borders of Long Island Sound, within thirty miles of New London. It seemed very lovely to my childish eyes long time ago. But that proves nothing as to its beauty. Every school-boy, every urchin, admires and loves the scenes of his early fun and frolic, and sees Heaven itself reflected in every pool or puddle on which his chip boat floats, or in which his naked feet have paddled. Were we as wise and clear-sighted in our manhood as we were in our youth, we should all our lives long discover in like manner the image of celestial beauty, of all that is fair and bright in the firmament above, smiling upward to our appreciative glance from every fountain by life's dusty way-side, and every dew-drop that sparkles on the grass beneath our feet. I have seen Pleasant Valley with the eyes of both manhood and youth; and at my last visit, made after an absence of half a lifetime, it looked lovelier than ever. Not from its associations merely; not because it was

"The school-boy spot

We ne'er forget, though we are there forgot;"

not because of childish day-dreams and time-hallowed reminiscences; not because I there first learned to love—to love the delights of home, and "the mother who watched o'er my childhood," and the father who stood instead of God to my young mind, and breathed into me that breath of intellectual life which made me truly a living soul, and the bright, unbroken circle of sisters and brothers, long since become a memory only, and the crowd of school-mates and playmates who people the play-grounds of my young memory; and the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girls—the sweet Marys, and Almiras, and Mildreds, and Phebes, and Lucindas, who awakened in my worshipping heart its first dim notions of an affection still more tender and warm—not merely because of these did Pleasant Valley look lovelier in 1863 than it did in 1816, but also because it really was, and is, as its name would indicate, a charming spot, and of itself worthy to be visited, admired, described,

and celebrated in song—lovely enough to inspire the poet's wish to

"Gar our streams and burnies shine  
Up wi' the best;"

and my eyes long trained to the observation and study of natural beauty, were here delighted by a hundred sylvan charms, so that both taste and memory combined to fill my mind with gratification.

The name of Pleasant Valley was worthily bestowed upon this spot nearly two hundred years ago by some adventurous settler who pushed out westwardly from Pequot along the margin of "the Sound," and paused here in the glorious sunset of a summer afternoon to regale his eyes with its delightful scenery.

A lively little stream serpentine through the Valley, bounded on the west by graceful hills whose feet dip gently into its sparkling water, and on the east by bluffs of wild and picturesque beauty. All which fertile field and meadow—all that rude and rocky precipices, wooded slopes, flourishing orchards, and fields of green or golden grain; and all that babbling brook and murmuring cascade can contribute to the varied beauty of the scene may be found and admired in this Valley of Delights.

Here too abound the softening and refining touches of human industry and taste—the impress of successive generations of inhabitants—an intelligent and pious race, as substantial dwellings, and pretty cottages, meeting-houses, and school-houses, those inseparable companions in every New England village, most clearly demonstrate.

How much, it is really surprising and delightful to notice—how much remains almost unchanged in the aspect of the Valley, although so long an interval has passed since my last visit! There lies the village green in whose centre stood "the whipping-post," and around whose margin there stood and stand the churches, the school-house, the village shops, and the houses of the squire and parson, with the old familiar look of 1816. The whipping-post, to be sure, has disappeared from the village green. But even in 1816 it was a "whipping-post" only in name, serving merely as a peaceable bulletin-board, whereon were posted probate notices and vendue advertisements. The old well, just opposite the post, whose well-curb, post, sweep, pole, and bucket I saw caught up like cobwebs by the great September gale of 1815, and whirled aloft until they vanished in the clouds—the old well has been filled up, and no longer furnishes cooling draughts from "the old oaken bucket," to thirsty boys and girls who come rushing out at "recess" from the adjacent school-house. Alas for the rash innovator who was not here content "to let well alone!" But the school-house—no, not *the*, but a school-house, yet stands on the old familiar spot, and its appearance summons up a troop of curious recollections. On the very school-ground where I used to play ball are now visible the foot-marks of the same old games: "one old cat," and "two old cat,"



and "base ball," and "prison base," and "*pi-son*," and "gould," and "tag," and "I spy." "Goodness gracious!" how I would like to jump out of my buggy, and try my hands and legs over again at those boyish sports, the very recollection of which "puts life and mettle in my heels." And here is the bridge across the brook beyond the school-house, over which goes the road to Smith Hill. Over that bridge how often have I watched the pretty feet of pretty Charlotte Smith on her way to school! Dear little lisping Charlotte! how I loved to hear you read, the "Ode on Solitude" was it? in "Murray's English Reader," beginning

"O thou, the nymph with *plathid* eye,  
Though *theldom* found, yet ever nigh."

Oh, Charlotte, Charlotte! where now are those pretty feet, and where is now thy sweet, bewitching lisp, and yet more bewitching smile of lip and eye? "Eheu fugaces!"

By the side of the bridge once stood, but no longer stands, a "hatter's shop"—Hurlbut's hatter's shop—and back of that was a deep hole, or pool, in the brook—a sort of aneurismic or varicose development of the stream, forming a natural baptistry, in which the holy ordinance of immersion was oftime administered by good "Elder" Palmer, or some other Baptist minister of that day. "That day" was a day of religious intolerance in Connecticut, when every other sect and denomination of Christians was taxed, and compelled to *pay* taxes, for the support of the Presbyterian, or "Standing Order." I speak now of a period that ended with the year 1818, and not of the epoch of "toleration," the beginning of religious equality, which came in with the Constitution and the "toleration ticket" of that year. The Baptists and baptisms of Pleasant Valley were sneered at by the stiff-backed Presbyterians, and many were the affronts, indignities, and wrongs heaped upon Elder Palmer and his Baptist brethren. This pool recalls one of them distinctly to mind. Several persons were immersed here one summer Sunday afternoon by that godly man. The sacrament of baptism had been witnessed by a motley multitude of persons, old and young, male and female, devout and impious, decent and disorderly. A parcel of noisy boys, of Presbyterian families, occupied a part of the bridge just above the pool, misbehaving in various ways, and at last throwing a dog into the water just as one of the candidates was led down into the pool by the officiating clergyman. (I have great comfort in recollecting that I "thrashed" one of those boys the next day in such thorough style that he ever after remembered at least one Baptist with becoming respect.) On the following night Elder Palmer's barn was broken open, his "chaise" taken out and drawn down to the bridge, and then cast, like the dog, into the very middle of the pool, where it was discovered on Monday morning by the hatters at Hurlbut's shop. But enough of these disagreeable reminiscences. Let me turn to more amusing topics.

Just across the brook, on that little peninsula, where you now see a group of lofty sycamores, there stood in my school-boy days a grove of slender saplings—the self-same growth that stands there now: but while I have grown old they have followed my example, and are now huge trees. Imagine me and a dozen other youngsters perched like robins, each among the topmost branches of one of those saplings, twenty feet above ground, swinging in great curves through the air, and singing aloud, "Who sees me in this button-ball tree?" enjoying the exercise and the peril, but longing also to be observed and admired for our daring and our agility by travelers along the road. Even then ambition stirred our hearts, and each one of us was impatient to be a man, and every little heart was singing, not in the boyish rhymes just quoted, nor in any other self-conscious words, the Jean Ingelow song:

"I wait for my story; the birds can not sing it,  
Not one, as he sits on the tree;  
The bells can not ring it, but, long years, O bring it,  
Such as I wish it to be!"

Now, speaking of birds brings to mind a certain birds-nesting expedition of my boyhood on yonder rocky ridge, whose perpendicular end juts almost into the brook, and whose precipitous southern walls impend for nearly a mile, like the battlements of some huge fortress, over the road to Niantic. The summit of that ridge was then, and now is, clothed with wood, and furnished a cover for countless birds, whose nests we boys regarded as lawful spoil, and whose eggs as our legitimate prey. Some feeble attempts to restrain our egg-hunting propensities, on the ground of compassion for the parent bird, were scoffingly met by our recommendation to "pity the pullets and old hens," whose nests we were taught and commanded to discover, and all whose eggs, excepting the "nest-egg," we were ordered to bring home. So, when importuned by mother or sister to pity Mrs. Robin or Madame Blue Jay, we answered, "Oh yes, we will; we'll leave 'em all a 'nest-egg!'" And we invariably did, not so much out of mercy as out of policy, leave one egg in every rifled nest, in the expectation that the female bird would thereto lay the full complement required for a legitimate incubation.

It happened on one occasion that a boy kinsman of ours, whom we somewhat inaccurately called "Cousin Elf" (that being "the short" for Eliphaz), came from a distance to make us a visit in the very nick of time for birds-nesting. Never shall I forget that visit and the consequent raid on the feathered tribe which occupied Mount Mather. "*Res magna erat.*" It was "a big thing." Robin and "brown thrasher," cat-bird and king-bird, bobolink and redwing, firehang-bird and sparrow, and many another fowl of the air had reason to remember that day. The number of eggs that we brought home was something quite unparalleled in the various and ovarious statistics of Pleasant Valley. They were measured rather than counted,



and by measure they just filled the biggest hind pocket of Cousin "Elf." He had been endowed with all our earnings, and our homeward march was a complete ovation. Elf's pocket and all of our hearts were full as we entered the house and rushed up stairs to "mother's room" to announce our splendid success. But alas! in our precipitancy we rushed to destruction—

"—ab ovo  
Usque ad mala"—

from eggs to *ill-luck* (a free translation). Elf's pocket was dashed against a chair, every egg was smashed, while shell, and yolk, and white were mingled in one conglomerated chaos, from one rash plunge into which Elf's fingers were withdrawn in a state not to be described of dripping viscosity and gelatinous abomination. After a minute of speechless grief and horror the fun of the thing burst upon our imagination, and then ensued a concert of laughter of every key, pitch, and tone that goes to make the full diapason of cachinnation, followed by jokes and gibes innumerable upon poor Elf and his dreadful pocket. One of the girls—my sisters—proposed to call him "Cousin Custard," and asked if she had not better grate some nutmeg into his pocket; another suggested that we should drop in a lump of butter, hold him to the fire, and "poach" him; and my oldest brother gravely remarked that a little old Jamaica would convert him into "egg-nog." Elf bore it heroically. But to this day we—those of us who survive—love to joke him on his disappointed "egg-spec-tations."

A mile or two down stream lies Marvinville, a cluster of shops and dwellings situated in a bend of the brook, and famous in the annals of Pleasant Valley as the scene of Deacon Marvin's life and exploits. He flourished long before my day, and was a very aged man when I was yet below my teens. A hundred anecdotes were current in the neighborhood illustrating his industry, his eccentricity, his awkward shrewdness, and his invariable success in every enterprise to which he turned his mind and hand. Pleasant Valley folks regarded him as one of the world's wonders. He was reputed to be of Scotch descent, and had, as they said, "gumption" enough for a whole clan, although, unlike most Scotchmen, he was so good-natured and serene that nothing ever seemed to disturb the stagnant pool of his sensibilities. Pachydermatous as a rhinoceros, and sagacious as an elephant, you could neither take him in, nor irritate him, neither outwit nor annoy, neither gull in trade, humbug by a "sell," nor disturb by a practical joke. If assailed by wit or ridicule he usually repelled the attack by his apparent insensibility, though now and then he surprised you by a return blow so sharp, sudden, and unexpected, that you were prostrate before you beheld the movement; and by the time you recovered your powers of observation, he had regained his wonted stolidity so utterly as to make you doubt whether the coup had come from him.

Deacon Marvin, at the age of thirty, was a farmer, a tanner, and a shoemaker. On the bench (the shoemaker's bench) he wore his leather apron with as much gravity as ever "Me Lud" Chancellor wore his robes on the wool-sack. Among his tan-vats and in his corn-fields, at home and abroad, every where and always, he was the same solemn incarnation of awkward good-nature; every where and always industrious, quiet, sober, and earnest. In religious matters he was as diligent and devoted as he was in secular affairs. His worldly employments were as much a devotion as were his spiritual, and his piety was as thoroughly industrious as was his money-making. The one mode of devotion soon made him rich. The other soon made him a deacon. Long days' works earned for him "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness;" and long and laborious prayers and exhortations established him on a firm basis as a pillar in the church, and the odor of sanctity gave fragrance even to his filthy lucre.

There are men that Nature manifestly designed for Presbyterian deacons—native deacons "to the manor (manner) born." Their parents are church-members, whose children being baptized after the fashion of that church, which finds a handful of water a sufficient Jordan for a whole generation of communicants, are, by the virtue of "the half-way covenant," admitted when infants within the holy pale of membership. Of these privileged children there is now and then one who takes to his Catechism as kindly as to his mother's milk, and seems to grow and fatten upon texts and doctrines as readily as Hophni and Phinehas did on the priestly perquisites of Eli, without developing any of the evil tendencies that misled those two unfortunate young scions of the Hebrew priesthood. Such a one was Deacon Marvin from his cradle upward. With such it is merely a question of time; and when the time comes he is, as matter of course, officially designated and set apart as deacon. So was it with Marvin; and in his case he would have been thus promoted long before he was but for the fact that he was yet unmarried; and the Presbyterians, remembering Paul's exhortation, "Let your deacons be the husbands of *one* wife," were reluctant to elect a bachelor to that ecclesiastical office. This difficulty was duly made known to him, and he was kindly asked to remove the stumbling-block by taking to himself a wife. He modestly suggested that, as Deacon Smith already had a wife, there might be a bachelor elected to the second deaconship, and that even Paul would then admit that the "one wife" did exist as an actual fact. But the church were inclined, Elder Mack and some of the brethren smiling at Marvin's queer reply, to insist that the text required and meant "one wife apiece." Mr. Marvin, apparently wondering a little at their smiles, told them he would "take the matter into prayerful consideration."

This promise was known at once all over the



parish, as in a country village invariably happens, and it created an immense sensation among the artless Ruths and artful Naomis of Pleasant Valley. It is said that, within a fortnight afterward, the future deacon was called upon as shoemaker to take the measure of every unmarried female foot of Presbyterian ownership between the ages of eighteen and forty in the whole valley; nay, that customers of this description came from the remoter regions of Hamburgh, Brockway's Ferry, Niantic, and Rise Head to be measured for slippers, shoes, overshoes, boots, and moccasins of every kind known in those unsophisticated days to that primitive locality. And it was noticed, not seemingly by Mr. Marvin, but by others more observing, or less careful than he to conceal their observation, that of these candidates for *fits* a considerable number came more than once—first to be measured, and then to try on, and then a third time to suggest trifling alterations. Within the month Mr. Marvin received fifteen invitations to tea-parties and kindred entertainments, at which he was regaled with every delicacy, solid and fluid, that the housekeepers of Pleasant Valley could invent and produce for his delectation; and it was a curious coincidence that every one of his entertainers had at least one marriageable daughter, and that upon her, the heroine of the evening, the "Cynthia of the minute," was bestowed all the credit of the remarkably light bread, or wonderfully sweet butter, or rich cheese, or toothsome "apple-saas" and "preserves," or crisp "short-cakes," or "flaky" pie-crust, or any other good thing which seemed to attract the regard of this highly-esteemed friend and guest.

These uncommon manifestations of neighborly regard and of friendly feeling were not the only extraordinary phenomena which exhibited themselves about that time to watchful eyes in and around this agitated community. New dresses, new bonnets, new ribbons broke out, like an eruption, all over the parish; and on Sundays the meeting-house was gay with unwonted colors, and attractive with young beauty decorated with fresh and manifold feminine adornments.

Let it not be supposed that Deacon Marvin was all unmoved by this revolutionary excitement. He did not betray any unwonted emotion, but kept on the even tenor of his way just as though every body else were as calm as he himself seemed to be. His mind, however, was deeply moved. As a truly conscientious man he began diligently to inquire "whether or no," to use his favorite formula, "it was the will of the Lord" that he should marry, and if it were, who was the divinely-appointed *she*? It is now (I speak of more than forty years ago) the village tradition that he actually went, night after night, to a thicket of alders in the river bend behind his house—the house in which he lived with an aged mother—and there knelt down alone beneath the stars, and prayed for divine wisdom to guide him first to a righteous decis-

ion, and next to a becoming choice. That tradition is founded partly on the well-known devotional habits of Mr. Marvin, and partly on the testimony of two of the village boys of that period, who testified that, as they were engaged one night on the opposite side of the brook fishing for horn-pouts and "bobbing" for eels, they heard Deacon Marvin earnestly praying as above described. It rather detracted from the credibility of their story that these boys were two of the most ill-behaved scamps in the Valley, and that the prayer, as they repeated or pretended to repeat it, was so very personal and peculiar that no man of ordinary character, and with the average notion of devotional propriety, could be supposed to have addressed it to the Almighty. But, on the whole, omitting divers names of the reigning beauties of the place, and sundry descriptions of their "dough-nuts" and "bunnets," the story was believed. One thing at least is certain—Marvin resolved to marry, and so he informed Elder Mack in season for the next "church meeting," whereat a deacon was to be chosen. Another thing is certain. He determined to marry an individual who had, like himself, seemed to be unmoved by the village disturbance and uproar of which he had been the innocent cause or occasion—an individual who had not ordered from him new shoes, or from milliner or mantua-maker new bonnet, ribbon, or dress; who had neither invited him to her house, nor been invited to meet him elsewhere, and about whom nobody, unless it were Deacon Marvin himself, seemed to have taken any matrimonial thought in this connection. The person thus fixed upon by our hero was a widow lady of about seven-and-twenty, some three years his junior—Widow Becket, who had, after something less than one year of wedlock, lost her husband, and remained for five or six years in mourning for her loss. She was still a very comely young woman; was a member of the same church as the Deacon; was of excellent character; owned and "carried on" with notable skill and discretion a farm of nearly a hundred acres, on which she lived in a very pretty cottage, and was without children. Widow Becket was known to possess some property in the city of New York, which yielded her three or four hundred dollars of annual revenue; and she had the further good fortune to be respected by all who knew her. She did not go much into society, and was rather looked upon as a widow for life. Always in her seat at public worship on Sunday, and generally present at the Friday evening "conference meeting" in the school-house, to which, like most of the housekeepers who came, she brought a candle to help light up that simple sanctuary. Deacon Marvin had, of course, seen her and her modest widow's weeds a thousand times, although no living soul, unless perchance the widow herself, had ever imagined that he bestowed on her a look or a thought. He had seen her, and she had observed that he had seen her. More than this. By some queer process that neither physiologist



nor psychologist has ever yet explained or understood, the widow, about the time of that apocryphal prayer among the alders, became conscious—perhaps I ought to say convinced—that she had somehow entered into Deacon Marvin's mind, and that about her image in his breast new and peculiar thoughts, feelings, and fancies were rapidly crystallizing. It might have been one single, momentary, magnetic flash from his eye, unseen by, nay, invisible to, any other person, that gave her this information. If

“—— there are looks and words that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart,”

so are there lightning-like gleams of intelligence, or rather sparks of knowledge, that convey from one soul to another, in the ten thousandth part of an instant, whole folios of information. One of these sparks had traveled from Deacon Marvin's eyes to Widow Becket's bosom. Each of them was aware of the fact. And I suppose that some responsive electric messenger had, in like manner, found its entrance into the manly breast of Deacon Marvin. But this is conjecture rather than knowledge. What I do know is only this: Deacon Marvin, at the close of a long day's work, which ended as usual with the washing of his hands and face for supper, and was as usual followed by a quiet supper at home, was heard by his mother to exclaim, as if talking to himself, “My stars! the Widow Becket is the very cretur! *Thanks be praised*, she's ready broken to the yoke!” In about fifteen minutes after this unwonted explosion, Deacon Marvin, with a clean shirt on, his hair nicely brushed, and in his “Sunday suit,” mounted his horse, and rode slowly and gravely over to Widow Becket's house—a distance of nearly two miles—humming, not noisily but audibly, a succession of jolly old “psalm tunes,” like “Wells,” “Mear,” “Bangor,” and “Silver Street,” thereby conforming to the Pauline precept, “If any man be merry let him sing psalms.”

Arriving “about dusk” at the widow's door, he knocked without dismounting. She came to the door so promptly as to indicate that she had either seen or heard him coming.

“Good-evening, *Sister Becket*,” said Deacon Marvin.

“Good-evening, *Brother Marvin*,” said the quiet widow. “Won't you get off your horse and come in?”

But instead of answering her question he replied, “Widow Becket, after earnest prayer I have come to the conclusion that *it is the will of the Lord that I marry thee!*”

The widow had in her hand a lighted candle, and she looked down upon its blaze with a pleasant smile, as she instantly answered,

“*The Lord's will be done, Brother Marvin!* Won't you tie your horse and come in?”

“Wa'al, I guess I will call for a few minnets,” said he. And so while she held the light he dismounted, fastened his horse by the bridle to a post conveniently near, and then went in. He did not “go in and win,” but he won and went in.

The visit was brief. The wedding-day was fixed—the day, or rather the evening, before the church-meeting for election, on the following week—Marvin took the widow's measure, and then he came away. It is said by his posterity that before going to bed that night he finished for the widow a pair of wedding shoes of white satin covered with silver spangles, and with narrow heels two inches high.

The marriage ceremony was performed very quietly in the evening at the widow's house. The whole town knew, of course, what was to happen, for on the preceding Sunday the widow, dressed for the first time since Captain Becket's death, “in colors,” had sat in old Mrs. Marvin's pew, and the “publishment” had been read by Elder Mack from the pulpit, to the disappointment of all the aforescribed Ruths and Naomis, who now felt vexed at having thrown away so much money on needless shoes, finery, and tea-party entertainments.

After the wedding the Deacon's horse was brought to the door, the Deacon got into the saddle, Mrs. Marvin—no longer Widow Becket—was helped upon the pillion, and as soon as she had secured herself against the possibility of a fall, by passing her plump and well-formed arm around her new husband's waist, the happy couple rode quietly home to old Mrs. Marvin's house, wherein they spent not only their honeymoon, but a series of quiet and happy years.

On the day after the wedding he whom we have been calling Deacon Marvin became a deacon by election, as he had all his life been one by nature. The next Sunday being “Communion Sunday,” Deacon Marvin entered upon the performance of his public duties, acquitting himself, if not gracefully, at least with tolerable decorum, and without any *very* manifest agitation or embarrassment. His wife did, in after-years, tease, or playfully try to tease, him by pretending that he spilled a little wine in her lap in passing the cup; and the other deacon, it is said, was heard to remark that “Brother Marvin must have held the plate uncommon tight to have left the *dent* of his thumb on the edge on't.” I have grave doubts, however, on both of these points. For the Deacon showed so much coolness and imperturbability under circumstances far more trying, that I don't feel quite free to believe in his tremors or spasms on that occasion. The truth is, that his friends looked on his uniform calmness and quietude as a fair subject of joke, and their jests took this form of satire on his pretended nervousness and excitability.

The Deacon had made a fortunate marriage, and his prayers were so answered that he could never doubt having exactly accomplished “the will of the Lord” in that transaction. His wife was intelligent and good—good in disposition and temper, good in judgment and understanding, good in taste—and she had a wonderful share of good looks, for her face told all this so plainly that no one could look at her without seeing it all to be true. She was in no hurry to



change any of the habits of her husband, as to his person, dress, style of living, modes of business, or peculiarities of taste, feeling, or opinion. She did ultimately modify them all, and some of them were, without the Deacon's being aware of the *modus operandi*, greatly changed within a tolerably brief period of time; but none of them suddenly or violently. Great is this gift of "patient waiting." In the sweet circle of home, no less than in God's "kingly state," is it true that

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Mrs. Deacon Marvin did this and more. She waited, but did not "only" wait. She acted and waited; and while half of our newly married wives destroy their influence altogether by impatient and impetuous attempts, and would have pulled the Deacon's hair about his ears in an instant, and have teased him to distraction for the sake of proving and showing their influence over him, the sagacious Mrs. Marvin, though not altogether satisfied with her husband's phenomenal manifestations, or outward surroundings, or inward convictions and notions, was content to wait for opportunity and bide her time. And the result demonstrated her sagacity; for while her forbearance insured that domestic tranquillity which is the nearest-earthly approach to the rest and repose of heaven, it led also to the accomplishment of every change that she really cared to have made.

Very soon after his marriage the Deacon, who liked to ride with his wife, and to look at her as they rode, discarded the pillion, and turned out to grass the family horse-skeleton, whose twenty years' hard service entitled him to be put on the retired list with free rack and manger for life, purchased a sedate but well-looking nag and a comfortable chaise, in which, with an express stipulation that his wife should "hold on to him just as if she was on the pillion," the Deacon thenceforward transported her to and from "meetin'," or wherever else they felt inclined to travel.

In the course of a year the personal aspect of the worthy man was wonderfully metamorphosed. The grub had become a butterfly; not to be sure a very gay and flighty one, but one of a neat and deaconly aspect; not such a fanciful insect as entomologists chase after, catch, cure, and pin up in collections, but a "grave and reverend," a Quakerish and unpretending papilionaceous, Presbyterian deacon butterfly, whom it was quite a comfort to look upon.

At the end of about two years the Deacon began to talk about building a new "meetin'-us," with steeple, bell, and clock. Not only did he talk but he acted, giving liberally and collecting subscriptions industriously, so that on the anniversary of his wedding, and just three years after that happy conjunction, or conjugation, he actually helped raise the frame of the new church. While engaged in this public and pious duty a messenger from home announced to him that his wife had just become the mother of two noble boys. Not pausing in his work—he was just

heaving the "king post" into place—the Deacon smiled all over, and with a slight tremor of voice ejaculated, "My stars! Sister Marvin, you've done well." The birth of these twins upon the very day "the new meetin'-house was raised" the Deacon considered *providential*, and he resolved to give the boys some appropriate Scripture names. Jachin and Boaz was his first thought; but with his wife's help he finally settled down on Caleb and Joshua; and they were christened accordingly.

It was in the training and treatment of those children, the only children he ever had, that the Deacon's peculiarity was most strikingly developed, as we shall presently see. First, however, let me relate an odd adventure or two connected with this new church edifice.

The funds which had been raised to pay for that building were not sufficient to complete it on the original plan. It was all done, however, except the galleries. Some of the church-members proposed to borrow a few hundred dollars and finish the whole interior. "No," said Deacon Marvin, with unusual emphasis. "No. Let us wait. Don't run in debt. I believe in worshiping God on cash principles." This settled the matter, and they waited. But meantime the house was dedicated and used for public worship, and answered the purpose very well, notwithstanding the somewhat ghastly look of the uncovered timbers of the galleries. A provisional arrangement for the choir was made in what may be called the organ-gallery by a loose flooring of rough boards laid across the beams without any fastening, but so arranged as to support the benches on which sat some fifteen or twenty singers, and as many aspiring boys, who instead of remaining below, climbed, boy-like, to the highest seats in the synagogue. The Deacon at this time "led the singing," and acted as chorister, and of course took his seat among the singers and the sinners of tender years. As chorister he "led" the one, and as tithing-man (who was the Puritan beadle) repressed and silenced the other. On one occasion, just as Elder Mark had announced his text, the eyes of Deacon Marvin unfortunately fell on some roguish urchins who were "mocking" the minister's motions, and giggling together in a very ungodly manner, at the distance of about a board's length from his own seat. To rise promptly, and move with outstretched arm toward the offenders, was the Deacon's first act; to step with his whole weight on the unsupported end of a board directly over the "broad aisle" was his next; and as the board tipped up at one end, and let the unhappy Deacon rush down like an avalanche upon the floor below, his seating himself involuntarily, but with terrific force, on the uncarpeted aisle, exclaiming aloud "O Lord!" was his last and final act in that acrobatic performance. The minister paused in the midst of his second reading of the text and gazed with horror on the Deacon; everybody looked around, many of them "snickered out" (as the Deacon used to say when he told



the story) and giggled aloud, and poor Mrs. Marvin started to her feet, but was too weak and faint to go immediately to her husband's rescue. For half a minute the unhappy man, with a general feeling of being knocked all to pieces, "a sort of all-overishness of the bones and joints," he said, and a special and particular conviction that his *os coccygis* was knocked up into close vicinity with his shoulder-blades, and that, in the elegant language of Mrs. Partington, he had "got a spine into his back-bone," sat and stared like an owl by daylight at the minister. At the end of that time, by the use of both hands and feet, he regained a standing position, walked gravely into the "entry," and with one hand supporting the upper portion of each leg, crept up the gallery stairs, amidst the most profound silence of minister and people, and resumed his seat on the front bench of the orchestra.

Then, and not till then, did Elder Mack proceed with the appropriate exercises of the day. Then, and not till then, did the people of Pleasant Valley fully appreciate the moral courage and heroic self-control of their junior deacon. A common man, or a common deacon, nay, any one but a man of supernatural self-possession and coolness, would have blushed, would have faltered, would have crawled off and gone home, and appeared no more in public that day. But Deacon Marvin did not turn red, at least on any part of him "visible to the naked eye"—did not feel abashed, "though cast down yet not abased," never dreamed of deserting his post, or of slinking away from the scene of his disaster. Like Milton's Satan, he continued "great though fallen;" and, unlike that fallen "son of the morning," the Deacon did not

"— fail to reascend,  
Self-raised, and repossess *his* native seat."

From that moment Deacon Marvin was considered a great man in Pleasant Valley. As he resumed his seat the whole congregation regarded him as superior to any person present except the parson. Before the morning service ended he was universally acknowledged to be greater than Elder Mack.

The minister began his discourse as soon as he well could, after order was once more restored, and proceeded without further let or hindrance to his "fifth head." Sermons in those days were like serpents in the days of Hercules, or like "beasts" in the times of John at Patmos, and the number of their "heads" was wonderful. I think that Deacon Marvin's head must have received a heavy blow as he fell through the floor, or that the shock transmitted to his brain upward from his bulkier parts as they struck the floor below, had transiently dulled his powers of attention. Whatever may have been the cause, truth constrains me to declare that Deacon Marvin's mind, I will not say wandered off from Elder Mack's discourse, but remained stationary, or dropped behind, and fell into a dreamy condition, so that the discourse wandered off from him, and when the worthy

minister was about to assail with Herculean energy the fifth head of his hydra-headed sermon, the Deacon was sound asleep, nodding forward most alarmingly toward the unfenced verge of the gallery, and threatening at every nod to *dive* into the depths below. Once already had he fallen stern foremost, and now he seemed bent on plunging head foremost into the congregation. Angry and alarmed, angry at this insult to his oratory, and alarmed by the impending danger of the deacon, Elder Mack resorted to various expedients familiar to pulpit orators to waken the sleeper. He elevated his voice almost to a scream, and was met by a nod. He lowered it, as Seguin used to let down his voice and inquire, gaspingly and gutturally, "what do you think of my double G?" in the opera of the Bohemian Girl. But what did Deacon Marvin care for his ventriloquial or bellicose mutterings? He pounded the pulpit and the pulpit cushion with an energy that filled the air with dust, amidst which dimly shone the minister's red and threatening face

"—as when the sun, now risen,  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams."

But he might have pounded the pulpit to pieces without disturbing that obstinate, "nid-nid-nodding" deacon. As his last oratorical resort Elder Mack came to "an awful pause," and waited a full half minute in a silence which, as poets say, "was enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers;" but, alas! Deacon Marvin was not one of the Seven Sleepers, and only leaned the more dangerously forward and nodded the nearer to his fall, the longer the silence lasted. The clergyman was horrified—the sweat started from his brow, trickled down his nose, and made dimples in the dust as the drops fell upon the cushion and the big Bible below his nose; his eyes rolled wildly. It was more than man or minister, nay, more than angel or archangel, could have borne any longer in silence. Even Gabriel would have blown one blast on his trumpet. And so Elder Mack screamed aloud in his agony, "Deacon Marvin! Deacon Marvin! it is hard work to preach to a sleepy congregation!" The effect of that cry was instantaneous and electrical. Deacon Marvin awoke, and as his head flew up to its natural position he called back in stentorian voice to the horror-stricken preacher, "Elder Mack! Elder Mack! it's hard listening to a sleepy sermon! Go on with your discourse!"

The explosion of laughter that followed was something quite diabolical. Nobody could help laughing, yet every body was horrified by the dreadful, the impious, the damnable, impropriety of his laughter, and the meeting broke up in dire confusion. There was no more preaching that day. Deacon Marvin alone maintained his self-possession, and went home as calm and demure as though nothing had happened "out of the common." The result was that old Elder Mack resigned, a new minister was settled in his place, and the Deacon remained the "monarch of all he surveyed."



Not long after the birth of the twins, Caleb and Joshua, their worthy father became greatly exercised in his mind upon the subject of their education. Two opposite systems of training embarrassed and divided his judgment. As Joshua was afterward wont to say, Deacon Marvin hesitated between the *phlog-istic* and the anti-*phlog-istic* methods. He had great faith in Solomon and in his exhortations not to spare the rod. So, also, he believed in moral suasion. He thought it an excellent plan to make striking appeals to the cutaneous conscience of children. And yet he remembered that in his own case no resort to the oil of birch had ever been attempted by his own father, and was sure that he had himself never needed a flogging. The result was what few men would have either reached or imagined. He resolved to adopt, and he did adopt, both systems. For Caleb, the eldest boy, he selected the discipline recommended by the wise king of Israel and Judah. For Joshua, the younger, he resolved on the gentler system of wholesome advice and tender admonition.

It might reasonably be expected that such diversity of treatment would have spoiled one or the other of these twin boys: that Caleb would hate his father for his apparent partiality and injustice, and dislike Joshua because he seemed to be the paternal pet and favorite. Such would have been the case in any other family. But, strange to say, no such result was produced in the domestic administration of the Deacon. Joshua, fortunately, was a quiet, orderly, and gentle soul, who never misbehaved except when Caleb tempted him into mischief, and was then so patient and anxious to atone for his misdeeds that whipping *him* was out of the question. But Caleb, the *whippee*, was a boisterous and turbulent youngster, full of the very devil of active mischief, fun, frolic, and childish misconduct—not malignant or malicious, but riotous and wild as an unbroken colt. His experiments in mischief were infinite in both number and variety. Mud-pies were his delight; and so fond of water was he that he seemed almost amphibious. One day, while yet in petticoats, he was discovered seated in a tub of water playing with a shad which had been immersed there to keep fresh for dinner. Whipping never troubled him. He bore it heroically, and forgot it instantly, and cherished no malice. Sometimes he drew Joshua into his mischievous enterprises. Being expelled on one occasion from his mother's sick chamber with his noisy willow whistle, and forbidden to blow it in or near the house, he went out with Joshua and both mysteriously disappeared. Presently a distant and seemingly subterranean whistling was heard, and, like Ferdinand perplexed by the song of the "gentle Ariel," every person in the house was led to inquire

"Where should this music be? 'i' the air, or the earth?" Search was made, and the two lads were found in the bottom of the well, blowing their bark trumpets in wonderful unison.

But Caleb's activity subsided into good order

by the time he was fourteen years of age; and from that time forward he never deserved a flagellation; nor from any one but his father would he ever have received one. He became his father's "right-hand man" in all branches of his multifarious business, and was sober and discreet as the Deacon himself. Joshua manifested a decided passion for study, and in due time was "sent to college." Caleb, in accordance with his natural tastes and aptitudes, adhered to the farm and the shop.

But Deacon Marvin could not altogether give up the old discipline. Fearing, or seeming to fear, that Caleb, though now so exemplary, might relapse into his old habits of mischief, his father hit upon a method of prevention quite new and original. It was this. Precisely as the old clock in the kitchen struck the hour of *twelve* on the night preceding Caleb's birthday every year, Deacon Marvin, having previously called his son out of bed, read to him some elegant extracts from the book of Proverbs, and lectured him on filial duty and what the old gentleman called "*PARENTAL* and *MARENTAL* love;" administered to him a thorough basting, and then, mingling his tears with those of the boy and the boy's mother, dismissed him to repose.

This annual expression of paternal regard was continued until Caleb entered on his twenty-first year. The young man loved and respected his father, knew all his foibles, and submitted to them with patience, feeling that in this world there is no purer affection than parental love, and no sentiment more pleasing to God than filial affection. He bore his stripes, therefore, with Spartan courage and Christian patience until the last year of his minority came round.

On the morning preceding his twenty-first birthday he was, however, devoutly thankful that he had but one more striking exhibition to witness of "parental and marental" solicitude. "Thank Heaven," said he, "to-night puts an end to corporeal proofs of my father's regard. To-morrow I am a man, and then, by Jove! good-by to birth-night castigation."

As he came home to supper that night the approaching ceremony filled his imagination with lively apprehensions. "The closing scene," thought he, "will be doubly tragical and touching. I wish there were any way fairly to escape this last annual dividend of castigation." A happy idea just then dawned upon his mind, and with flashing eyes he inquired, "Where is mother?" She was at hand, and they retired to her room for consultation. Half an hour later the family met at supper, Caleb gay and full of fun, his mother smiling and serene, the Deacon unusually serious and abstracted. He had become partially deaf, and this infirmity seemed to-night to be greatly increased by his absence of mind, insomuch that in saying grace he forgot his usual brief formula, and indulged in a prayer of formidable length, although quite unconscious that the family cat, on whose tail he had accidentally planted his foot, was howling furiously during the whole invocation. The



supper passed by without much conversation, and the old folks at nine o'clock went to bed, leaving Caleb up and reading in the kitchen. Soon after the departure of his parents Caleb went to the clock, removed the *striking* weight ("A good omen that," said he to himself), and set forward the hands an hour. He then retired to his own room, and waited.

At half past 11 o'clock, with characteristic punctuality, the Deacon arose and called his son, and began the annual lecture. "Caleb, my dear son," said he, "you are now almost a man, and are about to enter on the world as your own master. It is a serious crisis, my son, in your life. *Hereafter* there will be no one to administer wholesome correction, for to-night for the last time must I perform that solemn duty. My son, take off your coat!" Caleb obeyed, but lifted the candle toward the clock and looked so earnestly toward it as to excite his father's attention. The old man's eyes followed in the same direction, and, behold! it was almost one o'clock! "My stars, Caleb!" cried he, "I've overslept myself. It's too late. 'The sceptre has departed.' You are a man. Go back to bed. Good-night."

For once in his life the Deacon had been taken in. Caleb was prompt in his obedience, his mother *quite accidentally* let fall the candle and thus put out the light, and then, tenderly slipping her arm around her husband, gently drew him out of the room.

And here must now end my sketch of good old Deacon Marvin. He has long since "been gathered to his fathers," and "slept the sleep of the just." I will only add that to the day of his death, and when Caleb and Joshua were men in middle life, alike prosperous and honored, their father fully believed in the wisdom of his twin system of education, and proudly pointed to his "boys" for proof.

## WALL STREET IN WAR TIME.

"THE battle of Bull Run," said a late eminent financier, who would have been worth millions and might have ruled the monetary spheres, had he only kept to the straight path, and eschewed Indiana State Bonds—"the battle of Bull Run makes the fortune of every man in Wall Street who is not a natural idiot."

He foresaw a long war, great expenditures, and consequently, taxes being almost unknown, vast issues of paper-money, with their inevitable results, namely, active speculation, an advance in the price of all articles exchangeable for money, and unparalleled vicissitudes of fortune. And he went to work and bought 75,000 shares of stock on the spot. It was moderate, under the circumstances, considering the low prices of stocks, and the improving condition of the railways, to look for an average advance of twenty per cent. This would give him a profit of \$1,500,000. But the advance would probably be nearer forty than twenty. Forty would give him three millions. With that he would for

the present remain satisfied. So he counted his brood in the egg.

Unfortunately, in Wall Street, the soundest calculations are apt to fail where the speculator is hampered by considerations of time. The laws of trade always vindicate themselves in the end, but sometimes they are a long time about it. So it fell out that our wise friend, after waiting an unconscionable time, and going through panic after panic with sore loss, was brought up standing, just before the realization of his plans, by one of those accidents which will happen to enterprising people. How shall I describe it? He had a quarrel with the District Attorney about some bonds. Out West, they print their State bonds in a book like a primer. When the State wants money, the Treasurer cuts out a page or two, and signing his name, sells them. Some States are said to have whole libraries of such books. It would be handy for a Wall Street speculator to have a few volumes of such a library lying loose in his desk, and a complaisant friend to sign the pages as required. Of course no one in Wall Street ever had such books, or "sportèd" pages of them till they were thick in the hands of money-lenders as leaves in Val-lombrosa. But still our far-seeing friend did have a controversy of some bitterness with the District Attorney about bonds, and the end of it was that he (not the Attorney) was blotted out of Wall Street, and went away to die in the West, leaving others to reap the harvest he had counted on. His profits, but for this accident, would have been far more than double his most sanguine hopes.

Paper-money brought every one into Wall Street, and interested every family in the ups and downs of stocks. It circulated like fertilizing dew throughout the land, generating enterprise, facilitating industry, developing internal trade; the railways found their business increase beyond their most sanguine expectations; dividend-paying roads had extra profits to divide; embarrassed enterprises cleared off their debts, and became lucrative to their owners; every body wanted to own railway property. Within a few weeks after the first issue of legal tenders, stocks began to rise, and rose steadily, with slight interruptions, till April, 1864, when Mr. Chase, by selling his surplus gold for legal tenders, created an unexpected money panic, and the whole fabric of stock speculation toppled to the earth, overwhelming in the ruin thousands of unlucky operators.

It is keeping within bounds to say that \$250,000,000—in paper-money—was realized as profits by the operators in stocks between 1862 and 1864. The difference between the aggregate price of the railroad and miscellaneous shares and bonds dealt in on our Stock Exchange at mid-summer, 1862, and the price of the same securities on 1st August, 1864, is more than that sum. Many popular shares rose 300 per cent.

This profit was divided among many thousands of people. In 1863, and in the first quarter of 1864, every body seemed to be speculating



in stocks. Nothing else was talked of at clubs, in the streets, at the theatres, in drawing-rooms. Ladies privately pledged their diamonds as margin with brokers, and astonished their husbands with the display of their gains. Clergymen staked their salary, and some of them realized in a few months more than they could have made by a lifetime of preaching. One man, who had nothing in the world but a horse, sent him to a broker's stable, and persuaded the broker to buy him a hundred shares; he drew from the broker, a few months after, a balance of \$300,000. There is no record in Wall Street, as there was in the Rue Quincampoix, of a humpbacked man making a fortune by renting out his hump as a desk to street gamblers; but two or three different people realized a handsome competency by hiring a convenient room for stock gamblers to meet in, and charging a moderate entrance-fee. The same subject was uppermost in every man's mind. A party of travelers were seated in a public room at the Delavan House, at Albany. A man rushed in breathless, exclaiming: "It sold at twenty!"

They all sprang to their feet, with exclamations of astonishment and delight. None of them required to be told that "it" was Erie, and "twenty" was 120.

The labors and profits of the brokers were enormous. One house checked more than once for \$4,000,000 in a day. A day's commissions, in the case of a leading firm, were not unfrequently \$5000. Nearly all the leading members of the board lost their voices from constant bawling, and talked in the evening as though they were in the last stage of bronchitis; clerks seldom left their offices before 11 or 12 P.M., a liberal dinner at Delmonico's being allowed by their employers as a stimulus to exertion. The day was not long enough for the gamblers.

At half past 8 A.M. they began to collect in William Street, and by half past 10 the police could hardly keep the thoroughfare open. All day long the crowd ebbed and flowed between the boards and the street, shouting, screaming, swearing, quarreling, tussling, and not a few of them cheating and lying. A man-milliner from up-town, of short stature but prodigious lungs, was always a leading personage in the crowd: his bids rose like muffled thunder from under other men's coat-tails. The little rogue made \$100,000, and went off to Europe with it, to study, as he said, "de newe fashions for my emporium." When evening fell the throng adjourned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and the rooms adjacent, which were hired for the purpose. There night was made hideous by discordant bids and offers—often till every one in the neighborhood was or wished to be asleep. The Fifth Avenue Board, on an exciting night, was probably the nearest approach to Pandemonium we can hope to witness on this earth.

#### OF BULLS AND BEARS.

Nobody needs to be told that a bull is an operator who buys stocks for the rise, and a

bear one who sells them for the fall. The former is said, in Wall Street parlance, to "go long" of a stock when he buys; the other to "sell short." When a man has bought 500 Erie expecting it to rise he is said to be "long of Erie;" if he has sold 500 Hudson for future delivery, expecting it to fall, he is pronounced "short of Hudson." There are many ways of buying and selling stocks. People who have plenty of money buy for cash or "regular"—which means that the stock will be delivered and paid for next day. Others buy on "buyer's option," so many days; in which case the buyer has a right to call for the stock at any time before the maturity of the contract, and does not pay for it till then. Stocks may be sold for cash, or regular; or on seller's option, so many days, in which case the seller may deliver on any day prior to the maturity of the contract and can not be called upon for the stock till then. As a rule, outsiders—by which term is meant all persons who speculate in stocks without being brokers or professional speculators—buy on buyers' options, and sell on sellers' options.

Most Wall Street operators are bull or bear by turns, according to their views of the tendency of the market. These persons very seldom make money. The gift of average foresight is rare, and the variety of circumstances which influence prices in Wall Street so vast, that no mortal can presume to foresee them all. Exceptional periods occur every few years when shrewdness will enable an operator to discern the general drift of the market. But, in ordinary times, chance rules the day. If Smith or Brown make \$100 to-day by bulling Erie, ten to one he loses it to-morrow by bearing Central or bulling Hudson. There are, and always have been, a very large number of persons in Wall Street who have no other means of living than speculations in stocks, and yet who live and live well. But if the private affairs of these gentry were known, it would be found that all or nearly all have been "lame ducks" at some time or other; that is to say, owe money which they can not pay. It was a saying of one of the oldest and boldest operators of the street that he intended some day to paper his study with the promissory notes of his brethren. His own are cheap enough now.

The clerk—a confidential clerk of a very leading Wall Street operator, a man who sold and bought tens of thousands of shares daily on his own account, according to his view of the market—was charged with frequenting a gambling-house.

"Can this be true, Sir?" angrily asked his employer. "Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Not in the least, Sir. The only difference between us is that you gamble for thousands at the Board while I gamble for hundreds at a faro-table."

It will not do, however, to regard the parallel as exact. A man who buys Erie because he knows that the earnings of the road are increas-



ing largely, or who sells Hudson because he knows it has a floating debt which will interfere with dividends, has some reason for his act which the faro gambler has not. But the bulk of the Wall Street operators buy and sell with very little more ground for the faith that is in them than the man who bets on the red, or "goes his pile" at poker.

The true bull and the true bear are born so. They do not change. Marcus is a man you can place at a glance: a cheerful, jovial fellow, who thinks the world a good place to live in, and its arrangements generally satisfactory; who has faith in human progress, takes stock in new enterprises, believed in the telegraph, railroads, the oceanic cable from the first; is ready to help a poor fellow in distress, or to credit any reasonably probable good news. He looks on the bright side of things, and is a bull. He was a bull at his games at school, and will die a bull in Wall Street. He regards the crisis of 1857 as artificial, and all declines in values as the nefarious work of rascally speculators. When the bears have sway Marcus loses money and sometimes temper. But his indignation is honest, open, and manly. You can't persuade him that men are all rogues and railroad reports all lies. "There's a good time coming, boys," is his favorite air. He gets constantly imposed upon by knaves, owing to his credulity; but experience does not harden his heart. Genial old fellow, he has hosts of friends and hardly an enemy!

Cassius is a very different mould of man. He was born, bred, and lives a bear. Distrust is his prominent trait. From his youth he was a doubter and scorner. He sneered at the telegraph, and for a long time expected railways to be done away with and stage-coaches to be reinstated. He has no faith in men or things. The former are generally knaves, the latter perishable. He sells railway stocks so confidently on the expectation of accidents that he is rather disappointed when he don't find one in the morning paper. He is ready to take the odds against the happening of any expected event which is generally wished for. He don't believe in news unless it is bad news, or in men, unless, like himself, they are laden with distrust. Twenty years' indulgence in these feelings render him at forty a sour, unsavory companion, apt to be snappish in conversation, and uncongenial. For, you see, he makes his money out of misfortune. Bankruptcy, Civil Turmoil, Disaster, and Accident, are the evil spirits which bring him riches. The sight of prosperity annoys him. A companion who had listened impatiently, on a walk down Broadway, to his demonstration of the utter unsoundness of every thing and every body, and of the impending ruin of the whole commercial community, at last in despair pointed to Stewart's building on Chambers Street, and said:

"That building is substantial, at all events!"

"Bet you it comes down in some storm," was the prompt answer.

All bulls, of course, are not like Marcus, and all bears are not Cassiuses. There is Trimalchio, for instance, a steady bear, but not a bad fellow in his way; he has made and lost three or four fortunes; is apt to strut and look over men's heads when he has made a hit, but is very friendly and polite when fortune deserts him: he alludes to the impending collapse with a sigh of sympathy, and, I dare say, would give a trifle to the widows and orphans whose ruin will make his fortune. Many men are bears from natural caution, and abstain from operating except in times of general excitement and speculation when values are inflated. The leaders of the street have generally been bears, from the veteran Jacob, who thought nothing of selling short the entire capital stock of a road in a morning, down to Mr. Slyboots, who knows so much more than other people that betting against him is like playing with loaded dice.

Both classes of operators are useful and even essential. But for the bulls no enterprise would ever be carried into effect. And when rogues try to gull the public with fraudulent schemes, and to foist worthless stock on unsuspecting investors, the bear looms up as the protector of his species, and by selling the trash "short" develops its want of value and warns the dupes of their danger. When values are too low, the bull reinstates them. When they rise too high, the bear interposes and checks the enthusiasm of the sanguine.

The bulls had their carnival in 1863 and the beginning of 1864. The bears had theirs in 1857, and again in the later months of 1864, and the commencement, thus far, of 1865. The contest of 1857 was severe, though the result was never doubtful. Our railroads were inefficiently managed. There was not traffic enough for all of them, and a large number were declaring dividends which had not been earned. Most of them were groaning under constantly increasing floating debts. Under these circumstances it was clear that they must decline in public favor as investments, and it was merely a question of time when the fall would come. An organization of about a dozen large operators was formed under the title of "The Observatory," comprising a large proportion of the capital and financial skill of the street. They operated for the fall with vigor and ability. It is not a little curious to note, however, that their ultimate success was due to an event which had by no means entered into their calculations. They had based their sales exclusively on the unsound condition of the railways, whereas the crisis of 1857, which caused the great decline in values, was the result of general overtrading and an excessive drain of specie to Europe. The Observatory made a net profit of \$1,500,000 @ \$2,000,000 less than some individuals realized on the bull side in 1863. The loss to the public, exclusive of losses in merchandise, was not less than \$200,000,000.

The bulls had a carnival, based on the development of gold in California, which lasted



from 1852 to 1855, and made many fortunes. But the most brilliant of their campaigns was that of 1863. Paper-money was its base; its success was due to the large earnings of the railroads caused by the development of internal trade.

The crisis of 1857, and the short crops which followed, had impoverished the West, reduced railroad receipts to so low an ebb that they barely paid expenses, and destroyed public confidence in railroad property. Many railroads had passed out of the hands of their owners into those of receivers, and had been reorganized. Others were struggling painfully under an intolerable load of floating debt. The bountiful crops of 1859 and 1860 were beginning to restore them to something like prosperity when the war panic—which followed the election of Mr. Lincoln—again revived distrust, checked trade, and plunged holders of railroad property into despair. It was not till two years afterward that the depression began to be overcome.

In 1862 the bulls showed their heads again—fortified by paper-money and increased railroad earnings. Two brothers, not associated in business, but both clear-headed, bold, and with that *instinct d'agiotage* which a man must have to be very successful in stocks, began to attract attention by the boldness of their purchases. Another man, whom few persons knew, but who was said to have been an unlucky curbstone operator for some years, commenced dealing on a capital of two or three thousand dollars, and soon became a prominent figure at the "coal-hole." He enjoyed the acquaintance if not the patronage of a great millionaire; and when he was most audacious in his purchases, it was always suspected that he was acting for his potential friend—which helped his credit and gave him prestige to no small extent. Keen, shrewd, and now at last lucky, his first ventures were successful beyond his hopes; in six months his \$3000 had swelled to one hundred times that amount, and he was recognized as a leader. When he rose in the coal-hole to bid, as he generally did, "seller three or thirty," with his eyes flashing, and his slender frame vibrating with excitement—an associate or friend beside him with book and pencil to note down his purchases—by-standers looked on with admiration, bears hastened to cover their shorts, and the large class of speculators, who get their thinking done by other people, lost no time in following in his track. A man with prestige can operate *à coup sûr*: he has always following enough to relieve him of his stocks at a profit if he repents his purchases. This was the fortune of this man; for a long time every thing he touched turned to gold, because he could make his operations certain. And his shrewdness did not fail him at the last. For some time before the great crash of April he had foreseen and foretold it. It found him prepared; and of the great fortunes won in 1863, his is one of the very few which has been preserved.

Another leading operator made a display not

less brilliant, but more meteoric. He, too, had read the signs of the times, and after feeling his way for some months, at length struck a vein. He achieved fame and fortune in a few days. His personal prestige was at one time greater than was ever enjoyed by any man in Wall Street. People of all kinds thronged his office and begged him to give them just a hint—the least hint, and they would be his friends forever. If he whispered "Rock Island," scores of sensible men rushed to their brokers and ordered Rock Island bought. Not that they knew why they were buying it: they had a hint from the Great Man, and that was sufficient. A Company, respectable enough, and with a fine property which they were desirous of bringing before the public, actually paid him the enormous fee of \$165,000 to allow the subscription books to be opened at his office, and his name to appear in the list of directors. Speculators paid him extravagant commissions to buy stocks for them, in the hope that the public might think he was buying them for himself. To his friends he was a generous fellow, and in his wild, extravagant way would tell them:

"Boys, I'll make a million for each of you before I've done."

He was something more than a mere gambler. As an arithmetician he never had his equal in the street, and his grasp of financial questions was so true and comprehensive that, at one meeting, he persuaded one of our soundest Boards of railroad managers to depart from the policy they had established, and pursue a new one under his guidance. The misfortune with him was that at last he began to believe in himself. From that moment he was a doomed man. The moment a man in Wall Street begins to think he knows more than other people his ruin is a mere question of time. When this misfortune befell the operator of whom we speak, he determined to make not two or three millions but eight or ten; not to control one stock, but half a dozen. Bankers and banks were ready enough to humor him. Where he had borrowed a million they lent him two; and president and cashier slyly examined his collaterals, and laid in a couple of hundred each of the same sort for their private pocket. If Mr. Chase had not been seized with the fine notion of selling gold for greenbacks, and if nothing else of the like nature had happened, there is no saying how many millions this great operator might not have realized, and what income-tax he would have paid. Unfortunately, the dread day of April came, and found him expanded to the utmost extent. Banks and bankers called for their money, and would hear of no excuse. Private lenders called for more margin. Customers called for their balances. The struggle was brief. One morning the word was passed round:

"M—— has failed!"

It was the culminating point of the crisis of April. The great leader went down, under full sail, with all hands on board, and all the little



smacks and other craft which had followed in his wake shared his fate.

It was a bad time for Uncle Sam's income-tax commissioners. The decline was so rapid that not only did speculators lose, but brokers, money-lenders, and others, who had no interest in the operations of the day, were involved in the general catastrophe. Stocks fell 15 per cent. on Saturday, and then, though every body said they would naturally react on Monday, they fell 15 per cent. more on that day. No such decline had ever been witnessed in Wall Street, and people were new to the alternate inflations and panics which are the characteristics of paper-money eras. Very few had time to save themselves. Several thousands of individuals who had made during the year preceding fortunes varying from \$25,000 to \$250,000 found themselves stripped in a week. Of those who survived the subsequent decline slaughtered the greater part. Speculation in stocks received a blow from which it has not since recovered.

A few figures will explain the extent of the losses which have fallen upon stock gamblers since last 1st of April. Erie, which sold when the war began at 30, rose to 130, fell in April to 105, and has since sold at 66. Reading, which sold in 1861 at 55, rose to 160, and has since sold at 102. Toledo sold at 28 in 1861, at 160 in 1863, and at 103 since. Michigan Southern sold at 30 in 1862, at 118 in 1863, and at 61 since. Pittsburg rose from 22 to 129, and has since fallen to 80. Rock Island rose from 40 to 150, and has since sold at 88. It will be remembered that the figures at which these properties sold at the beginning of the war were in gold, and that the roads were not then earning money; whereas the subsequent figures are in a currency worth 50 per cent. in gold, and the roads are all earning dividends.

#### OF CORNERS.

Every body knows what the corner of a street is, or the corner of a room. A Wall Street "corner" has no affinity with either of these. It is derived from the popular verb to "corner," *i. e.*, to embarrass beyond chance of escape. A stock operator is cornered when he has sold stock short which he can not procure for delivery, and a stock is said to be cornered when a bold operator or a clique buys it all up, and then calls upon the bears who have sold it short to "stand and deliver." Great corners are among the memorable events of the street.

The first great corner on record was engineered some twenty or thirty years ago in Morris Canal stock, a long since forgotten fancy. Most of the operators in the Board and in the street believed it to be ruling above its value and sold it short. On this a shrewd clique bought up all the loose stock and locked it in a trunk. The shorts discovered, as their contracts matured, that there was no stock to be had except of the cornering clique, and they demanded an exorbitant price. Dismay prevailed on all sides. There was no precedent for the case. The bears accused the

cornerers of conspiracy, and denounced the corner as a piece of roguery; the bulls retorted by inquiring why their antagonists had sold that which they did not possess and apparently could not procure. After much altercation, the dispute was referred to the Board of Brokers, and that body, new to such points, actually decided in favor of the shorts, pronouncing a verdict which virtually relieved them from the necessity of fulfilling their contracts, on the ground that the corner was a conspiracy.

The Board has grown wiser since then. In our time, if a man is cornered, he can get neither relief nor sympathy by applying to the Board. He must deliver or break. The trouble with the parties who cornered Morris Canal was that, like Galileo, they were before their time.

There have been three great corners within the past year or two; one in Hudson River, one in Harlem, one in Rock Island—each of the three organized by a master of the art. Of these the most profitable was the one in Hudson River, the most thorough the one in Harlem.

Hudson came to be cornered accidentally. In a dull, inanimate state of the market the chronic bears were amusing themselves by "hammering," *i. e.*, pressing down the price of Hudson, which did not happen to have any particular friend in the Board. This pastime of theirs was not relished by a large holder of Hudson, then disporting himself during the dog days on board his yacht; and chancing to revolve the matter in his head as he lay with a friend on a pile of deals on a wharf in the North River one morning between four and five, it occurred to him that with proper ingenuity a rod might be set in pickle for these trespassers. Orders went that morning to confidential brokers to take all the sellers' options in Hudson. This was repeated for several days, until the buyers had a pretty large pile of options. Cash stock was then taken as quietly as possible, until the market was bare. A brief calculation showed that the buyers had secured either as cash or contract stock, all the Hudson in existence, with the exception of a very few shares which were not likely to come on the market. A new manœuvre was then developed. Application was made to several leading bear houses to "turn" Hudson; that is to say, to buy it for cash from the cornering party, and to sell it back to them on buyers' option for ten, twenty, or thirty days. This indicated or was regarded as indicating weakness on the part of the cornerers; it looked as though they were short of money; the bears eagerly "turned" several thousand shares for the usual difference, and instantly threw on the market the cash stock, which the cornerers privately bought.

All being now ripe, the trap was sprung. Many of the sellers' options began to mature. There was no Hudson to be had. On that morning when the chief of the party lay on the deals thinking of his margins Hudson was 112; it now rose to 180. On one hundred shares, thoughtlessly sold, the loss was \$6800. There



could not have been less than 50,000 shares contracted to be delivered to the party which had cornered the stock by members of the Board and others. Bear cries of anguish rose to heaven. In the course of a day or two the clique notified the parties who had turned the stock to deliver. They considered themselves very badly treated. They claimed to have turned the stock merely to oblige the bulls, and now to be asked to lose \$5000 or \$6000 on every 100 shares! But the bulls were inexorable. They must have their property. On one point they were willing to oblige their foes. They would lend stock at the modest rate of 5 per cent. a day. Enormous as this charge was, there were many who, believing that the corner was a mere spasm of a day or two, paid it and borrowed stock. They were the worst punished of all. The corner lasted many days, over two weeks. After paying 5 per cent a day for several days, the victims despaired, and bought the stock. Never in its history had Wall Street been so cruelly scourged.

What distinguished the Hudson River corner from almost all others was the skill with which the clique extricated themselves at last. Every one can see that with plenty of money it is an easy matter to buy up all the shares of a stock which the rank and file of Wall Street are blindly selling short, and to bleed the sellers for their presumption. But the natural end of such an operation is to load the bulls with the entire capital stock of the concern cornered. And no man wants to buy a stock which has just been cornered. Now the clique in Hudson secured the services of a prominent bear broker, and directed him to sell all the stock he could on seller's option during the heat of the contest. While the unfortunate bears were buying stock for delivery at 170 @ 180, this broker was selling at 140, or even lower, on sellers' thirty-day options, which were taken by many in the belief that he was prosecuting the contest and would fail in the end. Whereas, when most of the stock really sold short had been delivered, and the bears squeezed as thoroughly as they could be, the clique quietly delivered the stock apparently sold short by their broker, and found themselves loaded with no exorbitant amount remaining.

The Harlem corner is an instance of the opposite style of management. We have seen lately two corners in Harlem; one in which Commodore Vanderbilt cornered the Common Council and their friends by way of punishment; the other, in which like measure was meted out to the Legislature and their friends for operating on the repeal of the Broadway grant. This was an operation in which feeling seems to have predominated over calculation. The severity of the punishment was unequalled. Many contracts to deliver Harlem at 110 were settled at 280. Probably no less than \$3,000,000 in money were taken out of the pockets of the bears in Harlem. Several houses went down in the struggle, and others

which survive still wear its scars. But the end of the campaign saddled the bulls with the entire capital stock of the Harlem, which, as it doesn't pay dividends, and may never do so, is not a cheerful load to carry. A man who bid 60 for Harlem—the last sales being at something like 240—would probably be promptly supplied. People won't buy it at any price.

A fair joke was developed in the course of the Harlem corner. The bulls had purchased from a leading operator certain "calls" on Harlem. A call is a document which states that for value received the bearer may call upon the subscriber for so many shares of such a stock at such a price within a stated time. It need hardly be mentioned that the shrewd old speculator who sold these calls on Harlem did so in perfect ignorance of the fact that the stock was being cornered at the time. When he discovered the trap into which he had fallen his wrath was pungent. The calls were sold at 130 or thereabouts. When the stock rose to 250 or so, the holders "called." The seller refused to deliver. Being asked his reasons, he replied in the language of the Morris Canal victims, that the corner was a conspiracy, and furthermore, said he:

"This paper says you may call on me for Harlem. Well, call. I don't mind it. Call again, as often as you like. I don't see any thing here about my delivering any stock."

The Rock Island corner made a great noise in its time, and some of its features were brilliant. The bulls bought, counting cash and contract stock together, about 20,000 more shares of Rock Island than exist. Of course when the deliveries were called for the bears were at the mercy of their opponents, and the price rose from 110 to 150. In the middle of the contest the bull leader suddenly sold out with such surprising swiftness and dash that none of the bears had an opportunity of disputing the market with him. Fully 40,000 shares were sold in a day, the price falling from 141 to 118. Had he hesitated, or attempted to rally the price, the bears would infallibly have pressed him with their options, and deprived him of a market on which to sell.

Corners, as a rule, are not profitable operations, unless the stock cornered be of such quality that the bulls are satisfied to own the whole of it, and they have the means to do so. The Hudson River corner paid 12 per cent.; the Rock Island showed a profit of 4½. In the old days before 1857, the leading operator was once or twice broken by corners, but I doubt whether the cornerers made much, even when he didn't break. In London, they have a horror of corners. One important reason why they objected to putting our railway shares on their exchange list was that their capitals were generally so small that they were liable to be cornered by any one of several great operators.

#### OF GOLD GAMBLING.

The legal tender Acts demonetized specie, and rendered it an article of merchandise, like flour



or pork. At first there were many who contended that it should not rise to any premium. It had not done so during the suspension of 1857; and had the war ended as soon as some sanguine patriots expected, legal tender notes might have maintained their value in coin. As the war did not end, but, on the contrary, pursued its weary course with the usual vicissitudes of fortune, it soon became evident to sound thinkers that gold must eventually command a substantial premium. Leading foreign houses put their capital in gold, and converted their profits into gold as fast as they made them. Speculators began to buy gold for the rise.

At that time dealings in gold were confined to the Board of Brokers and the outside Board, popularly known, from the dinginess of its apartments, as the "Coal-hole." There were bear operators enough in the Board to sell on time all the gold wanted to the disbelievers in the currency. Their sales on sellers' options carried interest; and one house believed that it had discovered the royal road to fortune by selling so many millions of gold short that its monthly receipts from interest amounted to \$10,000. No better business, as the partners boasted, could possibly be discovered. Unfortunately, one day, the Union arms met with a reverse, and gold jumped up five or six per cent. This gave courage to the buyers for a rise, and they bought with freedom. In three days the profits from interest account were swallowed up, and the confident bears were forced to cover their contracts at a severe loss.

Gold was then about 125. It rose from that point, almost without a check, to 173. This steady advance in a few weeks was mainly due to the large issues of paper-money at Washington, and the poor success of the Union armies. But the rise was considerably aided by the operations of a clique known as the "Washington party."

The Washington party consisted, as its name imported, of men resident at or temporarily placed at Washington. They were members of Congress, Republicans and Democrats; newspaper correspondents; clerks high in office in the Departments; lobby agents; and Washington bankers. They enjoyed remarkable facilities for procuring early intelligence from the armies, and correct information regarding the designs of Government. Commencing with a small capital and a few adherents, they attracted money and associates by the rumor of their large profits, and in January, 1863, they were by far the most powerful body of operators in this market. No one knows precisely the rules which governed their method of operating, but they were bulls in every thing, and their ostensible engineers were Washington bankers, who hailed from some one of our up-town hotels. Not content with buying gold, they bought exchange in enormous amounts, and likewise tobacco, cotton, and other merchandise. It was currently reported in February, 1863, that they had made not less than \$6,000,000.

Their operations were so vast that concealment of them was impossible, and they were traced with ease. More than once, at the closing Board of the day in the "coal-hole," the well-known broker of the party would beg the President to "dwell" on gold, as he had "a little order." Members knew what that meant. He wanted a million or so. The report would run through the Board into the street, and through Wall Street to all the brokers' offices, that the Washington party were buying. There must be news. Every body wanted to buy too. Before the close of business a substantial advance in the premium had been established. At that time large dealings in gold were rare. Now a man buys or sells a million, and nobody is surprised or curious.

In February, 1863, a New York banker went to Washington. He had some talk with the Secretary of the Treasury and the members of the Committee of Ways and Means. He was known in this city as a man who had always been a believer in gold, and a holder of at least a million. One morning he telegraphed his partners here:

"Sell my gold!"

It was then 172 @ 173. The order was obeyed, and many were the surmises to which the laconic message gave birth. The market was in that condition that it seemed impossible for gold not to rise. It had risen steadily for several months, and every one who had sold it had lost money. The Washington party was said to hold over \$4,000,000 of gold, besides exchange. There was no prospect of a diminution of paper-money, and the military horizon was not brilliant.

A day or two after the New York banker had sold his gold a little bill was rushed through Congress. It was a silly little bill. It forbade loans of over par on gold, and threw some other pottering little difficulties in the way of traffic in coin. But though it was "neither as wide as a church door nor as deep as a well, it was enough" to prick the bubble which had been inflated by the Washington party. A panic in gold ensued.

It fell from 173 to 160, from 160 to 140, from 140 to 130, and at last, at midsummer, sold at 120. The dismay in Wall Street and William Street was appalling. Men with haggard faces and woe-begone expression hung listlessly on the corners of the streets. Hebrews of German birth bewailed themselves in Teutonic accents. One pillar of the synagogue was heard to declare that "nothing like *this* had been witnessed since the crossing of the Red Sea." It was no laughing matter. The fall in gold involved a corresponding fall in exchange, and in produce, groceries, and dry-goods. How many millions of apparent wealth were wiped out by this panic imagination only can figure. The Washington party were overwhelmed. They might possibly have stood their losses on gold. But when to these were added their losses on exchange, on tobacco, and other merchandise, even their gains were insuffi-



cient to carry them through, and they went down and were heard of no more. Some bankers who sold them options are said to remember them still.

The panic culminated in August, 1863, when Fort Wagner was taken, and our sanguine people pictured General Gillmore razing Charleston to the earth and sowing its site with salt. Gold then sold, for a day at least, at 120. From that point it rose, with many fluctuations, under the influence of natural causes, to 165 @ 175. Merchants were recovering from the losses they had suffered; exports were increasing; trade was improving; farmers were getting better prices for their produce. Every thing seemed quiet and, under the circumstances, as satisfactory as could have been expected.

At this juncture Mr. Chase put his foot in it. Mr. Chase is now Chief Justice of the United States, and will probably make the best Chief Justice we have had for half a century. But it is due to truth to say that he was a most miserable financier at this crisis. In the first place, instead of confining himself to his proper business, which was the providing of ways and means for the war, he persuaded himself that he was called upon to regulate prices. And then, instead of seeking light in history, he must needs repeat all the blunders which were made by France, Austria, and England during their suspensions of specie payments, though every book of history shows plainly how fatal those blunders had been. He first calmly swept aside the law which requires a sinking fund to be set apart for the redemption of the debt, and the other law which requires the customs duties to be paid in coin. He announced that he would receive payment of duties in paper at 165 cents for the gold dollar. Then he took a lesson from the example of the French Directory, and gave out that he would announce the price of gold every morning at the sub-treasury, and that this price should be the price for all day, no matter what news came to hand to vary it.

These absurd measures had their natural effect. The shrewd operators in gold—who by this time had established an exchange of their own—played on Mr. Chase as a man plays with a child. They made him vary his rate for gold to suit their speculations. They could easily foresee how long he could continue to dispense with gold receipts for customs; when the limit was reached, they knew he was at their mercy. Among merchants, the effect was still more grave. The violations of law perpetrated by the Secretary of the Treasury alarmed them, and shook their confidence in Government credit. Enormous quantities of goods were entered at the Custom-house, in the belief that when the time came for the resumption of the payment of duties in gold, the premium would advance. A general distrust in the wisdom of Government began to pervade the mercantile community. When Mr. Chase stopped receiving duties in paper, gold jumped up five to ten per cent.

Still the Secretary was not satisfied. He had

borrowed a hint from the French Directory. He now took a lesson from the Committee of Public Safety, and persuaded Congress to pass the most insane measure ever placed on our statute book—the Gold Bill, as it was called. This preposterous enactment, seeking to prevent all dealings whatsoever in gold, pronounced a variety of ordinary and legitimate acts of commerce criminal, and exposed all persons engaged in foreign trade to prosecutions at law. Had this measure retained its place among our laws, the trade of the sea-board cities would have been destroyed, and the currency would long ere this have been worth no more than the rebel shin-plasters. The day the gold bill passed gold was quoted 200. It rose next day to 210, next day to 220, next day to 240, and in a week to 280. One reason alone sufficed to account for the advance. There were a large number of persons who believed in the Union, in the success of our armies, and in the ultimate redemption of the currency in coin. These persons had either sold gold short, believing it to be too high, or had postponed their payments of gold for duties and their remittances to Europe. When the gold bill passed, the gold-room was closed, and the trade in gold was at an end. One or two gold brokers still professed to deal in the article, but they were unwilling to make large engagements. A man who had to pay \$100,000 duties on a cargo of teas or silks could not tell where to get the coin. The bears in gold—who were generally extra loyal men—were still more embarrassed. One man was short half a million of gold. He was called upon by his buyers to deliver. He went to every broker in the city; no one would sell him so large an amount. Of course he broke—owing to his excessive faith in the currency and in the soundness of Mr. Chase's system. If he had been a Copperhead and a believer in the worthlessness of greenbacks he would have made a fortune. Many contracts were settled during the few days of panic which followed the passage of the gold bill at a loss of 80 per cent., or \$80,000 on every \$100,000. Mr. Chase had certainly slaughtered his friends most thoroughly.

After a few days' experience of this monstrous bill Congress came to its senses and repealed it. Gold fell 25 per cent. on the repeal. The gold-room was re-opened, and merchants and speculators dealt therein as before. It has fluctuated since then with the fluctuations in public confidence, rising as high as 260 on bad news from the war, and falling on peace rumors to 185. But the trade in gold has been free, and hence, in the long-run, the fair trader may rely upon its finding its level.

Large fortunes have been made in gold, but it is very doubtful whether any of them have been kept. The fluctuations have been so severe that the most fortunate operators have been caught sooner or later. At least half a dozen men have been pointed out in Wall Street at different times as having realized their million



by gold gambling; but not one of them has taken any of his gains away. There was a clique of rebels at Montreal, and another clique at Louisville, Kentucky, which used to operate largely in gold. So long as the premium advanced they did well enough, and not only made money, but laid the flattering unction to their souls that they were discrediting our currency. But by-and-by some victory of Sherman's or some peace *canard* in the papers caused a stampede in the gold-room, and away went profits and margins too. So with the loyal gamblers. So long as all seemed bright they saw money piling up on their side fast enough. But some day a reverse in the field, or a new currency issue—necessitated by the inexorable wants of Government—swept away their gains, and left them poorer than when they began. Whether it be the destiny of gold to advance even after the peace, as many now seem to think will be the case, in consequence of the enormous accumulation of debt which the Government will have to liquidate; or whether it fall to or near par, on the success of our armies and the restoration of the prolific South to the fold of the Union, one thing seems pretty clear: little or no money will be made by gambling in gold. Gentlemen in the country, who aspire to this short and easy road to fortune, try certain well-known "hells" at Newport and Saratoga. If you can make a fortune in the comfortable *salons* of these worthies, you may also make it in gold. But it is as easy to do it in one as in the other.

### MR. FURBUSH.

IT is not very long since the community was startled by the report of an extraordinary murder that occurred at one of our fashionable hotels, under peculiar circumstances and in broad daylight, and without affording, as it appeared, the slightest clew to motive or murderer. Public curiosity, finding that nothing was likely to satisfy it, gradually dropped the matter, and as gradually it died out of the newspapers.

The person who was thus abruptly ushered from this world into the unknown region of the next was a young girl, some twenty summers old, and possessed of great personal charms. She was the heiress to a small fortune, a mere annuity, but had resided since her childhood with her guardian, the wealthy and generous Mr. Denbigh, who had always surrounded her with every luxury and elegance. When Mr. Denbigh married, he and his wife took their ward with them on the foreign tour they made, and the three had but just returned to America, residing temporarily at a hotel till their up-town mansion should be suitably prepared, when the sudden and terrible death of Miss Agatha More threw such a gloom over all their plans that the preparations were for a time abandoned, and Mr. Denbigh's energies were called upon to assist his wife in rallying from the low nervous fever into which she had been thrown and prostrated by this tragedy, when returning with her

husband from a drive they had discovered it in all its horror.

Mr. Denbigh was himself greatly afflicted by the death of his ward and the fearful manner of it—she had been strangled in her own handkerchief—for besides the debt of affection he owed her as the child of a dear dead friend, long years of familiarity, her extreme loveliness, and the winning gentleness of her sweet and timid ways, had given her a deep and warm place in his heart. Of late she had been a little out of health, not recovering rapidly from the great exhaustion and weakness of severe sea-sickness, and he had been unremitting in his endeavors to promote her comfort and happiness; while in making ready their new abode, both he and his wife had paid such heed to the tastes and needs of Agatha, meaning, as Mr. Denbigh said, that it should be felt by her to be as much her own home as theirs, without any sense of obligation, that now the place without her seemed too much a desert ever to enter upon it again.

Mrs. Denbigh, moreover, must have felt sorely, it would seem, the loss of the gentle daily companion of three years; but even more than on her own account she appeared to resent the deed for the sake of her husband to whom she was so passionately devoted, and no sooner was she able to lift her head from its pillow once more than she interested herself with revengeful vigor in the proceedings that had been undertaken. Mr. Denbigh, personally, cared little to discover the perpetrator of the atrocious crime; he felt that no human justice of cord or gibbet could restore Agatha; but his wife, burdened with their bereavement and with her own weight of indignation, would not rest with the mystery unraveled. In the deepest mourning, discarding almost every ornament, impressing so upon them more deeply the emergencies of the case and commanding their sympathies, she was closeted every morning with the detectives of the police, sparing her husband as much of the painful duty as possible, as she would have walked over burning plow-shares at a word from him.

It was at first supposed that the deed had been done for plunder, as various valuable jewels, gifts of the Denbighs, and heir-loom from Miss More's own mother, were discovered to be missing; but they afforded in themselves insufficient reason, and were subsequently discovered in a package picked up by one of the police themselves at the crossing of a crowded thoroughfare where they had apparently been purposely dropped. Neither did Miss More's lovers afford any clew to the miscreant; she had had several suitors and attendants, none of whom had Mr. Denbigh favored; and though Mrs. Denbigh had urged Agatha to regard young Elliot with kindness, Mr. Denbigh had frowned, Agatha had remained indifferent, and young Elliot, having taunted Mr. Denbigh with the assurance that since he countenanced none of Miss More's lovers it could be but from sinister intentions on his own part, had withdrawn, vowing vengeance,



and declaring that, since he could not have her, nobody else should. Still that was hardly murder. And the poor fellow was found, besides, to be in such a heart-broken state as to disarm suspicion. The only other accusation that could take shape and breath might have been directed toward Agatha's maid; but as she was able to prove that she was down in the laundry, and had remained there uninterruptedly from nine till one, while the occurrence had taken place between the hours of eleven and twelve in the morning, and as she had evidently nothing to gain and much to lose by it, that idea also was dismissed, though both young Elliot and the servant-maid remained under surveillance. Finally, in despair the Denbighs abandoned the investigation, and departed to spend the winter in Madeira, returning in the spring to their city abode, whose adornment had been left to the tender mercies of the upholsterers, since they had themselves so completely lost interest in it.

Here the general course of the matter rested. One officer alone, Detective Furbush—a man of genteel proclivities, fond of fancy parties and the *haut ton*, curious in fine women and aristocratic defaulters and speculators—who had not at first been detailed upon the case, but had been interested in the reports of it, having become at last much in earnest about it, pursued it still, incidentally, on his own account and in a kind of amateur way. It seemed to him a fatal fascination, a predestination of events that kept his steps nearly always about the purlieus of the Margrand House.

One day that Detective Furbush had happened, in a spare hour, to take his little daughter into a photograph gallery, he lounged about a window while the child was undergoing the awful operation. Along the opposite side of the street from this window ran one end of the Margrand House, with its countless windows and projections. The Margrand House fronted on a square, one end of it running down this street, and always receiving, on its stone facings and adornments, the whole sheet of the noon sun. A thought suddenly occurred to Mr. Furbush. So soon as the operator was at leisure he attacked him with the inquiry if there were any picture of that fine building, the Margrand House? To which the operator replied affirmatively, and showed him one taken from the square. "However," said the operator, "though it doesn't take in so much, and was only what this window could do for itself, I call this a prettier picture," and he produced something which, having been taken at such short focal distance, resembled the photographs of the rich architecture of some Venetian façade. "It was the morning of the Great Walden Celebration," continued the operator.

"What one?" asked Mr. Furbush.

"The Great Walden Celebration."

"Ah yes," responded Mr. Furbush, not letting the rest of his thought reach the air, running as it did, "that was the morning of the More murder."

"And we let one of the boys try his hand at the craft," resumed the operator, there being nothing doing; and it was such a lively scene in the street below, narrow as it is. And, as was to be expected from him, the crowd and procession turned into dot and line, and the whole of that part of the building opposite came out as if it had sat for its picture."

"Exactly," said Mr. Furbush, as, rubbing his finger over his lips, he looked at the sheet on which the central portion of that side of the hotel, with its quaint windows and lintels and ornamentation were most minutely given. It was in that very portion of the house that Miss Agatha More's room had been situated; nay, so well was it all impressed upon him, that Mr. Furbush could tell the very window of the room in which she had met her cruel fate. Never was there such a coincidence, to Mr. Furbush's mind, before or since, never such an interposition of Providence: the day that an unknown hand had brought Agatha More to her doom, perhaps the very hour, the sun had made a revelation of that room's interior upon this sheet of sensitized paper, his Ithuriel's spear had touched this shapeless darkness and turned it into form and truth. The Walden Celebration had defiled through the street and into the square, at a somewhat earlier hour than the supposed hour of the murder, since it was to see the procession from a more advantageous point of view that Mr. and Mrs. Denbigh had driven out, and while they were gone the terrible action was thought to have been committed. Still the window might have a secret of its own to tell even concerning that.

Straightway Mr. Furbush made a prize of the operator; and procuring, through channels always open to him, the strongest glasses and most accurate instruments, had the one chosen window in that picture magnified and photographed, remagnified and rephotographed, till under their powerful, careful, prolonged, and patient labor, a speck came into sight that would perhaps well reward them. Mr. Furbush strained his eyes over it; to him it was a spot of greater possibilities than the nebula in Orion. This little white unresolved cloud, again and again they subjected to the same process, and once more, as if a ghost had made apparition, it opened itself into an outline—into a substance—and they saw the fingers of a hand, a white hand, doubled, but pliant, strong, and shapely; a left hand, on its third finger wearing rings, one of which seemed at first a mere blot of light, but, gradually as the rest, answering the spell of the camera, showed itself a central stone set with five points, each point consisting of smaller stones: the color of course could not be told; the form was that of a star. Held in the tight, fierce fingers of that clenched hand, between the pointed thumb and waxy knuckles, and one edge visible along the tips deep dented into the thumb's side, was grasped an end of a laced handkerchief. Now the handkerchief of Agatha More, the instrument of her destruction, was always carried folded in the shape of its running knot in Mr.



Furbush's great wallet, a large, laced, embroidered handkerchief; that this was its photograph he needed but a glance to rest assured. All the rest of the dark deed was hidden beyond the angle of light afforded by the window-frame. And whosoever the murderer might be, Mr. Furbush said to himself with the pleasantry of the headsman, it was evident that the owner of this picture had a hand in it. And here he paid the photographer for his labors and bade him adieu.

Mr. Furbush was now, however, not much better off than he had been before. He had the hand that did the deed in his possession, to be sure, but to whose body was he to affix that hand, and how was he to do it? And in what did it differ from any other hand? In nothing but that fetter which made it his prisoner, that five-pointed star, that blot of light upon the third finger, above a wedding-ring. A wedding-ring—that would seem to prove the hand to be a woman's; the five-pointed glittering ring—that proved the woman to be no pauper. Worn above the wedding-ring, it must be its guard, and was probably as inseparable as that. To identify that hand, to certify that ring, became the recreation of Mr. Furbush's days and nights, so much to the detriment of all his other business that he fell into sad disrepute thereby at the Bureau. Mr. Furbush became all at once a gay man, plunged into the dissipations of fashionable life; he had been there before, on similar necessity, and knew how to carry himself. His costume grew singularly correct, he handled his lorgnette at the Opera like a coxcomb of the first milk-and-water; he procured invitations to ball and party, and watched every lady who for the moment daintily ungloved herself; he was as constant at church as the sexton; he made a part of the *beau-monde*. It was all in vain. And though Mr. Furbush carried the photograph in his breast-pocket, ready at any moment to descend like the hand of the Inquisition upon its victim, he might as well have carried there a pardon to all concerned, for all the good it did him.

But the world goes round.

One starlit night Mr. Furbush, pursuing some scent of other affairs along the princely avenue with its rows of palaces, took in, as was his wont, with every wink, a whole scene to its last details. He saw the beggar on these steps shrink into shadow, the house-maid in that area listening to the beguiling voice of the footman-three-doors-off no longer keeping his distance; he saw, there, the gay scene offered by the bright balcony casement with its rich curtains still unclosed; he saw, yet beyond, the light streaming from between open doors down the shining steps at whose foot the carriage waited, while a gentleman at its door hurried, with a pleasant word, the stately woman who came down to enter it beside him. She came down slowly, Mr. Furbush noted, moving like a person whom organic difficulty of the heart indisposes to quick exertion; she was one of those whom Mr. Furbush called magnificent—great

coils of blue-black hair, twisted with diamonds, wreathing her queenly head tiara-wise, her features having the firmness and the pallor of marble, her eyes rivaling the diamonds in their steady splendor. A heavy cloak of ermine wrapped her velvet attire, and she was buttoning a glove as she descended. She paused a moment under the carriage-lamp, giving her husband the ungloved hand with which to help her in. The carriage-light flashed upon it, and in that second of its lingering Mr. Furbush saw, plainly as he saw the stars above him, on the third finger of that left hand, above the wedding-ring, the circlet with its five-pointed star whose duplicate he carried.

Mr. Furbush was thunder-struck. Here was what he had sought for thrice a twelvemonth; and unexpectedly blundering upon it it turned him into stone. When he recovered himself with an emphatic "Humph!" the carriage had rolled away and the doors were closed.

Mr. Furbush was not the man to lose opportunities. The business in hand might go to the dogs; to-morrow would answer as well for that as to-night; for this there was no time like the present. Fortified with an outside subordinate he demanded entrance into the mansion alone, and announcing his intention to await the arrival home of the master and mistress, made himself agreeable to the footman and butler in the upper hall till hour after hour pealing forth at last struck midnight as if they tolled a knell. The footman was asleep in his chair, the butler heard the mellifluous murmur of the visitor's voice by starts with a singing sensation as if his fingers were in his ears and out again momentarily. The wheels grated on the curb below, the horses hammered the pavement, the doors were flung apart, and the master and mistress of the house returned from the entertainments they had shared. She was a little paler, a little more magnificent, a little more imposing in her height and dignity than before; there was only one emotion, though, apparent through it all—that she valued her beauty and her power only for its influence upon the man beside her. Mr. Furbush's keen eye saw the quick heave and restless agitation that the heart kept up beneath the velvets, simply in the moment when her husband touched her hand helping her across the threshold, and saw the whole story of her eye as it rested that instant on his. He would have had the entire case at once—if he had not had it before.

"Mr. and Mrs. Denbigh," said he, approaching them then, "may I beg to see you alone for a few moments on a matter of importance?"

And in conformity with his request he was conducted, through other apartments, into a library, a place more secluded than they, a rather sombre room, wainscoted all its lofty height in book-cases, and with here and there a glimmering bust. Mr. Denbigh himself turned up the gas and closed the door.

"Your business, Sir?" said he then to Mr. Furbush.



"My business, Sir, is more particularly with Mrs. Denbigh; although I desire your presence. I am a member of the police—"

Mrs. Denbigh, who yet stood with her hand laid passively along the back of a chair, slowly grasped the back till the glove that she wore with a quick crack ripped down the length of the finger, and the five-pointed ring protruded its sparkling face like the vicious head of a serpent.

"I am a member of the police," continued Mr. Furbush, quietly. "I have something in my possession which I desire Mrs. Denbigh to look at and see if it belong to her." Perhaps the woman breathed again. Whether she did or not he proceeded to open his great leathern wallet on the library-table beneath the chandelier.

Mrs. Denbigh moved forward with her slow majesty, dragging her velvets heavily, and the cloak dropping from her shoulder.

"Queer subjects—women," thought Mr. Furbush. "Ah! you had more spring in you once. As handsome a thing as a leopard!"

But in spite of that calm deliberate step Mr. Furbush saw her heart fluttering there like a white dove in its nest. She did not speak, but waited a moment beside him. "Will you be so kind," said he, "as to remove your glove?"

She quietly did so. Perhaps wonderingly.

"Excuse me, madame," then continued he, lifting her hand as he spoke, doubling its cold fingers over one end of a running-knot that a soiled handkerchief made, a laced embroidered handkerchief he had produced, and, powerless in his grasp, he laid hand and all—a white hand, doubled, but pliant, strong, and shapely, holding in its fingers, between the pointed thumb and waxy knuckles, the laced handkerchief's end, just an edge visible along the tips deep-dented into the thumb's side; and with the five-pointed ring burning its bale-fire above it, laid hand and all on the table beside the photograph that he spread there.

"Is it yours?" said he.

A detective has perhaps no right to any pity;

but for a moment Mr. Furbush would gladly have never heard of the More murder as he saw in the long, slow rise and fall of the bosom this woman's heart swing like a pendulum, a noiseless pendulum that ceases to vibrate. Her eyes wavered a moment between him and the table, then, as if caught and chained by something that compelled their gaze, glared at and protruded over the sight they saw beneath them. Her own hand—her own executioner. A long shudder shook her from head to foot. Iron nerve gave way, the white lips parted, she threw her head back and gasped; with one wild look toward her husband she turned from him as if she would have fled and fell dead upon the floor.

"Hunt's up," said Mr. Furbush to his subordinate, coming out an hour or two later, and the two found some congenial oyster-opener, while the Chief explained how he had gone to get his wife's spoons from the maid who had appropriated them and taken service elsewhere. Mr. Furbush made a night of it; but never soul longed for daylight as he did, he had a notion that he had scarcely less than murdered—himself; and good-fellow as he must needs be abroad that night, indoors next day he put his household in sackcloth and ashes.

You will not find Mr. Furbush's name on the list of detectives now. He has sickened of the business. He says there was too much night-work. He has found a patron now—a wealthy one apparently. He has opened one of the largest and most elegant photographing establishments in the city; he was always fond of chemicals, he says. He has still, in an inner drawer, some singular but fast-fading likenesses of a hand, a clenched, murderous hand—among them not the one which Mr. Denbigh burned. He has a few secrets appertaining to his profession, which no one else has yet obtained. Meanwhile it has never been exactly explained how the story of the ring found the light.

Perhaps it was in order that Mr. Furbush might never be convicted of compounding a felony!

## ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

### BOOK THE THIRD.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### LURKING MISCHIEF.

##### 1.—From Ozias Midwinter to Mr. Brock.

"THORPE-AMBROSE, June 15, 1851.

"DEAR MR. BROCK,—Only an hour since we reached this house, just as the servants were locking up for the night. Allan has gone to bed, worn out by our long day's journey, and has left me in the room they call the library, to tell you the story of our journey to Norfolk. Being better seasoned than he is to fa-

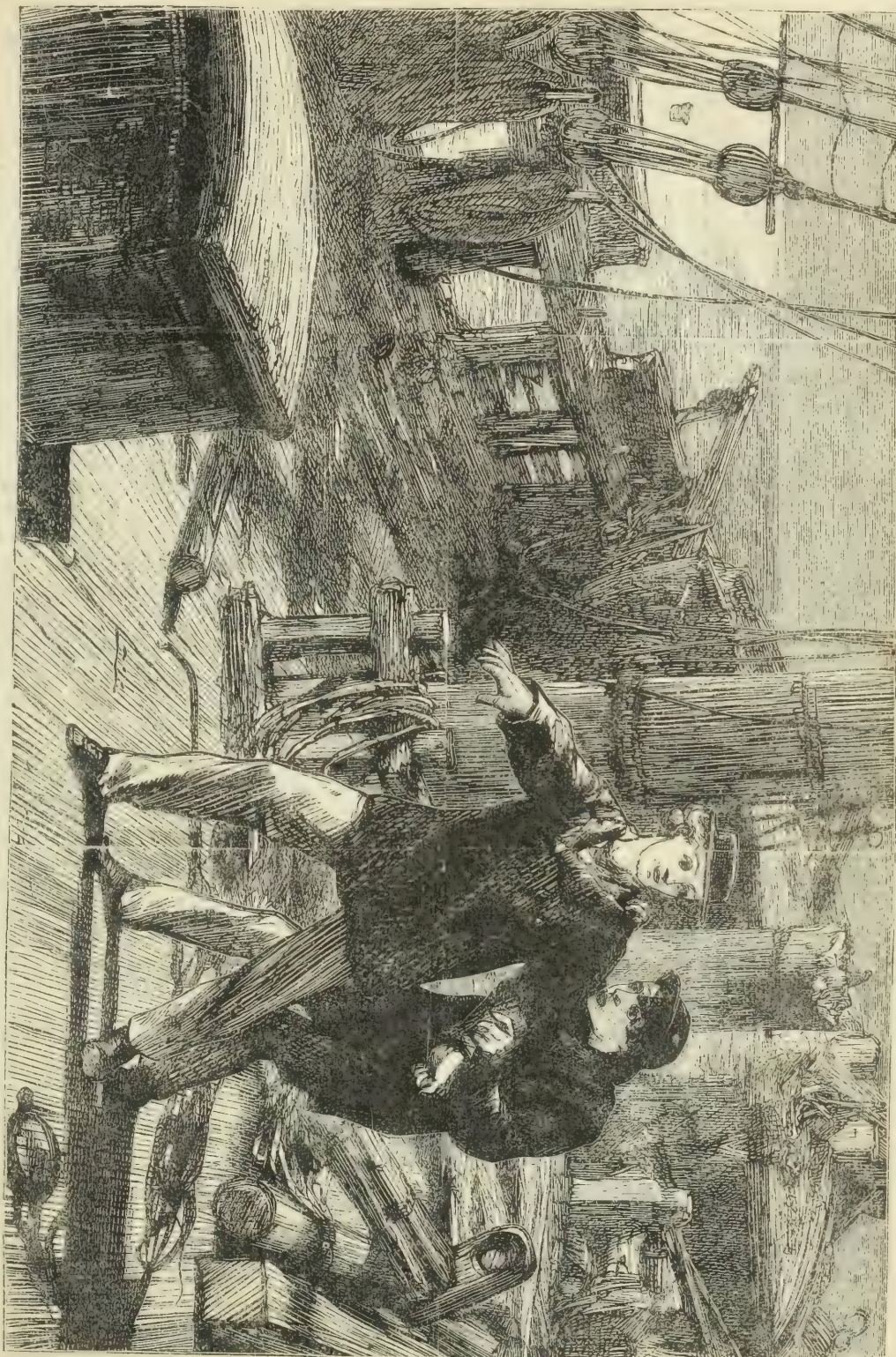
tigues of all kinds, my eyes are quite wakeful enough for writing a letter, though the clock on the chimney-piece points to midnight, and we have been traveling since ten in the morning.

"The last news you had of us was news sent by Allan from the Isle of Man. If I am not mistaken, he wrote to tell you of the night we passed on board the wrecked ship. Forgive me, dear Mr. Brock, if I say nothing on that subject until time has helped me to think of it with a quieter mind. The hard fight against myself must all be fought over again; but I will win it yet, please God; I will indeed.

"There is no need to trouble you with any account of our journeyings about the northern



THE CABIN DOOR.—[SEE MARCH NUMBER, PAGE 400.]



and western districts of the island; or of the short cruises we took when the repairs of the yacht were at last complete. It will be better if I get on at once to the morning of yesterday, the fourteenth. We had come in with the night-tide to Douglas harbor; and, as soon as the post-office was open, Allan, by my advice, sent on shore for letters. The messenger returned with one letter only; and the writer of it proved to be the former mistress of Thorpe-Ambrose—Mrs. Blanchard.

“You ought to be informed, I think, of the

contents of this letter; for it has seriously influenced Allan's plans. He loses every thing, sooner or later, as you know, and he has lost the letter already. So I must give you the substance of what Mrs. Blanchard wrote to him, as plainly as I can.

“The first page announced the departure of the ladies from Thorpe-Ambrose. They left on the day before yesterday—the thirteenth—having, after much hesitation, finally decided on going abroad, to visit some old friends settled in Italy, in the neighborhood of Florence. It



appears to be quite possible that Mrs. Blanchard and her niece may settle there too, if they can find a suitable house and grounds to let. They both like the Italian country and the Italian people, and they are well enough off to please themselves. The elder lady has her jointure, and the younger is in possession of all her father's fortune.

"The next page of the letter was, in Allan's opinion, far from a pleasant page to read. After referring, in the most grateful terms, to the kindness which had left her niece and herself free to leave their old home at their own time, Mrs. Blanchard added that Allan's considerate conduct had produced such a strongly favorable impression among the friends and dependents of the family, that they were desirous of giving him a public reception on his arrival among them. A preliminary meeting of the tenants on the estate, and the principal persons in the neighboring town, had already been held to discuss the arrangements; and a letter might be expected shortly from the clergyman, inquiring when it would suit Mr. Armadale's convenience to take possession personally and publicly of his estates in Norfolk.

"You will now be able to guess the cause of our sudden departure from the Isle of Man. The first and foremost idea in your old pupil's mind, as soon as he had read Mrs. Blanchard's account of the proceedings at the meeting, was the idea of escaping the public reception; and the one certain way he could see of avoiding it, was to start for Thorpe-Ambrose before the clergyman's letter could reach him. I tried hard to make him think a little before he acted on his first impulse in this matter; but he only went on packing his portmanteau in his own impenetrably good-humored way. In ten minutes his luggage was ready, and in five minutes more he had given the crew their directions for taking the yacht back to Somersetshire. The steamer to Liverpool was alongside of us in the harbor, and I had really no choice but to go on board with him, or to let him go by himself. I spare you the account of our stormy voyage, of our detention at Liverpool, and of the trains we missed on our journey across the country. You know that we have got here safely, and that is enough. What the servants think of the new squire's sudden appearance among them, without a word of warning, is of no great consequence. What the committee for arranging the public reception may think of it, when the news flies abroad to-morrow, is, I am afraid, a more serious matter.

"Having already mentioned the servants, I may proceed to tell you that the latter part of Mrs. Blanchard's letter was entirely devoted to instructing Allan on the subject of the domestic establishment which she has left behind her. It seems that all the servants, indoors and out (with three exceptions), are waiting here, on the chance that Allan will continue them in their places. Two of these exceptions are readily accounted for: Mrs. Blanchard's maid and

Miss Blanchard's maid go abroad with their mistresses. The third exceptional case is the case of the upper house-maid; and here there is a little hitch. In plain words, the house-maid has been sent away at a moment's notice, for what Mrs. Blanchard rather mysteriously describes as 'levity of conduct with a stranger.'

"I am afraid you will laugh at me, but I must confess the truth. I have been made so distrustful (after what happened to us in the Isle of Man) of even the most trifling misadventures, which connect themselves in any way with Allan's introduction to his new life and prospects, that I have already questioned one of the men-servants here about this apparently unimportant matter of the house-maid's going away in disgrace. All I can learn is, that a strange man had been noticed hanging suspiciously about the grounds; that the house-maid was so ugly a woman as to render it next to a certainty that he had some underhand purpose to serve in making himself agreeable to her; and that he has not as yet been seen again in the neighborhood since the day of her dismissal. So much for the one servant who has been turned out at Thorpe-Ambrose. I can only hope there is no trouble for Allan brewing in that quarter. As for the other servants who remain, Mrs. Blanchard describes them, both men and women, as perfectly trust-worthy; and they will all, no doubt, continue to occupy their present places.

"Having now done with Mrs. Blanchard's letter, my next duty is to beg you, in Allan's name and with Allan's love, to come here and stay with him at the earliest moment when you can leave Somersetshire. Although I can not presume to think that my own wishes will have any special influence in determining you to accept this invitation, I must nevertheless acknowledge that I have a reason of my own for earnestly desiring to see you here. Allan has innocently caused me a new anxiety about my future relations with him, and I sorely need your advice to show me the right way of setting that anxiety at rest.

"The difficulty which now perplexes me relates to the steward's place at Thorpe-Ambrose. Before to-day I only knew that Allan had hit on some plan of his own for dealing with this matter; rather strangely involving, among other results, the letting of the cottage which was the old steward's place of abode, in consequence of the new steward's contemplated residence in the great house. A chance word in our conversation on the journey here led Allan into speaking out more plainly than he had spoken yet; and I heard, to my unutterable astonishment, that the person who was at the bottom of the whole arrangement about the steward was no other than myself!

"It is needless to tell you how I felt this new instance of Allan's kindness. The first pleasure of hearing from his own lips that I had deserved the strongest proof he could give of his confidence in me was soon dashed by the pain which mixes itself with all pleasure—at least with all



that I have ever known. Never has my past life seemed so dreary to look back on as it seems now, when I feel how entirely it has unfitted me to take the place of all others that I should have liked to occupy in my friend's service. I mustered courage to tell him that I had none of the business knowledge and business experience which his steward ought to possess. He generously met the objection by telling me that I could learn; and he promised to send to London for the person who had already been employed for the time being in the steward's office, and who would, therefore, be perfectly competent to teach me. Do you, too, think I can learn? If you do, I will work day and night to instruct myself. But if (as I am afraid) the steward's duties are of far too serious a kind to be learned off-hand by a man so young and so inexperienced as I am—then, pray hasten your journey to Thorpe-Ambrose, and exert your influence over Allan personally. Nothing less will induce him to pass me over, and to employ a steward who is really fit to take the place. Pray, pray, act in this matter as you think best for Allan's interests. Whatever disappointment I may feel *he* shall not see it.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Brock,

"Gratefully yours,

"OZIAS MIDWINTER.

"P.S.—I open the envelope again to add one word more. If you have heard or seen any thing since your return to Somersetshire of the woman in the black dress and the red shawl, I hope you will not forget, when you write, to let me know it.—O. M."

## 2.—From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.

"LADIES' TOILET REPOSITORY,  
DIANA STREET, PIMLICO: *Wednesday*."

"MY DEAR LYDIA,—To save the post I write to you after a long day's worry at my place of business, on the business letter-paper, having news since we last met, which it seems advisable to send you at the earliest opportunity.

"To begin at the beginning. After carefully considering the thing, I am quite sure you will do wisely with young Armadale if you hold your tongue about Madeira, and all that happened there. Your position was, no doubt, a very strong one with his mother. You had privately helped her in playing a trick on her own father—you had been ungratefully dismissed, at a pitifully tender age, as soon as you had served her purpose—and when you came upon her suddenly, after a separation of more than twenty years, you found her in failing health, with a grown-up son, whom she had kept in total ignorance of the true story of her marriage. Have you any such advantages as these with the young gentleman who has survived her! If he is not a born idiot, he will decline to believe your shocking aspersions on the memory of his mother; and—seeing that you have no proofs at this distance of time to meet him with—there is an end of your money-grubbing in the golden Armadale diggings. Mind! I don't

dispute that the old lady's heavy debt of obligation, after what you did for her in Madeira, is not paid yet, and that the son is the next person to settle with you, now the mother has slipped through your fingers. Only squeeze him the right way, my dear, that's what I venture to suggest—squeeze him the right way.

"And which is the right way? This brings me to my news. Have you thought again of that other notion of yours of trying your hand on this lucky young gentleman, with nothing but your own good looks and your own quick wits to help you? The idea hung on my mind so strangely after you were gone, that it ended in my sending a little note to my lawyer to have the will under which young Armadale has got his fortune examined at Doctors' Commons. The result turns out to be something infinitely more encouraging than either you or I could possibly have hoped for. After the lawyer's report to me there can not be a moment's doubt of what you ought to do. In two words, Lydia, take the bull by the horns—and marry him!!!

"I am quite serious. He is much better worth the venture than you suppose. Only persuade him to make you Mrs. Armadale, and you may set all after-discoveries at flat defiance. As long as he lives you can make your own terms with him; and if he dies the will entitles you, in spite of any thing he can say or do—with children, or without them—to an income, chargeable on his estate, of *twelve hundred a year for life*. There is no doubt about this—the lawyer himself has looked at the will. Of course Mr. Blanchard had his son and his son's widow in his eye when he made the provision. But as it is not limited to any one heir by name, and not revoked any where, it now holds as good with young Armadale as it would have held under other circumstances with Mr. Blanchard's son. What a chance for you, after all the miseries and the dangers you have gone through, to be mistress of Thorpe-Ambrose if he lives; to have an income for life if he dies! Hook him, my poor dear; hook him at any sacrifice.

"I dare say you will make the same objection when you read this which you made when we were talking about it the other day—I mean, the objection of your age. Now, my good creature, just listen to me. The question is—not whether you were five-and-thirty last birthday; we will own the dreadful truth, and say you were—but whether you do look, or don't look, your real age. My opinion on this matter ought to be, and is, one of the best opinions in London. I have had twenty years' experience among our charming sex in making up battered old faces and worn-out old figures to look like new—and I say positively you don't look a day over thirty, if as much. If you will follow my advice about dressing, and use one or two of my applications privately, I guarantee to put you back three years more. I will forfeit all the money I shall have to advance for you in this matter, if, when I have ground you young again in my wonderful mill, you look more than seven-and-twenty



in any man's eyes living—except, of course, when you wake anxious in the small hours of the morning; and then, my dear, you will be old and ugly in the retirement of your own room, and it won't matter.

“‘But,’ you may say, ‘supposing all this, here I am, at my very best, a good six years older than he is; and that is against me at starting.’ Is it? Just think again. Surely your own experience must have shown you that the commonest of all common weaknesses in young fellows of this Armadale's age is to fall in love with women older than themselves? Who are the men who really appreciate us in the bloom of our youth (I'm sure I have cause to speak well of the bloom of youth; I made fifty guineas to-day by putting it on the spotted shoulders of a woman old enough to be your mother)—who are the men, I say, who are ready to worship us when we are mere babies of seventeen? The gay young gentlemen in the bloom of their own youth? No! The cunning old wretches who are on the wrong side of forty.

“‘And what is the moral of this, as the story-books say? The moral is that the chances, with such a head as you have got on your shoulders, are all in your favor. If you feel your present forlorn position, as I believe you do; if you know what a charming woman (in the men's eyes) you can still be when you please; and if all your old resolution has really come back, after that shocking outbreak of desperation on board the steamer (natural enough, I own, under the dreadful provocation laid on you), you will want no further persuasion from me to try this experiment. Only to think of how things turn out! If the other young booby had not jumped into the river after you, *this* young booby would never have had the estate. It really looks as if fate had determined that you were to be Mrs. Armadale, of Thorpe-Ambrose—and who can control his fate, as the poet says?

“Send me one line to say, Yes or No; and believe me,

“Your attached old friend,

“MARIA OLDERSHAW.”

### 3.—From Miss Gwilt to Mrs. Oldershaw.

“RICHMOND, Thursday.

“YOU OLD WRETCH,—I won't say Yes or No till I have had a long, long look at my glass first. If you had any real regard for any body but your wicked old self, you would know that the bare idea of marrying again (after what I have gone through) is an idea that makes my flesh creep.

“But there can be no harm in your sending me a little more information while I am making up my mind. You have got twenty pounds of mine still left out of those things you sold for me: send ten pounds here for my expenses, in a post-office order, and use the other ten for making private inquiries at Thorpe-Ambrose. I want to know when the two Blanchard women go away, and when young Armadale stirs

up the dead ashes in the family fire-place. Are you quite sure he will turn out as easy to manage as you think? If he takes after his hypocrite of a mother, I can tell you this—Judas Iscariot has come to life again.

“I am very comfortable in this lodging. There are lovely flowers in the garden, and the birds wake me in the morning delightfully. I have hired a reasonably good piano. The only man I care two straws about—don't be alarmed; he was laid in his grave many a long year ago under the name of BEETHOVEN—keeps me company in my lonely hours. The landlady would keep me company, too, if I would only let her. I hate women. The new curate paid a visit to the other lodger yesterday, and passed me on the lawn as he came out. My eyes have lost nothing yet, at any rate, though I *am* five-and-thirty; the poor man actually blushed when I looked at him! What sort of color do you think he would have turned if one of the little birds in the garden had whispered in his ear and told him the true story of the charming Miss Gwilt?

“Good-by, mother Oldershaw. I rather doubt whether I am yours, or any body's, affectionately; but we all tell lies at the bottoms of our letters, don't we? If you are my attached old friend, I must of course be

“Yours affectionately,

“LYDIA GWILT.”

“P.S.—Keep your odious powders and paints and washes for the spotted shoulders of your customers; not one of them shall touch my skin, I promise you. If you really want to be useful, try and find out some quieting draught to keep me from grinding my teeth in my sleep. I shall break them one of these nights; and then what will become of my beauty, I wonder?”

### 4.—From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.

“LADIES' TOILET REPOSITORY, Tuesday.

“MY DEAR LYDIA,—It is a thousand pities your letter was not addressed to Mr. Armadale; your graceful audacity would have charmed him. It doesn't affect me; I am so well used to it, you know. Why waste your sparkling wit, my love, on your own impenetrable Oldershaw? it only splutters and goes out. Will you try and be serious this next time? I have news for you from Thorpe-Ambrose, which is beyond a joke, and which must not be trifled with.

“An hour after I got your letter I set the inquiries on foot. Not knowing what consequences they might lead to, I thought it safest to begin in the dark. Instead of employing any of the people whom I have at my own disposal (who know you and know me), I went to the Private Inquiry Office in Shadyside Place; and put the matter in the inspector's hands, in the character of a perfect stranger, and without mentioning you at all. This was not the cheapest way of going to work, I own; but it was the safest way, which is of much greater consequence.

“The inspector and I understood each other in ten minutes; and the right person for the



purpose—the most harmless-looking young man you ever saw in your life—was produced immediately. He left for Thorpe-Ambrose an hour after I saw him. I arranged to call at the office on the afternoons of Saturday, Monday, and to-day for news. There was no news till to-day; and there I found our Confidential Agent just returned to town, and waiting to favor me with a full account of his trip to Norfolk.

“First of all, let me quiet your mind about those two questions of yours; I have got answers to both the one and the other. The Blanchard women go away to foreign parts on the thirteenth; and young Armadale is at this moment cruising somewhere at sea in his yacht. There is talk at Thorpe-Ambrose of giving him a public reception, and of calling a meeting of the local grandees to settle it all. The speechifying and fuss on these occasions generally wastes plenty of time; and the public reception is not thought likely to meet the new Squire much before the end of the month.

“If our messenger had done no more for us than this I think he would have earned his money. But the harmless young man is a regular Jesuit at a private inquiry—with this great advantage over all the Popish priests I have ever seen, that he has not got his slyness written in his face. Having to get his information through the female servants, in the usual way, he addressed himself, with admirable discretion, to the ugliest woman in the house. ‘When they are nice-looking, and can pick and choose,’ as he neatly expressed it to me, ‘they waste a great deal of valuable time in deciding on a sweet-heart. When they are ugly, and haven’t got the ghost of a chance of choosing, they snap at a sweet-heart, if he comes their way, like a starved dog at a bone.’ Acting on these excellent principles, our Confidential Agent succeeded, after certain unavoidable delays, in addressing himself to the upper house-maid at Thorpe-Ambrose, and took full possession of her confidence at the first interview. Bearing his instructions carefully in mind, he encouraged the woman to chatter, and was favored, of course, with all the gossip of the servants’ hall. The greater part of it (as repeated to me) was of no earthly importance. But I listened patiently, and was rewarded by a valuable discovery at last. Here it is.

“It seems there is an ornamental cottage in the grounds at Thorpe-Ambrose. For some reason unknown young Armadale has chosen to let it; and a tenant has come in already. He is a poor half-pay major in the army, named Milroy—a meek sort of man, by all accounts, with a turn for occupying himself in mechanical pursuits, and with a domestic encumbrance in the shape of a bedridden wife, who has not been seen by any body. Well, and what of all this? you will ask, with that sparkling impatience which becomes you so well. My dear Lydia, don’t sparkle! The man’s family affairs seriously concern us both; for, as ill-luck will have it, the man has got a daughter!

“You may imagine how I questioned our agent, and how our agent ransacked his memory, when I stumbled, in due course, upon such a discovery as this. If heaven is responsible for women’s chattering tongues, heaven be praised! From Miss Blanchard to Miss Blanchard’s maid; from Miss Blanchard’s maid to Miss Blanchard’s aunt’s maid; from Miss Blanchard’s aunt’s maid to the ugly house-maid; from the ugly house-maid to the harmless-looking young man—so the stream of gossip trickled into the right reservoir at last, and thirsty mother Oldershaw has drunk it all up. In plain English, my dear, this is how it stands. The major’s daughter is a minx just turned sixteen; lively and nice-looking (hateful little wretch!), dowdy in her dress (thank Heaven!), and deficient in her manners (thank Heaven again!). She has been brought up at home. The governess who last had charge of her left before her father moved to Thorpe-Ambrose. Her education stands woefully in want of a finishing touch, and the major doesn’t quite know what to do next. None of his friends can recommend him a new governess, and he doesn’t like the notion of sending the girl to school. So matters rest at present, on the major’s own showing—for so the major expressed himself at a morning call which the father and daughter paid to the ladies at the great house.

“You have now got my promised news, and you will have little difficulty, I think, in agreeing with me, that the Armadale business must be settled at once, one way or the other. If—with your hopeless prospects, and with what I may call your family claim on this young fellow—you decide on giving him up, I shall have the pleasure of sending you the balance of your account with me (seven-and-twenty shillings), and shall then be free to devote myself entirely to my own proper business. If, on the contrary, you decide to try your luck at Thorpe-Ambrose, then (there being no kind of doubt that the major’s minx will set her cap at the young squire) I should be glad to hear how you mean to meet the double difficulty of inflaming Mr. Armadale and extinguishing Miss Milroy.

“Affectionately yours,

“MARIA OLDERSHAW.”

5.—*From Miss Gwilt to Mrs. Oldershaw. (First Answer.)*

“RICHMOND, Wednesday Morning.

“MRS. OLDERSHAW,—Send me my seven-and-twenty shillings, and devote yourself to your own proper business.

“Yours,

“L. G.”

6.—*From Miss Gwilt to Mrs. Oldershaw. (Second Answer.)*

“RICHMOND, Wednesday Night.

“DEAR OLD LOVE,—Keep the seven-and-twenty shillings, and burn my other letter. I have changed my mind.

“I wrote the first time after a horrible night.



I write, this time, after a ride on horseback, a tumbler of claret, and the breast of a chicken. Is that explanation enough? Please say yes—for I want to go back to my piano.

"No; I can't go back yet—I must answer your question first. But are you really so very simple as to suppose that I don't see straight through you and your letter? You know that the major's difficulty is our opportunity, as well as I do—but you want me to take the responsibility of making the first proposal; don't you? Suppose I take it in your own roundabout way? Suppose I say—pray don't ask me how I propose inflaming Mr. Armadale and extinguishing Miss Milroy; the question is so shockingly abrupt I really can't answer it. Ask me instead, if it is the modest ambition of my life to become Miss Milroy's governess? Yes, if you please, Mrs. Oldershaw—and if you will assist me by becoming my reference.

"There it is, for you! If some serious disaster happens (which is quite possible), what a comfort it will be to remember that it was all my fault!

"Now I have done this for you, will you do something for me? I want to dream away the little time I am likely to have left here in my own way. Be a merciful mother Oldershaw, and spare me the worry of looking at the Ins and Outs, and adding up the chances For and Against, in this new venture of mine. Think for me, in short, until I am obliged to think for myself.

"I had better not write any more, or I shall say something savage that you won't like. I am in one of my tempers to-night. I want a husband to vex, or a child to beat, or something of that sort. Do you ever like to see the summer insects kill themselves in the candle? I do, sometimes. Good-night, Mrs. Jezabel. The longer you can leave me here the better. The air agrees with me, and I am looking charmingly.  
L. G."

7.—*From Mrs. Oldershaw to Miss Gwilt.*

*"Thursday.*

"MY DEAR LYDIA,—Some persons in my situation might be a little offended at the tone of your last letter. But I am so fondly attached to you! And when I love a person, it is so very hard, my dear, for that person to offend me! Don't ride quite so far, and only drink half a tumblerful of claret next time. I say no more.

"Shall we leave off our fencing-match and come to serious matters now? How curiously hard it always seems to be for women to understand each other—especially when they have got their pens in their hands! But suppose we try.

"Well, then, to begin with—I gather from your letter that you have wisely decided to try the Thorpe-Ambrose experiment—and to secure, if you can, an excellent position at starting, by becoming a member of Major Milroy's household. If the circumstances turn against you, and some other woman gets the governess's

place (about which I shall have something more to say presently), you will then have no choice but to make Mr. Armadale's acquaintance in some other character.\* In any case, you will want my assistance; and the first question therefore to set at rest between us, is the question of what I am willing to do, and what I can do, to help you.

"A woman, my dear Lydia, with your appearance, your manners, your abilities, and your education, can make almost any excursions into society that she pleases, if she only has money in her pocket and a respectable reference to appeal to in cases of emergency. As to the money, in the first place. I will engage to find it, on condition of your remembering my assistance with adequate pecuniary gratitude, if you win the Armadale prize. Your promise so to remember me, embodying the terms in plain figures, shall be drawn out on paper by my own lawyer, so that we can sign and settle at once when I see you in London.

"Next, as to the reference. Here, again, my services are at your disposal—on another condition. It is this: that you present yourself at Thorpe-Ambrose, under the name to which you have returned, ever since that dreadful business of your marriage—I mean your own maiden name of Gwilt. I have only one motive in insisting on this; I wish to run no needless risks. My experience, as confidential adviser of my customers, in various romantic cases of private embarrassment, has shown me that an assumed name is, nine times out of ten, a very unnecessary and a very dangerous form of deception. Nothing could justify your assuming a name but the fear of young Armadale's detecting you—a fear from which we are fortunately relieved by his mother's own conduct in keeping your early connection with her a profound secret from her son, and from every body.

"The next and last perplexity to settle relates, my dear, to the chances for and against your finding your way, in the capacity of governess, into Major Milroy's house. Once inside the door, with your knowledge of music and languages, if you can keep your temper, you may be sure of keeping the place. The only doubt, as things are now, is whether you can get it.

"In the major's present difficulty about his daughter's education, the chances are, I think, in favor of his advertising for a governess. Say he does advertise, what address will he give for applicants to write to? There is the real pinch of the matter. If he gives an address in London, good-by to all chances in your favor at once; for this plain reason, that we shall not be able to pick out his advertisement from the advertisements of other people who want governesses, and who will give them addresses in London as well. If, on the other hand, our luck helps us, and he refers his correspondents to a shop, post-office, or what not, at *Thorpe-Ambrose*, there we have our advertiser as plainly picked out for us as we can wish. In this last case I have little or no doubt—with me for your



reference—of your finding your way into the major's family circle. We have one great advantage over the other women who will answer the advertisement. Thanks to my inquiries on the spot, I know Major Milroy to be a poor man; and we will fix the salary you ask at a figure that is sure to tempt him. As for the style of the letter, if you and I together can't write a modest and interesting application for the vacant place, I should like to know who can?

"All this, however, is still in the future. For the present, my advice is—stay where you are, and dream to your heart's content, till you hear from me again. I take in the *Times* regularly; and you may trust my wary eye not to miss the right advertisement. We can luckily give the major time without doing any injury to our own interests; for there is no fear, just yet, of the girl's getting the start of you. The public reception, as we know, won't be ready till near the end of the month; and we may safely trust young Armadale's vanity to keep him out of his new house until his flatterers are all assembled to welcome him. Let us wait another ten days, at least, before we give up the governess notion, and lay our heads together to try some other plan.

"It's odd, isn't it, to think how much depends on this half-pay officer's decision? For my part, I shall wake every morning now with the same question in my mind. If the major's advertisement appears, which will the major say—Thorpe-Ambrose, or London?

"Ever, my dear Lydia,

"Affectionately yours,

"MARIA OLDERSHAW."

## CHAPTER II.

### ALLAN AS A LANDED GENTLEMAN.

EARLY on the morning after his first night's rest at Thorpe-Ambrose Allan rose and surveyed the prospect from his bedroom window, lost in the dense mental bewilderment of feeling himself to be a stranger in his own house.

The bedroom looked out over the great front-door, with its portico, its terrace and flight of steps beyond, and, farther still, the broad sweep of the well-timbered park to close the view. The morning mist nestled lightly about the distant trees; and the cows were feeding sociably, close to the iron fence which railed off the park from the drive in front of the house. "All mine!" thought Allan, staring in blank amazement at the prospect of his own possessions. "Hang me, if I can beat it into my head yet. All mine!"

He dressed, left his room, and walked along the corridor which led to the staircase and hall, opening the doors in succession as he passed them. The rooms in this part of the house were bedrooms and dressing-rooms—light, spacious, perfectly furnished; and all empty, except the

one bedchamber next to Allan's, which had been appropriated to Midwinter. He was still sleeping when his friend looked in on him, having sat late into the night writing his letter to Mr. Brock. Allan went on to the end of the first corridor, turned at right angles into a second, and, that passed, gained the head of the great staircase. "No romance here," he said to himself, looking down the handsomely carpeted stone stairs into the bright modern hall. "Nothing to startle Midwinter's fidgety nerves in this house." There was nothing indeed; Allan's essentially superficial observation had not misled him for once. The mansion of Thorpe-Ambrose (built after the pulling down of the dilapidated old manor-house) was barely fifty years old. Nothing picturesque, nothing in the slightest degree suggestive of mystery and romance, appeared in any part of it. It was a purely conventional country-house—the product of the classical idea, filtered judiciously through the commercial English mind. Viewed on the outer side, it presented the spectacle of a modern manufactory trying to look like an ancient temple. Viewed on the inner side, it was a marvel of luxurious comfort in every part of it, from basement to roof. "And quite right too," thought Allan, sauntering contentedly down the broad, gently-graduated stairs. "Deuce take all mystery and romance! Let's be clean and comfortable—that's what I say."

Arrived in the hall, the new master of Thorpe-Ambrose hesitated, and looked about him, uncertain which way to turn next. The four reception-rooms on the ground-floor opened into the hall, two on either side. Allan tried the nearest door on his right hand at a venture, and found himself in the drawing-room. Here the first sign of life appeared, under life's most attractive form. A young girl was in solitary possession of the drawing-room. The duster in her hand appeared to associate her with the domestic duties of the house; but, at that particular moment, she was occupied in asserting the rights of nature over the obligations of service. In other words, she was attentively contemplating her own face in the glass over the mantle-piece.

"There! there! don't let me frighten you," said Allan, as the girl started away from the glass, and stared at him in unutterable confusion. "I quite agree with you, my dear: your face is well worth looking at. Who are you? oh, the house-maid. And what's your name? Susan, eh? Come! I like your name to begin with. Do you know who I am, Susan? I'm your master, though you may not think it. Your character? Oh, yes! Mrs. Blanchard gave you a capital character. You shall stop here; don't be afraid. And you'll be a good girl, Susan, and wear smart little caps and aprons and bright ribbons, and you'll look nice and pretty, and dust the furniture, won't you?"

With this summary of a house-maid's duties, Allan sauntered back into the hall, and found more signs of life in that quarter. A man-serv-



ant appeared on this occasion, and bowed, as became a vassal in a linen jacket, before his liege lord in a wide-awake hat.

"And who may you be?" asked Allan. "Not the man who let us in last night? Ah, I thought not. The second footman, eh? Character? Oh, yes; capital character. Stop here, of course. You can valet me, can you? Bother valeting me! I like to put on my own clothes, and brush them, too, when they *are* on; and, if I only knew how to black my own boots, by George I should like to do it! What room's this? Morning-room, eh? And here's the dining-room, of course. Good Heavens, what a table! it's as long as my yacht, and longer. I say—by-the-by, what's your name? Richard, is it? well, Richard, the vessel I sail in is a vessel of my own building! What do you think of that? You look to me just the right sort of man to be my steward on board. If you're not sick at sea—oh, you *are* sick at sea? Well, then, we'll say nothing more about it. And what room is this? Ah, yes; the library, of course—more in Mr. Midwinter's way than mine. Mr. Midwinter is the gentleman who came here with me last night; and mind this, Richard, you're all to show him as much attention as you show me. Where are we now? What's this door at the back? Billiard-room and smoking-room, eh? Jolly. Another door! and more stairs! Where do they go to? and who's this coming up? Take your time, ma'am; you're not quite so young as you were once—take your time."

The object of Allan's humane caution was a corpulent elderly woman, of the type called "motherly." Fourteen stairs were all that separated her from the master of the house: she ascended them with fourteen stoppages and fourteen sighs. Nature, various in all things, is infinitely various in the female sex. There are some women whose personal qualities reveal the Loves and the Graces; and there are other women whose personal qualities suggest the Perquisites and the Grease Pot. This was one of the other women.

"Glad to see you looking so well, ma'am," said Allan, when the cook, in the majesty of her office, stood proclaimed before him. "Your name is Gripper, is it? I consider you, Mrs. Gripper, the most valuable person in the house. For this reason, that nobody in the house eats a heartier dinner every day than I do. Directions? Oh no; I've no directions to give. I leave all that to you. Lots of strong soup, and joints done with the gravy in them—there's my notion of good feeding, in two words. Steady! Here's somebody else. Oh, to be sure—the butler! Another valuable person. We'll go right through all the wine in the cellar, Mr. butler; and if I can't give you a sound opinion after that, we'll persevere boldly, and go right through it again. Talking of wine—hullo! here are more of them coming up stairs. There! there! don't trouble yourselves. You've all got capital characters, and you shall all stop here along with me. What was I saying just now? Some-

thing about wine; so it was. I'll tell you what, Mr. butler, it isn't every day that a new master comes to Thorpe-Ambrose; and it's my wish that we should all start together on the best possible terms. Let the servants have a grand jollification down stairs, to celebrate my arrival; and give them what they like to drink my health in. It's a poor heart, Mrs. Gripper, that never rejoices, isn't it? No; I won't look at the cellar now: I want to go out and get a breath of fresh air before breakfast. Where's Richard? I say, have I got a garden here? Which side of the house is it? That side, eh? You needn't show me round. I'll go alone, Richard, and lose myself, if I can, in my own property."

With those words Allan descended the terrace-steps in front of the house, whistling cheerfully. He had met the serious responsibility of settling his domestic establishment to his own entire satisfaction. "People talk of the difficulty of managing their servants," thought Allan. "What on earth do they mean? I don't see any difficulty at all." He opened an ornamental gate leading out of the drive at the side of the house, and, following the footman's directions, entered the shrubbery that sheltered the Thorpe-Ambrose gardens. "Nice shady sort of place for a cigar," said Allan, as he sauntered along, with his hands in his pockets. "I wish I could beat it into my head that it really belongs to *me*."

The shrubbery opened on the broad expanse of a flower-garden, flooded bright in its summer glory by the light of the morning sun. On one side an archway, broken through a wall, led into the fruit-garden. On the other, a terrace of turf led to ground on a lower level, laid out as an Italian garden. Wandering past the fountains and statues, Allan reached another shrubbery, winding its way apparently to some remote part of the grounds. Thus far not a human creature had been visible or audible any where; but as he approached the end of the second shrubbery, it struck him that he heard something on the other side of the foliage. He stopped and listened. There were two voices speaking distinctly—an old voice that sounded very obstinate, and a young voice that sounded very angry.

"It's no use, miss," said the old voice. "I mustn't allow it, and I won't allow it. What would Mr. Armadale say?"

"If Mr. Armadale is the gentleman I take him for, you old brute!" replied the young voice, "he would say, Come into my garden, Miss Milroy, as often as you like, and take as many nosegays as you please."

Allan's bright blue eyes twinkled mischievously. Inspired by a sudden idea, he stole softly to the end of the shrubbery, darted round the corner of it, and, vaulting over a low ring-fence, found himself in a trim little paddock, crossed by a gravel-walk. At a short distance down the walk stood a young lady, with her back toward him, trying to force her way past an impenetrable old man, with a rake in his hand, who stood obstinately in front of her shaking his head.



"Come into my garden, Miss Milroy, as often as you like, and take as many nosegays as you please," cried Allan, remorselessly repeating her own words.

The young lady turned round with a scream; her muslin dress, which she was holding up in front, dropped from her hand, and a prodigious lapful of flowers rolled out on the gravel-walk.

Before another word could be said the impenetrable old man stepped forward, with the utmost composure, and entered on the question of his own personal interests, as if nothing whatever had happened, and nobody was present but his new master and himself.

"I bid you humbly welcome to Thorpe-Ambrose, Sir," said this ancient of the gardens. "My name is Abraham Sage. I've been employed in the grounds for more than forty years, and I hope you'll be pleased to continue me in my place."

So, with vision inexorably limited to the horizon of his own prospects, spoke the gardener—and spoke in vain. Allan was down on his knees on the gravel-walk, collecting the fallen flowers, and forming his first impressions of Miss Milroy from the feet upward. She was pretty; she was not pretty—she charmed, she disappointed, she charmed again. Tried by recognized line and rule she was too short, and too well-developed for her age. And yet few men's eyes would have wished her figure other than it was. Her hands were so prettily plump and dimpled that it was hard to see how red they were with the blessed exuberance of youth and health. Her feet apologized gracefully for her old and ill-fitting shoes; and her shoulders made ample amends for the misdemeanor in muslin which covered them in the shape of a dress. Her dark gray eyes were lovely in their clear softness of color, in their spirit, tenderness, and sweet good humor of expression; and her hair (where a shabby old garden hat allowed it to be seen) was of just that lighter shade of brown which gave value by contrast to the darker beauty of her eyes. But these attractions passed, the little attendant blemishes and imperfections of this self-contradictory girl began again. Her nose was too short, her mouth was too large, her face was too round and too rosy. The dreadful justice of photography would have had no mercy on her, and the sculptors of classical Greece would have bowed her regretfully out of their studios. Admitting all this, and more, the girdle round Miss Milroy's waist was the girdle of Venus nevertheless—and the pass-key that opens the general heart was the key she carried, if ever a girl possessed it yet. Before Allan had picked up his second handful of flowers Allan was in love with her.

"Don't! pray don't, Mr. Armadale!" she said, receiving the flowers under protest, as Allan vigorously showered them back into the lap of her dress. "I am so ashamed! I didn't mean to invite myself in that bold way into your garden; my tongue ran away with me—it did indeed! What can I say to excuse myself?"

Oh, Mr. Armadale, what must you think of me!"

Allan suddenly saw his way to a compliment, and tossed it up to her forthwith with the third handful of flowers.

"I'll tell you what I think, Miss Milroy," he said, in his blunt, boyish way. "I think the luckiest walk I ever took in my life was the walk this morning that brought me here."

He looked eager and handsome. He was not addressing a woman worn out with admiration, but a girl just beginning a woman's life, and it did him no harm, at any rate, to speak in the character of master of Thorpe-Ambrose. The penitential expression on Miss Milroy's face gently melted away: she looked down, demure and smiling, at the flowers in her lap.

"I deserve a good scolding," she said. "I don't deserve compliments, Mr. Armadale—least of all from *you*."

"Oh, yes you do!" cried the headlong Allan, getting briskly on his legs. "Besides, it isn't a compliment; it's true. You are the prettiest—I beg your pardon, Miss Milroy! *my* tongue ran away with me that time."

Among the heavy burdens that are laid on female human nature, perhaps the heaviest, at the age of sixteen, is the burden of gravity. Miss Milroy struggled—tittered—struggled again—and composed herself for the time being.

The gardener, who still stood where he had stood from the first, immovably waiting for his next opportunity, saw it now, and gently pushed his personal interests into the first gap of silence that had opened within his reach since Allan's appearance on the scene.

"I humbly bid you welcome to Thorpe-Ambrose, Sir," said Abraham Sage, beginning obstinately with his little introductory speech for the second time. "My name—"

Before he could deliver himself of his name Miss Milroy looked accidentally in the horticulturist's pertinacious face, and instantly lost her hold on her gravity beyond recall. Allan, never backward in following a boisterous example of any sort, joined in her laughter with right goodwill. The wise man of the gardens showed no surprise, and took no offense. He waited for another gap of silence, and walked in again gently with his personal interests the moment the two young people stopped to take breath.

"I have been employed in the grounds," proceeded Abraham Sage, irrepressibly, "for more than forty years—"

"You shall be employed in the grounds for forty more, if you'll only hold your tongue and take yourself off!" cried Allan, as soon as he could speak.

"Thank you kindly, Sir," said the gardener, with the utmost politeness, but with no present signs either of holding his tongue or of taking himself off.

"Well?" said Allan.

Abraham Sage carefully cleared his throat, and shifted his rake from one hand to the other. He looked down the length of his own invalua-



ble implement with a grave interest and attention, seeing apparently not the long handle of a rake, but the long perspective of a vista, with a supplementary personal interest established at the end of it. "When more convenient, Sir," resumed this immovable man, "I should wish respectfully to speak to you about my son. Perhaps it may be more convenient in the course of the day? My humble duty, Sir, and my best thanks. My son is strictly sober. He is accustomed to the stables, and he belongs to the Church of England—without encumbrances." Having thus planted his offspring provisionally in his master's estimation, Abraham Sage shouldered his invaluable rake and hobbled slowly out of view.

"If that's a specimen of a trust-worthy old servant," said Allan, "I think I'd rather take my chance of being cheated by a new one. You shall not be troubled with him again, Miss Milroy, at any rate. All the flower-beds in the garden are at your disposal—and all the fruit in the fruit-season, if you'll only come here and eat it."

"Oh, Mr. Armadale, how very, very kind you are! How can I thank you?"

Allan saw his way to another compliment—an elaborate compliment, in the shape of a trap, this time.

"You can do me the greatest possible favor," he said. "You can assist me in forming an agreeable impression of my own grounds."

"Dear me! how?" asked Miss Milroy, innocently.

Allan judiciously closed the trap on the spot in these words: "By taking me with you, Miss Milroy, on your morning walk." He spoke—smiled—and offered his arm.

She saw the way, on her side, to a little flirtation. She rested her hand on his arm—blushed—hesitated—and suddenly took it away again.

"I don't think it's quite right, Mr. Armadale," she said, devoting herself with the deepest attention to her collection of flowers. "Oughtn't we to have some old lady here? Isn't it improper to take your arm until I know you a little better than I do now? I am obliged to ask; I have had so little instruction; I have seen so little of society; and one of papa's friends once said my manners were too bold for my age. What do *you* think?"

"I think it's a very good thing your papa's friend is not here now," answered the outspoken Allan; "I should quarrel with him to a dead certainty. As for society, Miss Milroy, nobody knows less about it than I do; but if we *had* an old lady here, I must say myself I think she would be uncommonly in the way. Won't you?" concluded Allan, imploringly offering his arm for the second time. "Do!"

Miss Milroy looked up at him sidelong from her flowers. "You are as bad as the gardener, Mr. Armadale!" She looked down again in a flutter of indecision. "I'm sure it's wrong," she said, and took his arm the instant afterward without the slightest hesitation.

They moved away together over the daisied turf of the paddock, young and bright and happy, with the sunlight of the summer morning shining cloudless over their flowery path.

"And where are we going to now?" asked Allan. "Into another garden?"

She laughed gayly. "How very odd of you, Mr. Armadale, not to know, when it all belongs to you! Are you really seeing Thorpe-Ambrose this morning for the first time? How indescribably strange it must feel! No, no; don't say any more complimentary things to me just yet. You may turn my head if you do. We haven't got the old lady with us, and I really must take care of myself. Let me be useful; let me tell you all about your own grounds. We are going out at that little gate, across one of the drives in the park, and then over the rustic bridge, and then round the corner of the plantation—where do you think? To where I live, Mr. Armadale; to the lovely little cottage that you have let to papa. Oh, if you only knew how lucky we thought ourselves to get it!"

She paused, looked up at her companion, and stopped another compliment on the incorrigible Allan's lips.

"I'll drop your arm," she said, coquettishly, "if you do! We *were* lucky to get the cottage, Mr. Armadale. Papa said he felt under an obligation to you for letting it, the day we got in. And I said I felt under an obligation, no longer ago than last week."

"You, Miss Milroy!" exclaimed Allan.

"Yes. It may surprise you to hear it; but if you hadn't let the cottage to papa, I believe I should have suffered the indignity and misery of being sent to school."

Allan's memory reverted to the half crown that he had spun on the cabin-table of the yacht, at Castletown. "If she only knew that I had tossed up for it!" he thought, guiltily.

"I dare say you don't understand why I should feel such a horror of going to school," pursued Miss Milroy, misinterpreting the momentary silence on her companion's side. "If I had gone to school in early life—I mean at the age when other girls go—I shouldn't have minded it now. But I had no such chance at the time. It was the time of mamma's illness and of papa's unfortunate speculations; and as papa had nobody to comfort him but me, of course I staid at home. You needn't laugh; I was of some use, I can tell you. I helped papa over his troubles by sitting on his knee after dinner, and asking him to tell me stories of all the remarkable people he had known when he was about in the great world, at home and abroad. Without me to amuse him in the evening, and his clock to occupy him in the daytime—"

"His clock?" repeated Allan.

"Oh yes! I ought to have told you. Papa is an extraordinary mechanical genius. You will say so, too, when you see his clock. It's nothing like so large, of course, but it's on the model of the famous clock at Strasbourg. Only



think, he began it when I was eight years old; and (though I was sixteen last birthday) it isn't finished yet! Some of our friends were quite surprised he should take to such a thing when his troubles began. But papa himself set that right in no time; he reminded them that Louis the Sixteenth took to lock-making when *his* troubles began; and then every body was perfectly satisfied." She stopped, and changed color confusedly. "Oh, Mr. Armadale," she said, in genuine embarrassment this time, "here is my unlucky tongue running away with me again! I am talking to you already as if I had known you for years! This is what papa's friend meant when he said my manners were too bold. It's quite true; I have a dreadful way of getting familiar with people if—" She checked herself suddenly, on the brink of ending the sentence by saying, "if I like them."

"No, no; do go on," pleaded Allan. "It's a fault of mine to be familiar too. Besides, we *must* be familiar; we are such near neighbors. I'm rather an uncultivated sort of fellow, and I don't know quite how to say it; but I want your cottage to be jolly and friendly with my house, and my house to be jolly and friendly with your cottage. There's my meaning, all in the wrong words. Do go on, Miss Milroy; pray go on."

She smiled and hesitated. "I don't exactly remember where I was," she replied. "I only remember I had something I wanted to tell you. This comes, Mr. Armadale, of my taking your arm. I should get on so much better if you would only consent to walk separately. You won't? Well, then, will you tell me what it was I wanted to say? Where was I, before I went wandering off to papa's troubles and papa's clock?"

"At school," replied Allan, with a prodigious effort of memory.

"*Not* at school, you mean," said Miss Milroy; "and all through *you*. Now I can go on again, which is a great comfort. I am quite serious, Mr. Armadale, in saying that I should have been sent to school if you had said No, when papa proposed for the cottage. This is how it happened. When we began moving in Mrs. Blanchard sent us a most kind message from the great house, to say that her servants were at our disposal if we wanted any assistance. The least papa and I could do, after that, was to call and thank her. We saw Mrs. Blanchard and Miss Blanchard. Mrs. was charming, and Miss looked perfectly lovely in her mourning. I'm sure you admire her? She's tall and pale and graceful—quite your idea of beauty, I should think?"

"Nothing like it," began Allan. "My idea of beauty at the present moment—"

Miss Milroy felt it coming, and instantly took her hand off his arm.

"I mean I have never seen either Mrs. Blanchard or her niece," added Allan, precipitately correcting himself.

Miss Milroy tempered justice with mercy, and put her hand back again.

"How extraordinary that you should never have seen them!" she went on. "Why, you are a perfect stranger to every thing and every body at Thorpe-Ambrose! Well, after Miss Blanchard and I had sat and talked a little while I heard my name on Mrs. Blanchard's lips, and instantly held my breath. She was asking papa if I had finished my education. Out came papa's great grievance directly. My old governess, you must know, left us to be married just before we came here, and none of our friends could produce a new one whose terms were reasonable. 'I'm told, Mrs. Blanchard, by people who understand it better than I do,' says papa, 'that advertising is a risk. It all falls on me, in Mrs. Milroy's state of health, and I suppose I must end in sending my little girl to school. Do you happen to know of a school within the means of a poor man?' Mrs. Blanchard shook her head—I could have kissed her on the spot for doing it. 'All my experience, Major Milroy,' says this perfect angel of a woman, 'is in favor of advertising. My niece's governess was originally obtained by an advertisement, and you may imagine her value to us when I tell you that she lived in our family for more than ten years.' I could have gone down on both my knees and worshiped Mrs. Blanchard then and there—and I only wonder I didn't! Papa was struck at the time—I could see that—and he referred to it again on the way home. 'Though I have been long out of the world, my dear,' says papa, 'I know a highly-bred woman and a sensible woman when I see her. Mrs. Blanchard's experience puts advertising in a new light: I must think about it.' He *has* thought about it, and (though he hasn't openly confessed it to me) I know that he decided to advertise no later than last night. So, if papa thanks you for letting the cottage, Mr. Armadale, I thank you too. But for you we should never have known darling Mrs. Blanchard; and but for darling Mrs. Blanchard I should have been sent to school."

Before Allan could reply they turned the corner of the plantation and came in sight of the cottage. Description of it is needless; the civilized universe knows it already. It was the typical cottage of the drawing-master's early lessons in neat shading and the broad pencil touch—with the trim thatch, the luxuriant creepers, the modest lattice-windows, the rustic porch, and the wicker bird-cage, all complete.

"Isn't it lovely?" said Miss Milroy. "Do come in!"

"May I?" asked Allan. "Won't the major think it too early?"

"Early or late, I'm sure papa will be only too glad to see you."

She led the way briskly up the garden path, and opened the parlor door. As Allan followed her into the little room he saw, at the further end of it, a gentleman sitting alone at an old-fashioned writing-table, with his back turned to his visitor.

"Papa! a surprise for you!" said Miss Mil-



roy, rousing him from his occupation. "Mr. Armadale has come to Thorpe-Ambrose, and I have brought him here to see you."

The major started—rose, bewildered for the moment—recovered himself immediately, and advanced to welcome his young landlord with hospitable outstretched hand.

A man with a larger experience of the world and a finer observation of humanity than Allan possessed would have seen the story of Major Milroy's life written in Major Milroy's face. The home-troubles that had struck him were plainly betrayed in his stooping figure and his wan, deeply-wrinkled cheeks, when he first showed himself on rising from his chair. The changeless influence of one monotonous pursuit and one monotonous habit of thought was next expressed in the dull, dreamy self-absorption of his manner and his look while his daughter was speaking to him. The moment after, when he had roused himself to welcome his guest, was the moment which made the self-revelation complete. Then there flickered in the major's weary eyes a faint reflection of the spirit of his happier youth. Then there passed over the major's dull and dreamy manner a change which told unmistakably of social graces and accomplishments, learned at some past time in no ignoble social school. A man who had long since taken his patient refuge from trouble in his one mechanical pursuit; a man only roused at intervals to know himself again for what he once had been. So revealed, to all eyes that could read him aright, Major Milroy now stood before Allan, on the first morning of an acquaintance which was destined to be an event in Allan's life.

"I am heartily glad to see you, Mr. Armadale," he said, speaking in the changelessly quiet, subdued tone peculiar to most men whose occupations are of the solitary and monotonous kind. "You have done me one favor already by taking me as your tenant, and you now do me another by paying this friendly visit. If you have not breakfasted already, let me waive all ceremony on my side, and ask you to take your place at our little table."

"With the greatest pleasure, Major Milroy, if I am not in the way," replied Allan, delighted at his reception. "I was sorry to hear from Miss Milroy that Mrs. Milroy is an invalid. Perhaps my being here unexpectedly; perhaps the sight of a strange face—"

"I understand your hesitation, Mr. Armadale," said the major; "but it is quite unnecessary. Mrs. Milroy's illness keeps her entirely confined to her own room. Have we got every thing we want on the table, my love?" he went on, changing the subject so abruptly that a closer observer than Allan might have suspected it was distasteful to him. "Will you come and make tea?"

Miss Milroy's attention appeared to be already pre-engaged: she made no reply. While her father and Allan had been exchanging civilities she had been putting the writing-table in order, and examining the various objects scattered on

it with the unrestrained curiosity of a spoiled child. The moment after the major had spoken to her she discovered a morsel of paper hidden between the leaves of the blotting-book, snatched it up, looked at it, and turned round instantly, with an exclamation of surprise.

"Do my eyes deceive me, papa?" she asked. "Or were you really and truly writing *the* advertisement when I came in?"

"I had just finished it," replied her father. "But, my dear, Mr. Armadale is here—we are waiting for breakfast."

"Mr. Armadale knows all about it," rejoined Miss Milroy. "I told him in the garden."

"Oh yes," said Allan. "Pray don't make a stranger of me, major. If it's about the governess, I've got something (in an indirect sort of way) to do with it too."

Major Milroy smiled. Before he could answer, his daughter, who had been reading the advertisement, appealed to him eagerly, for the second time.

"Oh, papa," she said, "there's one thing here I don't like at all! Why do you put grandmamma's initials at the end? Why do you tell them to write to grandmamma's house in London?"

"My dear, your mother can do nothing in this matter, as you know. And as for me (even if I went to London), questioning strange ladies about their characters and accomplishments is the last thing in the world that I am fit to do. Your grandmamma is on the spot; and your grandmamma is the proper person to receive the letters and to make all the necessary inquiries."

"But I want to see the letters myself," persisted the spoiled child. "Some of them are sure to be amusing—"

"I don't apologize for this very unceremonious reception of you, Mr. Armadale," said the major, turning to Allan, with a quaint and quiet humor. "It may be useful as a warning, if you ever chance to marry and have a daughter, not to begin, as I have done, by letting her have her own way."

Allan laughed, and Miss Milroy persisted.

"Besides," she went on, "I should like to help in choosing which letters we answer, and which we don't. I think I ought to have some voice in the selection of my own governess. Why not tell them, papa, to send their letters down here—to the post-office or the stationer's, or any where you like? When you and I have read them, we can send up the letters we prefer to grandmamma, and she can ask all the questions and pick out the best governess, just as you have arranged already, without leaving me entirely in the dark, which I consider (don't you, Mr. Armadale?) to be quite inhuman. Let me alter the address, papa—do, there's a darling!"

"We shall get no breakfast, Mr. Armadale, if I don't say Yes," said the Major, good-humoredly. "Do as you like, my dear," he added, turning to his daughter. "As long as it ends in your grandmamma's managing the matter for us, the rest is of very little consequence."



Miss Milroy took up her father's pen, drew it through the last line of the advertisement, and wrote the altered address with her own hand as follows:

*Apply, by letter, to M., Post-office, Thorpe-Ambrose, Norfolk.*

"There!" she said, bustling to her place at the breakfast-table. "The advertisement may go to London now; and if a governess *does* come of it, oh, papa, who in the name of wonder will she be? Tea or coffee, Mr. Armadale? I'm really ashamed of having kept you waiting. But

it is such a comfort," she added, saucily, "to get all one's business off one's mind before breakfast!"

Father, daughter, and guest sat down together sociably at the little round table—the best of good neighbors and good friends already.

Three days later one of the London news-boys got *his* business off his mind before breakfast. His district was Diana Street, Pimlico; and the last of the morning's newspapers which he disposed of was the newspaper he left at Mrs. Oldershaw's door.

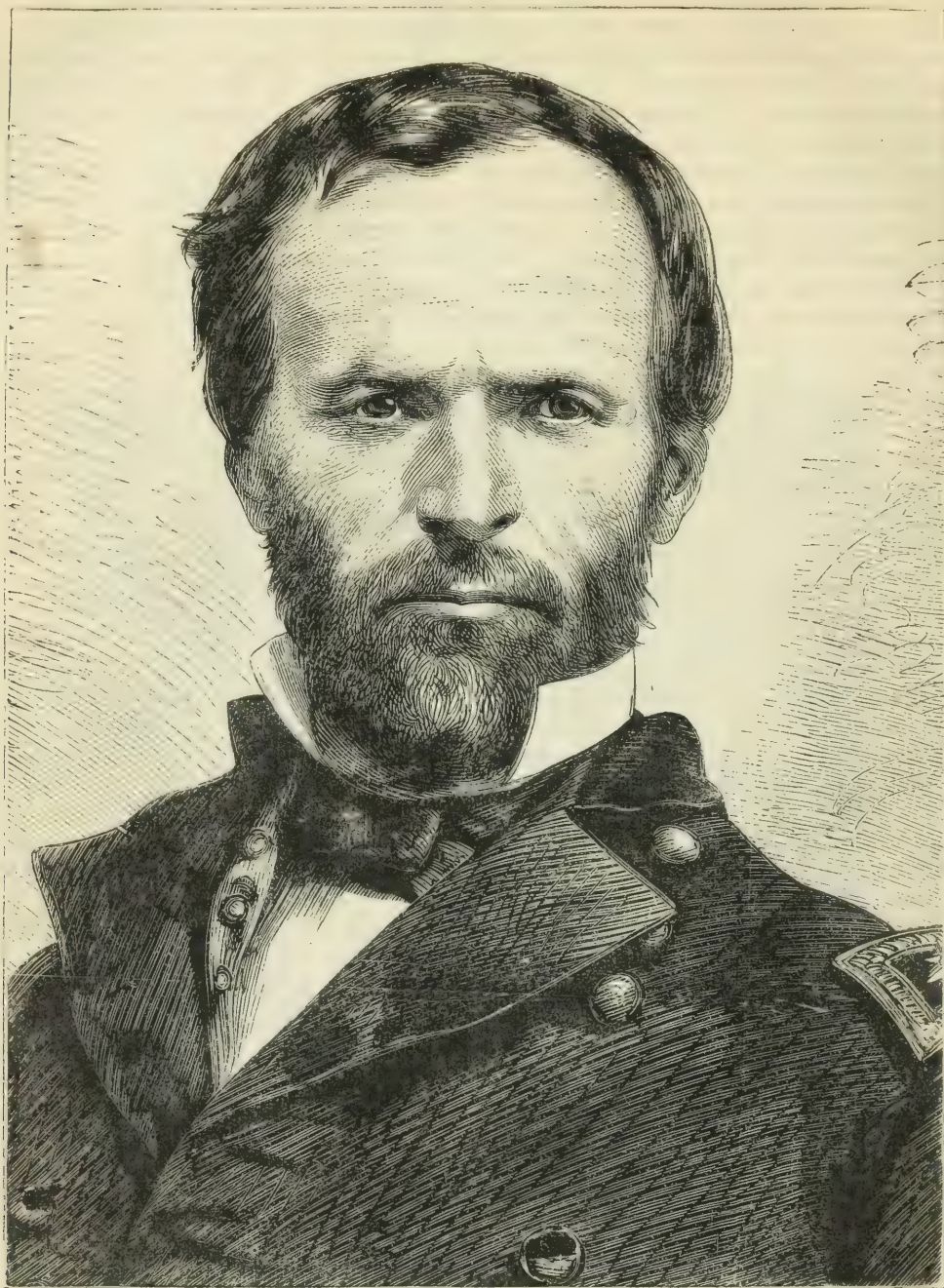


## SOFT SHINETH THE MOON.

ONE poor heart by sore sorrow branded;  
Cold shineth the moon to-night!  
Alone in her grief she thinks of the sea  
So treacherous, though smiling and smooth it be;  
She remembers well that tiny boat  
Which then they saw so merrily float  
Through bright moonlight  
To deep midnight,  
To be found on the morrow stranded!  
One poor heart by sore sorrow branded;  
Cold shineth the moon to-night!

On one still'd heart, through a casement streaming,  
Soft shineth the moon to-night!  
Away to where shall be no more sea,  
To where for the weary peace shall be;  
Supported by more than earthly bands—  
And beckon'd by more than human hands—  
Gone to her rest;  
Supremely blest;  
Humbled to lowest abasement seeming,  
On one still'd heart, through a casement streaming,  
Soft shineth the moon to-night!





WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF SHERMAN.

OF the few prominent men developed by this war who will leave a lasting impression on the mind of the nation W. T. Sherman may be ranked as among the first and most original. The recollections which are here given are those of one who, at a respectful distance, has watched his career almost from the beginning.

The language of his resignation of the position as President of the Louisiana State Military Academy, January, 1861, first brought General Sherman to the notice of the Government, and he was appointed a Captain in the regular army, a position he had previously held, but which he had resigned. It is now known that before the bombardment of Fort Sumter he held very enlarged views of the crisis then upon the country; but they were not appreciated. A

letter addressed to the Secretary of War, tendering his services and urging his views of the imminent danger of war, as well as the expression of the same views to the President, were disregarded, and met at the time with some ridicule.

Of the campaign of Bull Run, in which Sherman figured as a Colonel in command of a brigade, the writer has no personal recollections. Colonel Sherman acquitted himself with distinction during the battle of July 21 and the rout which ensued. During the quiet which followed the retirement to Washington he was engaged at the capital in aiding in the reorganization of the army.

General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, was the first to appreciate the sterling qualities which were then latent in Sherman,



and to reintroduce him to active service. Early in August, 1861, General Anderson was assigned to the command of the "Department of the Ohio," and accepted on the express understanding that Colonel Sherman should be created a brigadier, and, as his second in command, be assigned to the direction of the troops in the field. This condition was observed by Secretary Cameron, and thus, early in September, 1861, Sherman was assigned to duty in the West. At the time Kentucky was being indulged in her false notions of neutrality, and the command of General Sherman consisted really of but *two* men, General Nelson and Colonel Rousseau, these two officers being at the time the only persons in the department holding United States military commissions. The former had, however, established a recruiting camp in Middle Kentucky, known as "Camp Dick Robinson," and had gathered together a large number of East Tennessee refugees and some loyal Kentuckians, but they had not been mustered into the service. Rousseau had also established a rendezvous, since called "Camp Joe Holt," on the Indiana side of the Ohio River, and opposite Louisville, where he had collected about fifteen hundred loyal Kentuckians. None of these had been mustered into the service, however, and it was not until Sherman had been in command for a fortnight that he really had any troops under his control. During this time he acted as the counselor and, in a manner, as the aid of Anderson.

General Sherman may be described as "a bundle of nerves," all strung to the greatest tension. The most striking feature of his character is a peculiar nervous energy which knows no cessation, and which is resistless. He is untiring in his efforts, and hesitates at no amount of detail; matters great and small receiving his attention. A hard, earnest worker, he devotes but little time to sleep. When he first assumed command at Louisville, in 1861, the agents of the New York Associated Press throughout the country were employed by the Government in transmitting its cipher messages. In consequence of this arrangement Sherman frequented the office of the Louisville press agent. He was always at this office during the evening, often remaining until three o'clock in the morning, when the closing of the office would force him to retire to his rooms at the hotel. During these hours he would pace the floor of the room apparently absorbed in thought and heedless of all that was going on around him. He would occasionally sit at the table to jot down a memorandum or compose a telegram. He would sometimes stop to listen to any remark addressed to him by other occupants of the room, but would seldom reply even though the remark had been a direct question, and would appear and act as if the interruption had but momentarily disturbed his train of thought.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of this characteristic energy occurred at Nashville, Tennessee. When Sherman assumed command

there in March, 1864, the military agent of the railroads to Chattanooga was running through to the army at that point about ninety car-loads of rations per day. This merely served to feed the army then gathered there. Nothing was accumulating for the spring campaign. The agent reported a want of cars and locomotives as the cause of this insufficient supply of rations, and added that it was impossible to obtain them. Sherman answered that nothing was impossible, and immediately went to work to remedy the evil. In two days' time he extended the northern terminus of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad through the former city, a distance of three miles, to the Ohio River. On the levee he built an inclined plane to the water's edge. One of the ferry-boats which plied between Louisville and Jeffersonville was seized and especially prepared to carry cars and locomotives. On the Indiana side of the river he extended the Jeffersonville Railroad through that town to the Ohio River and built another inclined plane. At the same time he ordered the impressment of the necessary cars and locomotives from the various northwestern railroads, taking them off roads as far north as Chicago, and rushed them off to Nashville, crossing the Ohio by the means he had provided. The effect was soon visible. In a month after this movement began the railroad agents reported that they were running two hundred and seventy cars per day through to Chattanooga. Sherman required them to report the increase made each day, and would appear as well satisfied at the addition of a few cars per day to the number as if he had won a battle. By the 20th of April, the day Sherman left Nashville to begin his Atlanta campaign, he had accumulated at Knoxville eighteen days', and at Chattanooga thirteen days' rations for his whole army of 120,000 men. The energy which inspired the railroad agents was communicated to the quarter-masters located at Nashville, and the result was the increase of the laboring force of this department from four or five thousand to nearly sixteen thousand men.

In July, 1864, while besieging the enemy's position at Kenesaw Mountain, an incident occurred which may be given as illustrative of Sherman's energy. When the campaign opened he had published an order informing the army that he intended moving without a tent; and during the greater part of the march his headquarters actually consisted of nothing more than a tent-fly for the use of his Adjutant-General. He generally slept under a tree during dry weather, and in very wet weather in any convenient house. When the army was concentrated in the gorge of Snake Creek Gap, in which there was not a house of any character, General Logan "raised the laugh" on Sherman by sending him a tent to protect him from the rain, and which, owing to the terrible state of the weather, Sherman was compelled to use. Early one morning a regiment of troops passed Sherman's quarters or bivouac, near Kenesaw Mountain, and saw him lying under a tree near



the road-side. One of the men, not knowing the General, and supposing him to be drunk, remarked aloud, "That is the way we are commanded, officered by drunken Major-Generals." Sherman heard the remark and instantly arose. "Not drunk, my boy," he said, good-humoredly; "but I was up all night, and am very tired and sleepy." He soon after broke up headquarters, and, passing the regiment on the march, was received with loud and hearty cheers.

This energy of Sherman's nature is characterized by a peculiar nervousness of manner and expression. He talks with great rapidity, often in his haste mingling his sentences in a most surprising manner; and accompanying his conversation by strange, quick, and ungraceful gestures. As a natural result of this nervous energy he has acquired the habit of decision in the most perfect degree. He never seems to reason, but decides by intuition. His decisions are generally final. In conversation of importance, and particularly on a battle-field, he seldom gives a person time to finish his remarks or reports. He replies as soon as he has heard enough to convey the idea, never waiting its elaboration. He jumps at conclusions with tremendous springs. His own speeches and documents are never more than skeletons. His sharp, pointed sentences quickly convey the idea intended to the dullest imagination. In giving his instructions and orders he will take a person by the shoulder and push him off as he talks—following him to the door, all the time talking and urging him off.

This peculiarity of expression may be traced even in his letters, some of which, though lacking in grace, but not in vigor, are already accepted among the model documents of the war. They are never elaborations, though his ideas are given in them more fully than in his conversations. He has expressed in some of them many wise and practical views on the existing state of affairs; and in his treatment of his peculiar theory of suppression has evinced a clear appreciation of the proper mode of dealing with rebels in arms. His whole theory, in which he has been consistent from the very first, is embraced in the proposition to "fight the devil with fire." His vindication of his action in depopulating Atlanta contains his "theory of suppression" in a few words. He says: "We must have peace not only in Atlanta but in all America. To secure this we must stop the war that now desolates our once happy and favored country. To stop war we must defeat the rebel armies that are arrayed against the laws and Constitution, which all must respect and obey. To defeat these armies we must prepare the way to reach them in their recesses, provided with the arms and instruments which enable us to accomplish our purpose." His expression in the same letter, "War is cruelty—you can not refine it," is a sharp, terse rendition of an undisputed truth.

While endeavoring to fill up his dépôts at Chattanooga and Knoxville, preparatory to the

campaign against Atlanta, Sherman was asked by members of the United States Christian Commission for transportation for their delegates, books, tracts, etc. for the army. His reply is very characteristic of the man. "Certainly not," he wrote; "crackers and oats are more necessary to my army than any moral or religious agency." His letter to Hood on the proposed depopulation of Atlanta is a curious document, an impromptu reply, thrown "off-hand" from his pen, and it reads as if it were Sherman speaking. He begins this document by acknowledging the receipt of a letter at the hands of "Messrs. Bull and crew."—The bearers who were designated by this undignified title were members of the Common Council of Atlanta. The letter ends by advising Hood to tell his tale of oppression "to the marines." During the campaign of Atlanta communication with the rear was very much obstructed, the news correspondents found many difficulties in forwarding information, and telegrams to the press seldom reached New York. During the movement around Atlanta Sherman was applied to directly by the news agent at Louisville for the details of the movement. In reply the General telegraphed, "Atlanta is ours and fairly won;" following up the expression, which has already passed into song, with a brief and graphic report of the flank movement around Atlanta and the battle of Jonesborough.

The idea generally prevails that commanding generals are very didactic on the battle-field, and give their orders in precise language and stentorian voice. A little familiarity with actual war will soon dispel this false impression in any one who sees Sherman on the battle-field. At Chattanooga he gave his orders for his advance to his brother-in-law, General Hugh Ewing, in the words, uttered between two puffs at a bad cigar, "I guess, Ewing, if you are ready you might as well go ahead." Ewing asked a few questions in regard to retaining the *échelon* formation of his command as then marshaled for the advance. Sherman replied, "I want you to keep the left well toward the creek (the Chickamauga) and keep up the formation, four hundred yards distance, until you get to the foot of the hill." "And shall we keep it after that?" asked Ewing. "Oh! you may go up the hill as you like—if you can;" and then he added, hastily, as he pushed Ewing away, "I say, Ewing, don't call for help until you actually need it." It is also recorded of Sherman that, on witnessing from the top of a rice-mill on the Ogechee River the capture of Fort M'Allister, he exclaimed, imitating the voice of a negro, "Dis chile don't sleep dis night;" and hurried off to meet General Foster.

Some writer has pictured Sherman in repose. The article circulated throughout the daily press of the country, and was generally accepted as a fine picture of the warrior in the quiet of camp. He was represented as listening to the music of a regimental band with quiet demureness and decorum. It is impossible that the



picture could ever have been a correct one. Music may have charms to soothe the most savage breast, but it has no power to quiet the nerves of Sherman. He may have been silent during the serenade, but undoubtedly his eyes were dancing in every direction and upon every thing. He is never quiet. His fingers nervously twitch his red whiskers—his coat buttons—play a tattoo on his table or chair, or run through his hair. One moment his legs are crossed, and the next both are on the floor. He sits a moment, and then rises and paces the floor. He never sat out a serenade of the ordinary length in his life, and as to remaining silent for that length of time it would be impossible for him to do it. He *must* talk, quick, sharp, and yet not harshly, all the time making his odd gestures, which, no less than the intonation of his voice, serve to emphasize his language. He can not bear a clog upon his thoughts, nor an interruption to his language. He admits of no opposition. He overrides every thing. He never hesitates at interrupting any one, but can not bear to be interrupted himself. He is very well aware, and candidly admits, that his temper is uncommonly bad, but he makes no attempt to control and correct it. In once speaking of a general in his army he remarked, that he was “as good an officer as I am—is younger, and has a better temper.”

His gruffness often amounts to positive rudeness. While in command at Louisville, in 1861, the wife of the rebel commander, Ingraham, passed through the city *en route* to the South. The lady, who was rebelliously inclined, pleaded consumption as her excuse for wishing to inhale the Southern air. Sherman gruffly advised her to “shut herself up in a room and keep up a good fire—it would do her just as much good.” He once took great offense at having his manners, and particularly this habit of gruffness, compared to the manners of a Pawnee Indian, and expressed his contempt for the author of the slur in a public manner. He was much chagrined shortly after to find that the correspondent who had been guilty of the offensive comparison had heard of his contemptuous criticism, and had amended it by publicly apologizing to the whole race of Pawnees!

He is not a very firm believer in the utility of Christian or Sanitary Commissions, or aid societies generally, and thinks female nurses about a hospital or an army a great nuisance. He once alluded contemptuously to the efforts of a large number of Kentucky ladies to send clothing, lint, sweetmeats, etc., to his troops; but was induced, in lieu of discouraging their efforts, to take steps to properly direct them. He met the ladies by agreement in one of the public halls at Louisville, now known as Wood's Theatre, and made an address to them. He went among the lambs with all the boldness and dignity of a lion; but the rough, uncouth manner of him who had frowned on thousands of men melted in the presence of a few hundred ladies. They found that, though “he was no

orator as Brutus is,” he could talk very tenderly of the soldier's wants, very graphically of the soldier's life and sufferings, and very gallantly of woman and her divine mission of soothing and comforting.

Until Sherman had developed his practicality this peculiarity of expression and manner were accepted as evidences of a badly-balanced mind. It will be remembered that in his early career a report was widely circulated to the effect that he was a lunatic; but the origin of this story, if properly stated, will redound to his credit as evincing admirable foresight and sagacity. The true origin of this report is as follows: Sherman succeeded Anderson in command of the Department of the Ohio, October 13, 1861. Up to that time about ten thousand United States troops had been pushed into Kentucky. The Western governors were under a promise to send as many more, but were slow in doing so. General A. Sidney Johnston, the rebel commander at Bowling Green, was endeavoring to create the impression that he had about seventy-five thousand men, when he really had only about twenty-eight thousand. In this he succeeded so far as to cause it to be supposed that his force largely exceeded Sherman's. Sherman urged upon the Government the rapid reinforcement of his army, but with little effect. The troops did not come, for the reason that the Government did not credit the statements of the perilous condition of Sherman's army. So repeated and urgent were Sherman's demands for reinforcements that at last the Secretary of War, Mr. Cameron, visited Louisville in order to look into the situation of affairs. An interview was had at the Galt House at Louisville, Sherman, Cameron, and Adjutant-General Thomas being present. Sherman briefly explained the situation of affairs—stated his own force and that of the enemy, and argued that reinforcements were necessary to hold Kentucky, to say nothing of an advance. “My forces are too small for an advance,” he said—“too small to hold the important positions in the State against an advance of the enemy, and altogether too large to be sacrificed in detail.” On being asked how many men were required to drive the enemy out of the State, he answered, without hesitation, “Two hundred thousand.” The answer was a surprise to the two officers, which they did not attempt to conceal. They even ridiculed the idea, and laughed at the calculation. It was declared impossible to furnish the number of men named. Sherman then argued that the positions in Kentucky ought to be abandoned, and the army no longer endangered by being scattered. This was treated more seriously, and vigorously opposed by Cameron and Thomas. They declared the abandonment of Kentucky was a step to which they could not consent. Subsequently they broached a plan which had been devised for dividing the Department and Army of the Ohio into two; one column to operate under Mitchel from Cincinnati as a base against Knoxville, and the other from



Louisville against Nashville. To this Sherman was strongly opposed. Satisfied by the persistence of Cameron on this point that the Government was not disposed to second his views of conducting the affairs of the Department, Sherman asked to be relieved and ordered to duty in the field. Cameron gladly acquiesced in his wishes, and he was relieved by Buell, November 30, 1861.

On the same evening of the famous interview between Cameron and Sherman the latter paid his customary visit to the Associated Press rooms at Louisville. Here, while still in a bad humor over the result of the interview, he was approached by a man who introduced himself as a correspondent of a New York paper, and asked permission to pass through his lines to the South in the capacity of a correspondent. Sherman replied that he could not pass. The correspondent, with unwarrantable impertinence, replied that Secretary Cameron was in the city and he would get a pass from him. Sherman at once ordered him out of his department, telling him that he would give him two hours to make his escape. If found in his lines after that hour he "would hang him as a spy." The fellow left the city immediately, and on reaching Cincinnati very freely expressed his opinion that the General was crazy. A paper published in that city, on learning the story of the interview between Cameron and Sherman, which soon became public, employed the fellow to write up the report which was thus first circulated of Sherman's lunacy. His opinion that two hundred thousand men were required to clear Kentucky of rebels was quoted as proof of it by this man, and thus the story came into existence.

Subsequent events have already revealed the fact that Sherman had not much exaggerated the force necessary to carry on the war in the central zone. Although we have never had a single army numbering two hundred thousand men in the West, much larger armies have been necessary to the accomplishment of the campaign of the Mississippi and Tennessee rivers than any person other than Sherman thus early in the war imagined. The army of Grant at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, combined with that of Buell, was not over eighty thousand men. That of Halleck before Corinth numbered exactly one hundred and two thousand. Sherman left Chattanooga in May last with one hundred and twenty thousand men, the largest army ever gathered in one body in the West. At the same time he had under his command at different points on the Mississippi River and in Kentucky an additional force of about fifty thousand, while the forces operating under other commanders in the West would, if added to his, make a grand total of two hundred and fifty thousand men, operating on the Mississippi River, every one of whom was necessary to the conquest and retention of the Mississippi Valley.

When this report of his lunacy was first circulated Sherman was much chagrined at it, and often referred to it in bitter terms. Time and

success have enabled him to frown it down, and justified him in laughing at it. During the siege of Corinth he commanded the right wing of Thomas's corp, while General T. W. Sherman, of Port Royal memory, commanded the left wing. The latter was very unpopular with his division on account of a painfully nervous manner and fretful disposition, and the officers of the command discussed him critically with great freedom, many condemning his manner as offensive. One day General W. T. Sherman was visiting General Stedman—then a brigade commander in T. W. Sherman's division—and the latter's name was brought up, Stedman giving a very ludicrous account of Sherman's conduct.

"Oh!" said William Tecumseh, "this is the crazy Sherman, is it?"

Great difficulty was found during the operations before Corinth in distinguishing the two Shermans. The soldiers solved the problem by giving each Sherman a nickname. T. W. Sherman was called "Port Royal Sherman," in allusion to his services in South Carolina; while W. T. Sherman was known as "Steady-old-nerves," in contradistinction to the other who, as before stated, was painfully nervous.

Sherman has not entirely escaped "nicknames," though he has been more fortunate in this respect than some other commanders. In 1861 the Home Guards of Louisville gave him a name which has never been used by any other body of troops. It was under the following circumstances: The Home Guard marched under Sherman's leadership from Louisville to meet the invasion of Buckner. While moving to Lebanon Junction the General spoke to the men, telling them of the necessity which had arisen for their services, and proposed to muster them into the United States service for thirty days. Few of them had blankets, none had haversacks, and no tents were at the time on hand. The men were really not prepared to remain long in the field, and some demurred at the length of time mentioned. Sherman grew very angry at this and spoke very harshly, intimating that he considered the Home Guards a "paltry set of fellows." The men were chagrined at this and much embittered against him, and on the spot voted him "a gruff old cock." They soon found, however, that they had to accept him as a commander, when one of them remarked, "It was a bitter pill." Out of this grew the title of "Old Pills," which was at once fastened upon the General. The men consented to be mustered for fifteen days. This put Sherman in an excellent humor again, and he promised them tents, blankets, etc., immediately. This in turn put the Guards in a high glee, and one of them suggesting that "Old Pills" was sugar-coated, the nickname was modified, and he was known ever after as "Old Sugar-Coated."

Sherman is an inveterate smoker. He smokes as he does every thing else, with an energy which it would be supposed would deprive him of all the pleasure of smoking. He is fully as great



a smoker as Grant, but very unlike him in his style of smoking. Grant smokes as if he enjoyed his cigar. Sherman smokes as if it were a duty to be finished in the shortest imaginable time. Grant will smoke lying back in his chair, his body and mind evidently in repose, his countenance calm and settled. He blows the smoke slowly from his mouth, and builds his plans and thoughts in the clouds which are formed by it about his head. He smokes his tobacco as the Chinese do their opium, and with that certain sort of oblivious disregard for every thing else which it is said characterizes the opium smoker. He enjoys his mild Havana in quiet dignity, half-smoking, half-chewing it. Sherman puffs furiously, as if his cigar was of the worst character of "penny grabs" and would not "draw." He snatches it frequently, and, one might say, furiously, from his mouth, brushing the ashes off with his forefinger. He continually paces the floor while smoking, generally deep in thought of important matters, doubtless; but a looker-on would imagine that he was endeavoring to solve the question of how to draw smoke through his cigar. He seldom or never finishes it, leaving at least one half of it a stump. When he used to frequent the Associated Press rooms at Louisville, in 1861, he would often accumulate and leave upon the agent's table as many as eight or ten of these stumps, which the porter of the rooms used to call "Sherman's old soldiers."

Even until long after Anderson's assumption of command at Louisville the agent of the New Orleans papers continued sending his telegrams for the rebel papers to New Orleans. This man was a rabid secessionist, and disliked Sherman exceedingly. He used to say of him that he smoked as some men whistled—"for want of thought." This is undoubtedly a mistake; for close observers say that, while smoking, Sherman is deepest absorbed in thought. He is certainly, when smoking, almost totally oblivious to what is going on around him. This peculiar absence of mind had an excellent illustration in a circumstance which occurred at Lebanon Junction, Kentucky, when first occupied by Sherman and the Home Guards. While walking up and down the railroad platform at that place, awaiting the repair of the telegraph line to Louisville, Sherman's cigar gave out. He immediately took another from his pocket, and approaching the orderly-sergeant of the "Marion Zouaves"—one of the Home Guard companies—asked for a light. The sergeant had only a moment before lighted his cigar, and taking a puff or two to improve the fire, he handed it, with a bow, to the General. Sherman carefully lighted his weed, took a puff or two to assure himself, and having again lapsed into his train of thought, abstractedly threw away the sergeant's cigar. Rousseau and several other officers were standing by at the time, and laughed heartily at the incident; but Sherman was too deeply buried in thought to notice the laughter or mishap. Three years subsequently,

at his head-quarters in Nashville, Rousseau endeavored to recall this occurrence to Sherman's mind. He could not recollect it, and replied, "I was thinking of something else. It won't do to let to-morrow take care of itself. Your good merchant don't think of the ships that are in, but those that are to come in. The evil of to-day is irreparable. Look ahead to avoid breakers. You can't when your ship is on them. All you can then do is to save yourself and retrieve disaster. I was thinking of something else when I threw the sergeant's cigar away." And then he added, laughing, "Did I do that, really?"

On the battle-field where he commands Sherman presents a somewhat different appearance from the Sherman before described. His nervous manner is toned down. He grits his teeth, and his lips are closed more firmly, giving an expression of greater determination to his countenance. His eyes are somewhat closed, as if endeavoring to see the furthestmost limits of the battle-field, and, as it were, peer into the future and see the result. His cigar is between his lips, but he suffers its fire occasionally to die out. He is less restless of body; his arms are more confined to their proper limits; and he is content to stay in one spot. He talks less at such moments than at calmer ones.

During the battle of Shiloh, while hotly engaged, near the log church which gave its name to the battle-field, Sherman met a brigade of Buell's fresh troops moving forward to his support, and hastily asked whose troops they were. Rousseau, who commanded the brigade, rode hastily through the line to meet Sherman, who had been dismounted by the fire of the enemy for the third time, and had one wounded arm in a sling, while his face was blackened by the fire of his own artillery.

"Rousseau's brigade," said that officer—"your old troops, General Sherman."

At the mention of his name Rousseau's men, who had made their first campaign under Sherman, recognized him. "There's old Sherman," ran along their lines, and in an instant more there broke above the din of the battle three loud ringing cheers for "Old Sherman." Sherman took no notice of the cheers at the time; but his subsequent report of the battle showed that he was not oblivious to the compliment. At the moment he simply ordered the brigade forward. It was about the time the rebels began falling back, and soon the advance thus ordered became a pursuit of the foe.

With the personal appearance of General Sherman the public are but little acquainted. Very few full-length pictures of him have been made. Of the numerous engravings and photographs which have been published since he became famous very few are good likenesses, and none conveys a proper idea of his general appearance. The best photograph which the writer has seen of him is the one by Brady, from which the accompanying engraving is made. The outlines of the features are given with great accuracy,



and any one familiar with the General's physiognomy will pronounce it a faithful likeness, though the position in which the subject serves to conceal the extreme Romanism of his nose. The expression is that of Sherman in a good-humor. He seldom has such a self-satisfied air. A critical observer of the picture in question would remark that Sherman has done in this case what he seldom takes time or has inclination to do, and has given the artist a special sitting. He has "made himself up" for the occasion. If the critic were one of Sherman's soldiers he would notice the absence from his lips of the inevitable cigar. The coat, it will be observed, is buttoned across the breast, and is the chief fault of the engraving, for Sherman seldom or never buttons his coat either across his breast or around his waist. His vest is always buttoned by the lower button only, and, fitting close around his waist, adds to his appearance of leanness. It is doubtful if at this time any one can be found, except the General's tailor, who can tell when his coat was new. He appears to have an aversion to new clothes, and has never been seen in complete suit or heard in creaking boots. It may be said that he never conforms to the regulations in respect to the color of his suit; for the uniform he generally wears has lost its original color, and is of that dusty and rusty tinge, and with that lack of gloss which follows constant use. One would readily imagine, judging by its appearance, that he purchased his uniform second-hand. The hat which he generally wears is of the same order of faded "regulation," with the crown invariably puffed out instead of being pushed in, in the "Burnside style." The regulation cord and tassel he does not recognize at all.

With the exception of his eyes none of the features of Sherman's countenance are indicative of his character. Altogether he is commonplace in appearance, neither excessively handsome nor painfully repulsive, and attracts less notice than his peculiar style of dress. At the same time divest him of his regulations, and in a crowd his face would attract attention and afford a study. His eyes, conforming to his general character, are as restless as his body or mind. They are rather of a dull though light color, their restlessness giving them whatever they possess of brilliancy and animation. His lips close firmly and closely, and with the deep lines running from his nostrils to either corner of his mouth, give to the lower half of his face an air of decision indicative of his character. His hands are long, slender, and tapering, like those of a woman, and are in admirable keeping with his figure. His short, crisp whiskers, which grow unshaven, and which appear to be stunted in growth, are of a dingy red, or what is commonly called "sandy" color. He takes very little care of his whiskers and hair, each having to be content with one careless brushing a day. He has, perhaps, as great a disregard for his personal appearance as he has for what others may say or think of him.

He has by the success of his later grand campaigns fully established his originality, and has added to the theory and art and history of war two of its most interesting chapters. The campaign of Atlanta was prosecuted on a plan as extensive as bold, and gave rise not only to a new system of warfare but even to new systems of tactics. Never before in the history of war had an army been known to be constantly under fire for one hundred consecutive days. Men whom three years of service had made veterans learned during that campaign a system of fighting they had never heard of before. The whole army became at once from necessity pioneers and sharp-shooters.

The march through Georgia is still the wonder of the campaign of 1864, filled as it was with strange events and startling and original movements. Undertaken with deliberation and from choice, it is now recognized as the boldest movement of the war. Its originality may be said to have insured its success. It was so startling and unexpected to the enemy that he could take no steps to oppose it. On these successes Sherman could have with safety risked his reputation as an original strategist.

### HEARTS AND TREES.

FROM laughing lips of gray-eyed morn  
A fresher tide of life is gushing;

About the bottom of the thorn

The maiden bud is coyly blushing.

I feel upon me, like a hand

Lifting me up, the weight of Spring;

And as the baby-leaves expand

My spirit seems awakening.

Hath then this mingled life of ours

Aught of a tidal ebb and flow?

Hath man a sympathy with flowers,

And with them droop, revive, and grow?

It may be so; for Life is Life,

Intense or subtle, less or more;

And wages the eternal strife

With death and darkness world all o'er.

In youth we seek to carve our name

Deep-lettered on some hearts of worth,

And fancy we may trace the same

Till Time restoreth earth to earth:

Nor know that, as on living tree,

Rough bark will overgrow our toil,

As surely will the world; and we

But hail this knowledge with a smile;

A smile, to think it 'scaped our sense

How like in this were hearts and trees;

So soft to court our confidence,

So swift to hide our memories!



## OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE THIRD. A LONG LANE.

## CHAPTER I.

## LODGERS IN QUEER STREET.

IT was a foggy day in London, and the fog was heavy and dark. Animate London, with smarting eyes and irritated lungs, was blinking, wheezing, and choking; inanimate London was a sooty spectre, divided in purpose between being visible and invisible, and so being wholly neither. Gaslights flared in the shops with a haggard and unblessed air, as knowing themselves to be night-creatures that had no business abroad under the sun; while the sun itself, when it was for a few moments dimly indicated through circling eddies of fog, showed as if it had gone out and were collapsing flat and cold. Even in the surrounding country it was a foggy day, but there the fog was gray, whereas in London it was, at about the boundary line, dark yellow, and a little within it brown, and then browner, and then browner, until at the heart of the City—which call Saint Mary Axe—it was rusty black. From any point of the high ridge of land northward, it might have been discerned that the loftiest buildings made an occasional struggle to get their heads above the foggy sea, and especially that the great dome of Saint Paul's seemed to die hard; but this was not perceivable in the streets at their feet, where the whole metropolis was a heap of vapor charged with muffled sound of wheels, and enfolding a gigantic catarrh.

At nine o'clock on such a morning, the place of business of Pubsey and Co. was not the liveliest object even in Saint Mary Axe—which is not a very lively spot—with a sobbing gaslight in the counting-house window, and a burglarious stream of fog creeping in to strangle it through the keyhole of the main door. But the light went out, and the main door opened, and Riah came forth with a bag under his arm.

Almost in the act of coming out at the door Riah went into the fog, and was lost to the eyes of Saint Mary Axe. But the eyes of this history can follow him westward, by Cornhill, Cheap-side, Fleet Street, and the Strand, to Piccadilly and the Albany. Thither he went at his grave and measured pace, staff in hand, skirt at heel; and more than one head, turning to look back at his venerable figure already lost in the mist, supposed it to be some ordinary figure indistinctly seen, which fancy and the fog had worked into that passing likeness.

Arrived at the house in which his master's chambers were on the second-floor, Riah proceeded up the stairs, and paused at Fascination Fledgeby's door. Making free with neither bell nor knocker, he struck upon the door with the top of his staff, and, having listened, sat down on the threshold. It was characteristic of his

habitual submission, that he sat down on the raw dark staircase, as many of his ancestors had probably sat down in dungeons, taking what befell him as it might befall.

After a time, when he had grown so cold as to be fain to blow upon his fingers, he arose and knocked with his staff again, and listened again, and again sat down to wait. Thrice he repeated these actions before his listening ears were greeted by the voice of Fledgeby, calling from his bed, "Hold your row! I'll come and open the door directly!" But in lieu of coming directly, he fell into a sweet sleep for some quarter of an hour more, during which added interval Riah sat upon the stairs and waited with perfect patience.

At length the door stood open, and Mr. Fledgeby's retreating drapery plunged into bed again. Following it at a respectful distance, Riah passed into the bedchamber, where a fire had been sometime lighted, and was burning briskly.

"Why, what time of night do you mean to call it?" inquired Fledgeby, turning away beneath the clothes, and presenting a comfortable rampart of shoulder to the chilled figure of the old man.

"Sir, it is full half past ten in the morning."

"The deuce it is! Then it must be precious foggy?"

"Very foggy, Sir."

"And raw, then?"

"Chill and bitter," said Riah, drawing out a handkerchief, and wiping the moisture from his beard and long gray hair as he stood on the verge of the rug, with his eyes on the acceptable fire.

With a plunge of enjoyment Fledgeby settled himself afresh.

"Any snow, or sleet, or slush, or any thing of that sort?" he asked.

"No, Sir, no. Not quite so bad as that. The streets are pretty clean."

"You needn't brag about it," returned Fledgeby, disappointed in his desire to heighten the contrast between his bed and the streets. "But you're always bragging about something. Got the books there?"

"They are here, Sir."

"All right. I'll turn the general subject over in my mind for a minute or two, and while I'm about it you can empty your bag and get ready for me."

With another comfortable plunge Mr. Fledgeby fell asleep again. The old man, having obeyed his directions, sat down on the edge of a chair, and, folding his hands before him, gradually yielded to the influence of the warmth, and dozed. He was roused by Mr. Fledgeby's appearing erect at the foot of the bed, in Turkish slippers, rose-colored Turkish trowsers (got cheap



from somebody who had cheated some other somebody out of them), and a gown and cap to correspond. In that costume he would have left nothing to be desired, if he had been further fitted out with a bottomless chair, a lantern, and a bunch of matches.

"Now, old 'un!" cried Fascination, in his light raillery, "what dodgery are you up to next, sitting there with your eyes shut? You ain't asleep. Catch a weasel at it, and catch a Jew!"

"Truly, Sir, I fear I nodded," said the old man.

"Not you!" returned Fledgeby, with a cunning look. "A telling move with a good many, I dare say, but it won't put *me* off my guard. Not a bad notion though, if you want to look indifferent in driving a bargain. Oh, you are a dodger!"

The old man shook his head, gently repudiating the imputation, and suppressed a sigh, and moved to the table at which Mr. Fledgeby was now pouring out for himself a cup of steaming and fragrant coffee from a pot that had stood ready on the hob. It was an edifying spectacle, the young man in his easy-chair taking his coffee, and the old man with his gray head bent, standing awaiting his pleasure.

"Now!" said Fledgeby. "Fork out your balance in hand, and prove by figures how you make it out that it ain't more. First of all, light that candle."

Riah obeyed, and then taking a bag from his breast, and referring to the sum in the accounts for which they made him responsible, told it out upon the table. Fledgeby told it again with great care, and rang every sovereign.

"I suppose," he said, taking one up to eye it closely, "you haven't been lightening any of these; but it's a trade of your people's, you know. *You* understand what sweating a pound means; don't you?"

"Much as you do, Sir," returned the old man, with his hands under opposite cuffs of his loose sleeves, as he stood at the table, deferentially observant of the master's face. "May I take the liberty to say something?"

"You may," Fledgeby graciously conceded.

"Do you not, Sir—without intending it—of a surety without intending it—sometimes mingle the character I fairly earn in your employment with the character which it is your policy that I should bear?"

"I don't find it worth my while to cut things so fine as to go into the inquiry," Fascination coolly answered.

"Not in justice?"

"Bother justice!" said Fledgeby.

"Not in generosity?"

"Jews and generosity!" said Fledgeby. "That's a good connection! Bring out your vouchers, and don't talk Jerusalem palaver."

The vouchers were produced, and for the next half hour Mr. Fledgeby concentrated his sublime attention on them. They and the accounts were

all found correct, and the books and the papers resumed their places in the bag.

"Next," said Fledgeby, "concerning that bill-broking branch of the business; the branch I like best. What queer bills are to be bought, and at what prices? You have got your list of what's in the market?"

"Sir, a long list," replied Riah, taking out a pocket-book, and selecting from its contents a folded paper, which, being unfolded, became a sheet of foolscap covered with close writing.

"Whew!" whistled Fledgeby, as he took it in his hand. "Queer Street is full of lodgers just at present! These are to be disposed of in parcels; are they?"

"In parcels as set forth," returned the old man, looking over his master's shoulder; "or the lump."

"Half the lump will be waste-paper, one knows beforehand," said Fledgeby. "Can you get it at waste-paper price? That's the question."

Riah shook his head, and Fledgeby cast his small eyes down the list. They presently began to twinkle, and he no sooner became conscious of their twinkling, than he looked up over his shoulder at the grave face above him, and moved to the chimney-piece. Making a desk of it, he stood there with his back to the old man, warming his knees, perusing the list at his leisure, and often returning to some lines of it, as though they were particularly interesting. At those times he glanced in the chimney-glass to see what note the old man took of him. He took none that could be detected, but, aware of his employer's suspicions, stood with his eyes on the ground.

Mr. Fledgeby was thus amiably engaged when a step was heard at the outer door, and the door was heard to open hastily. "Hark! That's your doing, you Pump of Israel," said Fledgeby; "you can't have shut it." Then the step was heard within, and the voice of Mr. Alfred Lammle called aloud, "Are you any where here, Fledgeby?" To which Fledgeby, after cautioning Riah in a low voice to take his cue as it should be given him, replied, "Here I am!" and opened his bedroom door.

"Come in!" said Fledgeby. "This gentleman is only Pubsey and Co. of Saint Mary Axe, that I am, trying to make terms for an unfortunate friend with in a matter of some dishonored bills. But really Pubsey and Co. are so strict with their debtors, and so hard to move, that I seem to be wasting my time. Can't I make *any* terms with you on my friend's part, Mr. Riah?"

"I am but the representative of another, Sir," returned the Jew, in a low voice. "I do as I am bidden by my principal. It is not my capital that is invested in the business. It is not my profit that arises therefrom."

"Ha ha!" laughed Fledgeby. "Lammle?"

"Ha ha!" laughed Lammle. "Yes. Of course. We know."

"Devilish good, ain't it, Lammle?" said



Fledgeby, unspeakably amused by his hidden joke.

"Always the same, always the same!" said Lammle. "Mr.—"

"Riah, Pubsey, and Co., Saint Mary Axe," Fledgeby put in, as he wiped away the tears that trickled from his eyes, so rare was his enjoyment of his secret joke.

"Mr. Riah is bound to observe the invariable forms for such cases made and provided," said Lammle.

"He is only the representative of another!" cried Fledgeby. "Does as he is told by his principal! Not his capital that's invested in the business. Oh, that's good! Ha ha ha ha!" Mr. Lammle joined in the laugh and looked knowing; and the more he did both, the more exquisite the secret joke became for Mr. Fledgeby.

"However," said that fascinating gentleman, wiping his eyes again, "if we go on in this way we shall seem to be almost making game of Mr. Riah, or of Pubsey and Co., Saint Mary Axe, or of somebody; which is far from our intention. Mr. Riah, if you would have the kindness to step into the next room for a few moments while I speak with Mr. Lammle here, I should like to try to make terms with you once again before you go."

The old man, who had never raised his eyes during the whole transaction of Mr. Fledgeby's joke, silently bowed and passed out by the door which Fledgeby opened for him. Having closed it on him, Fledgeby returned to Lammle, standing with his back to the bedroom fire, with one hand under his coat-skirts, and all his whiskers in the other.

"Halloa!" said Fledgeby. "There's something wrong!"

"How do you know it?" demanded Lammle.

"Because you show it," replied Fledgeby in unintentional rhyme.

"Well then; there is," said Lammle; "there is something wrong; the whole thing's wrong."

"I say!" remonstrated Fascination very slowly, and sitting down with his hands on his knees to stare at his glowering friend with his back to the fire.

"I tell you, Fledgeby," repeated Lammle, with a sweep of his right arm, "the whole thing's wrong. The game's up."

"What game's up?" demanded Fledgeby, as slowly as before, and more sternly.

"The game. Our game. Read that."

Fledgeby took a note from his extended hand and read it aloud. "Alfred Lammle, Esquire. Sir: Allow Mrs. Podsnap and myself to express our united sense of the polite attentions of Mrs. Alfred Lammle and yourself toward our daughter, Georgiana. Allow us also wholly to reject them for the future, and to communicate our final desire that the two families may become entire strangers. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant, JOHN PODSNAP." Fledgeby looked at the three blank sides of this note, quite as long and earn-

estly as at the first expressive side, and then looked at Lammle, who responded with another extensive sweep of his right arm.

"Whose doing is this?" said Fledgeby.

"Impossible to imagine," said Lammle.

"Perhaps," suggested Fledgeby, after reflecting with a very discontented brow, "somebody has been giving you a bad character."

"Or you," said Lammle, with a deeper frown.

Mr. Fledgeby appeared to be on the verge of some mutinous expressions, when his hand happened to touch his nose. A certain remembrance connected with that feature operating as a timely warning, he took it thoughtfully between his thumb and forefinger and pondered; Lammle meanwhile eying him with furtive eyes.

"Well!" said Fledgeby. "This won't improve with talking about. If we ever find out who did it we'll mark that person. There's nothing more to be said, except that you undertook to do what circumstances prevent your doing."

"And that you undertook to do what you might have done by this time if you had made a prompter use of circumstances," snarled Lammle.

"Hah! That," remarked Fledgeby, with his hands in the Turkish trowsers, "is matter of opinion."

"Mr. Fledgeby," said Lammle, in a bullying tone, "am I to understand that you in any way reflect upon me, or hint dissatisfaction with me, in this affair?"

"No," said Fledgeby; "provided you have brought my promissory note in your pocket, and now hand it over."

Lammle produced it, not without reluctance. Fledgeby looked at it, identified it, twisted it up, and threw it into the fire. They both looked at it as it blazed, went out, and flew in feathery ash up the chimney.

"Now, Mr. Fledgeby," said Lammle, as before; "am I to understand that you in any way reflect upon me, or hint dissatisfaction with me, in this affair?"

"No," said Fledgeby.

"Finally and unreservedly no?"

"Yes."

"Fledgeby, my hand."

Mr. Fledgeby took it, saying, "And if we ever find out who did this, we'll mark that person. And in the most friendly manner let me mention one thing more. I don't know what your circumstances are, and I don't ask. You have sustained a loss here. Many men are liable to be involved at times, and you may be, or you may not be. But whatever you do, Lammle, don't—don't—don't, I beg of you—ever fall into the hands of Pubsey and Co. in the next room, for they are grinders. Regular flayers and grinders, my dear Lammle," repeated Fledgeby with a peculiar relish, "and they'll skin you by the inch, from the nape of your neck to the sole of your foot, and grind every inch of your skin to tooth-powder. You have seen what Mr. Riah



is. Never fall into his hands, Lammle, I beg of you as a friend!"

Mr. Lammle, disclosing some alarm at the solemnity of this affectionate adjuration, demanded why the devil he ever should fall into the hands of Pubsey and Co.?

"To confess the fact I was made a little uneasy," said the candid Fledgeby, "by the manner in which that Jew looked at you when he heard your name. I didn't like his eye. But it may have been the heated fancy of a friend. Of course if you are sure that you have no personal security out, which you may not be quite equal to meeting, and which can have got into his hands, it must have been fancy. Still, I didn't like his eye."

The brooding Lammle, with certain white dints coming and going in his palpitating nose, looked as if some tormenting imp were pinching it. Fledgeby, watching him with a twitch in his mean face which did duty there for a smile, looked very like the tormentor who was pinching.

"But I mustn't keep him waiting too long," said Fledgeby, "or he'll revenge it on my unfortunate friend. How's your very clever and agreeable wife? She knows we have broken down?"

"I showed her the letter."

"Very much surprised?" asked Fledgeby.

"I think she would have been more so," answered Lammle, "if there had been more go in you?"

"Oh!—She lays it upon me, then?"

"Mr. Fledgeby, I will not have my words misconstrued."

"Don't break out, Lammle," urged Fledgeby, in a submissive tone, "because there's no occasion. I only asked a question. Then she don't lay it upon me? To ask another question."

"No, Sir."

"Very good," said Fledgeby, plainly seeing that she did. "My compliments to her. Good-by!"

They shook hands, and Lammle strode out pondering. Fledgeby saw him into the fog, and, returning to the fire and musing with his face to it, stretched the legs of the rose-colored Turkish trowsers wide apart, and meditatively bent his knees, as if he were going down upon them.

"You have a pair of whiskers, Lammle, which I never liked," murmured Fledgeby, "and which money can't produce; you are boastful of your manners and your conversation; you wanted to pull my nose, and you have let me in for a failure, and your wife says I am the cause of it. I'll bowl you down. I will, though I have no whiskers," here he rubbed the places where they were due, "and no manners, and no conversation!"

Having thus relieved his noble mind, he collected the legs of the Turkish trowsers, straightened himself on his knees, and called out to Riah in the next room, "Halloa, you Sir!" At sight of the old man re-entering with a gentleness monstrously in contrast with the character

he had given him, Mr. Fledgeby was so tickled again, that he exclaimed, laughing, "Good! Good! Upon my soul it is uncommon good!"

"Now, old 'un," proceeded Fledgeby, when he had had his laugh out, "you'll buy up these lots that I mark with my pencil—there's a tick there, and a tick there, and a tick there—and I wager twopence you'll afterward go on a squeezing those Christians like the Jew you are. Now, next you'll want a check—or you'll say you want it, though you've capital enough somewhere, if one only knew where, but you'd be peppered and salted and grilled on a gridiron before you'd own to it—and that check I'll write."

When he had unlocked a drawer and taken a key from it to open another drawer, in which was another key that opened another drawer, in which was the check-book; and when he had written the check; and when, reversing the key and drawer process, he had placed his check-book in safety again, he beckoned the old man, with the folded check, to come and take it.

"Old 'un," said Fledgeby, when the Jew had put it in his pocket-book, and was putting that in the breast of his outer garment; "so much at present for my affairs. Now a word about affairs that are not exactly mine. Where is she?"

With his hand not yet withdrawn from the breast of his garment, Riah started and paused.

"Oho!" said Fledgeby. "Didn't expect it! Where have you hidden her?"

Showing that he was taken by surprise, the old man looked at his master with some passing confusion, which the master highly enjoyed.

"Is she in the house I pay rent and taxes for in Saint Mary Axe?" demanded Fledgeby.

"No, Sir."

"Is she in your garden up atop of that house—gone up to be dead, or whatever the game is?" asked Fledgeby.

"No, Sir."

"Where is she then?"

Riah bent his eyes upon the ground, as if considering whether he could answer the question without breach of faith, and then silently raised them to Fledgeby's face, as if he could not.

"Come!" said Fledgeby. "I won't press that just now. But I want to know this, and I will know this, mind you. What are you up to?"

The old man, with an apologetic action of his head and hands, as not comprehending the master's meaning, addressed to him a look of mute inquiry.

"You can't be a gallivanting dodger," said Fledgeby. "For you're a 'regular pity the sorrows,' you know—if you *do* know any Christian rhyme—'whose trembling limbs have borne him to'—et cetera. You're one of the Patriarchs; you're a shaky old card; and you can't be in love with this Lizzie?"

"Oh, Sir!" expostulated Riah. "Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir!"



"Then why," retorted Fledgeby, with some slight tinge of a blush, "don't you out with your reason for having your spoon in the soup at all?"

"Sir, I will tell you the truth. But (your pardon for the stipulation) it is in sacred confidence; it is strictly upon honor."

"Honor too!" cried Fledgeby, with a mocking lip. "Honor among Jews. Well. Cut away."

"It is upon honor, Sir?" the other still stipulated, with respectful firmness.

"Oh, certainly. Honor bright," said Fledgeby.

The old man, never bidden to sit down, stood with an earnest hand laid on the back of the young man's easy-chair. The young man sat looking at the fire with a face of listening curiosity, ready to check him off and catch him tripping.

"Cut away," said Fledgeby. "Start with your motive."

"Sir, I have no motive but to help the helpless."

Mr. Fledgeby could only express the feelings to which this incredible statement gave rise in his breast by a prodigiously long derisive sniff.

"How I came to know, and much to esteem and to respect, this damsel, I mentioned when you saw her in my poor garden on the house-top," said the Jew.

"Did you?" said Fledgeby, distrustfully.

"Well, perhaps you did, though."

"The better I knew her, the more interest I felt in her fortunes. They gathered to a crisis. I found her beset by a selfish and ungrateful brother, beset by an unacceptable wooer, beset by the snares of a more powerful lover, beset by the wiles of her own heart."

"She took to one of the chaps then?"

"Sir, it was only natural that she should incline toward him, for he had many and great advantages. But he was not of her station, and to marry her was not in his mind. Perils were closing round her, and the circle was fast darkening, when I—being as you have said, Sir, too old and broken to be suspected of any feeling for her but a father's—stepped in, and counseled flight. I said, 'My daughter, there are times of moral danger when the hardest virtuous resolution to form is flight, and when the most heroic bravery is flight.' She answered, she had had this in her thoughts; but whither to fly without help she knew not, and there were none to help her. I showed her there was one to help her, and it was I. And she is gone."

"What did you do with her?" asked Fledgeby, feeling his cheek.

"I placed her," said the old man, "at a distance;" with a grave, smooth, outward sweep from one another of his two open hands at arm's-length; "at a distance—among certain of our people, where her industry would serve her, and where she could hope to exercise it, unassailed from any quarter."

Fledgeby's eyes had come from the fire to notice the action of his hands when he said "at a distance." Fledgeby now tried (very unsuccessfully) to imitate that action, as he shook his head and said, "Placed her in that direction, did you? Oh you circular old dodger!"

With one hand across his breast and the other on the easy-chair, Riah, without justifying himself, waited for further questioning. But that it was hopeless to question him on that one reserved point, Fledgeby, with his small eyes too near together, saw full well.

"Lizzie," said Fledgeby, looking at the fire again, and then looking up. "Humph, Lizzie. You didn't tell me the other name in your garden atop of the house. I'll be more communicative with you. The other name's Hexam."

Riah bent his head in assent.

"Look here, you Sir," said Fledgeby. "I have a notion I know something of the inveigling chap, the powerful one. Has he any thing to do with the law?"

"Nominally, I believe it his calling."

"I thought so. Name any thing like Lightwood?"

"Sir, not at all like."

"Come, old 'un," said Fledgeby, meeting his eyes with a wink, "say the name."

"Wrayburn."

"By Jupiter!" cried Fledgeby. "That one, is it? I thought it might be the other, but I never dreamt of that one! I shouldn't object to your balking either of the pair, dodger, for they are both conceited enough; but that one is as cool a customer as ever I met with. Got a beard besides, and presumes upon it. Well done, old 'un! Go on and prosper!"

Brightened by this unexpected commendation, Riah asked were there more instructions for him?

"No," said Fledgeby, "you may toddle now, Judah, and grope about on the orders you have got." Dismissed with those pleasing words, the old man took his broad hat and staff and left the great presence: more as if he were some superior creature benignantly blessing Mr. Fledgeby than the poor dependent on whom he set his foot. Left alone, Mr. Fledgeby locked his outer door and came back to his fire.

"Well done you!" said Fascination to himself. "Slow, you may be; sure, you are!" This he twice or thrice repeated with much complacency, as he again dispersed the legs of the Turkish trowsers and bent the knees.

"A tidy shot that, I flatter myself," he then soliloquized. "And a Jew brought down with it! Now, when I heard the story told at Lamble's, I didn't make a jump at Riah. Not a bit of it; I got at him by degrees." Herein he was quite accurate; it being his habit not to jump, or leap, or make an upward spring, at any thing in life, but to crawl at every thing.

"I got at him," pursued Fledgeby, feeling for his whisker, "by degrees. If your Lamblies or your Lightwoods had got at him any-



how, they would have asked him the question whether he hadn't something to do with that gal's disappearance. I knew a better way of going to work. Having got behind the hedge, and put him in the light, I took a shot at him and brought him down plump. Oh! It don't count for much, being a Jew, in a match against *me*!"

Another dry twist in place of a smile made his face crooked here.

"As to Christians," proceeded Fledgeby, "look out, fellow-Christians, particularly you that lodge in Queer Street! I have got the run of Queer Street now, and you shall see some games there. To work a lot of power over you and you not know it, knowing as you think yourselves, would be almost worth laying out money upon. But when it comes to squeezing a profit out of you into the bargain, it's something like!"

With this apostrophe Mr. Fledgeby appropriately proceeded to divest himself of his Turkish garments, and invest himself with Christian attire. Pending which operation, and his morning ablutions, and his anointing of himself with the last infallible preparation for the production of luxuriant and glossy hair upon the human countenance (quacks being the only sages he believed in besides usurers), the murky fog closed about him and shut him up in its sooty embrace. If it had never let him out any more, the world would have had no irreparable loss, but could have easily replaced him from its stock on hand.

## CHAPTER II.

### A RESPECTED FRIEND IN A NEW ASPECT.

IN the evening of this same foggy day when the yellow window-blind of Pubsey and Co. was drawn down upon the day's work, Riah the Jew once more came forth into Saint Mary Axe. But this time he carried no bag, and was not bound on his master's affairs. He passed over London Bridge, and returned to the Middlesex shore by that of Westminster, and so, ever wading through the fog, waded to the door-step of the dolls' dress-maker.

Miss Wren expected him. He could see her through the window by the light of her low fire—carefully banked up with damp cinders that it might last the longer and waste the less when she was out—sitting waiting for him in her bonnet. His tap at the glass roused her from the musing solitude in which she sat, and she came to the door to open it; aiding her steps with a little crutch-stick.

"Good-evening, godmother!" said Miss Jenny Wren.

The old man laughed, and gave her his arm to lean on.

"Won't you come in and warm yourself, godmother?" asked Miss Jenny Wren.

"Not if you are ready, Cinderella, my dear."

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Wren, delighted. "Now you ARE a clever old boy! If we gave

prizes at this establishment (but we only keep blanks), you should have the first silver medal for taking me up so quick." As she spake thus, Miss Wren removed the key of the house-door from the keyhole and put it in her pocket, and then bustlingly closed the door, and tried it as they both stood on the step. Satisfied that her dwelling was safe, she drew one hand through the old man's arm and prepared to ply her crutch-stick with the other. But the key was an instrument of such gigantic proportions, that before they started Riah proposed to carry it.

"No, no, no! I'll carry it myself," returned Miss Wren. "I'm awfully lopsided, you know, and stowed down in my pocket it'll trim the ship. To let you into a secret, godmother, I wear my pocket on my high side, o' purpose."

With that they began their plodding through the fog.

"Yes, it was truly sharp of you, godmother," resumed Miss Wren with great approbation, "to understand me. But, you see, you *are* so like the fairy godmother in the bright little books! You look so unlike the rest of people, and so much as if you had changed yourself into that shape, just this moment, with some benevolent object. Boh!" cried Miss Jenny, putting her face close to the old man's. "I can see your features, godmother, behind the beard."

"Does the fancy go to my changing other objects too, Jenny?"

"Ah! That it does! If you'd only borrow my stick and tap this piece of pavement—this dirty stone that my foot taps—it would start up a coach and six. I say! Let's believe so!"

"With all my heart," replied the good old man.

"And I'll tell you what I must ask you to do, godmother. I must ask you to be so kind as give my child a tap, and change him altogether. O my child has been such a bad, bad child of late! It worries me nearly out of my wits. Not done a stroke of work these ten days. Has had the horrors, too, and fancied that four copper-colored men in red wanted to throw him into a fiery furnace."

"But that's dangerous, Jenny."

"Dangerous, godmother?" My bad child is always dangerous, more or less. He might"—here the little creature glanced back over her shoulder at the sky—"be setting the house on fire at this present moment. I don't know who would have a child, for my part! It's no use shaking him. I have shaken him till I have made myself giddy. 'Why don't you mind your Commandments and honor your parent, you naughty old boy?' I said to him all the time. But he only whimpered and stared at me."

"What shall be changed, after him?" asked Riah, in a compassionately playful voice.

"Upon my word, godmother, I am afraid I must be selfish next, and get you to set me right in the back and the legs. It's a little thing to you with your power, godmother, but it's a great deal to poor weak aching me."



There was no querulous complaining in the words, but they were not the less touching for that.

"And then?"

"Yes, and then — *you* know, godmother. 'We'll both jump up into the coach and six and go to Lizzie. This reminds me, godmother, to ask you a serious question. You are as wise as wise can be (having been brought up by the fairies), and you can tell me this: Is it better to have had a good thing and lost it, or never to have had it?"

"Explain, god-daughter."

"I feel so much more solitary and helpless without Lizzie now, than I used to feel before I knew her." (Tears were in her eyes as she said so.)

"Some beloved companionship fades out of most lives, my dear," said the Jew—"that of a wife, and a fair daughter, and a son of promise, has faded out of my own life—but the happiness was."

"Ah!" said Miss Wren thoughtfully, by no means convinced, and chopping the exclamation with that sharp little hatchet of hers; "then I tell you what change I think you had better begin with, godmother. You had better change *Is* into *Was* and *Was* into *Is*, and keep them so."

"Would that suit your case? Would you not be always in pain then?" asked the old man, tenderly.

"Right!" exclaimed Miss Wren with another chop. "You have changed me wiser, godmother.—Not," she added with the quaint hitch of her chin and eyes, "that you need be a very wonderful godmother to do that deed."

Thus conversing, and having crossed Westminster Bridge, they traversed the ground that Riah had lately traversed, and new ground likewise; for, when they had recrossed the Thames by way of London Bridge, they struck down by the river and held their still foggier course that way.

But previously, as they were going along, Jenny twisted her venerable friend aside to a brilliantly-lighted toy-shop window, and said: "Now look at 'em! All my work!"

This referred to a dazzling semicircle of dolls in all the colors of the rainbow, who were dressed for presentation at court, for going to balls, for going out driving, for going out on horseback, for going out walking, for going to get married, for going to help other dolls to get married, for all the gay events of life.

"Pretty, pretty, pretty!" said the old man with a clap of his hands. "Most elegant taste!"

"Glad you like 'em," returned Miss Wren, loftily. "But the fun is, godmother, how I make the great ladies try my dresses on. Though it's the hardest part of my business, and would be, even if my back were not bad and my legs queer."

He looked at her as not understanding what she said.

"Bless you, godmother," said Miss Wren, "I have to scud about town at all hours. If it was only sitting at my bench, cutting out and sewing, it would be comparatively easy work; but it's the trying-on by the great ladies that takes it out of me."

"How, the trying-on?" asked Riah.

"What a mooney godmother you are, after all!" returned Miss Wren. "Look here. There's a Drawing-Room, or a grand day in the Park, or a Show, or a Fête, or what you like. Very well. I squeeze among the crowd, and I look about me. When I see a great lady very suitable for my business, I say, 'You'll do, my dear!' and I take particular notice of her, and run home and cut her out and baste her. Then another day I come scudding back again and try on, and then I take particular notice of her again. Sometimes she plainly seems to say, 'How that little creature is staring!' and sometimes likes it and sometimes don't, but much more often yes than no. All the time I am only saying to myself, 'I must hollow out a bit here; I must slope away there;' and I am making a perfect slave of her, with making her try on my doll's dress. Evening parties are severer work for me, because there's only a doorway for a full view, and what with hobbling among the wheels of the carriages and the legs of the horses, I fully expect to be run over some night. However, there I have 'em, just the same. When they go bobbing into the hall from the carriage, and catch a glimpse of my little physiognomy poked out from behind a policeman's cape in the rain, I dare say they think I am wondering and admiring with all my eyes and heart, but they little think they're only working for my dolls! There was Lady Belinda Whitrose. I made her do double duty in one night. I said when she came out of the carriage, 'You'll do, my dear!' and I ran straight home and cut her out and basted her. Back I came again, and waited behind the men that called the carriages. Very bad night too. At last, 'Lady Belinda Whitrose's carriage! Lady Belinda Whitrose coming down!' And I made her try on—oh! and take pains about it too—before she got seated. That's Lady Belinda hanging up by the waist, much too near the gaslight for a wax one, with her toes turned in."

When they had plodded on for some time nigh the river, Riah asked the way to a certain tavern called the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. Following the directions he received, they arrived, after two or three puzzled stoppages for consideration, and some uncertain looking about them, at the door of Miss Abbey Potterson's dominions. A peep through the glass portion of the door revealed to them the glories of the bar, and Miss Abbey herself seated in state on her snug throne, reading the newspaper. To whom, with deference, they presented themselves.

Taking her eyes off her newspaper, and pausing with a suspended expression of countenance, as if she must finish the paragraph in hand be-



fore undertaking any other business whatever, Miss Abbey demanded, with some slight asperity: "Now then, what's for you?"

"Could we see Miss Potterson?" asked the old man, uncovering his head.

"You not only could, but you can and you do," replied the hostess.

"Might we speak with you, madam?"

By this time Miss Abbey's eyes had possessed themselves of the small figure of Miss Jenny Wren. For the closer observation of which, Miss Abbey laid aside her newspaper, rose, and looked over the half-door of the bar. The crutch-stick seemed to entreat for its owner leave to come in and rest by the fire; so Miss Abbey opened the half-door, and said, as though replying to the crutch-stick: "Yes, come in and rest by the fire."

"My name is Riah," said the old man, with courteous action, "and my avocation is in London city. This, my young companion—"

"Stop a bit," interposed Miss Wren. "I'll give the lady my card." She produced it from her pocket with an air, after struggling with the gigantic door-key which had got upon the top of it and kept it down. Miss Abbey, with manifest tokens of astonishment, took the diminutive document, and found it to run concisely thus:

MISS JENNY WREN,

DOLLS' DRESS-MAKER.

*Dolls attended at their own Residences.*

"Lud!" exclaimed Miss Potterson, staring. And dropped the card.

"We take the liberty of coming, my young companion and I, madam," said Riah, "on behalf of Lizzie Hexam."

Miss Potterson was stooping to loosen the bonnet-strings of the dolls' dress-maker. She looked round rather angrily, and said: "Lizzie Hexam is a very proud young woman."

"She would be so proud," returned Riah, dextrously, "to stand well in your good opinion, that before she quitted London for—"

"For where, in the name of the Cape of Good Hope?" asked Miss Potterson, as though supposing her to have emigrated.

"For the country," was the cautious answer—"she made us promise to come and show you a paper, which she left in our hands for that special purpose. I am an unserviceable friend of hers, who began to know her after her departure from this neighborhood. She has been for some time living with my young companion, and has been a helpful and a comfortable friend to her. Much needed, madam," he added, in a lower voice. "Believe me; if you knew all, much needed."

"I can believe that," said Miss Abbey, with a softening glance at the little creature.

"And if it's proud to have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts," Miss Jenny struck in,

flushed, "she is proud. And if it's not, she is not."

Her set purpose of contradicting Miss Abbey point-blank, was so far from offending that dread authority as to elicit a gracious smile. "You do right, child," said Miss Abbey, "to speak well of those who deserve well of you."

"Right or wrong," muttered Miss Wren, inaudibly, with a visible hitch of her chin, "I mean to do it, and you may make up your mind to *that*, old lady."

"Here is the paper, madam," said the Jew, delivering into Miss Potterson's hands the original document drawn up by Rokesmith, and signed by Riderhood. "Will you please to read it?"

"But first of all," said Miss Abbey, "—did you ever taste shrub, child?"

Miss Wren shook her head.

"Should you like to?"

"Should if it's good," returned Miss Wren.

"You shall try. And, if you find it good, I'll mix some for you with hot water. Put your poor little feet on the fender. It's a cold, cold night, and the fog clings so." As Miss Abbey helped her to turn her chair her loosened bonnet dropped on the floor. "Why, what lovely hair!" cried Miss Abbey. "And enough to make wigs for all the dolls in the world. What a quantity!"

"Call *that* a quantity?" returned Miss Wren. "Poof! What do you say to the rest of it?" As she spoke, she untied a band, and the golden stream fell over herself and over the chair, and flowed down to the ground. Miss Abbey's admiration seemed to increase her perplexity. She beckoned the Jew toward her, as she reached down the shrub-bottle from its niche, and whispered:

"Child, or woman?"

"Child in years," was the answer; "woman in self-reliance and trial."

"You are talking about Me, good people," thought Miss Jenny, sitting in her golden bower, warming her feet. "I can't hear what you say, but I know your tricks and your manners!"

The shrub, when tasted from a spoon, perfectly harmonizing with Miss Jenny's palate, a judicious amount was mixed by Miss Potterson's skillful hands, whereof Riah too partook. After this preliminary Miss Abbey read the document; and, as often as she raised her eyebrows in so doing, the watchful Miss Jenny accompanied the action with an expressive and emphatic sip of the shrub and water.

"As far as this goes," said Miss Abbey Potterson, when she had read it several times, and thought about it, "it proves (what didn't much need proving) that Rogue Riderhood is a villain. I have my doubts whether he is not the villain who solely did the deed; but I have no expectation of those doubts ever being cleared up now. I believe I did Lizzie's father wrong, but never Lizzie's self; because when things were at the worst I trusted her, had perfect confidence in



her, and tried to persuade her to come to me for a refuge. I am very sorry to have done a man wrong, particularly when it can't be undone. Be kind enough to let Lizzie know what I say; not forgetting that if she will come to the Porters, after all, by-gones being by-gones, she will find a home at the Porters, and a friend at the Porters. She knows Miss Abbey of old, remind her, and she knows what-like the home, and what-like the friend, is likely to turn out. I am generally short and sweet—or short and sour, according as it may be and as opinions vary—” remarked Miss Abbey, “and that’s about all I have got to say, and enough too.”

But before the shrub and water was sipped out, Miss Abbey bethought herself that she would like to keep a copy of the paper by her. “It’s not long, Sir,” said she to Riah, “and perhaps you wouldn’t mind just jotting it down.” The old man willingly put on his spectacles, and, standing at the little desk in the corner where Miss Abbey filed her receipts and kept her sample vials (customers’ scores were interdicted by the strict administration of the Porters), wrote out the copy in a fair round character. As he stood there, doing his methodical penmanship, his ancient scribe-like figure intent upon the work, and the little dolls’ dress-maker sitting in her golden bower before the fire, Miss Abbey had her doubts whether she had not dreamed those two rare figures into the bar of the Six Jolly Fellowships, and might not wake with a nod next moment and find them gone.

Miss Abbey had twice made the experiment of shutting her eyes and opening them again, still finding the figures there, when, dream-like, a confused hubbub arose in the public room. As she started up, and they all three looked at one another, it became a noise of clamoring voices and of the stir of feet; then all the windows were heard to be hastily thrown up, and shouts and cries came floating into the house from the river. A moment more, and Bob Glidery came clattering along the passage, with the noise of all the nails in his boots condensed into every separate nail.

“What is it?” asked Miss Abbey.

“It’s summut run down in the fog, ma’am,” answered Bob. “There’s ever so many people in the river.”

“Tell ’em to put on all the kettles!” cried Miss Abbey. “See that the boiler’s full. Get a bath out. Hang some blankets to the fire. Heat some stone bottles. Have your senses about you, you girls down stairs, and use ’em.”

While Miss Abbey partly delivered these directions to Bob—whom she seized by the hair, and whose head she knocked against the wall, as a general injunction to vigilance and presence of mind—and partly hailed the kitchen with them—the company in the public room, jostling one another, rushed out to the causeway, and the outer noise increased.

“Come and look,” said Miss Abbey to her visitors. They all three hurried to the vacated

public room, and passed by one of the windows into the wooden veranda overhanging the river.

“Does any body down there know what has happened?” demanded Miss Abbey, in her voice of authority.

“It’s a steamer, Miss Abbey,” cried one blurred figure in the fog.

“It always *is* a steamer, Miss Abbey,” cried another.

“Them’s her lights, Miss Abbey, wot you see a-blinking yonder,” cried another.

“She’s a-blowing off her steam, Miss Abbey, and that’s what makes the fog and the noise worse, don’t you see?” explained another.

Boats were putting off, torches were lighting up, people were rushing tumultuously to the water’s edge. Some man fell in with a splash, and was pulled out again with a roar of laughter. The drags were called for. A cry for the life-buoy passed from mouth to mouth. It was impossible to make out what was going on upon the river, for every boat that put off sculled into the fog and was lost to view at a boat’s-length. Nothing was clear but that the unpopular steamer was assailed with reproaches on all sides. She was the Murderer, bound for Gallows Bay; she was the Manslaughterer, bound for Penal Settlement; her captain ought to be tried for his life; her crew ran down men in row-boats with a relish; she mashed up Thames lightermen with her paddles; she fired property with her funnels; she always was, and she always would be, wreaking destruction upon somebody or something, after the manner of all her kind. The whole bulk of the fog teemed with such taunts, uttered in tones of universal hoarseness. All the while the steamer’s lights moved spectrally a very little, as she lay-to, waiting the upshot of whatever accident had happened. Now she began burning blue-lights. These made a luminous patch about her, as if she had set the fog on fire, and in the patch—the cries changing their note, and becoming more fitful and more excited—shadows of men and boats could be seen moving, while voices shouted: “There!” “There again!” “A couple more strokes ahead!” “Hurrah!” “Look out!” “Hold on!” “Haul in!” and the like. Lastly, with a few tumbling clots of blue fire, the night closed in dark again, the wheels of the steamer were heard revolving, and her lights glided smoothly away in the direction of the sea.

It appeared to Miss Abbey and her two companions that a considerable time had been thus occupied. There was now as eager a set toward the shore beneath the house as there had been from it; and it was only on the first boat of the rush coming in that it was known what had occurred.

“If that’s Tom Tootle,” Miss Abbey made proclamation, in her most commanding tones, “let him instantly come underneath here.”

The submissive Tom complied, attended by a crowd.



"What is it, Tootle?" demanded Miss Abbey.

"It's a foreign steamer, Miss, run down a wherry."

"How many in the wherry?"

"One man, Miss Abbey."

"Found?"

"Yes. He's been under water a long time, Miss; but they've grappled up the body."

"Let 'em bring it here. You, Bob Gliddery, shut the house-door, and stand by it on the inside, and don't you open till I tell you. Any police down there?"

"Here, Miss Abbey," was official rejoinder.

"After they have brought the body in, keep the crowd out, will you? And help Bob Gliddery to shut 'em out."

"All right, Miss Abbey."

The autocratic landlady withdrew into the house with Riah and Miss Jenny, and disposed those forces, one on either side of her, within the half-door of the bar, as behind a breast-work.

"You two stand close here," said Miss Abbey, "and you'll come to no hurt, and see it brought in. Bob, you stand by the door."

That sentinel, smartly giving his rolled shirt-sleeves an extra and a final tuck on his shoulders, obeyed.

Sound of advancing voices, sound of advancing steps. Shuffle and talk without. Momentary pause. Two peculiarly blunt knocks or pokes at the door, as if the dead man arriving on his back were striking at it with the soles of his motionless feet.

"That's the stretcher, or the shutter, whichever of the two they are carrying," said Miss Abbey, with experienced ear. "Open, you Bob!"

Door opened. Heavy tread of laden men. A halt. A rush. Stoppage of rush. Door shut. Baffled hoots from the vexed souls of disappointed outsiders.

"Come on, men!" said Miss Abbey; for so potent was she with her subjects that even then the bearers awaited her permission. "First-floor."

The entry being low, and the staircase being low, they so took up the burden they had set down as to carry that low. The recumbent figure, in passing, lay hardly as high as the half door.

Miss Abbey started back at sight of it. "Why, good God!" said she, turning to her two companions, "that's the very man who made the declaration we have just had in our hands. That's Riderhood!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SAME RESPECTED FRIEND IN MORE ASPECTS THAN ONE.

IN sooth, it is Riderhood and no other, or it is the outer husk and shell of Riderhood and no other, that is borne into Miss Abbey's first-floor bedroom. Supple to twist and turn as the Rogue

has ever been, he is sufficiently rigid now; and not without much shuffling of attendant feet, and tilting of his bier this way and that way, and peril even of his sliding off it and being tumbled in a heap over the balustrades, can he be got up stairs.

"Fetch a doctor," quoth Miss Abbey. And then, "Fetch his daughter." On both of which errands quick messengers depart.

The doctor-seeking messenger meets the doctor half-way, coming under convoy of police. Doctor examines the dank carcass, and pronounces, not hopefully, that it is worth while trying to reanimate the same. All the best means are at once in action, and every body present lends a hand, and a heart and soul. No one has the least regard for the man; with them all he has been an object of avoidance, suspicion, and aversion; but the spark of life within him is curiously separable from himself now, and they have a deep interest in it, probably because it is life, and they are living and must die.

In answer to the doctor's inquiry how did it happen, and was any one to blame, Tom Tootle gives in his verdict, unavoidable accident and no one to blame but the sufferer. "He was slinking about in his boat," says Tom, "which slinking were, not to speak ill of the dead, the manner of the man, when he come right athwart the steamer's bows and she cut him in two." Mr. Tootle is so far figurative, touching the dismemberment, as that he means the boat, and not the man. For the man lies whole before them.

Captain Joey, the bottle-nosed regular customer in the glazed hat, is a pupil of the much-respected old school, and (having insinuated himself into the chamber, in the execution of the important service of carrying the drowned man's neckerchief) favors the doctor with a sagacious old-scholastic suggestion that the body should be hung up by the heels, "sim'lar," says Captain Joey, "to mutton in a butcher's shop," and should then, as a particularly choice manoeuvre for promoting easy respiration, be rolled upon casks. These scraps of the wisdom of the captain's ancestors are received with such speechless indignation by Miss Abbey, that she instantly seizes the captain by the collar, and without a single word ejects him, not presuming to remonstrate, from the scene.

There then remain, to assist the doctor and Tom, only those three other regular customers, Bob Glamour, William Williams, and Jonathan (family name of the latter, if any, unknown to mankind), who are quite enough. Miss Abbey having looked in to make sure that nothing is wanted, descends to the bar, and there awaits the result, with the gentle Jew and Miss Jenny Wren.

If you are not gone for good, Mr. Riderhood, it would be something to know where you are hiding at present. This flabby lump of mortality that we work so hard at with such patient perseverance, yields no sign of you. If you are gone for good, Rogue, it is very solemn, and if



you are coming back, it is hardly less so. Nay, in the suspense and mystery of the latter question, involving that of where you may be now, there is a solemnity even added to that of death, making us who are in attendance alike afraid to look on you and to look off you, and making those below start at the least sound of a creaking plank in the floor.

Stay! Did that eyelid tremble? So the doctor, breathing low, and closely watching, asks himself.

No.

Did that nostril twitch?

No.

This artificial respiration ceasing, do I feel any faint flutter under my hand upon the chest?

No.

Over and over again No. No. But try over and over again, nevertheless.

See! A token of life! An indubitable token of life! The spark may smoulder and go out, or it may glow and expand, but see! The four rough fellows, seeing, shed tears. Neither Riderhood in this world, nor Riderhood in the other, could draw tears from them; but a striving human soul between the two can do it easily.

He is struggling to come back. Now, he is almost here, now he is far away again. Now he is struggling harder to get back. And yet—like us all, when we swoon—like us all, every day of our lives when we wake—he is instinctively unwilling to be restored to the consciousness of this existence, and would be left dormant, if he could.

Bob Gliddery returns with Pleasant Riderhood, who was out when sought for, and hard to find. She has a shawl over her head, and her first action, when she takes it off weeping, and courtesies to Miss Abbey, is to wind her hair up.

“Thank you, Miss Abbey, for having father here.”

“I am bound to say, girl, I didn’t know who it was,” returns Miss Abbey; “but I hope it would have been pretty much the same if I had known.”

Poor Pleasant, fortified with a sip of brandy, is ushered into the first-floor chamber. She could not express much sentiment about her father if she were called upon to pronounce his funeral oration, but she has a greater tenderness for him than he ever had for her, and crying bitterly when she sees him stretched unconscious, asks the doctor, with clasped hands: “Is there no hope, Sir? O poor father! Is poor father dead?”

To which the doctor, on one knee beside the body, busy and watchful, only rejoins without looking round: “Now, my girl, unless you have the self-command to be perfectly quiet, I can not allow you to remain in the room.”

Pleasant, consequently, wipes her eyes with her back-hair, which is in fresh need of being wound up, and having got it out of the way, watches with terrified interest all that goes on.

Her natural woman’s aptitude soon renders her able to give a little help. Anticipating the doctor’s want of this or that, she quietly has it ready for him, and so by degrees is intrusted with the charge of supporting her father’s head upon her arm.

It is something so new to Pleasant to see her father an object of sympathy and interest, to find any one very willing to tolerate his society in this world, not to say pressingly and soothingly entreating him to belong to it, that it gives her a sensation she never experienced before. Some hazy idea that if affairs could remain thus for a long time it would be a respectable change, floats in her mind. Also some vague idea that the old evil is drowned out of him, and that if he should happily come back to resume his occupation of the empty form that lies upon the bed, his spirit will be altered. In which state of mind she kisses the stony lips, and quite believes that the impassive hand she chafes will revive a tender hand, if it revive ever.

Sweet delusion for Pleasant Riderhood. But they minister to him with such extraordinary interest, their anxiety is so keen, their vigilance is so great, their excited joy grows so intense as the signs of life strengthen, that how can she resist it, poor thing! And now he begins to breathe naturally, and he stirs, and the doctor declares him to have come back from that inexplicable journey where he stopped on the dark road, and to be here.

Tom Tootle, who is nearest to the doctor when he says this, grasps the doctor fervently by the hand. Bob Glamour, William Williams, and Jonathan of the no surname, all shake hands with one another round, and with the doctor too. Bob Glamour blows his nose, and Jonathan of the no surname is moved to do likewise, but lacking a pocket-handkerchief abandons that outlet for his emotion. Pleasant sheds tears deserving her own name, and her sweet delusion is at its height.

There is intelligence in his eyes. He wants to ask a question. He wonders where he is. Tell him.

“Father, you were run down on the river, and are at Miss Abbey Potterson’s.”

He stares at his daughter, stares all around him, closes his eyes, and lies slumbering on her arm.

The short-lived delusion begins to fade. The low, bad, unimpressible face is coming up from the depths of the river, or what other depths, to the surface again. As he grows warm, the doctor and the four men cool. As his lineaments soften with life, their faces and their hearts harden to him.

“He will do now,” says the doctor, washing his hands, and looking at the patient with growing disfavor.

“Many a better man,” moralizes Tom Tootle with a gloomy shake of the head, “ain’t had his luck.”



"It's to be hoped he'll make a better use of his life," says Bob Glamour, "than I expect he will."

"Or than he done afore," adds William Williams.

"But no, not he!" says Jonathan of the no surname, clenching the quartette.

They speak in a low tone because of his daughter, but she sees that they have all drawn off, and that they stand in a group at the other end of the room, shunning him. It would be too much to suspect them of being sorry that he didn't die when he had done so much toward it, but they clearly wish that they had had a better subject to bestow their pains on. Intelligence is conveyed to Miss Abbey in the bar, who reappears on the scene, and contemplates from a distance, holding whispered discourse with the doctor. The spark of life was deeply interesting while it was in abeyance, but now that it has got established in Mr. Riderhood, there appears to be a general desire that circumstances had admitted of its being developed in any body else rather than that gentleman.

"However," says Miss Abbey, cheering them up, "you have done your duty like good and true men, and you had better come down and take something at the expense of the Porters."

This they all do, leaving the daughter watching the father. To whom, in their absence, Bob Gliddery presents himself.

"His gills looks rum; don't they?" says Bob, after inspecting the patient.

Pleasant faintly nods.

"His gills 'll look rummer when he wakes; won't they?" says Bob.

Pleasant hopes not. Why?

"When he finds himself here, you know," Bob explains. "Cause Miss Abbey forbid him the house and ordered him out of it. But what you may call the Fates ordered him into it again. Which is rumness; ain't it?"

"He wouldn't have come here of his own accord," returns poor Pleasant, with an effort at a little pride.

"No," retorts Bob. "Nor he wouldn't have been let in, if he had."

The short delusion is quite dispelled now. As plainly as she sees on her arm the old father, unimproved, Pleasant sees that every body there will cut him when he recovers consciousness. "I'll take him away ever so soon as I can," thinks Pleasant with a sigh; "he's best at home."

Presently they all return, and wait for him to become conscious that they will all be glad to get rid of him. Some clothes are got together for him to wear, his own being saturated with water, and his present dress being composed of blankets.

Becoming more and more uncomfortable, as though the prevalent dislike were finding him out somewhere in his sleep and expressing itself to him, the patient at last opens his eyes wide, and is assisted by his daughter to sit up in bed.

"Well, Riderhood," says the doctor, "how do you feel?"

He replies gruffly, "Nothing to boast on." Having, in fact, returned to life in an uncommonly sulky state.

"I don't mean to preach; but I hope," says the doctor, gravely shaking his head, "that this escape may have a good effect upon you, Riderhood."

The patient's discontented growl of a reply is not intelligible; his daughter, however, could interpret, if she would, that what he says is, he "don't want no Poll-Parroting."

Mr. Riderhood next demands his shirt, and draws it on over his head (with his daughter's help) exactly as if he had just had a Fight.

"Warn't it a steamer?" he pauses to ask her.

"Yes, father."

"I'll have the law on her, bust her! and make her pay for it."

He then buttons his linen very moodily, twice or thrice stopping to examine his arms and hands, as if to see what punishment he has received in the Fight. He then doggedly demands his other garments, and slowly gets them on, with an appearance of great malevolence toward his late opponent and all the spectators. He has an impression that his nose is bleeding, and several times draws the back of his hand across it, and looks for the result, in a pugilistic manner, greatly strengthening that incongruous resemblance.

"Where's my fur cap?" he asks in a surly voice, when he has shuffled his clothes on.

"In the river," somebody rejoins.

"And warn't there no honest man to pick it up? O' course there was though, and to cut off with it arterwards. You are a rare lot, all on you!"

Thus, Mr. Riderhood: taking from the hands of his daughter, with special ill-will, a lent cap, and grumbling as he pulls it down over his ears. Then, getting on his unsteady legs, leaning heavily upon her, and growling "Hold still, can't you? What! You must be a staggering next, must you?" he takes his departure out of the ring in which he has had that little turn-up with Death.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A HAPPY RETURN OF THE DAY.

MR. and Mrs. Wilfer had seen a full quarter of a hundred more anniversaries of their wedding-day than Mr. and Mrs. Lammle had seen of theirs, but they still celebrated the occasion in the bosom of their family. Not that these celebrations ever resulted in any thing particularly agreeable, or that the family was ever disappointed by that circumstance on account of having looked forward to the return of the auspicious day with sanguine anticipations of enjoyment. It was kept morally, rather as a Fast than a Feast, enabling Mrs. Wilfer to hold a



sombre darkling state, which exhibited that impressive woman in her choicest colors.

The noble lady's condition on these delightful occasions was one compounded of heroic endurance and heroic forgiveness. Lurid indications of the better marriages she might have made, shone athwart the awful gloom of her composure, and fitfully revealed the cherub as a little monster unaccountably favored by Heaven, who had possessed himself of a blessing for which many of his superiors had sued and contended in vain. So firmly had this his position toward his treasure become established, that when the anniversary arrived, it always found him in an apologetic state. It is not impossible that his modest penitence may have even gone the length of sometimes severely reproving him for that he ever took the liberty of making so exalted a character his wife.

As for the children of the union, their experience of these festivals had been sufficiently uncomfortable to lead them annually to wish, when out of their tenderest years, either that Ma had married somebody else instead of much-teased Pa, or that Pa had married somebody else instead of Ma. When there came to be but two sisters left at home, the daring mind of Bella on the next of these occasions scaled the height of wondering with droll vexation "what on earth Pa ever could have seen in Ma, to induce him to make such a little fool of himself as to ask her to have him."

The revolving year now bringing the day round in its orderly sequence, Bella arrived in the Boffin chariot to assist at the celebration. It was the family custom when the day recurred, to sacrifice a pair of fowls on the altar of Hymen; and Bella had sent a note beforehand to intimate that she would bring the votive offering with her. So Bella and the fowls, by the united energies of two horses, two men, four wheels, and a plum-pudding carriage dog with as uncomfortable a collar on as if he had been George the Fourth, were deposited at the door of the parental dwelling. They were there received by Mrs. Wilfer in person, whose dignity on this, as on most special occasions, was heightened by a mysterious toothache.

"I shall not require the carriage at night," said Bella. "I shall walk back."

The male domestic of Mrs. Boffin touched his hat, and in the act of departure had an awful glare bestowed upon him by Mrs. Wilfer, intended to carry deep into his audacious soul the assurance that, whatever his private suspicions might be, male domestics in livery were no rarity there.

"Well, dear Ma," said Bella, "and how do you do?"

"I am as well, Bella," replied Mrs. Wilfer, "as can be expected."

"Dear me, Ma," said Bella; "you talk as if one was just born!"

"That's exactly what Ma has been doing," interposed Lavvy, over the maternal shoulder,

"ever since we got up this morning. It's all very well to laugh, Bella, but any thing more exasperating it is impossible to conceive."

Mrs. Wilfer, with a look too full of majesty to be accompanied by any words, attended both her daughters to the kitchen, where the sacrifice was to be prepared.

"Mr. Rokesmith," said she, resignedly, "has been so polite as to place his sitting-room at our disposal to-day. You will therefore, Bella, be entertained in the humble abode of your parents, so far in accordance with your present style of living, that there will be a drawing-room for your reception as well as a dining-room. Your papa invited Mr. Rokesmith to partake of our lowly fare. In excusing himself on account of a particular engagement he offered the use of his apartment."

Bella happened to know that he had no engagement out of his own room at Mr. Boffin's, but she approved of his staying away. "We should only have put one another out of countenance," she thought, "and we do that quite often enough as it is."

Yet she had sufficient curiosity about his room to run up to it with the least possible delay, and make a close inspection of its contents. It was tastefully though economically furnished, and very neatly arranged. There were shelves and stands of books, English, French, and Italian; and in a port-folio on the writing-table there were sheets upon sheets of memoranda and calculations in figures, evidently referring to the Boffin property. On that table also, carefully backed with canvas, varnished, mounted, and rolled like a map, was the placard descriptive of the murdered man who had come from afar to be her husband. She shrank from this ghostly surprise, and felt quite frightened as she rolled and tied it up again. Peeping about here and there she came upon a print, a graceful head of a pretty woman, elegantly framed, hanging in the corner by the easy-chair. "Oh, indeed, Sir!" said Bella, after stopping to ruminate before it. "Oh, indeed, Sir! I fancy I can guess whom you think *that's* like. But I'll tell you what it's much more like—your impudence!" Having said which she decamped: not solely because she was offended, but because there was nothing else to look at.

"Now, Ma," said Bella, reappearing in the kitchen with some remains of a blush, "you and Lavvy think magnificent me fit for nothing, but I intend to prove the contrary. I mean to be Cook to-day."

"Hold!" rejoined her majestic mother. "I can not permit it. Cook, in that dress!"

"As for my dress, Ma," returned Bella, merrily searching in a dresser-drawer, "I mean to apron it and towel it all over the front; and as to permission, I mean to do without."

"You cook?" said Mrs. Wilfer. "You, who never cooked when you were at home?"

"Yes, Ma," returned Bella; "that is precisely the state of the case."



She girded herself with a white apron, and busily with knots and pins contrived a bib to it, coming close and tight under her chin, as if it had caught her round the neck to kiss her. Over this bib her dimples looked delightful, and under it her pretty figure not less so. "Now, Ma," said Bella, pushing back her hair from her temples with both hands, "what's first?"

"First," returned Mrs. Wilfer, solemnly, "if you persist in what I can not but regard as conduct utterly incompatible with the equipage in which you arrived—"

("Which I do, Ma.")

"First, then, you put the fowls down to the fire."

"To—be—sure!" cried Bella; "and flour them, and twirl them round, and there they go!" sending them spinning at a great rate. "What's next, Ma?"

"Next," said Mrs. Wilfer with a wave of her gloves, expressive of abdication under protest from the culinary throne, "I would recommend examination of the bacon in the sauce-pan on the fire, and also of the potatoes by the application of a fork. Preparation of the greens will further become necessary if you persist in this unseemly demeanor."

"As of course I do, Ma."

Persisting, Bella gave her attention to one thing and forgot the other, and gave her attention to the other and forgot the third, and remembering the third was distracted by the fourth, and made amends whenever she went wrong by giving the unfortunate fowls an extra spin, which made their chance of ever getting cooked exceedingly doubtful. But it was pleasant cookery too. Meantime Miss Lavinia, oscillating between the kitchen and the opposite room, prepared the dining-table in the latter chamber. This office she (always doing her household spiriting with unwillingness) performed in a startling series of whisks and bumps; laying the table-cloth as if she were raising the wind, putting down the glasses and salt-cellars as if she were knocking at the door, and clashing the knives and forks in a skirmishing manner suggestive of hand-to-hand conflict.

"Look at Ma," whispered Lavinia to Bella when this was done, and they stood over the roasting fowls. "If one was the most dutiful child in existence (of course on the whole one hopes one is), isn't she enough to make one want to poke her with something wooden, sitting there bolt upright in a corner?"

"Only suppose," returned Bella, "that poor Pa was to sit bolt upright in another corner."

"My dear, he couldn't do it," said Lavvy. "Pa would loll directly. But indeed I do not believe there ever was any human creature who could keep so bolt upright as Ma, or put such an amount of aggravation into one back! What's the matter, Ma? Ain't you well, Ma?"

"Doubtless I am very well," returned Mrs. Wilfer, turning her eyes upon her youngest born

with scornful fortitude. "What should be the matter with Me?"

"You don't seem very brisk, Ma," retorted Lavvy the bold.

"Brisk?" repeated her parent, "Brisk? Whence the low expression, Lavinia? If I am uncomplaining, if I am silently contented with my lot, let that suffice for my family."

"Well, Ma," returned Lavvy, "since you will force it out of me, I must respectfully take leave to say that your family are no doubt under the greatest obligations to you for having an annual toothache on your wedding-day, and that it's very disinterested in you, and an immense blessing to them. Still, on the whole, it is possible to be too boastful even of that boon."

"You incarnation of sauciness," said Mrs. Wilfer, "do you speak like that to me? On this day, of all days in the year? Pray do you know what would have become of you if I had not bestowed my hand upon R. W., your father, on this day?"

"No, Ma," replied Lavvy, "I really do not; and, with the greatest respect for your abilities and information, I very much doubt if you do either."

Whether or no the sharp vigor of this sally on a weak point of Mrs. Wilfer's intrenchments might have routed that heroine for the time, is rendered uncertain by the arrival of a flag of truce in the person of Mr. George Sampson: bidden to the feast as a friend of the family, whose affections were now understood to be in course of transference from Bella to Lavinia, and whom Lavinia kept—possibly in remembrance of his bad taste in having overlooked her in the first instance—under a course of stinging discipline.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Wilfer," said Mr. George Sampson, who had meditated this neat address while coming along, "on the day." Mrs. Wilfer thanked him with a magnanimous sigh, and again became an unresisting prey to that inscrutable toothache.

"I am surprised," said Mr. Sampson, feebly, "that Miss Bella condescends to cook."

Here Miss Lavinia descended on the ill-starred young gentleman with a crushing supposition that at all events it was no business of his. This disposed of Mr. Sampson in a melancholy retirement of spirit, until the cherub arrived, whose amazement at the lovely woman's occupation was great.

However, she persisted in dishing the dinner as well as cooking it, and then sat down, bibless and apronless, to partake of it as an illustrious guest: Mrs. Wilfer first responding to her husband's cheerful "For what we are about to receive—" with a sepulchral Amen, calculated to cast a damp upon the stoutest appetite.

"But what," said Bella, as she watched the carving of the fowls, "makes them pink inside, I wonder, Pa! Is it the breed?"

"No, I don't think it's the breed, my dear,"



returned Pa. "I rather think it is because they are not done."

"They ought to be," said Bella.

"Yes, I am aware they ought to be, my dear," rejoined her father, "but they—ain't."

So the gridiron was put in requisition, and the good-tempered cherub, who was often as uncherubically employed in his own family as if he had been in the employment of some of the Old Masters, undertook to grill the fowls. Indeed, except in respect of staring about him (a branch of the public service to which the pictorial cherub is much addicted), this domestic cherub discharged as many odd functions as his prototype; with the difference, say, that he performed with a blacking-brush on the family's boots, instead of performing on enormous wind instruments and double-basses, and that he conducted himself with cheerful alacrity to much useful purpose, instead of foreshortening himself in the air with the vaguest intentions.

Bella helped him with his supplemental cookery, and made him very happy, but put him in mortal terror too by asking him, when they sat down at table again, how he supposed they cooked fowls at the Greenwich dinners, and whether he believed they really were such pleasant dinners as people said? His secret winks and nods of remonstrance, in reply, made the mischievous Bella laugh until she choked, and then Lavinia was obliged to slap her on the back, and then she laughed the more.

But her mother was a fine corrective at the other end of the table; to whom her father, in the innocence of his good-fellowship, at intervals appealed with: "My dear, I am afraid you are not enjoying yourself?"

"Why so, R. W.?" she would sonorously reply.

"Because, my dear, you seem a little out of sorts."

"Not at all," would be the rejoinder, in exactly the same tone.

"Would you take a merry-thought, my dear?"

"Thank you. I will take whatever you please, R. W."

"Well, but my dear, do you like it?"

"I like it as well as I like any thing, R. W." The stately woman would then, with a meritorious appearance of devoting herself to the general good, pursue her dinner as if she were feeding somebody else on high public grounds.

Bella had brought dessert and two bottles of wine, thus shedding unprecedented splendor on the occasion. Mrs. Wilfer did the honors of the first glass by proclaiming: "R. W., I drink to you."

"Thank you, my dear. And I to you."

"Pa and Ma!" said Bella.

"Permit me," Mrs. Wilfer interposed, with outstretched glove. "No. I think not. I drank to your papa. If, however, you insist on including me, I can in gratitude offer no objection."

"Why, Lor, Ma," interposed Lavvy the bold,

"isn't it the day that made you and Pa one and the same? I have no patience!"

"By whatever other circumstance the day may be marked, it is not the day, Lavinia, on which I will allow a child of mine to pounce upon me. I beg—nay, command!—that you will not pounce. R. W., it is appropriate to recall that it is for you to command and for me to obey. It is your house, and you are master at your own table. Both our healths!" Drinking the toast with tremendous stiffness.

"I really am a little afraid, my dear," hinted the cherub meekly, "that you are not enjoying yourself?"

"On the contrary," returned Mrs. Wilfer, "quite so. Why should I not?"

"I thought, my dear, that perhaps your face might—"

"My face might be a martyrdom, but what would that import, or who should know it, if I smiled?"

And she did smile; manifestly freezing the blood of Mr. George Sampson by so doing. For that young gentleman, catching her smiling eye, was so very much appalled by its expression as to cast about in his thoughts concerning what he had done to bring it down upon himself.

"The mind naturally falls," said Mrs. Wilfer, "shall I say into a reverie, or shall I say into a retrospect? on a day like this."

Lavvy, sitting with defiantly folded arms, replied (but not audibly), "For goodness' sake say whichever of the two you like best, Ma, and get it over."

"The mind," pursued Mrs. Wilfer in an oratorical manner, "naturally reverts to Papa and Mamma—I here allude to my parents—at a period before the earliest dawn of this day. I was considered tall; perhaps I was. Papa and Mamma were unquestionably tall. I have rarely seen a finer woman than my mother; never than my father."

The irrepressible Lavvy remarked aloud, "Whatever grandpapa was, he wasn't a female."

"Your grandpapa," retorted Mrs. Wilfer, with an awful look, and in an awful tone, "was what I describe him to have been, and would have struck any of his grandchildren to the earth who presumed to question it. It was one of mamma's cherished hopes that I should become united to a tall member of society. It may have been a weakness, but if so, it was equally the weakness, I believe, of King Frederick of Prussia." These remarks being offered to Mr. George Sampson, who had not the courage to come out for single combat, but lurked with his chest under the table and his eyes cast down, Mrs. Wilfer proceeded, in a voice of increasing sternness and impressiveness, until she should force that skulker to give himself up. "Mamma would appear to have had an indefinable foreboding of what afterward happened, for she would frequently urge upon me, 'Not a little man. Promise me, my child, not a little man. Never, nev-



er, never marry a little man!" Papa also would remark to me (he possessed extraordinary humor), "that a family of whales must not ally themselves with sprats." His company was eagerly sought, as may be supposed, by the wits of the day, and our house was their continual resort. I have known as many as three copper-plate engravers exchanging the most exquisite sallies and retorts there at one time." (Here Mr. Sampson delivered himself captive, and said, with an uneasy movement on his chair, that three was a large number, and it must have been highly entertaining.) "Among the most prominent members of that distinguished circle was a gentleman measuring six feet four in height. *He was not an engraver.*" (Here Mr. Sampson said, with no reason whatever, Of course not.) "This gentleman was so obliging as to honor me with attentions which I could not fail to understand." (Here Mr. Sampson murmured that when it came to that you could always tell.) "I immediately announced to both my parents that those attentions were misplaced, and that I could not favor his suit. They inquired was he too tall? I replied it was not the stature, but the intellect was too lofty. At our house, I said, the tone was too brilliant, the pressure was too high, to be maintained by me, a mere woman, in everyday domestic life. I well remember mamma's clasping her hands, and exclaiming, 'This will end in a little man!'" (Here Mr. Sampson glanced at his host and shook his head with despondency.) "She afterward went so far as to predict that it would end in a little man whose mind would be below the average, but that was in what I may denominate a paroxysm of maternal disappointment. Within a month," said Mrs. Wilfer, deepening her voice, as if she were relating a terrible ghost story, "within a month I first saw R. W., my husband. Within a year I married him. It is natural for the mind to recall these dark coincidences on the present day."

Mr. Sampson at length released from the custody of Mrs. Wilfer's eye, now drew a long breath, and made the original and striking remark that there was no accounting for these sort of presentiments. R. W. scratched his head and looked apologetically all round the table until he came to his wife, when, observing her, as it were, shrouded in a more sombre weight than before, he once more hinted, "My dear, I am really afraid you are not altogether enjoying yourself?" To which she once more replied, "On the contrary, R. W. Quite so."

The wretched Mr. Sampson's position at this agreeable entertainment was truly pitiable. For not only was he exposed defenseless to the harangues of Mrs. Wilfer, but he received the utmost contumely at the hands of Lavinia; who, partly to show Bella that she (Lavinia) could do what she liked with him, and partly to pay him off for still obviously admiring Bella's beauty, led him the life of a dog. Illuminated on the one hand by the stately graces of Mrs. Wilfer's

oratory, and shadowed on the other by the checks and frowns of the young lady to whom he had devoted himself in his destitution, the sufferings of this young gentleman were distressing to witness. If his mind for the moment reeled under them, it may be urged, in extenuation of its weakness, that it was constitutionally a knock-knee'd mind, and never very strong upon its legs.

The rosy hours were thus beguiled until it was time for Bella to have Pa's escort back. The dimples duly tied up in the bonnet-strings, and the leave-taking done, they got out into the air, and the cherub drew a long breath as if he found it refreshing.

"Well, dear Pa," said Bella, "the anniversary may be considered over."

"Yes, my dear," returned the cherub, "there's another of 'em gone."

Bella drew his arm closer through hers as they walked along, and gave it a number of consolatory pats. "Thank you, my dear," he said, as if she had spoken; "I am all right, my dear. Well, and how do you get on, Bella?"

"I am not at all improved, Pa."

"Ain't you really, though?"

"No, Pa. On the contrary, I am worse."

"Lor!" said the cherub.

"I am worse, Pa. I make so many calculations how much a year I must have when I marry, and what is the least I can manage to do with, that I am beginning to get wrinkles over my nose. Did you notice any wrinkles over my nose this evening, Pa?"

Pa laughing at this, Bella gave him two or three shakes.

"You won't laugh, Sir, when you see your lovely woman turning haggard. You had better be prepared in time, I can tell you. I shall not be able to keep my greediness for money out of my eyes long, and when you see it there you'll be sorry, and serve you right for not being warned in time. Now, Sir, we entered into a bond of confidence. Have you any thing to impart?"

"I thought it was you who was to impart, my love."

"Oh! did you indeed, Sir? Then why didn't you ask me the moment we came out? The confidences of lovely women are not to be slighted. However, I forgive you this once; and look here, Pa, that's"—Bella laid the little forefinger of her right glove on her lip, and then laid it on her father's lip—"that's a kiss for you. And now I am going seriously to tell you—let me see how many—four secrets. Mind! Serious, grave, weighty secrets. Strictly between ourselves."

"Number one, my dear?" said her father, settling her arm comfortably and confidentially.

"Number one," said Bella, "will electrify you, Pa. Who do you think has"—she was confused here in spite of her merry way of beginning—"has made an offer to me?"

Pa looked in her face, and looked at the ground, and looked in her face again, and declared he could never guess.



"Mr. Rokesmith."

"You don't tell me so, my dear!"

"Mis—ter Roke—smith, Pa," said Bella, separating the syllables for emphasis. "What do you say to *that*?"

Pa answered quietly with the counter-question, "What did *you* say to that, my love?"

"I said No," returned Bella, sharply. "Of course."

"Yes. Of course," said her father, meditating.

"And I told him why I thought it a betrayal of trust on his part, and an affront to me," said Bella.

"Yes. To be sure. I am astonished indeed. I wonder he committed himself without seeing more of his way first. Now I think of it, I suspect he always has admired you though, my dear."

"A hackney coachman may admire me," remarked Bella, with a touch of her mother's loftiness.

"It's highly probable, my love. Number two, my dear?"

"Number two, Pa, is much to the same purpose, though not so preposterous. Mr. Lightwood would propose to me, if I would let him."

"Then I understand, my dear, that you don't intend to let him?"

Bella again saying, with her former emphasis, "Why, of course not!" her father felt himself bound to echo, "Of course not."

"I don't care for him," said Bella.

"That's enough," her father interposed.

"No, Pa, it's *not* enough," rejoined Bella, giving him another shake or two. "Haven't I told you what a mercenary little wretch I am? It only becomes enough when he has no money, and no clients, and no expectations, and no any thing but debts."

"Hah!" said the cherub, a little depressed. "Number three, my dear?"

"Number three, Pa, is a better thing. A generous thing, a noble thing, a delightful thing. Mrs. Boffin has herself told me, as a secret, with her own kind lips—and truer lips never opened or closed in this life, I am sure—that they wish to see me well married; and that when I marry with their consent they will portion me most handsomely." Here the grateful girl burst out crying very heartily.

"Don't cry, my darling," said her father, with his hand to his eyes; "it's excusable in me to be a little overcome when I find that my dear favorite child is, after all disappointments, to be so provided for and so raised in the world; but don't *you* cry, don't *you* cry. I am very thankful. I congratulate you with all my heart, my dear." The good soft little fellow, drying his eyes here, Bella put her arms round his neck and tenderly kissed him on the high road, passionately telling him he was the best of fathers and the best of friends, and that on her wedding-morning she would go down on her knees to

him and beg his pardon for having ever teased him or seemed insensible to the worth of such a patient, sympathetic, genial, fresh young heart. At every one of her adjectives she redoubled her kisses, and finally kissed his hat off, and then laughed immoderately when the wind took it and he ran after it.

When he had recovered his hat and his breath, and they were going on again once more, said her father then: "Number four, my dear?"

Bella's countenance fell in the midst of her mirth. "After all, perhaps I had better put off number four, Pa. Let me try once more, if for never so short a time, to hope that it may not really be so."

The change in her strengthened the cherub's interest in number four, and he said, quietly: "May not be so, my dear? May not be how, my dear?"

Bella looked at him pensively, and shook her head.

"And yet I know right well it is so, Pa. I know it only too well."

"My love," returned her father, "you make me quite uncomfortable. Have you said No to any body else, my dear?"

"No, Pa."

"Yes to any body?" he suggested, lifting up his eyebrows.

"No, Pa."

"Is there any body else who would take his chance between Yes and No, if you would let him, my dear?"

"Not that I know of, Pa."

"There can't be somebody who won't take his chance when you want him to?" said the cherub, as a last resource.

"Why, of course not, Pa," said Bella, giving him another shake or two.

"No, of course not," he assented. "Bella, my dear, I am afraid I must either have no sleep to-night, or I must press for number four."

"Oh, Pa, there is no good in number four! I am so sorry for it, I am so unwilling to believe it, I have tried so earnestly not to see it, that it is very hard to tell, even to you. But Mr. Boffin is being spoiled by prosperity, and is changing every day."

"My dear Bella, I hope and trust not."

"I have hoped and trusted not too, Pa; but every day he changes for the worse, and for the worse. Not to me—he is always much the same to me—but to others about him. Before my eyes he grows suspicious, capricious, hard, tyrannical, unjust. If ever a good man were ruined by good fortune, it is my benefactor. And yet, Pa, think how terrible the fascination of money is! I see this, and hate this, and dread this, and don't know but that money might make a much worse change in me. And yet I have money always in my thoughts and my desires; and the whole life I place before myself is money, money, money, and what money can make of life!"



## A SERMON TO SERVANTS.

WHILE traveling through Tennessee, some years ago, I happened to hear a sermon which I think worth reporting. The preacher was a clergyman who had just purchased a plantation with the slaves upon it. This was the first Sunday of his occupancy, and I was informed that he proposed to inaugurate his new "settlement" by instructing his people as to their duties and obligations. The meeting was held in the wheel-shed. The audience, an unwashed, uncombed group of negro men, women, and children, stood before the preacher, who was seated upon the tongue of the cart. After a hymn had been sung the preacher proceeded to hold forth from the text, "Servants, obey your masters according to the flesh."

"My colored friends," he began, reading from a paper which he skillfully concealed from his hearers between the leaves of the Hymn-Book, "we have but a very short time sustained to each other the relation of master and servant. I do not know how well you may have been instructed as to the duties of this relation; but I consider that I am called upon this occasion, the first upon which we have assembled ourselves together for the worship of God, to speak to you on the subject of your duties to me your master. And, first, I will consider what your duties are."

Here the reverend gentleman closed his book, and entered upon an extemporaneous address.

"In the first place, it is your duty to rise promptly in the morning at the blowing of the horn. Too much sleep is not good for either body or mind. All through this blessed Book," he continued, holding up by mistake the Hymn-Book, "if you could read you would find exhortations on the subject of oversleeping, and warnings against it. There is no greater temptation to which you are exposed than that of yielding to an inclination to sleep. It is the besetting sin of your race. 'A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands together,' is the language of your hearts. Now, this is nothing more nor less than a temptation of that old wicked serpent, the Devil, who first deceived our parents in the garden of Paradise, and who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Now, if you yield to this temptation, you will surely be devoured by the Devil. Your souls will surely be lost; everlasting destruction and eternal woe will be your portion forever among the fiends of hell. I know it seems a little hard, especially if the morning is a little cold, to resist the temptation to sleep; but you must, or burn forever in a fire of brimstone and sulphur ten thousand million times hotter than the hottest fire you ever felt in your lives, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. And there you will have to burn for ever and ever. When you have suffered there millions and billions and trillions of years, your suffering will just be begun. You will have to stay there as long after

that lapse of time as though you had not been there a second.

"Just think for a moment of the greatness of your sin! Your kind, trusting master, who has the bronchitis, and knows not what it is to have a well day, gets up early in the cold morning, and stands undressed at the open door or window, with the cold blast blowing upon him, liable to take his death by cold, and blows his horn. With a trusting heart he returns to his bed, believing that his servants think enough of him to obey the summons to rise. Now think of his disappointment and your sin when he awakes two hours after to find his confidence betrayed and you in bed; to find that, instead of being up and about your work like faithful servants, you are wasting in slumber his precious time. For when you oversleep your hour, it is not your time but mine you are squandering, and it's just as wicked and hell-deserving to waste my time as to steal my money. *You* have no time—not a second—except what I in my kindness grant you, for you are my property. I have bought you, paid money for you earned by hard labor, riding on horseback in the blazing midsummer sun, and in the cold and rain, and snow and sleet, and preaching day and night, until I have worn myself out in the service of God and my fellow-men; so that I feel that I can not last long; that my days here are numbered. I feel that you will not long have me for a master"—[Here the preacher was almost choked by his emotion].—"If you are unkind and unfaithful to me now, you will when you see me cold and stiff in my shroud, and hear the clods rattling on my coffin."—[At this point, unable to proceed, the speaker drew from his coat-pocket a red silk handkerchief, blew his nose, and wiped his eyes. Having recovered his composure somewhat by this diversion, he added, in low, tremulous tones]—"You will be stung by the worm of remorse."

This pathetic sentence, which brought tears to the eyes of many of his impulsive, demonstrative audience, closed the first portion of the discourse of this original sermonizer. Having disposed of this point the preacher proceeded to enlarge upon the other duties of slaves, some of which duties I think are not to be found in the code as given to Moses, or in that set forth by Christ and his Apostles. Notwithstanding this, his hearers were threatened, in case of their violation, with everlasting destruction of soul and body. He then proceeded, by what law of association I leave psychologists to explain, to set forth a somewhat original theology in something like these terms:

"You owe some duties to yourselves as well as to your master. It is your duty to improve the time which I will give you wisely. I'll give you Saturday night of each week after your day's work is done, and all the little jobs, such as feeding, milking, bringing the water, and chopping the wood for Sunday, etc. I can not give you any other night of the week, for you know there are a great many things to be done



at night. There is the cotton to be baled, two cribs of corn to be shucked, and a part of it to be shelled for meal and hominy; wood to be chopped for the morning; apples and peaches to bring from the orchard and cut for drying; the geese to be picked and the sheep to be sheared; the pease and beans to be thrashed out, and spinning to be done. Now all these little things must be done at night, besides many more which I have not mentioned. We can't spend daylight on such trifles, because if we did the cotton would rot in the bolls. But the nights are getting long now, and if you will make out your plans, you can accomplish a great deal in a night. Now it is your duty to employ this night I give you profitably. I have proved that it is impossible for me to give you any but Saturday night. If I should give you any other you would sit up too late at your work, and then would sleep over my work the next day.

"You will need to put you up some beds, and get some bed-clothing for the winter. And now, maybe, you would like to know how you can earn money for this purpose, and I'll tell you! You men can make bread-trays—there's plenty of fine cypress on the plantation; or you can braid foot-mats—plenty of nice white shucks at the cribs; or you can make brooms, and scrub-mops, and tables, and chests to sell. Or you can have coal-kilns; and any Saturday night, for a small share in the profits, I would let you take my wagon and horses and haul it into some blacksmith. Or you can have a patch and raise some sweet potatoes or water-melons or corn to sell. I'll go shares with any of you in this matter. I'll furnish the land, and you do the work on Saturday nights when there is a moon. Why there are a thousand ways"—exclaimed the preacher, enthusiastically—"in which you can make all the pocket-money you need. But mind, I'll have no raising of fowls and pigs for sale. They would get their living from my corn and wheat and oats; I should have to sustain them, be at all the expense of supplying them with food; and besides this, you would claim all the eggs on the plantation as laid by your hens, and would sell three times as many pigs and chickens as you raised. I've seen the thing tried too often. I know all about it. And there's to be no selling of apples and peaches; indeed, I might as well say it here as any where, you are not to go into my orchards at all. I shall need all the fruit that is not used in my family or dried for fattening my hogs. But there are always berries or nuts in the woods which you can gather and take to the village Saturday night or Sunday. I'm willing to give you a pass any time for this purpose. A little later and the persimmons will be ripe; you can dry them and make beer of them, and have it all winter to sell. Then there are partridge-eggs, you can get five cents a dozen for all you find; then you can have your traps for birds and coons and possums; I reckon partridges will bring five cents apiece this fall, and possums half a dollar;

coons won't bring so much. Then any of you men or boys, by going into the village Sunday morning, can make a half dollar in no time by blacking the boots and brushing the coats for young men—the young lawyers and doctors and clerks who haven't servants; or you can make your dime or quarter by taking care of the horses of planters' sons while they are at church. Why there's no end to the ways in which you can make money. I believe if I was a nigger I could get rich;" and the preacher smiled at his facetiousness, and most of his auditors smiled with him.

"As for you women, you can make money in almost all the ways I have mentioned; and besides, you can knit socks and stockings to sell. You can sew and wash for negroes round here who haven't any body to do these things for them, or who haven't, as you have, any time given them to work for themselves. You can spin some cotton—I sha'n't charge you any thing for the cotton you use—then double and twist it and carry it to the village and sell it to some merchant for wrapping-cord. Then you can make soap and sell it. You ought every one to have an ash-hopper, for I mean to allow you half the ashes you burn in your houses, and all the grease from the tops of the pots where you boil your bacon, and all the bones from the meat you eat; for bones when boiled in lye give out a good chance of grease. Then you can wash for young men in the village—carry the clean clothes in on Sunday morning and bring out the dirty ones. Then you can have all the goose-quills the geese lose. You'll find a ready sale for these. Some people will buy them for pens, and some for tooth-picks. Why it would take me all day to mention all the different ways in which you can make money, if you'll only go about it in the right way.

"And you must go to work immediately; there is no time to be lost. Even now, not to speak of the winter, you are in great need of a great many things. You must have kettles to boil your bacon in, and you need pot-hooks, and skillets, and lids, for the purpose of baking. You can't always bake your cakes in the ashes, and broil your meat on the coals, as you have done up to this time—there's too much waste in it. You'll never save any soap-grease in that way. You'll have to have tin buckets to carry your dinners to the field in, and tin cups to drink your buttermilk from. I can't have you using my vessels much longer; you'd soon have them battered to pieces. Then you want water-buckets, and plates, and cups and saucers, and knives and forks, and spoons. You see I am ambitious for you; I want you to live genteelly. In getting these things for yourself the expense, you see, is divided among you, and so cut up that you will hardly feel it; whereas, if I should undertake to get them all, it would come very hard upon me.

"Then there are your winter stockings. I don't want you to be hobbling around here this winter with frost-bitten feet and chilblains.



Now I intend to furnish you with the cotton, and so help you along; but you must spin and knit it, or get it done. The women can do this for themselves Saturday nights—there are a good many between this and cold weather—and the men can hire it done for a trifle.

Then about your winter clothing. Now some masters wouldn't trouble themselves about the matter. Mr. Haltom, over here, never bothers his head about such things; his niggers have to shift for themselves. But I don't mean to treat you in any such inhuman way. I mean to have the stuff spun for your winter clothes by the women at nights, and on rainy days, and when they are a little ailing—not well enough to do field-work; then I mean to get it wove, so that you'll have nothing to do but to see to the making, which you can do on Saturday nights. The men can't do their own sewing, but they can change work with the women—make them tables, or put them up shelves, or carry their stuff to the village and sell it for them, while the women do their sewing. Your mistress, of course, couldn't sew and knit for you all; it would come very hard upon her if she was to undertake it, but, divided among you, it would become very little. A woman who is smart with her needle can almost make a pair of pants in a night, and you know on Saturday nights you can sit up late, and work until midnight, because you can sleep late the next morning.

"Then you'll need shoes for the winter, but these won't cost you much; leather is cheap this Fall, and one pair will last through the winter, for your big feet are tough, and you can go barefooted until late, and turn your feet out to grass early"—here the orator smiled at his own wit. "Besides these necessary articles you'll want some nice clothes for church. You see I have some pride for my servants; I want them to appear as well as other folk's negroes. I hear

Mr. Shoemaker brags a great deal about his plantation and niggers, and I want to be able to brag about mine."

At this speech of their new master's some of the motley audience smiled, but grimly enough; others displayed their great white teeth with well-pleased countenances; while others still looked sullen, as though determined not to be humbugged.

"Now you can go to your cabins," resumed the preacher. "I wish you to spend the Sabbath-day quietly and decently, for remember it is God's holy day. Think over seriously what I have said to you, and make out your plans. Lay out to-day your work for next Saturday night, and when the time comes go about it in earnest. If any of you wish to take a quiet walk into the woods, to pick a few berries or nuts, why there is no harm in it. Some of you spoke about going to the village. If you will come to me after we have sung another hymn I'll give you passes, provided you'll promise not to stand around on the streets engaged in loud talking and laughing with other negroes. You must go there and attend to your trading, and then come directly home. I can see no harm in your going there quietly, attending to your business, and quietly returning home. Every body isn't required by God to keep the Sabbath in the same way. You are simply not to do the same things on Sunday that you do during the week. The idea is relaxation from the work of the week. Besides, you are obliged to do some trading, and there's no other time but Sunday for you to do it."

With this orthodox thought the preacher closed, his sermon, a hymn was sung, and then the negroes dispersed, their heads filled, doubtless, with thoughts of the money they were to make by the sale of shed goose-quills and partridge-eggs.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 2d of March, two days before the close of the present Congress. Many important measures remain to be disposed of. We present a summary of those upon which action has been taken:

On the 8th of February the electoral vote for President and Vice-President was counted in the House, the Senate being present. The whole number of electoral votes was 233: for Abraham Lincoln for President, and Andrew Johnson for Vice-President, 212; for George B. McClellan and George H. Pendleton, 21.—The bill providing a government for States overthrown or subverted by rebellion has been laid on the table in the House; in the Senate Mr. Sumner's substitute, which would exclude all the Southern States from representation until that privilege should be accorded them by a law of Congress, has been rejected by a large majority.—The bill repealing the law which prohibits the forfeiture of the real estate of rebels be-

yond their natural lives was passed in the House by a majority of one.—The following bills, having passed both Houses of Congress, have become laws: The Fortification bill, appropriating two and one-half millions.—A bill recognizing as post routes the bridges to be built over the Ohio at Cincinnati and Louisville.—A bill to establish mail-steamship communication between the United States and China.—The bill freeing the wives and children of colored soldiers.—The Indian Appropriation, and the Army and Navy Appropriation bills.—A joint resolution of inquiry into the condition of the Indian tribes.—A bill appropriating \$25,000 to purchase a painting of Mr. Powell which shall commemorate some national victory.—The Six Hundred Million Loan bill, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow \$600,000,000, and to issue therefor bonds or Treasury notes, the bonds to be payable at any period within forty years from date, the interest to be paid semi-annually, annually, or at maturity, "and the principal, or interest, or both, shall be



made payable in coin, or other lawful money, provided that the rate of interest on such bonds or Treasury notes shall not exceed six per cent. per annum, and when not payable in coin, shall not exceed seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum."

—In the Senate, the following bills have passed: A bill to exclude from representation in the Electoral College the States which were in rebellion November 8, 1864.—A Postal bill, providing that letters unpaid, or lacking more than a single rate of payment, should be returned to their writers with notification.—A bill to take one degree of latitude from the Territory of Utah, and to add the same to the State of Nevada.—A bill to reimburse Missouri for expenses incurred in calling out militia, which bill the House tabled.—A bill to amend the Copyright Law so as to authorize the copyrighting of photographs; also to require that a copy of every book copyrighted in the United States shall be forwarded to the library of Congress, a failure to do which forfeiting the copyright.—A bill making an appropriation to increase the salaries of the Assistant Secretaries of Departments to \$3500 per annum, and of \$60,000 for the extension of the Congressional Library.—The House resolution to reduce the duty on imported printing paper was so amended as to reduce the duty to 15 per cent.—A resolution calling for the report of the Committee of Inquiry on the explosion of the Petersburg mine, with which request the President complied; the failure in the assault on the occasion of the explosion was ascribed to disobedience of orders on the part of General Burnside, and to a lack of promptness and courage in his subordinate officers.—The following are the principal measures which have been adopted in the House: Bills for the construction of a ship canal around Niagara Falls, and of a canal to connect Lake Michigan with the Mississippi River; which bills have been reported in the Senate, with a joint resolution as a substitute for both, authorizing surveys to be made with a view to the construction of these works.—A resolution instructing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to investigate the military operations of General Rosecrans, from his campaign in West Virginia down to the close of the recent campaign in Missouri.—A joint resolution appropriating \$1000 for a bust of the late Chief Justice Taney.—A resolution of inquiry into the number of rebel prisoners which have been enlisted in the Federal service; to which the Secretary of War replied that the total number of such enlistments has been 3800; that they ceased in September last by order of the War Department; and that no United States bounty had ever been paid to such recruits.

An unavailing "Peace Conference" was held on the 3d of February, on board a United States steamer in Hampton Roads. On the 28th of December Mr. Francis P. Blair had been authorized by our Government to pass the lines of the army and proceed to Richmond; he was charged with no public mission. During this visit he had an interview with Jefferson Davis, from whom he received a letter, dated January 12, to the effect that he was ready to appoint a Commission, provided it would be received by the Government of the United States, in order to "renew the effort to enter into a conference with a view to secure peace between the two countries." To this President Lincoln replied that he was ready to receive an informal agent representing those "now resisting the national authority, with a view of securing peace to the people of our common coun-

try." Mr. Davis thereupon appointed Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, R. M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell, as commissioners. After some delay these persons were permitted to proceed to Fortress Monroe, where they were met by Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State. The Secretary was instructed to insist that the indispensable conditions to negotiation were that the National authority should be restored throughout all the States; that the position of the Executive on the slavery question would be maintained; that there would be no cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and the disbanding of all the forces hostile to the Government; and that any proposition not inconsistent with these stipulations would be liberally considered. Before any interview took place the President decided to be present at the conference; he accordingly proceeded to Fortress Monroe. The meeting between the President and Secretary of State on one side, and the three Commissioners on the other, lasted several hours. The result, as officially stated by the Southern Commissioners, was that they were informed that the Message of President Lincoln of last December explains his sentiments upon the terms and conditions of peace, and they were not informed that these would be modified; that no treaty would be made looking to the independence of the Southern States; nor would any truce be entered upon without an assurance in advance of the restoration of the authority and laws of the United States over the whole Confederacy; but that individuals liable to pains and penalties would be liberally dealt with. Mr. Seward, in a dispatch to our Minister to England, gives the same general account, but adds: "What the insurgent party seemed chiefly to favor was a postponement of the question of separation upon which the war is waged, and a mutual direction of the efforts of the Government as well as those of the insurgents to some extrinsic policy or scheme for a season, during which passions might be expected to subside, and the armies be reduced, and trade and intercourse between the people of both sections be renewed." The President also says: "It was not said by the other party that in any event, or on any condition, they would not consent to reunion; and yet they equally omitted to declare that they would so consent. They seemed to desire a postponement of that question, and the adoption of some other course first, which might or might not lead to reunion, but which we thought would amount to an indefinite postponement. The conference ended without result."

The dead-lock between the two armies near Richmond still continues. During the month of February the only important operation which took place was on the 5th, when Grant made a movement to extend his left toward Hatcher's Run. Two corps, the Second and the Fifth, were engaged in this movement. The general result was that we advanced until we came near the intrenched lines of the enemy, then halted, and threw up intrenchments. The Confederates attacked these intrenchments and were repulsed, and the Union forces gained some three or four miles of ground.—In the Southwest no important military operations have taken place. It is presumed that a considerable part of both armies have been transferred from Tennessee to Virginia and the Carolinas, where the great interest of the time is now centred.

The capture of Fort Fisher, January 15, was followed immediately by the abandonment by the



Confederates of Fort Caswell and the other fortifications guarding the mouth of the Cape Fear River. The Confederates fell back gradually up the peninsula toward Wilmington, when they found themselves hardly pressed. The navy co-operated with the army by advancing both by the ocean and the river. They were obliged to move cautiously up the river, on account of the torpedoes which had been placed in the stream. The first movement in force toward Wilmington was made on the 11th of February. It resulted in advancing our position some miles, with a loss in killed and wounded of about 60 men. On the 17th, Fort Anderson, the last strong point on the river, just below Wilmington, was attacked by the fleet, while General Schofield, who now commands in this district, advanced by land, hoping to prevent the escape of the enemy. The fort was evacuated during the night of the 18th, but the enemy in and about it escaped capture. Ten heavy guns and a quantity of ammunition were left behind. A slight stand was made on the 20th, but this was easily overcome. On the 21st the Confederates began to evacuate Wilmington, and possession was taken of the place by the Union forces on the 22d of February, the anniversary of Washington's birthday. Including those captured at Fort Anderson, we took 700 prisoners and 30 guns.

The accounts of Sherman's march into Carolina are as yet derived almost wholly from Confederate sources, and for some time the Southern papers have been prohibited from publishing definite war news. On the night of the 27th of January an extensive conflagration took place in Savannah. It broke out in a stable, whether by accident or design is uncertain. Owing to the inactivity of the fire department the flames spread rapidly, and finally reached the arsenal, where a large quantity of shells, left by the Confederates on their retreat, still remained. These exploded, causing a great destruction of property and some loss of life.—Sherman, meanwhile, had set his troops in motion from Savannah toward South Carolina. They advanced in separate columns, in such a manner as to leave the enemy in utter uncertainty as to their real destination. As the event showed, the principal immediate object was Branchville, a little village sixty-two miles northwest of Charleston, important only as being at the junction of several railroads, by one of which Charleston derived its chief supplies from Central Georgia. This place fell into Sherman's hands on the 11th of February, the Confederates, under Beauregard, retreating northward toward Columbia, the capital of South Carolina. Sherman followed, leaving behind a force which effectually destroyed the railroad for miles. On the 17th he approached Columbia, which was evacuated by Beauregard, and occupied by Sherman. A disastrous conflagration took place in the capital of South Carolina a few days later. One account says that the Confederates themselves set fire to the place; another that it was burned by order of Sherman, in retaliation for his troops having been fired upon by citizens from their houses, after the place had been abandoned by the military forces of the Confederacy.—The occupation of Columbia is the last positive information which has been received from Sherman's army. The Southern papers merely give vague intimations of skirmishes, and of measures taken to concentrate forces to prevent his further advance.

In the mean while General Gillmore, who had replaced Foster in the command of the forces before

Charleston, had landed a considerable force on James Island, who, after some fighting, succeeded in establishing themselves within two miles of the city. Charleston, which had for many months withstood all attempts made upon it in front, was rendered untenable by this attack upon the rear, at a distance of more than sixty miles. The most that Hardee, who commanded there, could hope to do was to save the garrison. The evacuation was commenced on the night of February 15, and was quietly carried on for two days. At daylight on the 18th it was discovered that there were no troops in Forts Sumter and Moultrie, or in the works on James Island. The flag of the Union was raised on Sumter on the morning of the 18th by a detachment from the Twenty-first United States colored troops. The brick walls of the fort had been knocked down, and to the eye it appeared a shapeless mass of ruins. It had really been converted into an earth-work far stronger than the fort had ever before been. The other works in and about the harbor were found deserted, and possession was taken of them by Colonel Bennett, of the colored regiment, belonging to General Schimmelpfennig's corps. He then, with hardly half a score of men, pulled in a boat for the city, dispatching to the Mayor a demand for its surrender. That functionary had anticipated the demand by sending a note saying that the military authorities of the Confederate States had evacuated the city, and that he had remained to preserve order until the Federal commander should take such steps as he thought proper. The surrender was made in a dignified manner, strongly contrasting with the foolish bravado shown at New Orleans. The Confederate army, in retiring, had set fire to every building in which cotton was stored. Conflagrations were seen in every direction; the firemen tried to keep themselves hidden, for the moment one was seen he was swept off by the retreating Confederate soldiers. At length, by the aid of the Federal troops, the fires were extinguished, but not until serious damage had been done to portions of the city which had escaped the great fire of December, 1861, and the subsequent bombardment. One terrible catastrophe occurred. An immense quantity of cartridges had been stored in the dépôt of the Wilmington Railroad. Close by, in the yard, was a heap of cotton bales, which had been set on fire. The yard and dépôt were filled with men, women, and children. Some of them amused themselves by bringing out cartridges and throwing them into the burning pile. Gradually a train of loose powder had been formed from the yard to the dépôt. A spark set this on fire, and in an instant it was communicated to the magazine in the dépôt. The building was blown up with a tremendous explosion, the fragments being scattered in every direction. It is said that 150 persons were killed outright or burned to death in the dépôt, besides as many more wounded by the explosion. The lower part of the city, formerly the finest portion, was found to be a mass of ruins, occasioned partly by the great fire, and partly by the long bombardment. Almost every citizen who was able to leave had abandoned the city; but there still remained 10,000 or 15,000 persons who had no means of making their escape. These were almost destitute of the means of support. But a considerable quantity of rice had escaped destruction. The military authorities of the Union took possession of this, and ordered it to be distributed to the poor under the direction of a committee of the citizens. The surrender of Charleston took place on the 18th



of February. Just four years before, Jefferson Davis had been inaugurated as President of the Southern Confederacy; and four days after that the Collector of Charleston gave notice that Charleston was a port of the Confederacy. The actual siege of the city, commencing from the lodgment made by Gillmore on Morris Island, July 10, 1863, lasted 585 days. Fire was first opened upon Charleston itself on the 22d of August, and had been kept up with more or less constancy ever since. The city had thus been actually under bombardment for 542 days. The Confederates burned all their iron-clad vessels in the harbor; they left behind 450 cannon of all sizes, which fell into our hands, the most of them in a useful condition.

The question of arming the slaves has been warmly discussed in the Confederate Congress, where, as well as in the Executive department, there is a great difference of opinion on the subject. General Lee, in a public letter, strongly advocates the measure. He writes, under date of Feb. 18: "I think the employment of negroes as soldiers not only expedient but necessary. The enemy will certainly use them against us if he can get possession of them, and as his present numerical superiority will enable him to penetrate many parts of the country, I can not see the wisdom or policy of holding them to await his arrival. . . . I do not think that our white population can supply the necessities of a long war without overtaxing its capacity and imposing great sufferings upon our people. . . . In my opinion the negroes, under proper circumstances, will make good soldiers. . . . I think that those who are employed should be freed. It would, in my opinion, be neither just nor wise to require them to serve as slaves. The best course would be to call for those who are willing to come with the consent of their owners. . . . I have no doubt that if Congress would authorize their reception into service, and authorize the President to call upon individuals or States for such as they are willing to contribute, with the condition of emancipation to all enrolled, a sufficient number would be forthcoming to enable us to try the experiment. If it prove successful most of the objections to the measure would disappear, and if individuals still remained unwilling to send their negroes to the army, the force of public opinion in the States would soon bring about such legislation as would remove all obstacles."—Bills to this purpose have been introduced into both Houses of Congress. That in the House of Representatives passed on the 20th of February, by a vote of 40 to 37. It empowered the President to ask and accept the services of as many negroes as he deemed expedient, to be employed during the war on any military service which he should direct; that these troops should receive the same pay and rations as white troops; that if a sufficient number of colored recruits was not obtained, the President might call upon each State for its proportion of 300,000 men, to be raised irrespective of color, from persons not subject to military duty under existing laws; and that nothing in this act should work any change in the relation of master and slave, except by the consent of the owners, and of the States in which they reside. But, in the mean while, the bill originating in the Senate was lost, on the 21st of February, by a vote of 11 to 10, both of the Virginia Senators voting against it. Thereupon both branches of the Virginia Legislature passed resolutions directing their Senators to vote for the arming of slaves. The Southern theory being that Senators in Congress are bound to obey the instructions of their State Legis-

latures, it is probable that the Virginia Senators will reverse their votes, which would make a majority of one in favor of the measure. The Senate of Virginia also, on the 25th of February, passed a bill, by a vote of 27 to 3, which was sent to the House of Delegates, authorizing the Governor to call for volunteers for one year from the free negroes and slaves, to "aid in the defense of the capital and such other points as are or may be threatened by the public enemy;" these volunteers to be commanded by white officers. The bill suspends, in the case of these volunteers, the operation of the laws prohibiting the carrying of arms by slaves and free negroes.

In accordance with a resolution of the Confederate Congress, the President of the Confederacy appointed General Lee to the chief command of the entire military force. General Lee's order announcing that he assumed this post is dated February 9. General Joseph E. Johnston, between whom and Jefferson Davis there is a deep animosity, had been virtually retired from the army after the fall of Atlanta. Public opinion so strongly demanded his restoration that the President was forced to yield, and he was reinstated, and placed in immediate command of the forces opposed to Sherman, in the place of Beauregard, who wrote to the President that the general sentiment of the public, and particularly that of the Army of the Tennessee, was so urgent for Johnston's restoration to command that he was induced to join his wish to theirs; but he did not wish to be removed from his present field of operations, but preferred to serve under his old comrade. Johnston's order assuming the command of the "Army of the Tennessee, and all the troops in the Departments of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida," is dated at Charlotte, North Carolina, February 25.

Governor Magrath, of South Carolina, issued a proclamation announcing that the invasion of the State had been commenced, and calling upon the people to rise in arms. We extract a few sentences: "Let all who falter now or hesitate," he said, "be henceforth marked. If any seek escape from duty and danger at this time, let them depart. There is no room in the State but for one class of men: they are the men who are willing to fight in her cause. The period is near when private business must be for a season suspended. When the State calls, as it now does, to arms, all must obey that summons. Remove all your property from the reach of the enemy; carry what you can to a place of safety; then quickly return to the field. What you can not carry, destroy. You led the way in those acts which united the people of your sister States in this Confederation of States, and their secession from the Government of the United States. You fired the first gun at the flag of the United States, and caused that flag to be lowered at your command. As yet you have suffered less than any other people. You have spoken words of defiance: let your acts be equally significant." There are some, says the Governor, who think they are not bound to fight with us on account of their allegiance to some foreign power. Such people are warned to depart. "If they remain, they will do so with the full knowledge that the State expects and demands that every man shall do his duty."

Governor Vance, of North Carolina, issued a proclamation on the 14th of February, urging the people to continued resistance. "Some," he says, "will tell you that we are already subdued; that the enemy outnumbers us; that our fighting men are all



slain; our resources all exhausted; and that we might as well submit now. But great as our calamities have been, straitened as we are for all supplies, both of men and material, I see no danger which threatens our cause except the depression of spirit among the people, and the still more dreadful risk of internal dissension.... Over four hundred thousand names yet stand on the muster-rolls of the Confederacy, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands who shirk. Where are they? Thousands upon thousands, absent without leave, are lurking in the woods and swamps of the South. Are our provisions all gone? Hundreds of thousands of bushels of grain now rot at the various dépôts of the South for the want of transportation, and this transportation can not be protected because these absent soldiers are not at the post of duty." He then goes on to affirm that of all the region overrun by the Federal forces, they only hold the spots trodden by their armies or covered by their guns. He concludes by urging the people to lay down party bitterness; to use every exertion to restore absentees to the army; to divide their substance with the poor and suffering; to sustain their rulers and generals; and, in a word, to do every thing "to prevent the degradation of the country and the ruin of its people."

Governor Brown, of Georgia, between whom and President Davis there is a bitter feud of long standing, on the 24th of February sent a message to the Georgia Legislature, in which he makes a bitter attack upon the policy and measures of the Confederate Government at Richmond. We quote a considerable portion of the telegraphic abstract of this message, as published in the Richmond papers of February 28:

"The message commences with a defense of the State against the attacks of the press for permitting Sherman to march unmolested through the State. He says she was abandoned to her fate and neglected by the Confederate authorities, and while her army of able-bodied sons were held for the defense of other States, Georgia was compelled to rely only upon a few old men and boys. He claims that the golden opportunity was thus lost for overthrowing Sherman. Had he been resisted from the start, and forced to fight and exhaust his ammunition, his surrender would have been certain. He recommends the establishment of a militia system, to be in no case turned over to the Confederate Government, but retained for home defense. He says there are only fourteen hundred exempts in the State, and most of these are over age. He recommends the passage of a law authorizing the impressment of provisions in the hands of persons who refuse to sell their surplus to the indigent families of soldiers. Referring to the penitentiary, he says that more than half the convicts released to fight have since deserted. He opposes the arming of the slaves, believing them to be more valuable as agricultural laborers than they could be as soldiers. They do not wish to go into the army, and the principal restraint now upon them is the fear that if they leave, the enemy will make them fight and compel them to take up arms, and they will desert by thousands. We can not expect them to perform deeds of heroism when fighting to continue the enslavement of their wives and children, and it is not reasonable to demand it of them. Whenever we establish the fact that they are a military people we destroy our theory that they are unfit to be free. When we arm the slaves we abandon slavery. He takes the Government to task for a great variety of abuses, such as illegal impressments, arrests of citizens without authority by provost guards, the passport system, and the partiality of the Government to men of wealth, who are given nominal positions which keep them out of the army, while poor men and boys are forced into the ranks. He animadvertes severely on the generalship of the President, and traces his military career during the war. He says—Our Government is now a military despotism drifting into anarchy, and if the present policy is persisted in it must terminate in reconstruction, with or without subjugation. The Governor is opposed to both; but if he favored either he would give his earnest support to the policy of the President, as the surest mode of diminishing our armies, exhausting our resources, breaking the spirit of our people, and driving them in de-

spair to seek refuge from worse tyranny by placing themselves under a government they loathe and detest. For the cure of existing evils he recommends the repeal of the Conscription act, the observance of good faith with the soldiers by paying them promptly, the abandonment of impressments and secret sessions of Congress, and taking from the President his power as commander-in-chief. He calls for a convention of the States to amend the Constitution, and closes in the following language: 'My destiny is linked with my country. If we succeed, I am a free man. If, by the obstinacy and weakness of our rulers, we fall, a common ruin awaits us all. The night is dark, the tempest howls, the ship is lashed with turbulent waves, the helmsman is steering to the whirlpool, yet our remonstrances are unheeded. We must restrain him, or the crew must sink together and all be buried in irrecoverable ruin.'"

The crew of the *Florida*, 30 in number, captured in the Brazilian harbor of Bahia, have been set at liberty, in accordance with the decision of the Government in this case. They were embarked at Boston on board the British steamer *Canada*, bound for Liverpool by way of Halifax.

John Y. Beall, a wealthy and educated Virginian, was executed at Governor's Island, in New York harbor, as a spy and guerrilla. It was proved that, in last September, he was acting as a spy in Ohio; that he seized two steamers, the *Philo Parsons* and *Island Queen*, on Lake Erie; that, in December, he was found acting as a spy near Niagara Falls, in the State of New York; and that he had attempted to destroy a train of cars, on the railroad between Buffalo and Dunkirk, by throwing obstructions on the track. He defended himself by claiming that all his acts were done by the authority of the Confederate Government, which had assumed the responsibility in the case, and died protesting that his execution was an act of murder.

The Legislatures of the following eighteen States have ratified the proposed amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting slavery: Illinois, Feb. 1; Rhode Island, Feb. 2; Michigan, Feb. 2; New York, Feb. 3; Pennsylvania, Feb. 3; Maryland, Feb. 3; Massachusetts, Feb. 4; West Virginia, Feb. 3; Maine, Feb. 7; Missouri, Feb. 7; Ohio, Feb. 8; Minnesota, Feb. 8; Kansas, Feb. 8; Virginia, Feb. 9; Indiana, Feb. 13; Nevada, Feb. 16; Louisiana, Feb. 17; Wisconsin, Feb. 24. This list includes Virginia and Louisiana, which did not vote in the Presidential election, the validity of whose present loyal State Governments is not settled. The following States, whose Legislatures are yet to meet, will undoubtedly ratify the amendment: Connecticut, California, Iowa, New Hampshire, Oregon, Vermont, to which will be added Arkansas and Tennessee, if the present loyal Governments shall be recognized as valid—eight in all.—The following three States have rejected the amendment: Delaware, Feb. 3; Kentucky, Feb. 23; New Jersey, March 1; in New Jersey the vote in the Assembly was equally divided, and the question was decided in the negative by the casting vote of the Speaker. Including the States in which there is no even nominal loyal State Governments, the whole number of States is 36; three-fourths of the States, that is 27, are required to make the proposition valid. If the votes of Virginia, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee shall be allowed, there will be a majority of all the States of two in favor of the ratification. If these are rejected, and if the seven States in which there is no loyal government be not reckoned, there will still be a majority for the ratification. But if the vote of these somewhat irregular States be not counted, and if it is decided that the assent of three-fourths of all the States is held to be required, there will be but 22 valid votes in its favor, being 5 less than the required number.



## Editor's Easy Chair.

NOW that the crocuses have bloomed and the tender willow twigs are sheathed in delicate green, it is pleasant to remember the snow and to tell the Winter's tale.

It has been a season of peculiar severity. The lasting and early sleighing will be long remembered. The cold season of '64 and '65 will become a proverb. The year of railroad disasters will be sadly marked in our annals. Of course a peripatetic Easy Chair has had fair opportunities of seeing it and feeling it, and of hurling foul scorn at the chief railroads in the country.

There was one memorable snow-storm which was especially severe upon the line of that modest public servant, the Central Railroad. Between Utica and Syracuse the force of the storm was greatest; and the snow had fallen to the depth of nearly three feet. It was a still, heavy, moist fall in February. The whole season had been unusually snowy, so that the best preparation which that excellent Company chooses to make to guard against the delays of storms had been made. All Tuesday night the snow fell. All night long there was the whispering rustle, swelling into soft gusts that drove gently against the window, but not blowing so sternly as to shake the snow from the twigs and boughs and railings and window caps and wherever else it could cling, transforming the old familiar world into a new beauty. The next morning the scene was that which is so exquisitely described in Judd's "Margaret," but which has never yet been so perfectly represented upon canvas.

Stirring early, but in that snow-muffled dawn with no sense of the hard cold shock of common winter mornings, and parting from the most friendly hearth, the Easy Chair came rolling down to Schenectady to join the train upon the Central Road going West, which leaves Albany at seven o'clock in the morning. Schenectady is about forty minutes' journey from Albany. He there found at half past seven the train which had left Albany the previous evening at eleven, and which had remained at Schenectady during the whole night. Just before eight o'clock it moved off upon its way, and the seven o'clock train from Albany arrived.

In that our traveler seated himself, and was locked in by a newsboy under instructions from a conductor that that car was to be reserved for way passengers. To the Easy Chair's remonstrance at being imprisoned, the newsboy informed him "I dunno nuthin' about it, only I'm to keep the door locked;" which he did until a few other passengers were admitted and advised the youth not to lock the door, and he accepted the advice.

After a delay of an hour or more the train rolled on, and pushed steadily forward until near Little Falls, where it overtook the eleven o'clock train of the previous evening. The two trains struggled with the snow, the only snow-plow being a small iron cow-catcher, and at about half past five o'clock in the afternoon reached Utica, where the morning train should have arrived at noon.

Utica is one of the chief stations of the Central Road. The storm was on Tuesday night. The telegraph had of course informed the managers of the delay of trains and the condition of the roads. One of the eastern trains was already twelve hours behind. Of course, therefore, this great road had

made adequate and extraordinary exertions to clear the track. Let us see.

After due delays one train, an express, moved off toward the West with three locomotives, each provided with a cow-catcher. Then followed a mail-train soon after six. It toiled four miles to Whitesborough, where it overtook the express train. The two contrived to worry through to Oriskany, about four miles further, and there stopped. It was stated that another train came afterward from Utica. It would be incredible, except upon this road. But there at Oriskany, eight miles from Utica, all the trains were stopped. There were six or seven locomotives in attendance, each with a cow-catcher. A snow-plow was not seen; nor could the most careful inquiry discover that such an engine had been ever seen or heard of in that region.

The trains rolled feebly forward for a mile or two, then rolled feebly back again. The six or seven locomotives, with a small cow-catcher each, as useful as a lady's embroidered apron to a cook managing a sirloin, hooted like a chorus of owls. Two or three of them broke away from the trains, charged the snow-drifts with the front cow-catcher, hooted fearfully for assistance—and a dozen laborers, some with snow-spades, some with coal-shovels, trotted leisurely to the rescue and dug the cow-catchers out again.

This ludicrous and imbecile prodding of the difficulty continued until midnight. Then the trains were rolled back to Oriskany station; and the six or seven locomotives, after a prolonged and energetic hooting, quietly betook themselves to Utica, carrying some of the passengers who were in the secret, and deliberately abandoning the trains for the night. There were probably more than a thousand passengers. They could have been taken back to Utica in an hour with the locomotives. If it were thought best to leave them, more power might have been sent to them. Provisions might have been sent to them. They could have been told what their fate was to be. Something might have been done. Nothing was done. They were left upon the track. One of the passengers who returned with the locomotives offered to buy food if it could be sent to the passengers. He was told that they should be attended to, and that was the end of it. They were left upon the track.

In a house near by an active and humane woman baked biscuit and cakes and pies, and made tea and coffee all night long. The famished passengers came and went to and from the hospitable door. Some of the more adventurous pushed off to the little village of Oriskany, and found a tavern and a small grog-shop with such refreshment as they could afford. The air was still; the moon shone, and gradually the night wore away without suffering. The children slept and made little noise, and the women as usual were patient and cheerful. But there was one man who could not forgive himself for being there. "You who came regularly out from Albany and were caught in it," said he, "could not help yourselves; you are not responsible. But I—why I was such a darned fool as to walk into the scrape with my eyes open! It's all my own fault, and I'm served exactly right for being such a darned fool." This penitent passenger returned



incessantly to the same strain, until at length all the company began to feel a malevolent suspicion that he was the cause of the whole obstruction. He was evidently regarded as the Jonah; but so long as the cars were warm he was not cast overboard into the snow.

About seven o'clock in the morning the Easy Chair, who had no further reason for traveling westward, was awakened by a punch in the shoulders from a neighbor, who kindly said: "I'm very much afraid you will be carried off!" Our traveler laughed, and rejoined that he saw no immediate danger of such a result. Then taking his traveling-bag he made his way to the grog-shop in the village, and bargained for a cutter to take him back to Utica. While he waited for the horse to be "hitched to," he heard a philosopher who was drinking ale and smoking a native cigar, remark, "No, Sir. I never permit my stomach to get empty. I came up here and ate some pie at twelve o'clock. Then I came at three and had some oysters and ale. Now I've just had some coffee and cakes; and I am smoking, you see. I have to smoke, you know, for the asthma. But I never let my stomach get empty. Nothing gives fits like an empty stomach."

These remarks were delivered with oracular emphasis, and nobody seemed to think them droll, which was the perfection of comedy.

Any thing more dreary than that grog-shop at early morning thronged by disgusted travelers, it is not easy to imagine. The mingled fumes of bad tobacco, bad coffee, and bad whisky pervaded the little room. There was an incessant arrival of people, who knocked their boots upon the floor as they entered; and one or two, with an air of satisfied virtue, poured a little water into a pewter basin, wet their hands and faces with it, and seemed to suppose they had washed themselves. The Easy Chair soon made a bargain for the cutter, and abandoning himself to the direful chance of "fits," seated himself by the side of a bright boy and slid off silently through the snow for Utica. The road was not broken. It was a world of snow. Herman Melville could have found a fresh hint for his wonderful chapter upon whiteness in "The Whale."

The inspiring brilliancy of such a day and scene can never be forgotten. The wind blew straight out of the northwest, and was chilled by the broad basin of the Mohawk Valley before it struck its keen edge against our faces. The Chair and the boy chatted a little, but gradually they became silent, until there was a general and disagreeable unmuffling to pay toll at a gate; although it was not easy to see by what right the turnpike company collected rent for the use of snow. Do the directors keep the sleighing in repair?

It was now toward nine o'clock, and the Easy Chair was expecting to see every moment a train of locomotives whistling and shrieking and puffing out from Utica to the relief of the passengers whom the beneficent Central Railroad management had left all night in a snow-drift. But the locomotives evidently knew where comfort was to be found, and nothing was to be seen or heard. Claverhouse feasted while the Cameronians were tortured. But if the theory of the grog-shop philosopher were true what an issue was to be apprehended!

Presently the Easy Chair reached the stately Lunatic Asylum on the edge of the city of Utica, and in a few minutes was safe and comfortable in Boggs's Hotel. It was about half past nine, and he instantly stepped into the railroad waiting-room,

which is connected with the hotel, to ask at what hour a train would leave for Albany or Troy. It was an amiable intention; but there is probably no greater delusion in the world than the supposition that any information of any kind whatever is to be obtained at the offices of this excellent Company. The room was crowded with people whom the disordered trains had assembled. But nobody knew any thing but his own adventures. Where any train was, except the one in which he had been caught, nobody could tell. When any train would depart was beyond every body's knowledge. The ticket-office was closed. All other official rooms were locked. There was no one to answer questions. There was not even a bulletin-board to tell every body what every body wanted to know, or even to say that the management themselves did not know. A little accommodation of that kind is so easy, so satisfactory, so economical of time and patience! But it can not be allowed. There even seems to be some natural hostility between the traveler who has the audacity to buy a ticket and the agent who has the Christian forbearance to sell it. Beyond that transaction, in which, upon the part of the agent, charity has her perfect work, nothing is possible. A question is an impertinence of which this Easy Chair hopes no fellow-traveler will be guilty.

It would have been easy to score in white chalk upon the side of the room, if a bulletin-board were beyond the pecuniary resources of the Company, these words: "The train from the West is stuck at Rome. The train from the East is at St. Johnsville. A train will leave for Syracuse at twelve, for Albany at one;" or, "There is no news from any train."

At length, as it was important to the Easy Chair as to many others, to know what their fate would probably be, and how long they must stand about in the station, an intrepid and adventurous explorer, accustomed to deal with the craftiest of men, gallantly undertook to effect an entrance into the offices of the Company and extort some news. This sublime resolution, of which only the most heroic could be capable, was saluted with admiration, and the brave man departed with the sincerest benedictions of the travelers. After some time he returned. His courage had been rewarded. He had ascertained that there was a train somewhere near Rome, and that some time during the day a train would leave for the East. When it would go, was beyond the power of man to discover.

"Then I will go to my room and do my work, and ask the host to summon me at the right moment," said the Easy Chair.

"I tried that yesterday and was left," said a fellow-pilgrim.

That, of course, ended that plan. The wretched passengers stared vacantly at each other, and dozed about the stove. Some locomotive moving cars and "putting things to rights" upon the track suddenly hooted, and dozers and starers sprang up and thronged to the door only to perceive their disappointment and settle dully back again.

The Easy Chair and a friend repaired to the office of the hotel, and chatted the morning away. At one o'clock a benign personage entered and said:

"Train for the East in fifteen minutes."

At the same moment the dinner-bell rang.

"What a pity! No time for dinner," said the pair by the office stove.



"Do you suppose Benignity knows any thing about it?" asked one.

"Oh yes; he is the very man to know," replied the other.

They rose to settle their bills.

"Won't you go in to dinner, gentlemen?"

"No, thank you. Time doesn't permit, train goes now in ten minutes."

Out they went to the cars. They appeared in a few minutes, and the travelers seated themselves in high good-humor.

"Leaving Utica at a quarter past one we may hope to reach Albany by six."

It was a cheerful prospect, and the pleased passengers tucked their shawls about their feet and forgave every body his trespasses. A little difference of time explained, of course, the failure to depart at fifteen minutes past one. But when a quarter of two came there was the nudge of the locomotive grasping the train, and it rolled smoothly along. Smoothly along for an eighth of a mile to a position finely intrenched by freight-cars and store-houses, and there stopped. Two o'clock. Half past. Three o'clock. The passengers had lost their dinner and they had not started. Forgiveness of sinners had become at that moment almost an impossible virtue.

"I say," cried one, "let's go and hunt up some dinner, I'm starving."

"And be left behind, after all?"

It would probably puzzle even Mr. Herbert Spencer to say why in any case of extremity upon a railroad train the conductor becomes invisible. At the very moment when you wish to have the shock passed gently off, the conductor is gone. It was useless, therefore, to suppose that any information could be obtained of the probable moment of departure. But surely all good Christian souls will extenuate a little wrath with that benign personage who said so sweetly, "Train for the East in fifteen minutes."

At a little past five the cars moved. The track was quite clear. There was evidently no reason whatever that a train should not have left hours and hours before. There was no delay, and in the bright frosty moonlight the locomotive ran yelping into Albany at ten o'clock. "Here's richness!" quoth Mr. Squeers, at a famous breakfast he once ate with some "young friends" in London. And here's railroad management!

But what can a great Company do? It must increase its wealth. At that very moment it was a suitor to the Legislature for the power of compelling passengers to pay fifty or seventy-five per cent. more for such privileges as have been described. What can a great Company do? It would doubtless be willing enough to clear its tracks with snow-plows instead of cow-catchers—to stay by its passengers through nights in the snow, to feed them, or to carry them back eight miles. It would not seriously object to starting within five or six hours of the proper time, nor to arriving within a day or two of the hour indicated. It might have bulletin-boards and communicate information to the public, and inasmuch as it was created to serve the public, really be of service to it. But what would you have? Warren Hastings said to his subordinate Hindoo chiefs: "I hope you will not grind any body, but I must have the money." The Central Railroad Company would be very glad to serve the public, if it could. But, good lack! charity begins at home.

"Into paint will I grind thee, my bride," was the painter's wedding song. Into money the Central Railroad grinds the public. Surely it is a very droll public that complains. The Central Railroad seats a drunken and disgusting fellow by your side, and you can not help yourself. The Central Railroad crams its cars with passengers, so that those who have paid for seats must go standing—and they can not help themselves. Such details are endless. The Central Railroad Company receives eleven per cent. net on its actual capital, as we read in the newspapers, and sighs for sixteen. Is any body so lost to the ordinary feelings of man as to grudge it that pittance? Is any body so mad as to suppose that the public convenience is to be consulted by a Company existing by the favor and for the service of the public? No, no; the public was made for railroad corporations. Ask the Camden and Amboy.

There are parents who read Jack the Giant Killer to their dear children, and gravely say that there are no giants now who dine and grow fat upon hapless men and women.

WHEN a rustic Easy Chair like this goes to town and finds his way to the theatre, he is so dazzled as he enters and looks round at the lovely ladies and the gay men, that he says to himself, "Why don't I come every evening?" But when the fiddles have played, and the mysterious curtain rises, and he beholds the wooings and wanderings and perils and heroisms of Don Alfonso and Imogen, and hears the wondrous sounds into which his native language is changed in the play, and yields to the melting pathos of the adjuration, "Have you a strawberry leaf on your left arm! Ah! oh! It is—it is—my loved, my long-lost brother!" then the same Easy Chair says gently in his own ear: "Why, please, did you come to such a place as this?"

There is always a fine theoretical answer to such a question. It is the intrinsic charm of the drama, the skeptic is told, which brings him to the theatre. But the difficulty always is that the drama and the actor are at such terrible odds. Theoretically the stage is the mirror of nature. But except in Paris, where indeed the spectator does see at the theatre what he sees outside of it, the life of the stage is as absolutely different from that of the actual world as rouge is from the red of a rose.

There is, however, a real world, which is not actual. That of Shakespeare is such; and the satisfaction a well-acted play of Shakespeare gives us is not that of seeing men and women like those we daily meet, talking as our friends talk; but it is in the appeal to the imagination which contemplates the same human nature under a hundred aspects of time and condition. But the world of the stage is neither the real nor the actual. The best of it is to nature probably what Sir William Jones's translations are to the Persian originals. The voice, the gesture, the step, with which every thing is delivered upon the boards fairly illustrate what we say. They are harmonious with the "nature" of the stage; a nature which is never to be found away from it. Yet there is always a great relish in the public for whatever is artificial, and there is no question more truly in the key of what is called "society" than "Are you fond of nature?"

A really fine actor is as uncommon as a really great dramatic poet. Yet what Garrick was in Richard III. or Edmund Kean in Shylock, we are



sure Edwin Booth is in Hamlet. He used to play this and other parts in Boston, and New York did not know him. It is not many years since he played here without observation except of a few, and without any prestige whatever. Suddenly he was the fashion; he was more, he was the passion; and it was agreed that he had no rival upon the stage. From that time he has held his position. Every year he plays many weeks in the city of New York, and during this last season he has played Hamlet for three months consecutively, six nights in the week—an incident in Shakespearian history quite unprecedented.

Mr. Booth plays at the Winter Garden theatre, opposite Bond Street, in Broadway, the site which is associated with Rachel. It is a small, convenient house, well built for hearing and seeing—or is it only that nobody wishes to speak or buzz when Mr. Booth is acting? The manager of the house, Mr. Stuart, is understood to be a particular personal friend of the actor's, and the theatre was arranged with peculiar care for the representation. The scene was thoughtfully studied, and the effect was entirely harmonious. That is, the parts agreed with each other. It may be doubted, of course, whether the Queen, Hamlet's mother, was dressed like the Queen we saw. But such details are forgiven to the general symmetry of impression.

Mr. Booth looks the ideal Hamlet. For the Hamlet of our imaginations, which is the Hamlet of Shakespeare, is not the "scant of breath" gentleman whom the severer critics insist that he should be. He is a sad, slight Prince. It is indeed a fair question how much John Kemble and Sir Thomas Lawrence are responsible for the ideal Hamlet. The tall figure, preternaturally tall in the picture, clad in the long black cloak, with one foot resting upon the earth from the grave, the skull in the hand, and the fine eyes uplifted to the chandelier—this is the imperious tradition of Hamlet. We see it in youth, and it remains forever.

But Mr. Booth disturbs this tradition a little. When he appears, we perceive at once that a certain melancholy youthfulness is wanting in the stately Kemble. He represents the Prince; but he is not identified with him. But Mr. Booth is altogether princely. His costume is still the solemn suit of sables, varied according to his fancy of greater fitness, and his small lithe form with the mobility and intellectual sadness of his face, and his large melancholy eyes, satisfy the most fastidious imagination that this is Hamlet as he lived in Shakespeare's world.

His playing throughout has an exquisite tone, like an old picture. The charm of the finest portraits, of Raphael's Julius or Leo, of Titian's Francis I. or Ippolito di Medici, of Vandyck's Charles I., is not the drawing nor even the coloring, so much as the nameless, subtle harmony which is called tone. So in Mr. Booth's Hamlet it is not any particular scene, or passage, or look, or movement that conveys the impression; it is the consistency of every part with every other, the pervasive sense of the mind of a true gentleman sadly strained and jarred. Through the whole play the mind is borne on in mournful reverie. It is not so much what he says or does that we observe; for under all, beneath every scene and word and act, we hear what is not audible, the melancholy music of the sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh.

This gives a curious reality to the whole. Most acting is as superficial as the costume of the actor.

It may be carefully and even exquisitely studied, but you touch bottom all the time. "I can see how A's, and B's, and C's poetry is made," said a famous critic, "but I lose my breath when I read D's, for I can not see how it is done." If the acting is merely in the mouth or on the back, it is like the Western wines, which have so delicious a bouquet, but are thin and sharp to the taste. So with singing. If it is only in the throat of the singer, it can not get to the heart of the hearer. If it is in the soul of the singer, the hearer is not so much conscious of the beautiful voice as of the sense of it, so to speak. If you heard Cinti Damoreau or Persiani, you listened with smiling wonder and delight as to a musical box or a canary. If you heard Jenny Lind, there was an expansion and satisfaction of soul. Afterward it was remembered not merely as a pleasure you had enjoyed; it was a revelation you had received. It was genius.

Mr. Booth's conception of Hamlet is that of a morbid mind, conscious of its power to master the mystery of life, which in its details baffles and overwhelms him. There is, therefore, a serene consciousness of superiority in his behavior even in the most perplexed moments. In the chamber scene with his mother, when the ghost passes and Hamlet falls for a moment prostrate with emotion at his disappearance, the Queen insinuates that he is mad. There is a kind of calm, pitying disdain, mingled with the sense that her feeling is natural, with which Hamlet steps toward her, his finger on his pulse. The tragedy in Hamlet is not only the vital curiosity about existence, the mastering love of life which almost subdues his soul with fear and doubt, and keeps it tense with eager questioning; but it is the conviction of a mind morbid with this continual strain that it is a most sacred duty to end another life, to plunge a guilty soul into the abyss of doubt, and that soul the one dearest to his mother. This explains the fascination which the idea of his uncle's death always exercises upon his mind, and also his inability to do more than dream and doubt over the action.

It is this complication which produces one of Mr. Booth's finest scenes. In the interview with his mother he stabs Polonius through the arras. For an instant the possibility of what he has done sweeps over his mind. Always the victim of complex emotions, the instinctive satisfaction of knowing the act done is mingled with the old familiar horror of the doom to which he may have consigned his uncle. With sword uplifted, and a vague terror both of hope and fear in his face and tone, Hamlet does not slide rapidly back and hurriedly exclaim, "Is it the king?" but tottering with emotion he asks slowly, in an appalling staccato, "Is—it—the—king?"

We are hardly familiar enough with various actors of this part to decide whether Mr. Booth introduces many new readings, as they are called, or not. Some he certainly does, and utterly destroys the old traditions. Thus after the interview with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, during which his princely courtesy is very beautiful, he walks restlessly about as if the disgust were almost intolerable, then seats himself upon a couch fronting a bay-window and sinks into reverie. Polonius enters with the message from the Queen. The Prince raises his eyes languidly toward him for a moment, then turns them to the window. When he has finished, Hamlet, still sitting and looking out at the window, raises his finger, points to the cloud,



and so plays upon the poor old Gold Stick. Poor old Gold Stick! what a sorry death he dies! My Lord, my Lord! was he not Ophelia's father?

The cumulative sadness of the play was never so palpable as in Mr. Booth's acting. It is a spell from which you can not escape, and we never felt more deeply how the gloom of the drama is enhanced by the humor of the grave-digger than at the Winter Garden. Mr. Davidge, we think, played the grave-digger, and played it finely. His broad, loud jesting, the indifference with which a clown laughs and sings as he digs Ophelia's grave, is a ghastly lurid gleam that makes the darkness even more unutterable. From that it goes swiftly to the end, to those most mournful words, "The rest is silence." The curtain falls. The audience rises and departs. We move out with the chatting crowd. The street sparkles and roars. The old life receives us at the portal. But in the old life a new thread is woven; the golden thread of a fresh vision of beauty.

JUDGE JEFFREYS went down into the West and held the bloody assizes. The good and beautiful and young fell before the infamous tool of an infamous king. His name is hateful in history, and it is well that the public mind should be occasionally called to remember his atrocious cruelty.

The Easy Chair, as he prepares for a general drawer delivery, has little doubt that he is about to perform the public service which he commends.

He takes this method of informing certain correspondents that their favors are "respectfully declined," as follows: E. J. H., Minnesota. M. R., Cleveland, Ohio. "In pleasant fields I wandered far." E. E. D., Ann Arbor, Michigan. G. M. "To my wife." E. M. R. G. H. N., New York.

Many of these contain very pleasant and friendly words for the Easy Chair, which are most sincerely reciprocated. If he does not reply privately and individually to all the personal communications of his correspondents, it is merely the shortness of life that is to blame, and the consequent necessity of choosing among a press of luxuries.

"Will you please note upon the margin," writes one poet, "why this poem does not seem to you up to the mark?"

"Will you please read the accompanying cantos and write your opinion of them?" writes another.

"My mother is disabled by rheumatism and the support of the family falls upon me. I hope you will like my verses," writes a third.

"What is poetry?" writes a fourth.

"It seems to me that my things, which you invariably reject, are better than those which you invariably publish," writes a fifth.

Mercy! mercy! good Sirs, good Mesdames. This is a judge who does not decide. This is a jury that does not convict. This is an attorney who never prosecutes. This is an Easy Chair who is not the editor, and who simply says of all the manuscripts intrusted to him which he does not print, "This is not exactly suitable." Purple is an excellent color, but it does not go well with blue—that is, all. We do not eat cheese with turnips, nor sweeten coffee with currant jelly—that is all. Look at those victims of the Easy Chair's verdict! How innocent they look! How comely they are! Nay, how virtuous and meritorious they are! Very well; Jeffreys savagely sentenced Alice Lisle to a death of torture. How many more did the monster slaughter? And such was his posthumous infamy that

his grand-daughter, the Countess of Pomfret, was insulted and almost mobbed when she traveled through the district which he had devastated.

Even so will this savage Chair be remembered, and children will shudder as they read written upon his ruins, "This Easy Chair declined poetry, and deliberately asked to be excused from reading cantos and expressing an opinion of their merit."

At last the Harpers have issued Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" in the most exquisite and convenient form. It is a beautiful book, which Thackeray himself would have smiled to see, and which every lover of Thackeray will be glad to own. The refined and legible text, and all the original illustrations carefully reproduced, are fitly preceded by the head engraved from Lawrence's portrait and by the fac-simile of the author's clear autograph upon the cover. There has hitherto been no accessible satisfactory edition of this most famous and characteristic of modern novels for permanent preservation in the library; but this satisfies all the conditions.

Of the work itself, as of the genius of its author, Miss Brontë spoke so truly that little is left to add. The popular judgment of cynicism was instantly reversed over his grave. Since Scott died, the death of no author seems to have occasioned so sincere a sorrow as Thackeray's; and the talk of his misanthropy arose chiefly from the indignation of "society" with this unsparing observer and critic, who dared to draw without distorting and color without flattery.

"I have no head above my eyes," he once said in conversation, meaning that he was merely an observer. But what eyes they were! Look at the picture of "Our Contributors," published in *Fraser's Magazine* some thirty years ago, of which we were lately speaking, and at this fine portrait in the book before us, or at the last rough wood-cuts published when he died. In all there are those same large, firm, penetrating eyes, kindly but terrible; boring through all the artificial flowers, and the spangles, and the rouge, and the fine linen, to the awful hollowness and disease beneath. Through all this wonderful story of "Vanity Fair" his moral and intellectual fidelity are constantly conspicuous. Upon every page, those who knew the great heart of the author, and those who did not must take the truth upon their word, can hear him saying: "There goes Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, late Miss Becky Sharpe. Poor thing! I pity her with all my heart, and I denounce her to all mankind!"

As the most faithful pictures of the society of his time; as the most exquisitely unexaggerated delineations of individual character; as masterly monuments of a noble English style, simple, sinewy, and racy; and for their infinitely tender humanity, geniality, wisdom, and wit, the novels of Thackeray have already become part of our enduring literature; and whoever heard that rich, manly voice, or saw that towering burly figure, or looked upon that honest face, has seen and heard one of the great masters of English fiction.

### Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT in New Orleans writes to the Drawer:

By-the-way, the Signal Corps has never been in the Drawer, and as there does sometimes good things happen in this branch of the service, it is but just



they should be made famous by being *Drawer-ized*.

D—— became possessed of a compound-interest-bearing ten-dollar note, dated August 15, which, at the time he held it, was worth ten dollars and thirty cents. D—— took it down to a cigar man, who was not quite up to "all manner of dodges," and proceeded to buy thirty cents' worth of cigars. Having pocketed his cigars, he showed the figures on the back of the note, and demonstrated conclusively to the cigar man that the note was ten dollars and thirty cents. "Y-e-s," says the cigar man. "Well," says D——, rapidly, "I've thirty cents' worth of cigars; there's thirty cents due on this bill; it's a ten-dollar bill, d'ye see?" "Y-e-s." "Well, then," pocketing the note, "we're square; good-day!" and was off before the cigar man could straighten the matter in his head—though, for that matter, I presume he is in a wonder yet as to how that matter is.

ATTACHED to the corps while at Vicksburg were two small darkeys, about ten years old each, both of whom were famous dancers. Dan was a newcomer, and at first was loth to dance with Joe, who was an established favorite; but one day they were brought together, and the match began. For a while both danced furiously and well, but the superior "powers of duration" of Dan began to tell upon Joe, and after a lengthy trial he was obliged to give up the match. Whereupon Dan turned a double somersault, cut a pigeon wing, and exclaimed, "Hi! you g'way from yhar! *you can't dance 'long o' me; I's danced 'fore General Logan—I is!*" and from that time he was champion of the dance.

#### LIGHT-FINGERED.

HE grasped my hand for emphasis,  
While I to talk with him was lingering;  
When he had gone I found that I'd  
Lost, by his fingering, my *finger-ring*.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Drawer is involved in domestic perplexities. He writes:

I got acquainted with a young widow, who lived with her step-daughter in the same house. I married the widow; my father fell, shortly after it, in love with the step-daughter of my wife, and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother, and I am the step-father of my mother-in-law. My step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife, has a boy: he is naturally my step-brother, because he is the son of my father and of my step-mother; but because he is the son of my wife's step-daughter so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my step-brother. My wife has also a boy: my step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son; and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his step-sister for a wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is the son of my step-mother; I am the brother-in-law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather.

HERE, in Cairo, Illinois, we have a great many contrabands working for Uncle Samuel. A few days ago one of them had occasion to ride a horse, and coming to a very muddy place in the road he

naturally took to the plank sidewalk near a house. An eye-witness happening to be in the house at the time, ran out and ordered the "shade" to "get off the walk or he would have him fined." Contraband gruffly replied, "I guess dis Gov'ment rides where it pleases!" and rode on, leaving the eye-witness slightly nonplused.

At a station on the overland route the keeper got rather short of provisions—in fact, had nothing left but a bottle of mustard and some bacon. As the stage stopped there one day to change horses the passengers seated themselves at the table, and the host said:

"Shall I help you to a piece of bacon?"

"No, thank you; I never eat bacon," said one traveler.

"Well, then," said the station-keeper, "help yourself to the mustard!"

THE two juveniles that follow are, of course, of Boston parentage:

Our four-year-old, Charley, "comes out" with such sensible sayings sometimes as to make us fear his mental faculties are developing too fast for his bodily strength. A while since his father had placed a very fine pear upon the mantle-shelf, intending to take it to the Horticultural Rooms for a name. Shortly after it was missing. Upon asking Charley about it, he said, "I fought you put it there for me." "You thought!" replied Pater; "and pray who gave you right to think?" Charley evidently saw the dilemma, and for a few seconds was at fault, but quickly recovering himself, said, "Well, what's the use of me having a finker if I can't fink?"

His sister Fanny, a year older, is another of the sharp ones. For some time we had been annoyed with the nocturnal visits of a troop of vagabond dogs, to the great derangement of flower-beds and Pater's temper. One morning, while comfortably seated at breakfast, the said Fanny came running into the room and exclaimed, "Father, there's a strange dog in the entry!" Pater seizes the poker, rushes out frantically, but all he finds is Miss Fanny, brimful of fun, pointing to the handle of a new umbrella he had brought home the previous evening, on which was carved the rude representation of a canine of the bull species. "Isn't that a *strange* dog?" says Miss Impudence. Pater was sold, and hasn't yet heard the last of it, and so sends it to the Drawer for relief.

MANY years since a St. Louis newspaper contained an advertisement of *one cent reward* for a runaway apprentice to the doctor's trade, copies of which are yet preserved by antiquarians. The boy for whom that reward was offered has been for many years a prominent banker in the Mississippi Valley, and a millionaire.

I HAD the honor, while at Huntsville, Alabama, last winter, of furnishing you with some sketches of "Old Dutch," *alias* General Matthies. I propose to quarry another block for your monument to the brave but eccentric General. In the autumn of 1863, while marching from Memphis to Chattanooga, we got very short of rations, and were allowed to seize hogs, cattle, etc., to supply the deficit. "Old Dutch" gave orders that all foraging should be by proper details ordered for the purpose; but the details, after supplying their own wants, seldom had



much to turn over. Our Colonel told us to save any loose swine we saw. This permission was largely acted on, and as soon as the brigade would halt for the night, the music of tortured swine could be heard in every direction. General Matthies swore in Dutch and English, and used his best endeavors to stop the illegal foraging, but he seldom caught any of the "hog-stealers." One evening we camped near Elk River, and the hog-hunting began as usual. The General was at the rear, and came up when the slaughter was at its highest, cursing awfully. He caught sight of an Irish sergeant in vigorous pursuit of a porker, and gave chase, drawing his sword and swearing he would chop the head off him if he didn't stop. The sergeant bayoneted his hog and stopped. The General came down on him with his sword aloft. The sergeant coolly cocked his gun and ordered halt. The General looked at him a moment, dropped the point of his sword, and said, "Ah! ah! mine good man, you bees not afraid! You bees a bully man! I like you!" And the sergeant marched off with his stuck pig.

MANY years ago Judge H——, of Lower Egypt, a defeated candidate for the Illinois Legislature, after an exciting contest, had been appointed by his party friends presiding Judge in one of the newly-settled districts. His first court was held in an unfinished log-building, with holes cut in the log walls for a door and windows.

While sitting in solitary dignity on a raised platform near the rear "opening," waiting for his associates, something punched him in the back, and turning round he saw below the anxious, up-turned face of one of his former political supporters, who was trying to attract his notice with a long pole taken from the fence just outside the building.

"Don't you know me, Judge? Tom Barnes, of Little Smoky?"

"Ah! Mr. Barnes, you seem excited. What can I do for you?"

"That's the talk! I knowed you would do to tie to! Well, you kin do for me jist what we on the Smoky Fork did for you last fall. You know what tales them Bartons told to your discredit then—swore to them too—but we wouldn't believe nary a word they swore to, and went for you through thick and thin. Don't you *know* we did, Judge?"

"Oh yes; certainly."

"Well, I'm glad of that; for I have a little case here, concerning of a hog, with them same witnesses agin me. I wish I had a few sich witnesses, and I could prove any thing I pleased. But, Judge, ef you don't keep your eyes skinned they'll make you believe I stole that ar hog. It warn't none of their hog, nohow. Don't you believe a word they swear agin me, no more than we in the Smoky settlement believed what the same fellers swore agin you, and it'll all come right. Good-by, Judge, and remember Little Smoky!"

THIS is furnished by the officer who knows it to be true, as he had part in it. It comes from Missouri:

Some few months since a noted guerrilla named Griffith, a lieutenant in one of the worst bands that infest this portion of the State, was captured and brought to trial, and was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The sentence was confirmed at the proper military head-quarters, and ordered to be carried into effect immediately.

The prisoner was brought before the Provost Marshal, who informed him that he had been sentenced to death, and would be hanged on the following Friday (this was Wednesday), and told him that he had a few dollars of his money, taken from him at the time of his capture, and asked him if there was any thing he desired to get with it. The culprit replied, "No;" and then, after a brief pause, continued, "Well, I'm out of tobacker, but I s'pose I might as well quit chawin' now."

On the morning of his execution he sent a note to the Provost Marshal, in his own handwriting, in the following words, to wit:

"MIL. PRISON, ST. J——, Mo., Sept. 23, 1864.

"*Mister Proverse Martial:*

"DERE SIR,—Plese send me that fore Dollers ov my mony to by a clean shert to be hung in.

"Respectfully yours till deth,

"HENRY A. GRIFFITH."

The request was complied with, and he accordingly appeared at the gallows in a new shirt.

ON New-Year's Day, calling at the residence of a friend, I found that she was spending the day at a dwelling to which my informant could only direct me by saying that it was next door to "St. Luke's Home." After going the distance I supposed should take me to it, and seeing nothing to answer to the description, I inquired of one of a number of dirty-faced urchins playing on the sidewalk if he could tell me where "St. Luke's Home" was. Pointing to a church on the opposite side of the street, he said, "There's St. Luke's Church, Mister—dunno where his *house* is!"

#### M A N N A.

WHEN, through the wilderness by Moses led,

Food for the faithful fell from Heaven each morn,

They wondered much to be so strangely fed,

Because they were not "to the Manna born."

It was a little Misshygander who did this:

I attended a missionary meeting lately where came off a note worthy of the Drawer. After the returned missionary from India had held the immense audience of little ones who were gathered on the occasion in great delight and interest for an hour the brother from Eastern Turkey took the stand, and began his lecture by inquiring who could tell him where Abraham was born. A little fellow immediately shoved up his hand, whereupon the missionary demanded "Where?" The little fellow shouted, "In Kentucky!" and then followed a general roar from the entire audience.

OUR little five-year-old Hattie, who is very well aware that she forms an important part of our household, while at dinner recently had twice asked her mother for something without being heard (her mother having become partially deaf). Raising her voice to a pitch that would warrant a hearing she exclaimed, "Mother, I am sorry we married you, you are getting so deaf."

THE late Mr. Augur, the sculptor—one of New Haven's celebrities—was very modest in regard to his accomplishments, and while engaged upon the work of Jephthah and his Daughter (which now forms a portion of the art-collection in Trumbull Gallery, Yale College) he kept himself closeted in his room, and his labor a secret. Persons calling upon him received no information, for he always stepped



out of his room, conversing with them in the hallway; thus the inquisitive went away no wiser than they came. Among those who were particularly "exercised" in regard to Mr. Augur's mysterious conduct was Deacon — (there's no need of calling names), who, upon the sculptor's coming into his store one day, interrogated him something after the following manner:

"I say, Augur, what are you doing cooped up in your room there? Looks rather suspicious. Ain't making counterfeit money, are you?"

Mr. Augur, upon thus being called so pointedly to account, replied,

"Well, as I have almost finished my work, and don't know as it need be a secret any longer, I suppose that I may as well tell you. I have been making a piece of statuary, which I call Jephthah and his Daughter, an undertaking which would have subjected me to ridicule at the outset."

"Ah ha! a sculptor, eh?" exclaimed the Deacon. "Let me congratulate you. Indeed I am surprised. But what is the subject taken from? Who was Jephthah and—"

"What!" burst forth the sculptor in astonishment, "a deacon in the church and don't know who Jephthah and his Daughter were?"

"Oh yes!" ejaculated the Deacon, as if it had suddenly occurred to him. "I recollect—Shem, Ham, and Jephthah; certainly, Jephthah was one of Noah's sons."

Mr. Augur laughed heartily, and enjoyed the Deacon's discomfiture exceedingly.

"Hold on!" broke forth the Deacon, "I'll bet that Deacon —" (naming a near neighbor), "don't know a thing more about it than I did."

And out of the door he sallied to test the truth of his statement, followed by Mr. Augur. Without stopping for breath he inquired,

"Deacon, who was Jephthah?"

"Jephthah? Jephthah? Let me see."

"Don't know who Jephthah was?" interrupted Deacon No. 1, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"Yes; Jephthah was one of Napoleon's generals."

#### PATRIOTIC.

If in love for our country you share,

And the "Star-spangled Banner" are versed in,

You must think, when the "bombs burst in air,"

'Twas a "National Air" that they burst in!

MANY years ago, when new sects in New England began to break the good old Congregational barriers, and make incursions into the sheepfolds of the regular clergy, a reverend divine, whom I well knew—a man at once of infinite good sense and good humor—encountered one of these irregular practitioners at the house of one of his flock. They had a pretty hot discussion on their points of difference, and at length the interloper, finding more than his match at polemics, wound up by saying,

"Well, Doctor, you'll at least allow that it was commanded to preach the Gospel to every critter."

"True," rejoined the Doctor; "true enough. But then I never did hear it was commanded to every 'critter' to preach the Gospel."

I SEE in a late number of your Magazine that somebody has been complaining that he can't see the point of the stories in the Drawer. Well, suppose he can't. The Drawer is not for every body; it is only for the bright, smart people, who can see through a millstone with a hole in it, and who

know a thing or two. Milton wrote for "a fit audience, though few." He knew that every body couldn't see the point of *Paradise Lost*. A wise ass read it and asked, "What does it prove?" And so the poor fellows that do not see any fun in the Drawer would not find it in the first edition of *Josephus the Miller*. It is their fault, not the Drawer's. Long may it wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

WHILE the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers was stationed at Russellville, in Southwestern Kentucky, the inhabitants of the surrounding counties were frequently annoyed by the incursions of guerrilla bands from Tennessee. News coming in one morning that a band of these outlaws had plundered one of the neighboring villages, Lieutenant-Colonel P——, our active and efficient commander, immediately dispatched a small detachment of the regiment, commanded by Major Q——, in pursuit of them. On arriving at the village of Middleton it was discovered that we were too late to intercept the marauders, and the Major ordered the horses unsaddled and fed. Now the Major's hostler was a son of Emerald, entirely ignorant of every thing pertaining to the equestrian art, and coming in from half an hour's scout through the village in a state closely bordering on intoxication, he put the Major's saddle on facing to the rear. When the horses were brought up for a fresh start, the Major, instantly discovering the mistake, demanded with a scowl why the saddle was put on in that manner. "An' sure," said Pat, a little terrified, "an' sure, Major, an' I didn't know which way you was going!" An explosion followed, and Pat escaped without further rebuke.

THE Legislative Assembly of this Territory, writes a Western friend, has just adjourned its session. Mr. B—— introduced in the Lower House "A Memorial to Congress praying for a Geological Survey of the Territory," which was read the first and second time, and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations, Mr. K——, of — County, being Chairman, who after several days submitted the following report: "Mr. Speaker, your Committee on Federal Relations have considered H. F. No. 11, 'A Memorial to Congress for a Geological Survey of the Territory,' and report that there is land enough surveyed now; that what is surveyed won't be settled up in four years, and the memorial better be postponed indefinitely.—K——, Chairman."

The Hon. Mr. S—— "begged to inform his colleague that he entirely misunderstood the meaning of a Geological Survey; he would inform him that a Geologic Survey would be the use of an article attached to a wagon-wheel to measure roads with!"

The bill was immediately referred to a Special Committee.

THE trials of the soldiers are many and strange. They can't let well alone. One of them writes from Eastport, Mississippi:

After the battle of Nashville our corps was ordered to this point, *via* Pulaski, Tennessee. On reaching here, the localities being new to most of the officers except ours, one Captain T——, the Division Ordnance officer, started out in search of a "location" for his habitation—*i. e.*, shelter-tent. Among the few features of this somewhat muddy place are many wells that are hid from sight by high bushes. After a lengthy search for the desirable spot where-



on to build his house, the valiant Captain suddenly found himself going down—down—down, until finally he “struck,” somewhat bruised but alive, upon a sandy bottom, some forty or fifty feet below the said bushes. Gathering himself up, and endeavoring to gain breath and strength to call for help, imagine his surprise at finding himself saluted with,

“Hallo! stranger, what brought you here?”

Turning his head in the darkness to ascertain if he was really in his senses, he again heard the voice exclaim:

“I say, yeou there, when you fall down an old well next time, let a feller know you’re coming!”

T—— gradually came to himself, and found out that he really had a companion in his misfortune, a soldier of the —th. After a couple of hours’ hard work they managed to make themselves heard, and T—— being drawn out first, told the men to “fish away, there’s lots of shad in that well!” but the men were too frightened at T——’s white hair and black eyes to heed him. The first-comer was left to get out as he could.

HERE is one for the legal fraternity and expounders of law: Mr. — was arrested for appropriating oats from R——’s wagon, for which he could show no receipt of payment, and taken before Dr. W——, a Justice of the Peace. When the accused came into court he demanded a jury trial, which was granted. The jurors came in and took their seats, when R——’s counsel commenced challenging the jurors for cause. One of the best citizens of the county was objected to. The counsel was asked to state his objections. “I object to this man’s acting as a juror because he is morally incompetent. Over one year ago he had his collarbone broken firing a Prussian musket at a wild goose; and any man that is such a fool as to use one of those guns is morally incompetent to sit on a jury!” The Judge decided the objections well taken, and the juror was dismissed. The Prussian musket is the arm furnished to the militia of Dakota by the General Government.

THE District Court in — was presided over by Judge B——, formerly of Indiana, a very just man on the bench, and a very heavy one at poker. The United States Marshal was Colby, now of the “Secesh” army—both exceedingly fond of a game of “draw.” At the opening of court on Monday morning Colby was remiss in some of his duties; the Judge was very angry, and hastily remarked, “Mr. C., I fine you fifty dollars.” “All right, Judge,” replied the Marshal; “it just makes us even. You owed me fifty dollars when the game closed last night!”

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

Thy poets all the world has crowned  
In honor of their glowing lays;  
But thine brows are with laurels bound,  
While thine own brow is bound with bays.

#### TAMMANY HALL comes into the Drawer:

Some years ago, before the present State Constitution was adopted, the Tammany members presented themselves in the halls of the Legislature with all kinds of notions, in the shape of pledges given to their constituents to secure their election. Among the pledges vauntingly displayed in the early days of the session was one by which the Tammany members had agreed to do their utmost, to

tack to every act of incorporation a personal liability clause. And among these Tammany members was one who always in his seat moved to attach the obnoxious clause to every corporation bill as it came up, and being, as might have been expected, unsuccessful in his movement, steadily voted against all such bills. Such course of procedure, of course, rendered the member, whom we will call Mr. B. very obnoxious to the Assembly.

Whether it was Mr. B. thought his ill success was owing to the fact that the House had lost sight of the great principles involved in the question, is not known; but on a certain day he undertook to reillumine the House, and having a strong cockney dialect, his indiscriminate mixing his *v*’s and *w*’s had a very comical effect.

A short-hand writer, who had closely followed the honorable member, produced a verbatim report of this speech, which appeared in the editorial columns of one of the Albany papers the morning ensuing, with the simple caption, “Views of Tammany on Personal Liability.”

The Honorable Member felt highly indignant with the report of the speech, and seizing his opportunity jumped to his feet, with the offending paper in his hand, and, looking daggers at the reporter representing the paper on the floor of the House, sent the paper to the Clerk, and called for the reading of the article producing the speech, which he declared a breach of the privileges of the House.

The Clerk commenced to read, and had not got more than three or four lines among the “*v*’s and *w*’s” of the speech before the House was in a roar of laughter, amidst shouts of “That is capital!” etc.

When the reading was got through with, and the House had somewhat steadied itself, the Honorable Member rose and appealed to the House “whether he had ever made such a speech?”

“Of course you did,” was the almost universal response; “and capitally are you reported!”

The Member sunk to his seat with the comforting assurance of the Speaker that, as the article complained of was an editorial, it could not be construed into a breach of privilege.

After this the reporters and the Honorable Member got on the best of footing, and in their daily visits about luncheon time to Congress Hall the Honorable Member was frequently of the party.

As the session drew to a close a gentleman from New York presented himself to the reporters, with a letter of introduction, stating that if a certain bill became a law it would bring into existence a corporation which would crush out his business prospects. Could it not be defeated?

The session, he was told, was about over. The bill had passed the Senate unanimously; and if it reached a vote in the House it would pass, most assuredly.

What was to be done? The reporters talked the matter over, and, without consulting their New York visitor, came to the conclusion that if the Hon. Mr. B. could be persuaded into making a speech *in favor of the bill* it might be killed. But how to effect that?

The next day the Hon. Mr. B. fell into the trap. As he was coming from Congress Hall with the reporters, he said, “Well, boys, we have had considerable fun this session. You have done me some favors; is there any thing I can do for you?”

“Why, yes,” said one of the reporters, “there is a bill waiting for a third reading, *in which we feel an interest*, and if you could say a few words in its



favor, when it comes up on its final passage, why—that's all we want."

"But the bill proposes to charter a company," remarked Mr. B. "I can not support any such bill."

"Well, your pledge is against voting for any such bills; explain this bill to the House, and you may vote against it if you like," replied the reporter—and so it was arranged.

Shortly after, up came the bill; it was read through, and requiring, under the old Constitution, the assent of two-thirds of the members elected, the Speaker directed the messengers to call in the members. While out on this duty, up jumped the Hon. Mr. B., and briefly stated the objects of the bill—much to the surprise, it is supposed, of its friends—and the members flocking, and finding the member who had during the session persistently voted against their bills, soon sealed the fate of the pending bill. The roll was called, and amidst a long and continuous peal of "No! no!" the bill in a few minutes was dead.

Astonished at such a result, the Hon. Mr. B. walked up to the reporters' desk, and, with a look of wonderment, said, "Why, the bill is killed!"

"Yes," said the reporters, "and that is just what we wanted."

Suffice it to say that the Hon. Mr. B. at last saw through the joke, and was about the best pleased man at the way the defeat had been brought about. The gentleman from New York, of course, went home highly gratified; and the friends of the bill gave up all hopes of resuscitating it.

THE tent and the field furnish many good things for the Drawer. For example:

Major Y—— and Lieutenant M——, of our regiment, were on detached service at the extreme front last summer, and gave a dinner one day to several of our officers. Lieutenant M——, although an excellent officer in his way, had strange notions of the "fitness of things," and very little taste for the poetical, sentimental, or solemn. Among the guests present at the dinner was the stately and tender-hearted Dr. B——, whom all loved and respected. The conversation at the table was interspersed with reminiscences of the early days of the regiment, and the feelings of the company became rather depressed in reflecting upon old times and associates. After dinner was about over, and while waiting for dessert, Dr. B—— arose in his dignified and impressive manner, and made an eloquent response to a toast, in which he dwelt upon the peculiar interest of the occasion, in bringing them once more alive and well together, after undergoing the perils of the summer campaign. He portrayed the heroic endurance of the regiment under all circumstances, and concluded with a solemn exordium upon the mutability of time. As he sat down amidst the profound silence and attention of the assembly, Lieutenant M—— screamed out to the invisible contraband, "*Come, George, bring on the puddin' and sas!*" The shock to the sensibilities of the party was so abrupt that they dispersed in disgust, leaving Lieutenant M—— to enjoy his "puddin' and sas," and wonder what in the world had gone wrong.

LIEUTENANT M——, in the fitness of his remarks, was not unlike Joe, who "played the cymbals" in our regimental band. During the period of the regiment's service Joe had made himself valuable to the other members of the band by his constant

attention to their comfort—hauling wood, cooking, etc. Just after the regiment was mustered out, some one of the band proposed that Joe should receive a present, and accordingly a subscription was gotten up, and a costly ring purchased. The band assembled in the sitting-room of a Washington hotel, and one of the party, who was gifted with unusual powers of eloquence, delivered the presentation speech; paying a just tribute to the industry and disinterested kindness of the recipient; dwelling upon the many pleasant months they had passed together, and of their coming separation—perhaps for ever. Joe received the ring without emotion; inspected it closely, placed it on his finger, and then responded, "Well, boys, it's a little too big; but I guess I can trade it off!"

#### TEMPEST.

To quell a storm though mortal try,  
He never is victorious;  
Now would you know the reason why?  
Because it's to lay Boreas!

If the citizens of Berks County, Pennsylvania, will persistently vote for Andrew Jackson for President, the following veritable extract from a will on record in that county, dated in 1802, shows that they know how to provide for their wives in case of their death. It is copied for the Drawer:

"It is my will and I will that my beloved wife shall have possession in the house where she now resides as long as she lives, without any molestation, yearly and every year as long as she lives. Further, it is my will that my executors, after my decease, shall give to my wife yearly and every year as long as she lives forty-five pounds in good lawful gold or silver money of Pennsylvania; but should she become sick and bedrid, and the aforesaid forty-five pounds be insufficient to maintain her, they shall take out of the estate as much as she may require. Further, it is my will that she shall have the small meadow above the house she lives in for her use as long as she lives, which the executors shall manure for her every two years, and water it every year in proper season and manner, and mow the grass growing on the same in proper time, dry it, and put it in the stable. Further, it is my will that after my decease my wife shall have the right to take as much of my household furniture as she pleases—to wit, bedding, linen, pewter-ware, tables and chairs, chests, cupboards, room-stove, tubs, buckets, iron kettles, and copper kettles, iron pots, and whatever else of household and kitchen furniture, be it named as it may—the choice of every thing. Further, one horse, her choice. Further, three cows out of the stable—her choice—and when they become too old she shall redeliver them unto the executors, and choose three others out of the stable, and the cows to be put in pasture when she desires it, and this yearly and every year as long as she lives. Further, they shall give unto her yearly and every year two fat hogs of one hundred and fifty pounds each, and one hundred and fifty pounds of beef, twenty bushels good wheat, ten bushels rye, ten bushels buckwheat, five bushels of Indian corn, and five bushels oats, and twelve bushels of potatoes. The executors shall take the grain to the mill, and bring back again, and deliver into the house the meal as she may want it. Further, the half of the kitchen-garden—which she chooses—and manure on the same yearly, as much as she desires. And fire-wood to be hauled home to the house, and split fine, as much as she yearly wants; two barrels of good cider made and delivered into the cellar. Apples as many as she wants, if there are any; and ten gallons of whisky, fifteen pounds of tallow, twenty pounds of combed flax, twenty pounds of tow, ten pounds of wool. Salt, as much as she wants; and hens and eggs, as many as she wants to have and keep. All the above-mentioned shall be kept, paid, and delivered unto her yearly and every year during her life by my executors out of my estate."

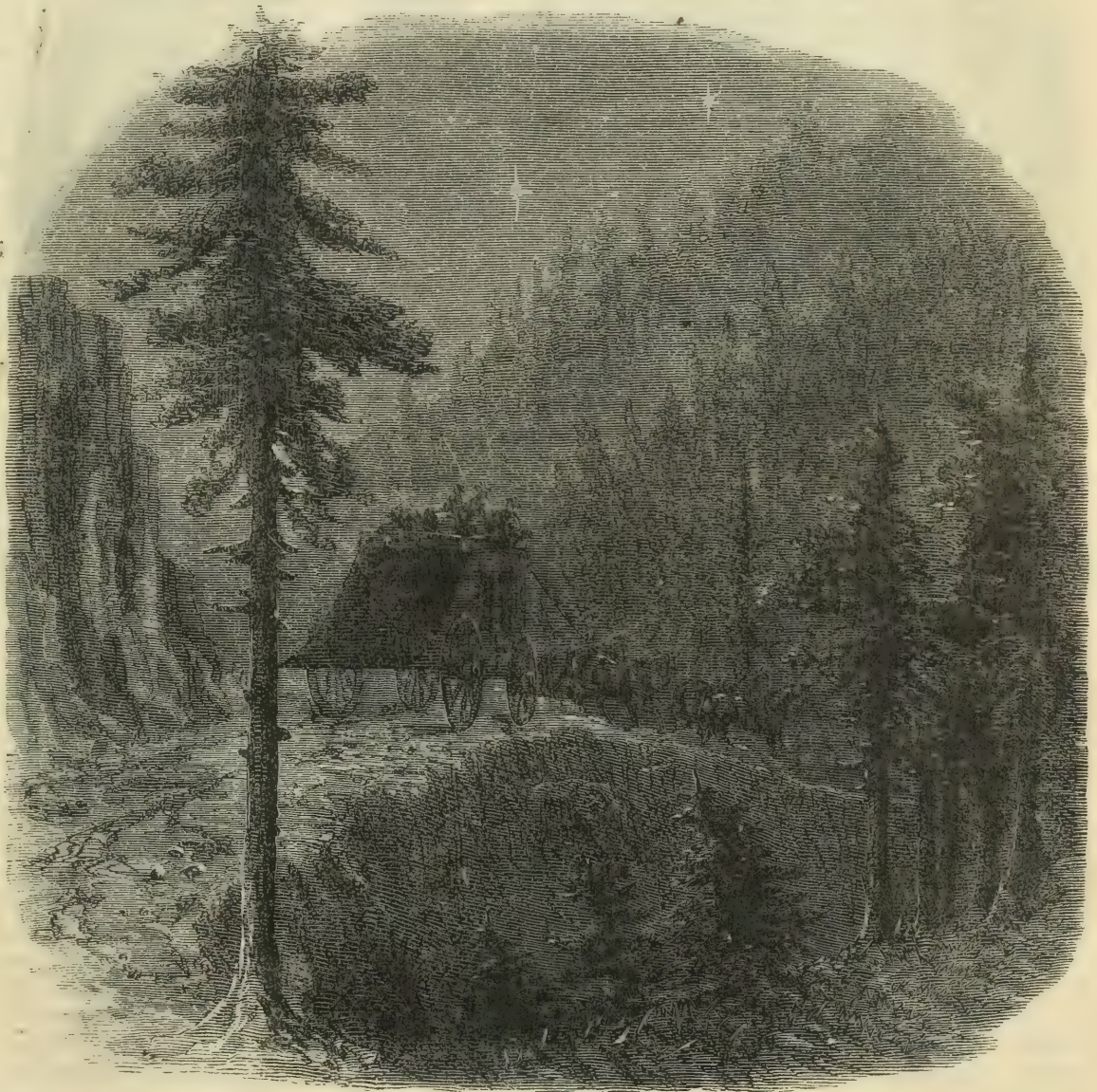


# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXX.—MAY, 1865.—VOL. XXX.

WASHOE REVISITED.

[First Paper.]



NIGHT-SCENE IN THE SIERRAS.

FOUR years ago a series of papers appeared in this Magazine descriptive of a visit to Washoe, in which the author related some personal experiences of a very remarkable character. So wonderful, indeed, were many of his adventures, that certain incredulous persons, who have no difficulty in believing any thing except the truth, boldly assumed that the entire narrative was a fiction concocted for speculative purposes.

The simple truth was that the author, an ex-Government official, found himself one fine morning in San Francisco, with only an empty purse in his pocket, and saw no remedy but to visit the newly-discovered silver regions, which were then making a prodigious stir among the

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THE SILVER MANIA AT SAN FRANCISCO.

gunny-bags of Front Street, and the bummers, bankers, and other men of enterprising genius on Montgomery Street. Aided by a commission to explore some mines which had no existence in this world or the next, he felt assured that he could, by means of an agency and his own speculative talent, speedily indemnify himself for the unprofitable years which he had spent in the public service. In this hopeful state of mind he set forth on his travels. Unable to procure a conveyance at Placerville short of all the money he possessed or could hope to obtain by borrowing, he sturdily shouldered his blankets, and footed it over the mountains—through mud, and snow, and rain, slush, and scathing storms—to the city of Carson, where he arrived in due time, somewhat battered and wayworn by the hardships of the trip. It is not my intention to review in detail the wonderful experiences of this adventurer in the land of silver. They will all be found in his published narrative, illustrated by authentic wood-cuts. Sufficient is it for my purpose to say that before writing his account of Washoe, and the perils and vicissitudes of life in that region, he deemed it prudent to retire to the continent of Europe. The dreary years of his exile from California he filled up, in some measure, by tours through Spain, Algeria, Germany, Poland, and the regions bordering on the Arctic Circle.

On his return to San Francisco he found, to his astonishment, that the silver mania had taken possession of the entire population, without distinction of age or sex. Washoe and the

regions beyond had sprung up into a second California. Gold was nowhere now: it was all silver—above, below, every where. Speculation peered into the silvery heavens in search of new leads; nay, the genius of enterprise pointed toward the regions of everlasting woe as an appropriate sphere for the smelting interests. Tons of ore were piled in heaps along the curb-stones in the streets; every office was an emporium for the purchase and sale of feet; every desk in every store was a stall at which millionaires browsed upon paper; every window glared and dazzled the sight with gorgeous engravings of stocks; every man of the hundreds and tens of hundreds that stood at every corner, and in every saloon, and before every bar, carried feet in his pockets and dividends in his eyes; and every walking thing, save horses and dogs and rats and mice, talked stocks and feet from morning till night, and dreamed dividends from night till morning. Young ladies would hear of no proposition from any gentleman with less than a thousand feet; and no gentleman, however ardent, would compromise himself without asking, "Is she on the Wild-Cat or Legitimate? How many pay feet does she offer? and what assessments are due on her?" Passing a crowd, "Reese River" was poured into one ear, and "Humboldt" into the other. "Washoe!" "Esmeralda!" "Arizona!" "Sonora!" "Struck it rich!" "Silver bricks!" and "Pay rock!" hummed and drummed through the air till the brain was nearly addled.

No wonder our adventurer, just from the wilds

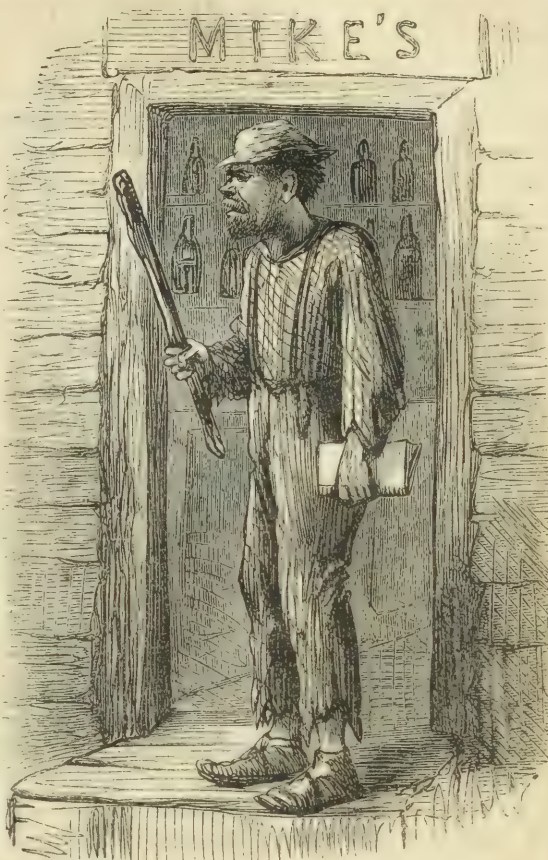


of Russia and Iceland, was bewildered. Of the various tongues spoken by the various races of the earth whom he had encountered in his travels this was the most difficult to comprehend, and the most foreign to his ear and understanding. The very newspapers which he attempted to read furnished snatches of information that filled him with amazement: "Uncle Sam" was lively; "Yellow Jacket" was scarcely so firm, owing to a difficulty with the Union; "Lady Bryant" was in better repute, at advanced rates, and was still in active demand; "The Savage" was quiet but strong, at rising figures; "Buck-eye" was languishing; "Hope" had revived, and sales were made yesterday at \$8; "Josephine" was firmer at the close, and much sought for; "Wide West" was drooping and heavy at \$80; "Burning Moscow" was unusually brisk; and "Sierra Nevada" had a downward tendency.

How in the world was any sane man to comprehend the state of things when the meaning of terms was changed, and the order of nomenclature wholly disarranged? A few days, however, enabled our adventurer to catch some drift from the general current of conversation. It was evident that fortunes of extraordinary dimensions were to be made over the mountains—made suddenly, certainly, and without capital, which was precisely the most convenient thing in the world for a man who had just scattered his means all over the world. "Yes!" said he, enthusiastically, "I'll go to Washoe! I'll pitch in for feet this time! You bet I'll seize a few of those glittering bricks, and build my castles upon a solid foundation hereafter!"

It was quietly hinted, however, by friends solicitous of his welfare, that he had better not show himself in Washoe again, if he placed any value upon his life or the general stability of his constitution. The reasons assigned for this advice were startling and multifarious. It was alleged that the road was lined with blood-thirsty men armed with pistols, double-barreled shot-guns, clubs, pitchforks, bowie-knives, and axes, every one of whom was on the look-out for a solitary pedestrian who had passed over the mountains three years before, and damaged their reputation by various slanders in the public prints. Especial mention was made of a ferocious Irishman, by the name of "Dirty Mike," who was watching near the crossing of the American River, with a tremendous shillelah in his right hand and a copy of *Harper's Magazine* in his left; and it was asserted that if the said Michael ever laid eyes upon the author of the Washoe papers he would speedily show which of the two carried upon his person the greater share of his mother earth.

Further on, in Hope Valley, there was a solitary man who lived, like Diogenes in his tub, having only a ferocious bull-dog as a companion. These two—Diogenes and his dog—had been chiefly occupied during the past three years in gloating over the anticipated reappearance of "the fellow that showed them up in print." The



DIRTY MIKE.

slur upon the cabin might be forgiven; but that villainous likeness of "him and Bull" was only to be wiped out by blood. Yes—he'd offer that fellow fox-skins to eat again—he would. You bet he'd settle with him. Ef he didn't you could discount the bill at your own price!

Bad as all this was, it was nothing to compare with the hints of retribution that came floating over the Sierras from Virginia City, the Devil's Gate, and Carson. Here were some thousands of excited men, accustomed to the use of fire-arms from infancy, who had invested largely in the Love's Delight, Sorrowful Countenance, Pious Wretch, Literary Cuss, and other valuable claims of a kindred character—all awaiting, with stern resolution and ill-suppressed rage, the coming of this diabolical quill-driver, who had so basely ruined their mines and blasted all their prospects. Many thousands of people had no other idea of Washoe than what they gathered from these ridiculous caricatures, which were a monstrous fabrication from beginning to end. The tide of capital from the Atlantic States was arrested before it ever got a start from Wall Street. Capitalists in San Francisco were scared out of their boots. Stocks in the most valuable leads went down a thousand per cent. It may have been a very good joke to perpetrate upon the honest miners, but it certainly gave a back-set to Washoe of more than two years. And now it was hinted that this rattle-brained scribbler, this miserable ink-jerk-er, was about to become a candidate for Congress from the Territory of Nevada! Let him beware of the vengeance of an outraged public!



He had better give Carson, and Silver City, and the Devil's Gate, and Virginia a wide berth in his future travels!

Such were a few of the grave considerations under which I surveyed the prospect of revisiting Washoe—for you must have already discovered, dear reader, that the writer of these sketches is no other than the disreputable personage above referred to. Held accountable by divers and exasperated bodies of men for all the disasters that had occurred on the other side of the mountains during the past three years, and credited by none of the fortunes made, it was due to the great cause of justice that I should go over and set myself right, or gloriously die in the attempt.

With this much in the way of introduction, I shall proceed to give you a detailed narrative of my experiences, in the course of which it will be seen that various and magical changes have taken place in the mining regions of Washoe. Indeed when I look back at what Virginia City was at the time of my first visit—a city of sage-bushes, mud hovels, coyote-holes, gunny-bags, flour-sacks, and tattered blankets, wherein dwelt a population the most motley and incongruous ever gathered together by the force of silver and circumstances—when I think of the multifarious ledges then in the progress of development, and see what has since been done, and what promise there is in the future, I feel precisely as Lord Clive did at the bar of the British Parliament—astonished at my own moderation. The marvel of it is that I carried away so little treasure where there was so much staring me in the face. I wonder how it was I ever told half so much truth, and left so heavy a balance still to be told.

In announcing to certain experienced friends my purpose of revisiting Washoe I was somewhat startled by such questions as these: Is your neck insured by a responsible company? Are you subject to giddiness in the head? How often have your ribs been broken before? Are you accustomed to fractures of the legs and arms? And what provision have you made for the maintenance of your family in case a miscellaneous bullet should strike you through the bowels and lodge in your back-bone? Which I understood to mean, in general terms, that a certain per-centage of travelers who went over the grade did so head-foremost, with a stage or two on top of them, and that the state of society in Virginia City had not improved in a moral point of view.

I was about to hire a private vehicle, when, fortunately, I met a friend who had just come over by the Henness Pass. This gentleman traveled in a buggy for comfort and convenience. At a narrow pass on the way he had encountered a stage, and to avoid being run over had turned out of the grade, but never stopped turning till himself and his buggy, and the horses that pulled the buggy, together with all his provisions, blankets, deeds, mortgages, lists of mines, rolls of assessments, and schedules of dividends were piled in a confused heap at the bottom of a cañon some five hundred feet deep by several

thousand feet wide. I say this was a fortunate occurrence, as it afforded me good ground for traveling by the ordinary modes of conveyance, which I have generally found to be about as safe as any other.

Of the trip to Sacramento it is needless to say much. Most people in San Francisco have tried that at least once or twice in their lives. If ever they derived any pleasure from it they accomplished more than I did. Two hours in a chilling wind, during which you partake of a hasty dinner and smoke a cigar, finds you at the Benicia wharf, the steamer fretting and fuming with suppressed steam, crowds pouring in and crowds moving out, and a great many people gathered about the premises, without any ostensible occupation save to be on hand in case something should turn up. When there happens to be no opposition on the line you may escape collision or explosion; but your chances are very small indeed of ever reaching your destination in the event of a rival steamer being on the route. In this country it is a common practice to fight duels with steamboats. Difficulties between captains are settled by steam. The boilers are charged to the bursting point, and the hostile parties, accustomed to the use of steamboats from infancy, manage their weapons with such skill that an effective crash, accompanied by the shrieks of maimed and scalded passengers, is the usual result.

Upon entering the Sacramento River the air becomes softer and warmer, and good-natured travelers who have been up and down a great many times point out the trees in which families of women and children lodged a few years ago when the flood swept away the houses. But many houses still remain, although the effects of the flood are visible all along the banks of the river.

About midnight the steamer, if she be well freighted, as is generally the case, runs aground on the Hog's Back, and there sticks fast till morning. Passengers who have secured rooms and berths usually avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to lay in a supply of sleep for the journey across the mountains; and passengers who can not procure rooms or berths enjoy the privilege of sitting up in chairs carefully secured to the floors, as a precaution against theft; or spending the night in the lower saloon at a game of sledge or poker, by which means they usually travel with heavy heads and light pockets the next day. The Hog's Back is responsible for a vast deal of trouble. I have seen many hogs in my day, but never so great a bore as this.

Arrived at length in Sacramento, a hasty breakfast of water bewitched and coffee begrudged, leathery beef-steak and saleratus slightly corrected with flour, refreshes the inner man; trunks and knapsacks are vindictively hurled into the baggage-car of the Folsom train; the whistle blows; the passengers rush frantically into the cars and bestow themselves on the seats without regard to order; and the locomotive frets and fizzes on its iron way to Folsom.



I could not perceive that much improvement had taken place on the route, unless, indeed, a few additional bar-rooms be accounted in that light. The town of Folsom itself has grown somewhat within the past four years, in consequence of the trade passing through it on the way to Washoe. New brick houses have been built on the main street in the vicinity of the dépôt, and some pleasant little cottages, embowered in flowers and shrubbery, adorn the surrounding slopes. The chief marts of business, as usual in these inland towns, are the express-offices, clothing-stores, and drinking-saloons. Every other house seems to be a house of entertainment, in which the public are feasted on billiards and whisky. Teaming and staging are the grand features of enterprise in this lively little place, and teamsters and stage-drivers the most prominent public characters. The language spoken by this class of the population is a mixture of horse, mule, and ox, with a strong human infusion of blasphemy. Something perhaps in the difficulties and vexations that beset their occupation gives them rather a ferocious expression of countenance, and it is not always an easy matter to mollify the asperities of their nature.

As most passengers desire to get an outside seat, except when it rains, it is highly important that you should proceed at once to secure the favorable consideration of the superintendent, who is a gentleman of great suavity and politeness, considering his position. Should you fail in that, I warn you not to climb up on the fore-wheel with any hope of getting the seat of honor alongside the driver; for whether you be a Munster plenipotentiary or a member of the Common Council he will exercise the right pertaining to his craft—order you down, and then enjoy your discomfiture for a distance of ten miles. I have seen respectable men cling to the front railing of stages, with their feet uneasily balanced on the fore-wheels, for over half an hour—men worth probably fifty thousand dollars in stocks—and then seen them fail—utter-

ly, miserably, and ingloriously fail—to get a seat. I have seen drivers of stages laugh and chuckle by the hour with some sympathizing chum picked up at the last moment; and I have heard these despotic men say they had a good notion to let every body ride on top, for then the stage would be pretty certain to capsize and break a few legs and arms. Why stage-drivers, who are paid a liberal stipend per month for putting passengers over the public highways, should be so vindictively hostile to the traveling community surpasses my comprehension.

The scene on the arrival of the cars is quite inspiring. Stages backed up in a long row; prancing horses in front; swearing and sweating porters, baggage-masters, drivers, and passengers all about and behind; John Chinamen, with long tails rolled up on the backs of their heads, running distractedly through the crowd in search of their lost bundles; anxious ladies, prolific in crinoline and gorgeous in silks and satins (the California traveling costume), fretting and scolding over crushed handboxes; and stern-looking men of an official cast of countenance shouting, fiercely, "This way, gents! 'Ere's the place for your baggage! Bring it along if you want it weighed; if you don't, it won't go—that's all!" And there is the machine that weighs, and there stands the inexorable gentleman that marks off the weights—ten, forty, sixty, ninety pounds per passenger—thirty pounds allowed; all extra baggage twenty-five cents per pound. "Fifteen dollars for you, Sir." "Twenty-five for you, Sir." "Forty-six for you, Madam." "Seventy-five for you, Miss—heavy trunk that, Miss." "Oh dear! oh goodness gracious! must I pay seventy-five dollars for my trunk?" "Yes, Miss—sorry for it—no getting over it." "Oh!" "Quick, if you please, ladies and gents! Stages behind time—won't get to Placerville before dark!" "Your names, gents." "Smith, Jones, Brown, Johnson." "All aboard!" and off goes stage No. 1. "Pile in, gents. Get down from the front seat, you, Sir—place engaged. All aboard!"



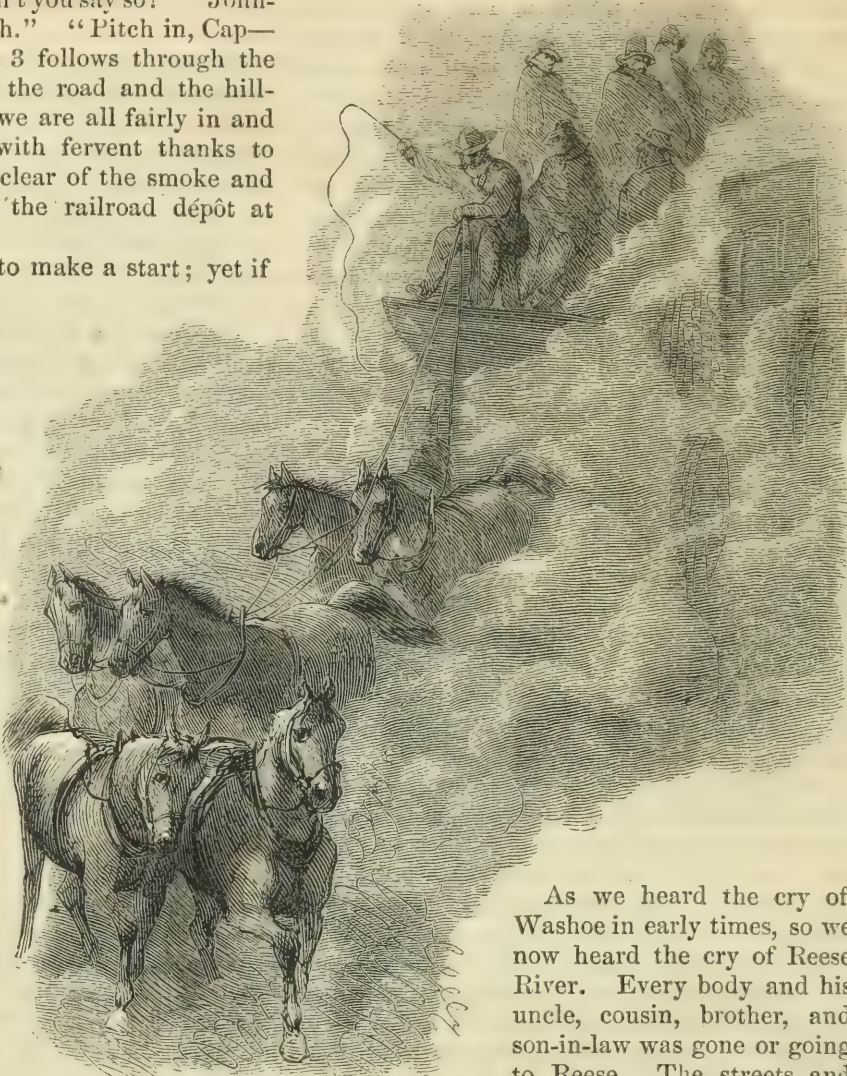
DEPARTURE FROM FOLSOM.



and off goes stage No. 2. "Hennes? Placerville? Dammit, why didn't you say so?" "Johnson, Brown, Jones, Smith." "Pitch in, Cap—all set!" and stage No. 3 follows through the dusty clouds that cover the road and the hillsides. And so on till we are all fairly in and off, and looking back, with fervent thanks to Providence that we are clear of the smoke and trouble and turmoil of the railroad dépôt at Folsom.

It is always pleasant to make a start; yet if any body can say the road from Folsom to Placerville is an agreeable road to travel in the early part of October, before the autumn showers have commenced, he must be fond of dust, and ruts, and hills, and plenty of warm sunshine. As for the dust—whew!

With a gentle breeze behind; the horses' ears dimly perceptible in front; curling clouds rising up at every step and imbedding the stage with its sneezing, gasping, suffocating human freight as in a chaotic bank of pulverized earth without top, bottom, or sides; your face smeared with red, yellow, and black stripes of sweat and mud; your nostrils stuffed with a pasty conglomerate; your hair turned prematurely gray; your eyelashes blinking with a feathery fringe-work of native soil; your lungs surcharged with gold, porphyry, sulphurets, and all the indications that predominate in a mineral region—I say, if you can enjoy this sort of thing, you are fit to travel to Washoe or any other country. You are part and parcel of California, with very nearly your weight in gold. Put through the hydraulic process after your arrival at Placerville, and your washings are worth \$14 per ounce. Pan you out, and two dollars a pan would be a low estimate of your intrinsic value. In fact I am told the hotel-keepers are growing rich on this single source of profit. Each hotel keeps a kind of sluice or washing arrangement in the back-room, through which the travelers by stage are immediately put on their arrival; and judging by the accumulations in the bottoms of the basins, I should say every man leaves behind him pay dirt of a very rich quality. For my part, I paid my fare, and positively refused to wash. Why should a man impoverish himself in this way for the benefit of tavern-keepers? His dust is worth as much to himself as it is to any other man, and he certainly has the best claim to it.



RATHER DUSTY.

As we heard the cry of Washoe in early times, so we now heard the cry of Reese River. Every body and his uncle, cousin, brother, and son-in-law was gone or going to Reese. The streets and shops of Placerville were

crowded with Reese River goods, Reese River wagons, Reese River croppings, and Reese River notices of various kinds. Nothing was dreamed of in the philosophy of the busy multitude but Reese River.

It was 5 o'clock P.M., just three hours after the usual time, thanks to the Hog's Back, when we took our places on the stages, and girded up our loins for the trip across the mountains. I was the lucky recipient of an outside seat. The seat of honor, by the side of that exalted dignitary the driver, was accorded me by the "polite and gentlemanly agent."

The driver was Charlie. Of course every body knows Charlie—that same Old Charlie who has driven all over the roads in California, and never capsized any body but himself. On that occasion he broke several of his ribs, or as he expressed it to me, "Bust his sides in." I was proud and happy to sit by the side of Charlie—especially as the road was supposed to be a little undulating even by its best friends. Possibly I may have traveled over worse roads than the first ten miles out of Placerville. If so, they must have been in Iceland; for there are not many quite so bad on the continent of North America. I speak of what the road was at the





GOLD DUST.

close of summer, cut up by heavy teams, a foot deep with dust, and abounding in holes and pit-falls big enough to swallow a thousand stages

and six thousand horses without inconvenience to itself. There are places, over which we passed after dark, where I am sure the road is three miles wide, and every acre of it a model stage-trap; where it branches off over hills, and along the sides of hills, and into deep cañons, and up hills again; dark, dismal places in the midst of great forests of pine, where the horses seem to be eternally plunging over precipices and the stage following them with a crashing noise, horribly suggestive of cracked skulls and broken bones. But I had implicit confidence in Old Charlie. The way he handled the reins and peered through the clouds of dust and volumes of darkness, and saw trees and stumps and boulders of rock and horses' ears, when I could scarcely see my own hand before me, was a miracle of stage-driving. "Git aeoup!" was the warning cry of this old stager. "Git along, my beauties!" was the natural outpouring of the poetry that filled his capacious soul.

"Do many people get killed on this route?" said I to Charlie, as we made a sudden lurch in the dark and bowled along the edge of a fearful precipice.

"Nary kill that I know of. Some of the drivers mashes 'em once in a while, but that's whisky or bad drivin'. Last summer a few stages went over the grade, but nobody was hurt bad—only a few legs'n arms broken. Them was opposition stages. Pioneer stages, as a gen'l thing, travels on the road. Git aeoup!"



A GENERAL SMASH





OLD CHARLIE.

"Is it possible? Why, I have read horrible stories of the people crushed to death going over these mountains!"

"Very likely—they kill 'em quite lively on the Henness route. Git along, my beauties! Drivers only break their legs a little on this route; that is, some of the opposition boys did it last summer; but our company's very strict; they won't keep drivers, as a gen'l thing, that gets drunk and mashes up stages. Git aeoup, Jake! Git along, Mack! 'Twon't pay; 'tain't a good investment for man nor beast. A stage is worth more'n two thousand dollars, and legs costs heavy besides. You Jake, git!"

"How in the world can you see your way through this dust?"

"Smell it. Fact is, I've traveled over these mountains so often I can tell where the road is by the sound of the wheels. When they rattle I'm on hard ground; when they don't rattle I gen'r'lly look over the side to see where she's agoing."

"Have you any other signs?"

"Backer's another sign; when I'm a little skeer'd I chaw more'n ordinary. Then I know the road's bad."

"Don't you get tired driving over the same road so often?"

"Well, I do—kalklate to quit the business next trip. I'm getting well on in years, you see, and don't like it so well as I used to, afore I was busted in!"

"How long have you driven stage?"

"Nigh on to thirty years, an' I'm no better off now than when I commenced. Pay's small; work heavy; gettin' old; rheumatism in the bones; nobody to look out for used-up stage-drivers; kick the bucket one of these days, and that's the last of Old Charlie."

"Why, you must have made plenty of friends during so long a career of staging?"

"Oh yes, plenty of 'em; see 'em to-day, gone to-morrow! Git along!"

And so passed the long hours of the night, Charlie and I gossiping pleasantly about the risks and hardships, mysteries and charms of the stage-driving profession.

All hail to thee, Old Charlie! Never shall it be said that ingratitude is one of my vices. Here, in the pages of this magazine, your name shall be rescued from oblivion. Sweet and gentle ladies shall pay the tribute of admiration to



your manly features; and honest men shall award you honor, to whom honor is due. For in the vicissitudes of my career have I not found brave and sterling qualities in all classes of men; heroes whose names are never known; hearts and souls, human affections, and the fear of God in the bodies of stage-drivers?

Thus I think and moralize as we approach the grade. The bad road is at an end. We strike in upon the smooth broad highway, and dash onward with a feeling of absolute relief. The horses' hoofs clatter merrily on the hard, gravelly earth. The tall pines form a magnificent avenue through which the moon begins to glimmer, making a fretwork of silvery light on the backs of our noble animals.

The approach to the crossing of the American River is indescribably grand. Here the grade takes a downward plunge, and here the scenery becomes truly Alpine. Formerly the descent was made on the right side of the ridge. Wonderful improvements, however, have taken place in the grades of this road during the past few years, chiefly owing to the enterprise of Mr. Louis McLean, President of the Pioneer Stage Company. In 1860, as already stated, I traveled over this part of the country on foot, in common with some thousands of adventurers, equally independent of horse-flesh. I then enjoyed the scenery of the American River, for I saw it by the early morning, when the mountains were decked in all the glories of spring; when torrents of snow-water burst from every ravine, and fell thundering into the depths below, and limpid springs made a pleasant music over the moss-covered rocks by the way-side; when the sun's rays glimmered through the dripping trees, and the air was fragrant with the odor of wild flowers. But I had never till now been impressed with an adequate sense of its beauties. How calm and still the night was! how exquisitely balmy the air! how sublime the repose of these grand old mountains! I thought of all the scenes I had witnessed in other countries, yet could not recall any thing to surpass this. There is something in the mystic lights and shades, and the profound solemnity of the night, which lends an awful sublimity to these wild regions. The gigantic forest trees standing in bold outline on the opposite sides of the mountains, seem to pierce the sky; and the moonbeams pouring down into the mysterious abyss through which the river dashes, fringe the tops of the pines, as far down as the eye can reach, with a frost-like drapery. Nothing can be more thrilling than the descent of the grade by moonlight. The road is a magnificent piece of engineering—smooth, broad, and beautifully regular.

Imagine yourself seated in front of the stage, by the side of that genial old whipster, Charlie, who knows every foot of the way, and upon whom you can implicitly rely for the safety of your life and limbs. Holding the reins with a firm hand, and casting a penetrating eye ahead, he cracks his whip, and away go the horses with inspiring velocity—six magnificent chestnuts,

superbly adorned with flowing manes and tails. The stillness of the night is pleasantly broken by their measured tread, and the rattle of the wheels over the gravel echoes through the wild rifts and openings of the cañon like a voice from the civilized world telling of human enterprise. Down, and still down, we plunge into the gloomy depths of the abyss; the ghostly forms of trees looming up on our left; to the right, rising far beyond the range of vision, the towering heights of the Sierras; and ever and anon yawning gulfs in front and bottomless pits of darkness still threatening to devour. The road turns and winds like a serpent, sometimes apparently running into a huge bank of granite boulders, then whirling suddenly, and plunging into a shimmering wilderness of rocks and trees, where destruction seems inevitable. Yet onward dash the horses, with an instinct so admirable in its precision that it seems for the time superior to human intelligence. They never swerve from the track; through the fretwork of light and darkness they pursue their way with unrivaled ease and grace; sweeping around the narrow turns; now coursing along on the extreme edge of the precipice, or closely hugging the upper bank as the road winds to the right or the left; now plunging down and whirling with marvelous sagacity over the narrow bridges that span the ravines, often where there is neither rail nor post to mark the way, ever true to the slightest touch of the reins, and ever obedient to the voice of their driver. Is it a wonder that Old Charlie loves his horses and talks of his teams with a kind of paternal affection—that he knows them by heart, and holds converse with them through the long watches of the night as with human friends?

I have attempted to give some idea of the romantic beauties of these mountain regions and the peculiar wildness of the scenery; but it must be conceded that nature has not been permitted to lie wholly undisturbed in the immediate vicinity of the road. There is probably not an acre of ground, possessing a water privilege, on the entire route between Placerville and Virginia City, which has not been taken up and settled upon by some enterprising squatter or speculator, whose views of the present necessities of trade and the future prosperity of Nevada invest this region of country with an extraordinary value. When I traveled over the road in the spring of '60 there were symptoms of rapid progress. Tents and shanties were springing up all along the way-side; and if the weary pedestrian could get nothing else, he could at least always be sure of whisky, even where the houses had neither walls nor roofs. If lodgings were scarce bedfellows were plenty; if there was trouble in keeping the outer man warm there was abundance of fuel for the inner man. For this reason, perhaps, it was not an uncommon thing to see the sturdy adventurers who were on their way to the silver regions quite elevated by the time they reached the summit; and if ever they got sober again, it must have been after they had



invested their last dollar in some of those flourishing leads which prevailed around Carson and the Devil's Gate.

The state of things is now very different. Good and substantial taverns, well supplied with provisions, beds, fleas, bugs, etc., to say nothing of the essential article of whisky, are to be met with at intervals of every two or three miles all along the route. Here the stages stop, and here the horses are watered and changed; and here the drivers and passengers get down and stretch their legs, but as a general thing they don't indulge so much in water as the horses.

As we approached Strawberry, I am free to admit that I became somewhat nervous. A lurking suspicion took possession of me that I was recognized by the driver, Old Charlie; though I took particular pains to join with him in abusing that vile slanderer Ross Browne, whose Peep at Washoe had aroused the indignation of every publican on the route. Charlie admitted that he had never read any of this fellow's productions, but he believed him to be the Prince of Liars on general principles; an assertion in which I heartily coincided, with an internal reservation that it was strange how angry it made people to have the truth told about them. "Lord, Lord, Charlie," said I, handing him a cigar, "how this world is given to lying!" By this time we were at Strawberry, and I saw that I had to face the music.

The story goes that there was once upon a time a man named Berry, who located a claim in a pleasant little flat about eight miles from the summit of the mountain. Here he set up his shanty, seeing with a prophetic eye that it would soon become an important point for the accommodation of travelers on the way over to Carson. When the people of California were seized with the silver mania, and began to crowd up the slopes of the Sierras with their teams and pack-trains, their picks, shovels, and blankets, Berry's became a great stopping-place, and his house, which he speedily enlarged, a famous resort for travelers; and this Berry soon became a very rich Berry. His dinners were excellent; his suppers without reproach; his beds as good as any on the road; his whisky as sure to kill at any given range as the best Port Townsend; and altogether he was a popular and a flourishing Berry. But as teams crowded around his premises and supplies of hay were cut off by storms and bad roads, he was forced to offer straw to his customers as a substitute for the regular horse and mule feed. Of course he charged hay prices, for even straw has a hay value under certain circumstances. Now the teamsters when they got straw in place of hay waxed unreasonably wroth, and called this excellent old Berry STRAW-BERRY—a name to which let all homage be rendered. By this honored name goes to this day that famous stopping-place known to the traveling public as Strawberry.

I deemed it prudent, however, not to avow my name on the occasion of my present visit. It was 10 o'clock when we arrived. Covered

with dust; beard, eyebrows, and hair a motley gray; hat, coat, shirt, trowsers, and boots the same color; face all striped and piebald, I was effectually disguised. If any body was there who had ever seen me before he could not have recognized me now with a microscope. I walked all about the old room with the fire-place—familiar, yet changed—looked calmly at every body about the premises, and stood with my back to the fire while the horses were being changed, with a delightful consciousness of security. In the darkness of night I had escaped Dirty Mike, and now, amidst the curious and penetrating crowd at Strawberry, not a soul knew me!

The improvements at Strawberry are not to be slighted. A fine hotel now adjoins the old building; a telegraph office affords conveniences for stock-jobbing and catching thieves; handsome rooms are to be had merely for the asking; spring beds invite the wayfarer to repose; the dining-room, billiard saloon, and bar would do credit to Virginia City, or any other civilized community, where men eat, gamble, and drink spirituous liquors; the out-buildings are numerous and capacious; the stables fit for the most aristocratic horses; the hay no longer a subject of reproach to man nor beast, the straw as good as ever bore grain—Oh, Straw-Berry!

"*All aboard!*"—a new voice, a new face, and a new driver. I bade good-by to Charlie, and hoped we might meet again in the next world, if not in this. Once more we are on our way. The road over the mountain from Strawberry has been greatly improved. It is now a magnificent highway. Formerly the ascent to the summit was difficult and dangerous. The rise is now so beautifully graded as to be scarcely appreciable. Our horses trotted along briskly nearly the whole way. The scenery becomes weird and stern as we approach the highest altitude of the Sierras. The trees are scraggy; the earth is barren and of a whitish cast; great boulders of rock rear their hoary crests high over the way-side, threatening to topple over and crush all beneath them. Sometimes huge masses of rock seem detached from the main body of the slope or cliff around which the road winds, and balanced on a mere point—thousands of tons of solid stone, ready apparently at the slightest vibration of the earth or puff of wind to come crashing down upon the stage. At some of these points I deeply sympathized with a gentleman from San Francisco, of whom the driver spoke in terms of ridicule.

"He was so 'fraid them rocks 'ud be shook loose and fall on his head, he kept a dodgin' 'em all the time. His hair stood right up like a hog's brussels. Every now and then he was peerin' around for a soft spot of road to jump out on; an' when he seed he couldn't find it, he held on to the railin' with both hands till his fingers was all blistered. 'D-d-driver,' sez he, 'd'ye think there's any danger?' 'Danger!' sez I—'ov course there's danger! Supposing that 'ere rock was shook loose by the rattlin' ov this 'ere stage—what d'ye think 'ud



be the consequences?' 'I r-r-really can't say,' sez he; 'p-p-possibly it would crush the stage!' 'No,' sez I, 'it wouldn't crush it; but it 'ud make sich a d-d squash of it that bones wouldn't count. Your bones an' my bones, an' the bones ov three passengers above an' four behind an' nine down below, 'ud be all squashed, an' the verdict of Corners Inquest 'ud be—'Eighteen men, six horses, an' a Pioneer Stage squashed by the abovestone!' 'D-d-driver,' sez he—his teeth a-chatterin' like a box o' dice—'is that so?' 'You bet,' sez I, 'the last time I see it done, three ladies an' ten gents from Frisco was squashed.' 'Good gracious!' sez he, turnin' as white as a sheet, 'let me down at the next station!' And sure 'nuff he got down at the next station and made tracks for Frisco. He changed his base—he did. Git aeoup!"

"Is that true, driver?"

"True?"—and the indignant look with which my friend of the whip resented the question satisfied me that it would not be prudent to push my doubts too far—so I qualified the inquiry—"Is it on the square, I mean?"

"Stranger," said he, solemnly, "I don't make a habit o' lyin'; when I lie I kin lie as good as any body; but gen'rally speakin' I'm on the square."

"Of course—that's all right; that's just what I mean; you don't usually steer clear of facts when the 'truth is strange—stranger than fiction.' Won't you take a cigar, driver?"

"Don't care if I do."

And thus the dawning difficulty was amicably adjusted.

Owing to our late start we did not reach the summit before two o'clock. The air at this elevation was sharp, though not unpleasantly so. The altitude is estimated at eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Frost was on the ground, and there was promise of colder nights soon to come. The moon, which had so kindly befriended us during the greater part of our journey to this point, was still shining brightly, shedding its silvery rays over the wilderness of mountains that loomed up around us. The view over Lake Valley was superb. I have seen nothing to surpass it in Switzerland or Norway. Perhaps the finest feature of the whole journey is the descent of the new grade.



DANGEROUS BOULDERS.

For a distance of five or six miles the road winds around the sides of the mountains, crossing ravines and doubling up occasionally in turns so rapid that the stage seems to run one way and the horses another. Some of these whirling turns reminded me of the flight of an Australian boomerang. As we strike the straight road again the driver gives rein to our spirited animals; crack goes the whip, and down we plunge over narrow bridges, along the edges of terrific precipices a thousand feet deep, through dark forests of pine and along frowning banks of granite, hewn from the solid bed of the mountain. Despite the ridiculous stories we had heard of accidents and alarms, every passenger with a nervous system clings tenaciously to the stage-fixtures, as if determined to follow the stage wherever it might go, and there were moments when we even held our breath to keep up a balance. I flatter myself I saved the lives of the whole party several times by hoisting at the lee rail, and holding my breath hard, while I leaned over on the weather side. It is not comfortable to look down when you are flying along at the rate of ten miles an hour and see no bottom short of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet. Yet there is a charm in this dashing, reckless journey by moonlight. The danger is just sufficient to give it a relish. The excitement keeps the blood warm; the fresh mountain air invigorates and inspires every faculty; the spirit rises with the rapidity of the motion, and before you get half-way to the valley you find yourself in a condition to sing, shout, or dance. The driver, by whose side I had the





SCENE IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

honor to sit, had evidently cultivated his voice for singing; but unfortunately he knew but one song—and of that he remembered but one line—

“When this cruel war is over!”

which he sang straight ahead for three hours, commencing at the top of the grade and ending only when relieved by a new driver. Indeed, I am not sure that he ended then, for the last I heard of him he was leaning against a post at the station-house, humming over to himself—

“When this cruel war is over!”

and it is not impossible he may be at it yet. The only variety I noticed during the journey was in the form of an interlude as he spoke to the horses, “Git aeoup, Bummars! Git alang, Rebs!”

“When this—and so forth; now git!”

The song is not bad when you get the whole of it, with a strong chorus; but a single line of it repeated for a distance of twenty-five miles without a chorus becomes monotonous.

Whether the monotony of the poetry had a soporific tendency, or loss of rest produced a heaviness in the head, I don't know; but after the novelty of our flight down the grade had

worn away somewhat, I now and then detected myself in the act of plunging overboard on the backs of the horses, or bobbing into some frightful abyss. Once I actually thought I was gone, and received such a shock when I discovered that I had only been asleep, and was still on hand, as to keep me wide awake during the rest of the way to Lake Tahoe.

This beautiful lake was originally named Bigler, after a distinguished politician, who held the position of Governor of California—John Bigler. It was so named by a gentleman who had a high admiration for the name of Bigler. The beauty of the scenery, the crystal clearness of the water, the inspiring purity of the atmosphere filled the soul of Bigler's friend with poetry, and he called this lovely spot Bigler. It was a just tribute to the popularity of the Governor among his friends; but no governor on earth can enjoy every man's friendship. Bigler had enemies like other governors—some because they wanted office and couldn't get it; others because they wanted a contract and couldn't get it; and many because they wanted to be governor themselves. When this



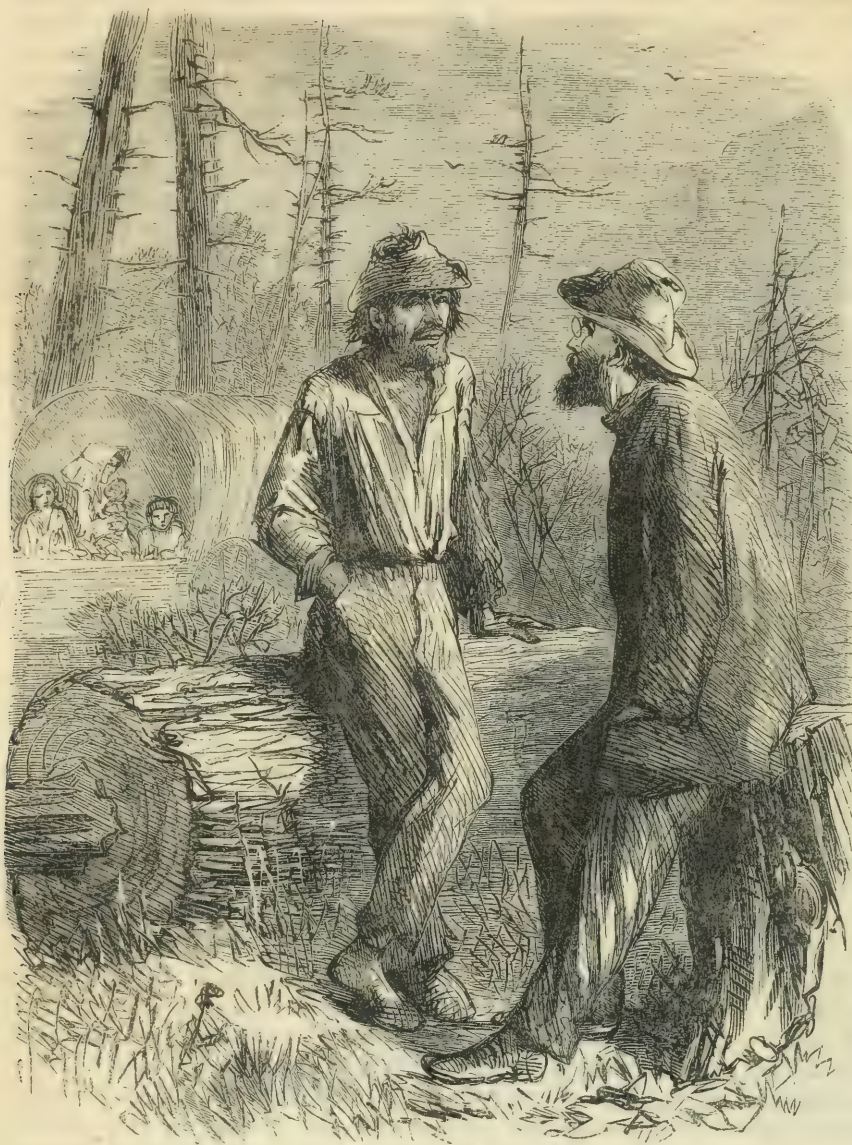
distinguished gentleman ceased to be Governor of California he was made a Minister to South America. It was then discovered by both friends and enemies that the name was inappropriate and lacked euphony; friends had nothing more to hope; enemies nothing more to fear. Who the deuce is John Bigler, said they, that the finest lake in California should be called after him? Let us blot his ugly name off the map and call this beautiful sheet of water Lake Latham or Lake Downey. But here commenced a squabble between the friends of these eminent gentlemen relative to their respective claims. Latham, it was true, had served with honor in the Custom-house—had held the Gubernatorial chair for a few weeks, and subsequently had become United States Senator. But then Downey had vetoed the Bulkhead bill. Pending this difficulty, a hint from some obscure source came very near resulting in the selection of a name that would doubtless have afforded general satisfaction, since it could be claimed by a great many people throughout the State—the name of Brown. It was brief, pointed, and popular—Lake Brown! But what Brown? There were thirty-six Browns in the Penitentiary, besides several more who ought to be there; and at least forty-four Browns were candidates for the Legislature or inmates of the Lunatic Asylum; so that it was difficult to see what Brown would be specially benefited by the compliment. The name itself scarcely presented sufficient claims over all other names to be selected merely on account of its euphony. So Brown was dropped; and between Latham and Downey it was impossible to come to an equitable decision. The name of Bigler remained unmolested for several years longer. In due time, when Latham and Downey were both thrown overboard, the discussion of the question was renewed—every prominent man in the State claiming that the lake should be named after himself. Finally, as popular sentiment could not fix upon the name of any white man, it gradually settled down in favor of the supposed Indian name—*Tahoe*—which was the first word spoken to the discoverer by a solitary digger, whom he encountered upon its shores. “*Tahoe!*” cried the digger; and it was at once assumed that “*Tahoe*” meant “*Big Water*,” but I am assured by an old settler that “*Tahoe*” means “*Strong Water*”—in other words, “*Whisky*”—so that this magnificent lake, formerly called Bigler, is now literally “*Lake Whisky!*”

Within the past two years the people of California and Washoe have begun to discover the beauties of this charming region, and its rare advantages as a place of summer resort. Situated in the bosom of the Sierra Nevada mountains, 6000 feet above the level of the sea, with an atmosphere of wonderful purity; abounding in game; convenient of access, and possessing all the attractions of retirement from the busy world, amidst scenery unrivaled for its romantic beauties, there can be no doubt it will soon be-

come the grand central point of pleasure and recreation for the people of the Pacific Coast. The water of the lake is singularly clear and blue, and during the warmest months is so cool as to render bathing rather a lively and stimulating exercise. It abounds in the finest trout, which supply the markets of Carson and Virginia City, and occasionally furnish a rich treat to the epicures of San Francisco. Fishermen are busily occupied with their nets at intervals along its shores, greatly to the detriment of gentlemen who follow in the footsteps of Izaak Walton. An excellent hotel, called the Lake House, has been established at a beautiful and picturesque point on the right shore (going toward Virginia), where good accommodations and “all the luxuries of the season” can now be had. Two enterprising Americans, Messrs. Dean and Martin, have recently purchased the premises, with a view of getting up a splendid watering-place in the Atlantic style. Already they have bath-houses, pleasure-boats, riding horses, billiard tables, bowling-alleys, and all the conveniences for health and recreation. At the time of my visit the house was in process of enlargement. Martin was one of my fellow-pedestrians on my first trip across the mountains to Washoe, and I can safely say it would give me great pleasure to hear of his success in this enterprise. He is a clever, genial fellow, a first-rate traveling companion, and an upright, honest man. To dyspeptics, consumptives, and broken-down stock-brokers I have a word of advice to offer: If you want your digestive apparatus put in complete order, so that brickbats will stick to your ribs without inconvenience, spend a month with my friend Martin; if your bronchial tubes distress you, swallow a few thousand gallons of Lake Tahoe air, and you can blow bellows blasts from your lungs forever after; if your nervous system is deranged by bad speculations in stocks, bowl nine-pins and row one of Martin’s boats for six weeks, and I venture to affirm stocks will rise a thousand per cent. It is all a matter of health in the long-run; with good digestion and a sound nervous system, there is no trouble in life; and for these ends there is no place like Tahoe.

From the first hour after leaving Placerville we passed along the road-side numerous teams and trains of wagons, most of which were grouped together under the trees, or in front of the station-houses, in the old-fashioned camp style. I commenced a rough calculation of the number of wagons, but soon gave it up as a hopeless task. It seemed to me that there were enough of them, big and little, to reach all the way over the mountain. At the least calculation we must have passed two or three hundred. Every wagon was heavily freighted—some with merchandise, others with iron castings for the mills, and quite a goodly number with families, fruit, whisky, and furniture. There were horse-teams, and mule-teams, and ox-teams. I never before saw so many teams on one road. No wonder the dust was pretty deep!





JOB.

"Are you going back to the States?" said I, to a Pike County man, with a wagon-load of wife and children, beds, chairs, and cooking utensils. "No, Sir," said he, turning the quid in his leathery jaw, "you bet I ain't! I'm bound for Reese! After I make my pile-thar, a keeping of a tavern, I'll steer for Californy agin—it's good enough a country for me." "Why did you leave it?" I asked. "Wa'al," said the poor fellow, wiping the dust from his face with the back of his hand, "that's more'n I know. 'Twarn't my fault. The old 'oman was high for feet. She said we were fools for a tinkerin' on our little farm down thar, when every body was makin' fortunes in Reese. She's tolerable peert—the old 'oman is. Oh, she's on it, you bet!" "Well, I wish you luck!" "Thank yer," drawled Pike; "what mout yer name be, stranger?" "My name?—ahem—is—John." The man looked hard at me; turned the quid once more in his leathery jaw; squirted out a copious stream of juice, and, without changing in the slightest degree the gravity of his countenance, said, "Mine's Job;" and then went to work unhitching his horses. This was the last I saw of Job.

bonds? Their faces, despite the dust and grime that besmear them, absolutely shine in the cheery light of the big log fire; they sniff the steaming stew that simmers in the pot with sympathetic unction; they sit and loll upon their mother-earth in exquisite unconscionness of dirt; they spin their yarns of the day's adventures with many a merry burst of laughter; and now, as they fall to work and devour the savory mess before them, what need have they for dinner-pills? Hunger is their sauce—fresh air and exercise their medicine. Oh, the jolly rascals! How I envy them their camp life!

On second thoughts I don't know that they are to be envied in every particular. As to the daily part of their occupation—driving ox and mule teams over the Sierras; swallowing dust and alkali on the plains; pushing, pulling, sweating, and swearing at their stubborn animals, and navigating their heavy wagons over bad roads from one month's end to another—I can't conscientiously envy them. Sooner than follow mule or ox driving as a profession, I think I'd profess politics for a living—which I consider the last resort of a worthless man.

The camp scenes along the way-side were lively and picturesque. I enjoyed them with a peculiar zest after three years of travel through the deserts of civilization in Europe. Here was life reduced to its primary elements; here were accommodations cheap, roomy, and gorgeously furnished; here was comfort fit for poet, artist, or any other man of a naturally sound and barbarous taste; here were food and fire without stint, and fresh air to an unlimited extent; and holes enough through the tops of the trees to let the smoke out; and neither commissioners nor waiters to stand behind and admire your style of eating. Who is there so depraved as not to yearn for the heavenly joys of a camp-life in the wilderness? Just take a side-peep at that merry group of teamsters! Uncouth and unsentimental they may be; tired and hungry after their hard day's work they doubtless are; but did you ever see a happier looking set of vaga-



Yet I must confess the trip to Washoe has, to me at least, lost much of its original charm. No longer is the way variegated by long strings of pedestrians, carrying their picks, shovels, and blankets upon their backs; no longer are the stopping-places crowded every night with two or three hundred millionaires rejoicing in empty pockets and brimming heads; no longer are the wild mountain passes enlivened by grotesque scenes of saddle-trains and passengers struggling through the mud and snow; it is all now a regular and well-established line of travel—too civilized to be interesting in any great degree, and too convenient to admit of those charming discomforts which formerly afforded us so much amusement. The business man who now leaves San Francisco at 4 P.M. is deposited at Virginia City by 10 o'clock the next night—just thirty-six hours'

traveling time. Fancy how the emigrants who crossed these mountains prior to 1860 would have stared at the bare suggestion of such a feat as this! If we are behind the times in railroads, it is certain there is no such country in the world for feats of horse-flesh as California. The length of our stage-routes, the rapidity with which we travel on them, and the facilities afforded by our expresses, would astonish the humdrum people of the Atlantic States, if they had the faintest idea of the difficulties to be overcome in carrying such enterprises into effect in a wild country like ours.

A new road now winds along the shores of Lake Tahoe. This part of the trip will compare favorably with a journey along the shores of Como. At the Point of Rocks the scene is equal to any thing of the kind to be found in Europe. The road is cut through the brow of the cliff, and for a distance of several hundred feet is supported by massive timbers. To the left the clear blue waters of the lake glimmer through forests of towering pine; to the right is a colossal tower of rocks, presenting a front like some grand old fortress built by an antediluvian race of giants. A rough and very hasty



POINT OF ROCKS, LAKE TAHOE.

sketch was all I could get of this remarkable point.

Leaving the lake at the Glenbrook Station, we begin to ascend the last of the Sierra Nevada "divides," and, after a heavy pull and long descent, enjoy a fine view of the pretty little town of Carson. An hour more, and we are safely landed at the Express office of Wells, Fargo, and Co., from which point we can diverge to any number of bad hotels. By selecting the worst you will possibly not be disappointed.

Carson City has enjoyed a very wholesome kind of prosperity since my first visit, if I might be allowed to judge by a casual glance at the new buildings around the plaza and the many pleasant residences in the suburbs. The plethoric condition of the stock market in San Francisco, and the fact that capital had been pouring through the various passes of the Sierras into Washoe, had led me to expect that wonderful improvements must be the result. Nor was I disappointed. The number of drinking saloons in Carson City, and in fact all along the route, manifested in a remarkable degree the rapid progress of civilization. The splendid stone Penitentiary, situated a couple of miles



from Carson, presented another striking evidence of moral advancement. But..... [Here a page or two of manuscript is wanting, which apparently related to Carson City.—EDITOR.] In my next paper I shall speak of Virginia City,

and of my third and last visit there in August, 1864, together with an unvarnished account of my reception by the citizens; and furthermore, of my own most disastrous experiences as a lecturer in that region.



STATION ON THE WASHOE ROAD.

### CHILDLESS.

HE is dead, and in his grave,  
In yonder town, where wind and wave—  
So must I—forever rave.

I saw his coffin sliding down  
The yellow sand in yonder town,  
Then I felt my childless crown.

One morn I kissed him in his bed;  
A moment after, this was said,  
"Your child is dying—he is dead!"

Some one watched the crowded way,  
For him who left his boy that day,  
Saying, "Love, I will not stay."

What misery to see him fall  
Beside that bed, and hear him call  
The darling dead his all in all!

The boy was ready for his rest,  
Flowers in his hair, and on his breast  
His little hands together pressed.

By night we sailed across the sea,  
So floating from the world to be,  
Apart from human speech, we three.

The blue sea sang, the full moon spread  
Her glory with the sunset-red;  
But one of us lay midships dead!

And we returned; in his old place  
Not meeting with him, face to face,  
I cease to love the living race.

But somewhere, just beyond my sight,  
He is; between us a strange light  
Trembles, and hides him day and night.

Mothers, who mourn alone to-day,  
You understand me when I say  
I do not weep, I do not pray.

And when about my work I go—  
Your woman's work—I do not show  
The occupation I bestow

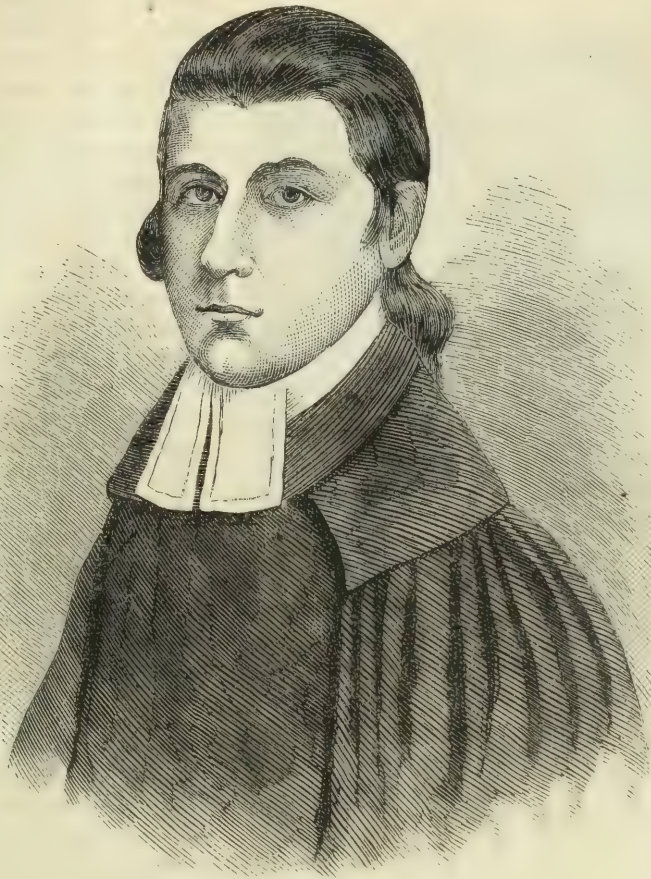
On him; I live the precious days  
He lived, conning his pretty ways,  
And give him late, remorseful praise.

I seek my punishment again;  
I love to bear the cruel pain,  
Which makes me feel both loss and gain.

To stare upon that sacred store,  
His books, his toys, the clothes he wore,  
And mutter, "Could he come once more!"

Then take from me my simple verse,  
Rambling, perhaps, as I rehearse  
This grief—your and my universe.





LYMAN BEECHER, 1803, AGED 23.

## LYMAN BEECHER.

FOR quite fifty years Lyman Beecher was a power in the land. During forty years he was, if not the ablest, the most noted clergyman in America. His recollections cover nearly the whole of the closing quarter of the last century; his active professional life was measured by the first half of the present century. After that came thirteen years of repose, during which he often proposed to write an account of his own Life and Times. His failing powers of memory and expression prevented the accomplishment of the work as originally intended. His children then undertook the pious task. They gathered up from his own lips his recollections, prompting him by questions, each adding his or her own reminiscences, and interposing chapters of correspondence, and more formal history. The completed work can be considered an Autobiography only in a very general way. The properly autobiographic element preponderates in the earlier portion, gradually diminishing to the close. As a whole, it presents a fair picture of a notable man, who acted an important part in notable times.\*

No Beecher came over in the *Mayflower*. The first Americans of that name were part of a company who came to New England in 1638, eighteen years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. This company, finding theological

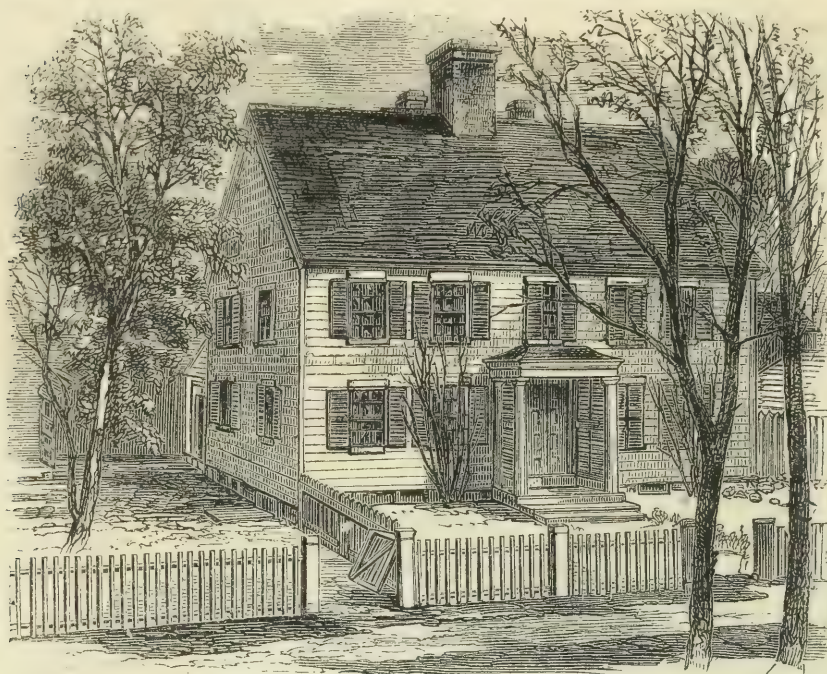
controversy rife in Massachusetts, resolved to form a new colony. They pitched upon a spot called by the Indians Quin-nipiac, named Red Mount by the Dutch, but to which they gave the name of New Haven on account of its good harbor. Of this company was Hannah Beecher, who had become a widow just before they sailed. Being a midwife she was induced to go with the expedition by the assurance that she should receive her husband's share in the town plot. The first sermon preached to the company, after their arrival at their new home, was by Master John Davenport, under a great oak which stood on the widow's plot. The spot is marked by the "Old Beecher House," now standing in New Haven. Hannah Beecher lived a score of years, and died, leaving an estate valued at £55 5s. 6d. With her came her son John, who had already reached man's estate. His son Joseph, the first American-born Beecher, was mighty in hands and spine. He could lift a bar-

rel of cider by the chimes and drink out of the bung-hole—a feat which we commend to the trial of the strong men of our day. His son Nathaniel was a blacksmith, and his anvil stood on the stump of the old oak from which Davenport preached the first sermon ever delivered in Connecticut. He, too, was a strong man, though not so strong as his father; still he could lift a barrel of cider into a cart. He stood six feet high, and was the last of the tall Beechers. None of the race since have quite come up to the standard American height.

Next came David, the father of Lyman, a short, square-built man—blue-eyed, and half Welsh by blood—strong enough to carry a barrel of cider into the cellar; a blacksmith, like his father, and also a farmer, who made famous hoes, and raised excellent rye and wheat. He kept, moreover, a boarding-house for the accommodation of Yale students and members of the Legislature. His table was a little more luxurious than was the custom of the country; consequently he was afflicted with dyspepsia and the consequent blues. Moreover, he had a sun-stroke while out soldiering toward the close of the Revolutionary war, which did not tend to improve his spirits. In his later years he always fancied himself bankrupt, and on the point of coming to want. Still he lived well; and when he died was found to have laid up four or five thousand dollars—a very fair estate for the times. He was a very well-read man, but notably careless and absent-minded—a trait which was transmitted to his more famous son.

\* Autobiography, Correspondence, etc., of LYMAN BEECHER, D.D., edited by CHARLES BEECHER. With Illustrations. Two Volumes: Harper and Brothers.





THE OLD BEECHER HOUSE, NEW HAVEN.

David Beecher was five times married, and had a dozen children, of whom all but four died in infancy. Lyman Beecher was the only child of Esther Lyman, the third and best-loved of the five wives. She died of consumption two days after the birth of her son, who was a puny seven-months' child, whom it was thought useless to try to save, so he was wrapped up and laid aside as dead. After a while one of the women found that the babe breathed; so she washed and dressed it, with the words, "It is a pity he had not died." But there was good stock in him, and the weakling endured fully threescore and ten years of active and useful life; and "by reason of strength," quietly overpassed by eight years the extreme limit of fourscore.

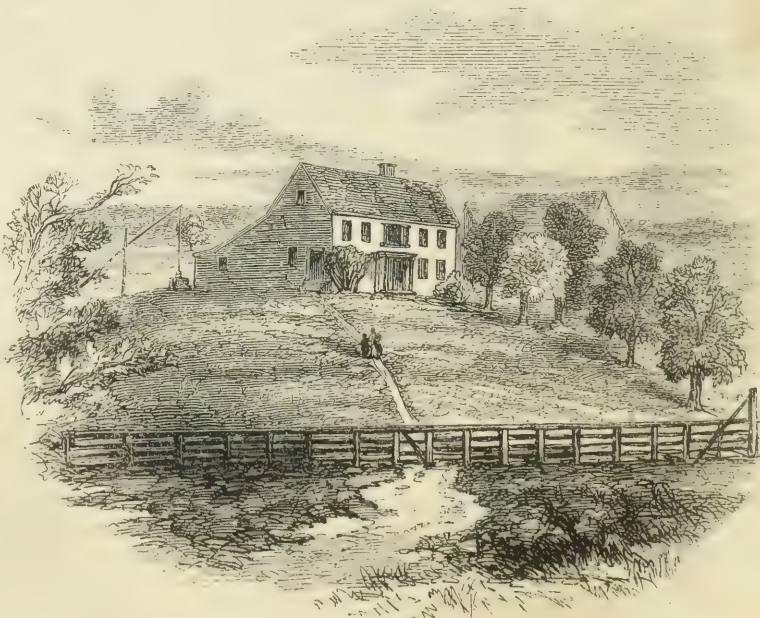
The motherless babe was almost from birth adopted by his mother's sister, the childless wife of Lot Benton, a well-to-do farmer of Guilford, a few miles from New Haven. Worthy Uncle Lot was a true father to the child, one of whose daughters long after described him under the name of "Uncle Lot Griswold." He was a tall, bright, dark-eyed man of pleasant countenance; always scheming, and contriving, and farming on the principle of making his land yield the most with the least outlay. The first sixteen years of the life of Lyman Beecher were passed mainly with Uncle Lot.

Here and there in the autobiographical reminiscences we get glimpses of the way in which well-to-do people in Connecticut lived two generations ago. Six mahogany

chairs, in a shut-up parlor, were considered magnificent. Good David Beecher never got beyond cherry. Here, excerpted from the autobiography, is a picture of life at Uncle Lot's:

We raised our own breadstuffs, he says, and fodder for stock, and cut salt hay on the marsh. Raised an acre or two of flax, though it was impossible to keep Aunt Benton in spinning for the winter. In fall and winter there was wood to be cut and hauled. In June we went to Quinnepaug Outlet to wash sheep; a day or two afterward we sheared them. Then the

fleece was salted, carded, and spun, all in the house: flax in winter, wool in summer. They made all sorts of linen work, table-cloths, shirting, sheeting, and cloths. Thrifty Aunt Benton and Annis—a bright thirteen-year old girl—got up very early in the morning and made breakfast, for which there was rye bread, butter, buckwheat cakes, and pie. After the dishes were washed Annis and I helped aunt milk. We dined on salt pork, vegetables, and pies; corned-beef also; and always on Sunday a boiled Indian pudding. We made a stock of pies at Thanksgiving, froze them for winter use, and they lasted until March. Of the durability of these Connecticut pies a good story is told. It is said, on taking down the pantry of an old house, under it was found one of these pies, in perfect preservation, though the earthen dish which had contained it was entire-



LOT BENTON'S HOUSE.



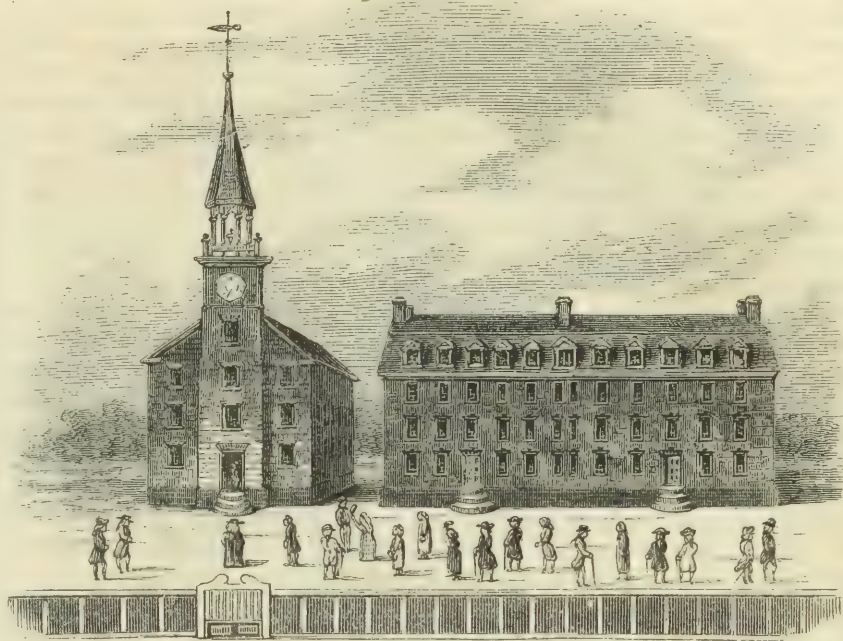
ly decayed. The main winter work was hauling, cutting, and splitting wood, to keep up the mighty fires in the great open fire-places. The amusements were hunting squirrels, quail, musk-rats, and other small game; fishing for perch, trout, and the like; eating apples, drinking cider, telling stories, playing checkers, and going to singing-school in the evenings. Sunday evenings the boys "went courting."

There were about a dozen slaves in the town. They were, in fact, masters rather

than servants. Thus old Parson Fowler's Moses managed the farm, rung the church bell, sent his master's son to college, paid the bills, and was head-man in general. It was considered a settled thing that Lyman was to be a farmer, and in due time to have the nice Benton homestead.

"How did it happen that you did not become a farmer?" asked his daughter, of the old man.

"I should," was the reply, "if Uncle Benton had not cleared a fifteen-acre lot, and I driven plow over the whole three times. I wish you could see his old plow. It was a curious thing of his own making, clumsy, heavy, and patched with old hoes and pieces of iron to keep it from falling to pieces. But he thought a great deal of it. One day I drove the ox-team so near as to graze it with the wheel. 'There, there, Lyman, you've run over that plow and broke it all to pieces.' 'Why, Uncle Lot, I haven't touched the plow.' 'Well, I'd a great deal rather you had than to have gone so plaguy nigh it.' Now I am naturally quick, and that old plow was so slow—one furrow a little way, and then another—and the whole fifteen acres three times over, some of it as steep as the roof of a house. I became inexpressibly sick of it. What should I do then but build castles in the air? First I knew I would be a rod ahead, and the plow out, and Uncle Lot would say 'Whoa!' and come and give me a shake. Not long after the job was finished, Uncle Benton and I were walking over to Toket Hill, and I had got so used to driving that I fell into a brown study, and kept saying 'Whoa!' 'Haw!' 'Gee!' as if the oxen were along. 'Why, Lyman,' said Uncle Lot, 'did you think you were driving the oxen?' It was then, I believe, he gave up. Next day we were out behind the barn picking apples. 'Lyman,' said he, 'should you like to go to college?' 'I don't know, Sir,' said I. But the



YALE COLLEGE, 1793.

next day we were out picking apples again, and without his saying a word, I said, 'Yes, Sir, I should.' So he drove over to New Haven, and talked with father, and they settled it between them. Uncle Lot was to clothe me—Aunt Benton could make nearly every thing—and father was to do the rest. Uncle took his nephew Lot Benton for his heir, gave him the homestead, and moved to Old Guilford. But when he died, many years afterward, he left me his Guilford house, and land worth about \$2000 besides."

Thus it happened that an indifferent farmer was lost, and a great preacher was gained.

After two years of preparation Lyman Beecher entered Yale College in 1793. He was eighteen years old, a stout and healthy farmer's boy. The college bore little resemblance to the present pride of the "City of Elms." It seems that the special objects of the early builders of New England were first to find into what ugly shapes they could pile up brick and timber, and then to see how uncomfortable they could make the interior. The Yale architects succeeded admirably in both respects. For apparatus there was a home-made orrery as big as the wheel of an ocean steamer, so rusty that it could not be made to revolve; a four-foot telescope, through which nobody could see any thing; an air-pump so out of order that a mouse under the receiver might have lived as long as Methuselah, so far as exhaustion of air was concerned. Besides these there was a prism and an elastic hoop to illustrate centrifugal force—and that was the whole list of the apparatus of Yale. For President there was at first Dr. Stiles, a trim, pompous old gentleman, wonderfully urbane out of college—just the reverse within it. He died before Beecher completed his course, and was succeeded by Timothy Dwight, a man of quite a different order. He was Beecher's spiritual father.



Twenty-five years after, when the pupil had become great, he told his teacher that to him he owed all that he had. "Then," said Dwight, "I have done a great and soul-satisfying work. I consider myself amply rewarded."

Beecher's college course, estimated by the class-books of the tutors, was not a brilliant one. Proficiency in mathematics was the recognized test of scholarship. He was deficient even in arithmetic; the higher mathematics he lost totally. So he got no appointment at Commencement; but he received an honor dearer to the college student. His class-mates found that he could talk so that people would listen, and they chose him to deliver the Valedictory Address on Presentation Day, six weeks before Commencement.

Good Father Beecher had dreadful fits of "hypo" when the college bills were to be paid. He could not stand it, he told his wife—the fifth, for he had been married, re-widowed, and again re-wedded, since the loss of his third and best-loved wife; he must take Lyman out of college. The good woman would not hear to this. She had some property in her own right, and that should go to pay her step-son's bills. Lyman knew well enough that his father was fairly well-to-do in the world, and tried to soothe him. "Don't be concerned," he said. "You have enough to live on at present; and when I get through and have a home I'll take care of you." "Pooh! poor fellow!" grumbled the dyspeptic old man, "you'll scratch a poor man's head all your lifetime." The dismal prophecy turned out to be not far from true; though the young man managed to help himself that year. Six weeks before Commencement the college butler gave up his post. By the old Yale laws, written in Latin which Cicero would need a glossary to understand, "The butler is licensed to sell in the buttery cider, metheglin, strong beer (not more than twelve casks [*cados*] a year), loaf-sugar, pipes, tobacco, and such like things necessary for students not on sale in the commons."\* Young Beecher borrowed \$300, bought out the stock of Staples, the retiring butler, and started what we may call a college grocery. The number of *cadis* which he might sell was strictly limited by college law; but the size of a *cadus* was not defined. The new butler interpreted it liberally. To replenish the stock left by his predecessor, he "sent to New York by an English parson (a judge of the article) and bought a *hogshead* of porter," from which we infer that a *cadus*, by Yale measurement, meant a hogshead. Young Beecher, having pronounced his Presentation Valedictory, went into his grocery enterprise with a will. In six weeks he made enough to pay the borrowed investment, clear Commencement expenses, buy a suit of clothes, with a surplus of a hundred dollars in hand, be-

sides another hundred dollars in bad debts for *necessaria scholaribus* furnished "on tick" to students whose needs in the way of beer and cider, pipes and tobacco, were in advance of their pecuniary resources. "If I had gone into business then," said the good old man sixty years later, "I should have made money." Possibly he might, but this is the first and last instance during his long life in which he showed any aptitude in that direction.

A dozen hogsheads of beer, with cider and mead, pipes and tobacco, at discretion, seems an ample allowance for a hundred students. But Yale under Dr. Stiles's administration had fallen into a bad way. Most of the students were skeptical, called each other Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and the like; wines and liquors were kept in many of the rooms, besides the potables which the butler furnished; rowdies were plenty; intemperance, profanity, gambling, and licentiousness were common. Clergy and people, as we shall have occasion to see, were then, and for a long time thereafter, almost universally heavy drinkers, and inveterate smokers. A great change was, however, wrought in Yale immediately upon the accession of Dwight to the Presidency.

When Beecher entered college he was undecided whether he was to be a lawyer or a clergyman. He listened to the first lawyers of his day, became disgusted with legal quirks and quibbles, and determined that he would preach. Yet at this time he did not even suppose that he was converted. "It was not before the middle of my junior year," he says, "that I was really awakened." He passed through the ordinary phases of religious experience, as laid down in the theology of the time. First came conviction, then despair, then attempts at reformation—of heart, not of life, for his life was remarkably blameless, or rather in technical phrase "moral." He could effect nothing by this attempt at "self-righteousness;" could not make a "right prayer with a wrong heart;" was tormented with the doctrines, especially that of Election; pored over Brainerd's Life—"a most undesirable thing for cases like mine; it gave me a tinge for years," and "Edwards on the Affections," which he calls "a most overwhelming thing, and to common minds the most entangling. They are," he said in his old age, "a bad generation of books on the whole. I was converted in spite of such books." To our minds the trouble was that he tried to be Edwards or Brainerd, and his nature would let him be only Beecher. The upshot was that he fell into a state of permanent hypochondria, a "dark, sullen, unfeeling state," that finally affected his health, which lasted for months, and passed away only by degrees. "I began," he says, "to see more into the doctrines of the Bible. Election and Decrees were less a stumbling-block. I came in by that door. The fact is, the law and doctrines, without any explanation, is a cruel way to get souls into the kingdom. Mine was a hopeful, promising case, and

\* "Promolientia in promptuario vendendi vinum pomaceum, hydromelem, crevisiam fortem (non plus quam cados duodecim annuatim), saccharum rigidum, tubulos, tabacum, et talia scholaribus necessaria, non a dispensatore in culina venalia."

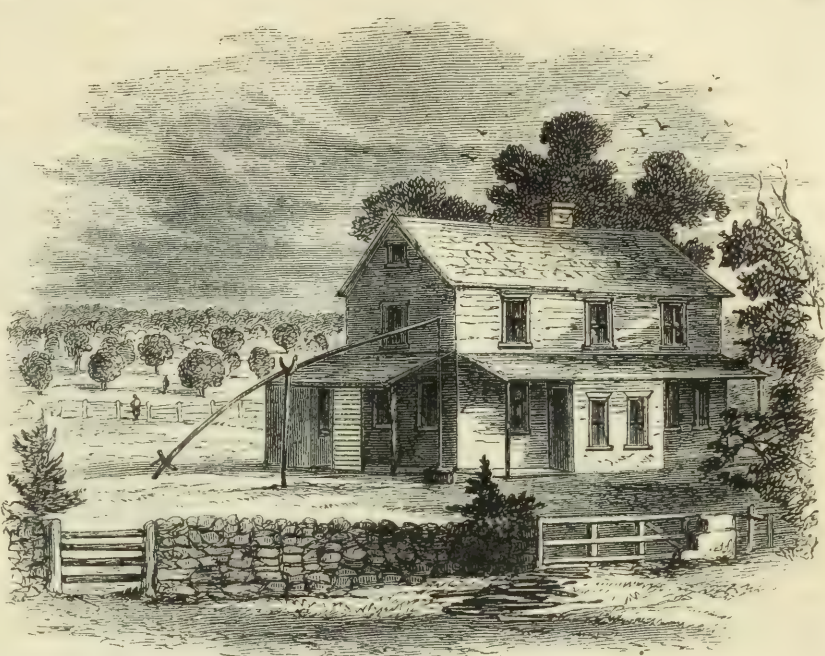


if I had the instruction I give to inquirers, I should have come out bright in a few days." As it was, he had grave doubts, which extended even into his divinity year, whether it would be right in him to preach.

His divinity year lasted really only nine months. There was no Hebrew, and apparently little Greek. It is doubtful whether Beecher could ever fairly read a chapter of the Scriptures in the original tongues. In divinity Hopkins, Edwards, Bellamy, Andrew Fuller, and, above all, Dwight's Sermons, were the chief text-books. The main study was the Evidences

of Christianity—the most important topic at a time when it seemed a doubtful question whether infidelity would not oversweep New England. Twice a week he and a fellow-student walked over to West Haven, and held meetings in the society of Father Williston, a pious but very tame old preacher. Beecher had then formed that fiery, impetuous style which was ever after his marked characteristic. "The people turned out to hear us," he said, "and there were some conversions. I had much interest in my subjects; was impulsive and vehement. I wish I could hear somebody speak as I used to then."

Meanwhile, according to the wont of young men "looking forward to the ministry," he fell in love, wisely and well, as it happened. At Nutplains, a little way from the village of Old Guilford, lived General Andrew Ward, an old revolutionary officer, and for years the magnate of the town. According to tradition, which any one who chooses may believe, it was for a long time the custom when "town-meeting" was held, for the Moderator to announce to the voters, "The meeting is now open, and you will proceed to vote for General Ward and Deacon Burgess as representatives." It is certain that for years Ward was standing representative for Guilford. His son-in-law, Eli Foote, had died, leaving ten children. The grandfather took them to his home, and became a father to all. They were a family of uncommon ability, but foremost of all was one daughter, Roxana. A refugee from St. Domingo took up his residence at Guilford; from him Roxana learned to speak and write French; she played well on the guitar, and was a very creditable artist, painting flowers and miniatures. She was well-read in history, poetry, and the novels of the day. The Ward House, familiarly called "Castle Ward," was merely a rather rambling New England farm-house, of wood, built piecemeal, from time to time as more room was needed. Close by, on



CASTLE WARD.

the bank of a pleasant stream, was a spinning-mill, where three or four spinning-wheels were turned by water. This was the favorite spot of the girls. Here, while they spun, they received their visitors, chatted, laughed, and read, Roxana fastening her French books to the distaff, studying and spinning at once.

Beecher had inwardly sworn that he would never marry a weak woman. His wife must have sense and possess strength to lean upon. Roxana possessed these qualities; but she had said that she would never marry until she found some one like the stately Sir Charles Grandison. It required some stretch of imagination to recognize him in the short young collegian; and when he asked if there was any fatal objections to his addresses, she hinted that it would be a long time before he would complete his studies. However, she permitted him to continue his visits, and in due time an engagement was made, conditioned that neither party repented. The divinity student once came very near repenting. Roxana was trained in the Episcopal communion, and Lyman, soon to be a Presbyterian preacher, became troubled about the difference in their religious views; so he rode to Nutplains to talk the matter over, prepared, if the disagreement was too great, to give up the engagement. The result was a long talk, a good cry, and the discovery that on vital points they thought very much alike. He never told her to her dying day what he had in mind when he made that visit.

In due time the four young men who constituted the Yale Divinity Class were examined and licensed. Beecher feared that it would be hard to find flocks for so many shepherds. Providence, however, had taken care of that matter. The southern extremity of Long Island had been settled from Connecticut. At East Hampton was a church considered then the most important on the Island. The pastor, good old Doc-





EAST HAMPTON CHURCH.

tor Buell, had died a few months before, and after one or two trials of others Beecher was asked to go there as a "candidate." He owned a horse, saddle, and bridle; all the rest of his personal effects were packed in a little white hair-trunk, which he carried on the pommel of his saddle, as, on Thanksgiving-day, 1798, he rode over to New London, whence he was to take passage across the Sound.

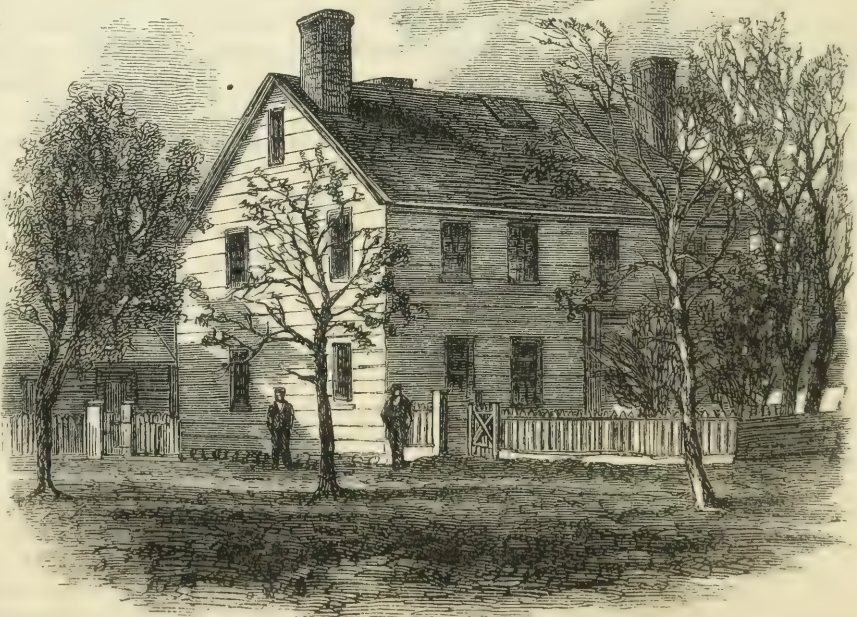
East Hampton village was then a collection of plain farm-houses, built directly upon a portion of the main southern highway. In front of each house stood the wood-pile, close by the barn. The street, or rather road, was a stretch of green turf two or three hundred feet wide, through the centre of which ran a couple of narrow dun-colored ruts, worn by the wheels of the few passing wagons, and between them two broader ones trodden out by the feet of the horses. The green turf on either side was usually snowy with flocks of white geese. At each end of the street stood a windmill. A short row of stiff Lombardy poplars, and one great elm, a landmark for miles around, were then the only trees. The first "meeting-house" was built in 1650. In 1717 it was replaced by the one in which Lyman Beecher was to preach. It had a bell and clock, and was the largest and

most splendid church on the Island. This building, its interior quite altered, still stands, and bids fair to stand for another century. It is the oldest house on the Island. Not far away were several small hamlets, mostly bearing sonorous Indian names, whence on Sundays the good people came to Hampton, riding in great two-horse wagons, each capable of carrying a whole family.

The new "candidate" preached and visited with fair acceptance, meeting with less than the usual amount of carping. Sundry faults were indeed found. On Christmas-day he took dinner with a Deist, and in the

evening, at another house, heard a young lady sing songs, and asked her to sing all she knew. On another occasion he actually sung himself; and once went hunting in company with a Deist. But, on the whole, matters went on favorably, and late in March he was able to write to Roxana that he expected to receive a "call" in April, in which case he should soon, say in May or June, "naturally enough begin to think about getting a wife."

The call came and was accepted. The preacher's salary was fixed at \$300, with a kind of parsonage right, afterward commuted for \$400 in cash. On the 19th of September, 1799, he was married, and in a few days the pair set out for their home. Roxana had a candle-stand, bureau, table, clothing, bedding, linen, and other



BEECHER'S HOUSE AT EAST HAMPTON.



stuffs. Uncle Lot hired a small sloop to take them over. "He always did such things for us," said Beecher; "took as much care for me as if I had been but fifteen; made all my bargains." The parson soon bought a dilapidated old house, with five acres of land, paying \$800 for the whole, and spending \$300 in repairs to make the dwelling habitable. The first carpet ever known at East Hampton was in the parson's house. One day a little money came from good Uncle Lot; with it Lyman bought a bale of cotton; Roxana span it, had it woven, and painted it over in oil-colors, with a gay border around the edge, and groups of flowers in the centre. The people were astounded at the magnificence of the pastor's parlor when the new carpet was laid down. Good old Deacon Tallmadge coming one day stopped at the door, afraid to enter. "Walk in, Deacon," said the pastor. "I can't," he answered, "'thout step-pin' on't," adding, after a moment's wondering admiration, "D'ye think ye can have all that, and heaven too?" The good Deacon in a breath got off a couple of *mots* which have since done good service in comic papers and religious tracts.

The young pastor soon became a man of note. "The light of the golden candlestick of East Hampton began to be seen afar." There were "revivals" in his parish. In other words, under his teaching and preaching men and women actually became Christians, despite of the poor health which for months together precluded him from active work. His first marked stroke which told beyond his own congregation was his Sermon on Dueling, occasioned by the death of Alexander Hamilton. That sermon was printed, and became afterward a power in the politics of the country. Years after, when Henry Clay was a candidate for the Presidency, it was republished by his opponents as a political pamphlet, and was scattered broadcast over the land.

Beecher's ministry at East Hampton lasted for a little less than twelve years. He preached earnestly, and in every way labored zealously in his vocation. Revival after revival rewarded his efforts. For the rest, he fished some, and took good care of his five-acre plot; set out an orchard, the first known in the place, for the farmers had thought apples would not grow so near the salt-water; and played, rather dolorously we imagine, upon that unclerical instrument the fiddle. His wife planted flowers and shrubs in the front yard of the parsonage—they say that a snow-ball and a catalpa of her planting are still living—and set out shade trees before the house. Others followed the good example, and set about beautifying their homes. Trees sprung up in the place of the old wood-piles, and now one can hardly find a more beautifully shaded place than East Hampton.

Meanwhile children were born in the parsonage—almost one a year—and the pastor found his salary of \$400 inadequate for the maintenance of his growing household. To supply the deficiency he set up a boarding-school for girls in his house. His wife taught the higher En-

glish branches, French, painting, and embroidery; he cared for the compositions of the pupils. The school prospered fairly enough; but in spite of it there was a growing deficit in the general income. He must either have more salary or must leave. He laid the matter fairly before his people. His demands certainly were not exorbitant. For five years he had spent \$100 a year more than he had received, and was now \$500 in debt. If his people would meet that \$500, and thereafter pay him \$500 a year and his fire-wood, he would stay with them, probably as long as he lived. The good people of East Hampton loved their pastor; but they loved their dollars quite as well, and tried to drive a close bargain.—Would Mr. Beecher promise never to ask more than \$500 a year?—Mr. Beecher would not promise that. If things continued as they then were he thought he could live upon that. If his expenses should be greatly increased he could not. In any case, he must have a salary upon which he could live.—Then if they paid the \$500 of debt, would Mr. Beecher refund it in case he should ever remove from them?—He would not agree to that. He had labored for them for five years for a hundred dollars a year less than it had cost him to live. The \$500 dollars was, he thought, his just due for arrears.—The result was that when the whole matter came up before the Presbytery, the church said that they would make no objection to Mr. Beecher's request for a dismissal. Whereupon, in April, 1810, the Presbytery unanimously resolved that Mr. Beecher, according to his own request, should be dismissed from his pastoral relation to the church and congregation at East Hampton, and recommended to the Southern Association of Litchfield County, in the State of Connecticut, as a minister in good and regular standing:—For while these matters were pending, the church of Litchfield had given him a "call."

We have dwelt at length upon the early years of Lyman Beecher, and upon his first pastorate, because before its close his character had been fully formed. In fact, he was personally and professionally formed when, at the age of twenty-two, he entered upon his labor. The Doctor Beecher of Litchfield and Boston and Cincinnati was in all save growth the Lyman Beecher of East Hampton. In theology he was in terms thoroughly orthodox, even according to the strictest standard of Edwards. Both accepted the same formal creed even upon the questions of Divine Sovereignty and Human Responsibility. Yet when practically presented there was a wide difference. To Edwards, the recluse student, the universe moved solely by the action of God; men were, after all, but puppets in his hands; every action of them and their eternal fate was fixed by divine decree, absolutely and unchangeably, before the world began. To Beecher, endowed with an intense personality, every man acted, and was to be treated as acting from his own volition. In Edwards's view Divine Sovereignty—including in the phrase Elec-



tion, Decrees, Predestination, and kindred doctrines—were the fixed point to which Human Agency must be made to conform. In Beecher's view Human Agency, and consequently Responsibility, was the fixed point, and Divine Sovereignty must be so interpreted as not to conflict with it. This is not the place, nor is the present writer the one, to decide between these two systems, or rather phases of the same system. Granting that absolute Divine Sovereignty is the golden side, and absolute Human Responsibility the silver side of the shield, it is enough to say that Beecher's eye was ever fixed on the silver side. In his farewell sermon at East Hampton he gave the outline of his theological system. This sermon was years after enlarged and preached in Boston as a "charge" at the ordination of a clergyman, and published under the title of "The Bible a Code of Laws." A single paragraph from this sermon condenses, better than we can, Beecher's view upon this point. The new pastor was admonished to

"Admit no excuse for impenitence, and no plea in mitigation of guilt; no Decree of God as having any influence to constrain them to sin, or render immediate repentance impossible; no doctrine of Election or Reprobation as excluding them from heaven against their wills, and driving them reluctantly to hell; no doctrine of Total Depravity as destroying Free Agency, and rendering transgression involuntary and unavoidable; no doctrine of Regeneration by the special agency of the Holy Spirit as implying any inability in the sinner to love, and repent, and believe, which does not consist wholly in his refusal to obey the Most High."

Litchfield, whither Beecher removed in 1810—he being then in his thirty-fifth year—was a type of a New England village of the best class. It would be hard to find any where so large a proportion of men and women of education and culture as were then gathered in Litchfield. There were Oliver Wolcott, who had been a member of Washington's Cabinet, and his son Frederick, a distinguished lawyer; Tapping

Reeve, Principal of the Law School, which for forty years was the most noted institution of the kind in the country, and several judges, professors in the school; John Pierpont, poet and divine; sundry lawyers and physicians of note; Sarah Pierce, Principal of a noted Female Academy, which drew pupils and their parents from every part of the Union; and many another well worthy of note. It was "a delightful village, on a fruitful hill, richly endowed with schools both professional and scientific, with its venerable governors and judges, with its learned lawyers and senators and representatives, and a population enlightened and respectable."

Beecher sold his Hampton house for \$1800—making a thousand dollars clear profit—and with the money bought a square hipped-roofed house and several acres of land, with garden and orchard, pleasantly situated. In a few years he built an addition in front to afford room for the accommodation of several boarders from the Female Academy. His salary of \$800 seemed ample to meet his wants, and for five years he lived as happy as often falls to the lot of mortals. His labors were abundant and successful, and he soon became recognized as the great man of the region.

Soon after his settlement he began his warfare against intemperance. There was, and long had been, abundant occasion for this. Intemperance was the vice of the day. The clergy were no whit behind their people in the matter of hard drinking. The official meetings of the clerical bodies were far from decorous in this respect. Beecher could remember that once, when he was a boy, the Association dined at Uncle Lot's. As soon as good Aunt Benton saw her reverend guests approaching she ran down to the cellar and drew a pail of beer; then the hot irons were thrust in, and the bucket of foaming flip was ready. This soon disappeared; then came pipes, and in fifteen minutes one could not see across the room. Matters went on from bad to worse. Just after his settlement at Litchfield there was an ordination

in a neighboring town. When the members of the Consociation met at the house of the new pastor they found an ample side-board set out with decanters and bottles, filled with all the liquors then in vogue, with water and sugar for those who wished to take their tippie mixed. The reverend gentlemen took a drink all round, as soon as they came in; another when they were ready to set out for the meeting-house; and another when the services were over. Then there were drinks at dinner to help digestion, and private "nips" through



BEECHER'S HOUSE AT LITCHFIELD.



the afternoon and evening, as each man felt inclined. They must have had well-seasoned heads, since, notwithstanding this steady imbibition, "none of the Consociation were *drunk*; but," adds Beecher, "that there was not, at times, a considerable amount of exhilaration, I can not affirm. The side-board, with the spillings of water and sugar and liquor, looked and smelled like the bar of a very active grog-shop. When they had done drinking, and had taken pipes and tobacco, in less than fifteen minutes there was such a smoke that you couldn't see. And the noise I can not describe. It was the maximum of hilarity. They told their stories and were at the height of their jocosose talk." The Consociation, if not "drunk," was clearly "fuddled." The Society paid for the treat, and grumbled a little at the amount of liquor consumed. Almost on the heels of this affair came an ordination in another village, and the same Consociation enacted a similar scene, and the Society murmured still more loudly at the cost and scandal. "These two meetings," says Beecher, "were near together, and in both my alarm, shame, and indignation were intense. It was that which woke me up for the war; and I silently took an oath before God that I would never attend another ordination of that kind." Others were alarmed too. The General Association appointed a committee to consider the matter. Beecher was chairman, and drew up a stirring report, "the most important paper," he says, "that I ever wrote." Out of this grew the "Massachusetts Temperance Society," formed in 1813. This report was followed in time by the famous "Six Sermons on Intemperance," which, when published, wrought an effect greater for a time than any other discourses that have proceeded from the American pulpit.

Very pleasant are the chapters in which the daughters of Lyman Beecher, after an interval of almost half a century, narrate their reminiscences of life in Litchfield. This was divided into two great periods, the line between them marked by a great sorrow. Six years after its commencement the beloved Roxana died. No wife could have been more tenderly loved, truly honored, and deeply mourned. Strong man as he was, Beecher had come to look upon her as the better and stronger portion of himself; and his first sensation after her death was that of "a sort of terror, like that of a child suddenly shut out alone in the dark." For a whole year after it seemed to him that there was not motive enough in the world to move him. Years after he showed to one of his sons a large basket filled with manuscripts. "There," he said, "are the sermons I wrote the year after your mother died, and there is not one of them good for any thing." Yet at the close of that year, almost to a day, he married a second wife. This wife, Harriet Porter, was a worthy successor to Roxana Foote, to whose eight children she was as loving a mother as to those borne by herself. This union lasted almost twenty years. In less than a year

after its dissolution he married a third wife. "I thought," he had said long before, "that it would be my duty to live in the family state."

The chapter in which Harriet Beecher Stowe describes her "Early Remembrances" of life at Litchfield reads like an idyl. We see the father taking his boys on hunting and fishing excursions; coming back at night loaded with the spoils of the trout-brook, which nobody but himself could fry as fish should be fried; of nutting expeditions, where the father climbed higher into the trees than any of his boys dared venture; of the early spring days when the great logs of the wood-pile were to be cut, split, and wheeled off in order that the spot might be turned into a cucumber patch, so that Dr. Beecher of Litchfield might raise as early esculents as Dr. Taylor of New Haven, who had warmer and dryer land; and how all the children, boys and girls, even down to little Harriet, were worked up into a fever of wood-carrying emulation by the father's well-timed declaration that he "wished Harriet was a boy, she would do more work than any of them." Then of the jovial apple season, when, to keep the apple-peelers at top of speed, father and children would emulate each other in trying to see who could tell the most stories out of Scott's novels—for those were the days when "Ivanhoe" and the "Tales of my Landlord" opened a new era in the world of fiction.

Still there was one cloud, small at first, but expanding from year to year, always lowering over this pleasant Litchfield home. It was the old East Hampton trouble: expenses were too great for income. The purchase of the old house had required all of the new pastor's means. The addition built to it was to have been paid for by money left to Roxana from her father's estate. This had been left in the hands of her brother, then a thriving merchant in New York. He failed; the money was lost, and the cost of the building, far greater than had been anticipated, became a debt. The experiment of keeping boarders—pleasant enough viewed from the children's stand-point, who only saw the bright dresses and blooming faces of the girls—looked otherwise to the parents. It did not pay. The pastor found himself in debt, and regularly behindhand. His people raised \$3000 to pay off the debt, securing the sum, most likely, upon his property, and making him a present of two year's salary. Affairs went on for a while smoothly. But in time new children came, and the elder ones were to be educated. Sick-ness happened; expenses increased; debts accumulated again, slowly but surely. So in 1826, after sixteen years' labor at Litchfield, Beecher found that he was running behindhand at the rate of \$200 a year. The great Mr. Micawber had not then enunciated the famous formula that "if a man had twenty pounds a year for his income, and spent nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence he would be happy; but that if he spent twenty pounds one he would be miserable." But Beecher reached





HANOVER CHURCH, BOSTON.

the same point. "For several days and nights," he said, "I endured what I shall not attempt to describe, only by saying that a few days more of such suspense and agitation must have prostrated me entirely." The matter fairly before him, he met the case honestly. The condition of his congregation was not such as to lead him to expect that they could furnish him the money that he must have. "I will, therefore," he said, "ask for a dismissal, sell my property, pay my debts, and cast myself upon the protection and guidance of Heaven."

Twelve hours after coming to this decision he received a formal letter asking him to become the pastor of the Hanover Church in Boston. The call was accepted, and Beecher took up his abode in the New England capital. The six years during which his ministry in Boston lasted were the most brilliant of his life. He had just closed his first half century. In spite of the climate, which demanded the most watchful care in dress to meet its daily changes, he took a new lease of strength. He was more vigorous in body and mind than ever before. The sphere of his action was wide enough to call for the exercise of all his powers. The old burden of insufficient means was lifted from his shoulders. His children, whose spiritual condition had caused him constant uneasiness, had been one after another converted. One son had already entered the ministry, others were preparing to enter. No wonder that he preached and prayed and wrote, as he had never before wrote and prayed and preached. He was sustained and upheld by the fervent admiration of his church, and of the great body of his clerical associates. It was mainly by his efforts that the great Unitarian wave was turned which had threatened to sweep the old Puritan faith from New England. Beecher threw himself into this contest with intense earnestness. He could not

have done otherwise. In his view the Unitarian system of doctrine and philosophy was dishonoring to God and ruinous to man. The adherents of this system had crept by stealth into orthodox churches, driven out the rightful owners, and taken wrongful possession. The old foundations established by the Pilgrim Fathers for the perpetuation of their own theology had been perverted to the support of doctrines which they repudiated. Harvard College had been seized; the fund left to maintain an annual sermon on the Trinity

was expended to keep up a yearly lecture declaring that there was no Trinity; the Hollis Professorship of Divinity was employed to train up a class of ministers whose ideas were in avowed opposition to the intention of its orthodox founder; the fountain from which pure truth should have flowed was perverted at its very source. So Beecher believed; and he acted in accordance with his conviction. We who look back upon this famous controversy, whatever we may think of its grounds, must find much to condemn in the spirit and manner in which it was conducted. The *odium theologicum* is proverbially the bitterest of all hatreds. We must admit that Beecher said and wrote many things unwise, harsh, and unjust. He would have been more or less than himself had he not done so. His biographer indeed intimates that, in his violent personal denunciations, he must be understood as only "speaking in a highly figurative sense of the logical demolition of error." But the "written letter remains;" and we can not pronounce this controversy profitable reading. Nor do we think any man now will do well to pore over the controversies—such as those upon "Revivals" and "Taylorism," in which Beecher was engaged with some of his own clerical associates. Let the dead past bury its dead.

Let us endeavor to present a personal picture of the man Lyman Beecher as he appeared during this period of his highest power, when he was beyond all dispute the foremost clergyman of the day—the acknowledged champion and defender of the faith.

No stranger, who should have been present at weekly reunion of the Boston ministers, would at first have recognized the great orthodox leader in the short, square, toothless old man in negligent undress, who seemed the perpetual mark for jokes and sly witticisms, which he always



sent back with interest. His absence of mind was proverbial. One pair of spectacles would be very apt to be on the top of his head, another on his nose, while he was fumbling in his pockets for a third. His watch was rarely wound up, and when wound up was never right. If he had occasion to make a memorandum he never had a pencil; he would borrow that of a neighbor, dash off a few hasty notes, and pocket it; the next time he wanted to write he would borrow another pencil, and so on, until those of half the company were stowed away in his pockets. Then some one would ask how many pencils he had; and recalled to recollection, he would begin distributing them among their owners. Yet before long the stranger would discover that this little absent-minded, genial man was not merely the favorite, but the master-spirit of the assembly.

The most famous of his daughters shall furnish us with a sketch of a single imaginary day in this Boston life. He was a sound sleeper, and it was the special duty of the reigning "baby" of the household to waken him in the morning. She had been instructed that to do this she must take him by the nose, kiss him a great many times before the heaviness of his head would go off so that he could lift it. Fairly awakened, there was a difficulty in the way of rising. He was afraid there was "a great lion under the bed," who would surely catch him by the foot. Little curly-head must solemnly promise that she would not let him be eaten up if he rose. All this took so long that the breakfast bell would have rung before he was in condition to be led into the room by his little monitor. It is a week day, but he is to preach in the evening. He has made no special preparations—for this is to be a discourse mainly extempore. All day long he is accessible to every body, talking with any one who would talk. Now and then he rushes out to the yard, where he has a gymnastic apparatus, swings on a pole or climbs a ladder hand-over-hand. Perhaps he takes a turn with his wood-saw; or if the wood is all cut, he has a load of sand in the cellar, which he shovels from side to side by way of exercise. An hour or two before service time he rushes up to his study, flings off his coat, takes a few swings with the dumb-bells, sits down, and begins dashing off notes on bits of paper about as big as the palm of his hand. The church-bells begin to ring, but he still writes; they begin to toll; messengers are sent to hurry him; and at last he rushes down stairs like a hurricane, papers in hand, with cravat and coat collar all awry, demanding a pin to fasten his loose notes together. Wife and daughters lay violent hands upon him, settling his attire as well as possible. The notes are thrust into the crown of his hat; wife or daughter hooked upon his arm; and they are off for church at breathless speed. He elbows his way through the crowd, and storms up the pulpit stairs. The preliminary services over, the sermon commences. Hastily prepared as it seems, it is really no hasty production. It begins with a

careful statement of the subject, almost as condensed as a series of mathematical axioms. Then follows the scriptural argument; then the answering of objections. The Doctor has warmed to his work. He is conversational, acute, sometimes exciting a smile by quaintness of illustration or phrase. Last of all comes the essential point—the application. The preacher is thoroughly aroused. He warns, pleads, entreats, as though the whole audience were one person whom he must persuade, before he leaves the pulpit, to take some step of mighty import.

Service over, the Doctor goes directly home. He has been wrought up to the highest tension of mind and body, and must let himself "run down" by spending an hour or two in sport and talk with his family. He is lively, sparkling, and jocose, full of anecdote and incident. Probably the old violin which had come down from East Hampton is brought out. The Doctor gets cleverly through with "Auld Lang Syne," "Bonnie Doon," and that fine tune with the questionable title of "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," but is sure to break down in "Money Musk," and the "College Hornpipe." Now and then, when the good mother has gone to bed before him, he is wrought upon by the petitions of the young fry to go through the wonders of the double-shuffle which he used when a lad to dance on the barn-floor at corn-huskings; but these saltatory exhibitions make such ravages with the toes of his stockings that they are not in much favor with the female authorities upon whom falls the labor of the inevitable darnings. These performances were a part of his system of physical regimen. "If I were to go to bed," he said, "at the key at which I leave off preaching, I should toss and tumble all night. I must let off steam gradually, and then I can sleep like a child."

Meantime the Church had begun to comprehend the vast importance of the great valley of the Mississippi. An attempt was made to establish a theological seminary in that region. Sixty acres of land at Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, had been given, besides a few thousand dollars in cash, toward establishing such an institution, to bear the name of Lane Seminary, in honor of the principal donor. Agents were sent East and South to collect the further funds necessary to erect buildings and endow professorships. They met with scanty success. No man of whom people at the East knew enough to have confidence in him was identified with the scheme. Its friends perceived that they must have at the head of it one of the first clergymen in the nation; and they felt assured that he must be willing to go, and that his people must give him up for that work. Beecher was fixed upon by common consent as the man. Arthur Tappan, a New York merchant, said he would give \$20,000—or rather would pay the annual interest upon that sum—if Beecher would go. More money was pledged upon similar conditions. Beecher accepted the call as a mandate from his Divine Master, and, after six years





BEECHER'S RESIDENCE AT WALNUT HILLS.

of laborious, successful, and happy work in Boston, bade farewell to his people, and became President and Professor of Theology in Lane Seminary, a place which he continued to fill for eighteen years.

It is not our purpose to present details of Beecher's career at the West. Enough to say, there were untoward influences at work against Lane Seminary from the outset. Two parties had arisen in the Presbyterian Church. The clergymen of the "Old School" distrusted Beecher as a "New School" man. In 1835 the great champion of orthodoxy was arraigned before his Presbytery on charge of heresy. He was acquitted, and the prosecutors appealed to the Synod. In reading the reports of the trial before the Synod one might fancy that he was wading through the proceedings of a political convention, where the cunningest wire-pullers would win the day. Beecher indeed won it, but by the skin of his teeth and by superior dexterity. "I was naturally fitted to be a lawyer," he said of himself. The Synod gave a most Pickwickian decision. The appeal of Dr. Wilson, the prosecutor, was sustained; he had done nothing wrong in charging Dr. Beecher with slander and hypocrisy besides unsoundness in the faith; but there was nothing to show that Dr. Beecher was unsound, or even a hypocrite or slanderer; he was admonished to be very guarded in future; and as, moreover, he had promised to abide by the decision of the Synod, that body were very well satisfied, and saw nothing to impair their confidence in him "as a minister of the gospel in the Presbyterian Church," and desired him

to publish a pamphlet setting forth what he believed on the subjects of Total Depravity, Original Sin, Natural and Moral Ability, etc. The decision was about equivalent to saying: "Both parties are wholly guiltless, Dr. Beecher most so, but he must not do so again." Wilson appealed to the General Assembly of 1836, but when the time of trial came withdrew his appeal, because he found that his friends would not sustain him. Beecher now had his prosecutor fairly on the hip, for, by the Book of Discipline, one who prosecuted a minister, and failed to prove his charge, was to be himself censured as a "slanderer of the Gospel ministry." Beecher noted the point; but after enjoying the consterna-

tion of the other side for a few minutes, said that he would not press it, and let the matter drop.

Meanwhile came in the anti-slavery imbroglio of 1834. The point was this: The students wished to discuss the question of slavery. It was vacation, and the Faculty were not on the ground. The Executive Committee forbade the discussion. The students seceded in a body; and Lane Seminary was left with more Professors than Students. For four years there were only five students to a class. Once, when term was about to open, not a single student had offered himself for the next class. Beecher went off on a recruiting expedition through the Western colleges. He came back with a dozen recruits. Next year a new class of thirty-five was formed. Lane Seminary had got over its "dry time."

Of the great quarrel of these years, resulting in the disruption of the Presbyterian Church, we will not speak at length. The world has come to a decision respecting it which will not be reversed. Most of the members of both schools acted honestly; they followed their leaders as a flock of sheep follows the bell-wether. Some of the leaders on both sides were honest and earnest, believing that they were contending for the "faith once delivered to the saints." But on the part of the chief moving spirits it was a mere struggle for power and place, as destitute of piety as the struggles of political cliques are of patriotism. Beecher strove earnestly to avoid disunion. Barring some warmth of expression, we find nothing to blame in his course.



So, for almost a score of years, Beecher fought out the battle at Lane, under many discouragements, among which not the least was the old trouble of want of funds. Tappan, whose subscription was to pay his salary, had failed, and the promised interest on his endowment was not forthcoming. The President and Theological Professor was more than once "hard up;" but somehow, at the pinch, money turned up, often from quite unexpected sources. However, he had all the while a pleasant home in a modest brick house, one of the Seminary buildings, standing in a grove of beeches, oaks, elms, and tulips spared from the primeval forest.

Here and there, in the closing volume, intermingled with notices of ecclesiastical quarrels, of troubles, cares, labors, and bereavements, we get glimpses of home-life at Walnut Hills. The house is full. Several of his own children, and of his third wife, are the regular inmates. The grove is the favorite resort of the young people of his congregation; for besides his Professorship in the Seminary, he is pastor of a church in Cincinnati. His study, now on the ground-floor, is the place where he receives students and friends. He is as odd in looks and habits as ever. His spectacles are, however, a less annoyance than of old; he has got a pair composed of a plain and a convex half, through which he can see at different distances. In "pigeon time" he has a loaded gun in one corner, and his youngest son is posted at the window to watch for the appearance of a flock. The signal is given; the Doctor leaps up from his writing; adjusts his spectacles to the long range, springs to the grove, takes a shot; readjusts his spectacles to short range, and goes on with his writing. We have space for but one more home scene. Thirteen children have been born to him; eleven are living, all past childhood, but widely scattered. Five were at home, the others at various places East and West. They had never been all together; some of them had never seen some of the others. A family meeting was at last arranged, and one Sunday morning in 1835 the whole living family met for the first time under the father's roof, with smiles and tears, thanksgiving and sorrowing. One son filled the father's pulpit in the morning, another in the evening; the family occupied three pews. The family meeting lasted two whole days. On the morning of the third, after prayer, a farewell hymn, and a solemn blessing from the patriarch, they parted, never again to meet on earth.

No years of Beecher's life were more earnest and active than the first fifteen of those at Lane Seminary. "Never," says his son-in-law, "did he wheel a greater number of heavenly wheelbarrows at one and the same time." Had he husbanded his energies, and turned them in a single channel, his mental force might have lasted far beyond the term of threescore years and ten. But this was not to be. Circumstances, and his own strong will and sense of duty, spurred him on to work to the utmost limit of physical

and moral endurance. The end of endurance came. In 1850, when he had just reached his seventy-fifth year, he resigned his professorship, hoping that he might be able to revise some of his writings, which, he said, "without my revision must be useless, and which, I think, may be useful to the Church of God."

This purpose was only partially accomplished. Beecher returned to Boston in 1851. During the two following years he issued three volumes of his "Works," and tried to begin his "Memoirs." It was too late. The spring of his strong life was weakened. He could not say what he wished to tell. The most that he could do was to aid his children in the preparation of the work. For a few years he preached occasionally, and with some traces of his old power, and not wholly without his old success. Still it was clear to others, and most likely to himself, that he was failing, not rapidly, but slowly and surely. Memory went first; then the power of expression passed away. Yet there seemed to be an augmentation of bodily vigor. "The day he was eighty-one" [October 12, 1856], writes Professor Stowe, his son-in-law, "he was with me in Andover, and wished to attend my lecture in the Seminary. He was not quite ready when the bell rang, and I walked on in the usual path without him. Presently he came skipping across lots, laid his hand on the five-barred fence, which he cleared at a bound, and was in the lecture-room before me." Not quite a year after, the last letter which he ever wrote was penned. When he left Lane his salary was in arrears nearly \$4000. Now after seven years came a draft for \$1000, in part payment. He endeavored to reply to the letter which accompanied the draft. After six distinct efforts he wrote a letter which clearly shows the effort of his mind to break the cloud that was steadily gathering over it. There are flashes of his old strong diction, remembrances of the hymns which he had so often read, and glimpses of half-forgotten reminiscences of his early prime. Thus runs his last letter:

"DEAR FRIEND,—There are moments of hope and fear, and apprehension and relief, that may fill the soul. We knew that you would be pressed to advance the successive portions of our needed income, and of course our hopes left us in not a little doubt. But when increasing earthquakes swept over you in ceaseless continuousness, our hearts died within us, or waked only to hear that all was lost. When, therefore, on yesterday morning, on our first arrival home, your opened letter told me that all was well, with all the testimonials, it required time and an effort for our astonishment to get up, and to wake up our realizations, and to clothe our thoughts with wonder, gratitude, and praise. As soon as tears and emotion would permit, we bowed to God together, and, as the pious Montauk woman said to her benefactor, 'I think, Colonel Gardiner, God inclined you to give us this meat. I thank you also, Colonel Gardiner'—and in our condition, we think God also inclined *you* to do these things, and we thank you too, brother, for all your care for us."

Friends and children were, however, able and willing to see to it that the brave old veteran of fourscore years should be fully provided for. The Lane arrears were paid up; a house was purchased for him in Brooklyn, close by that of



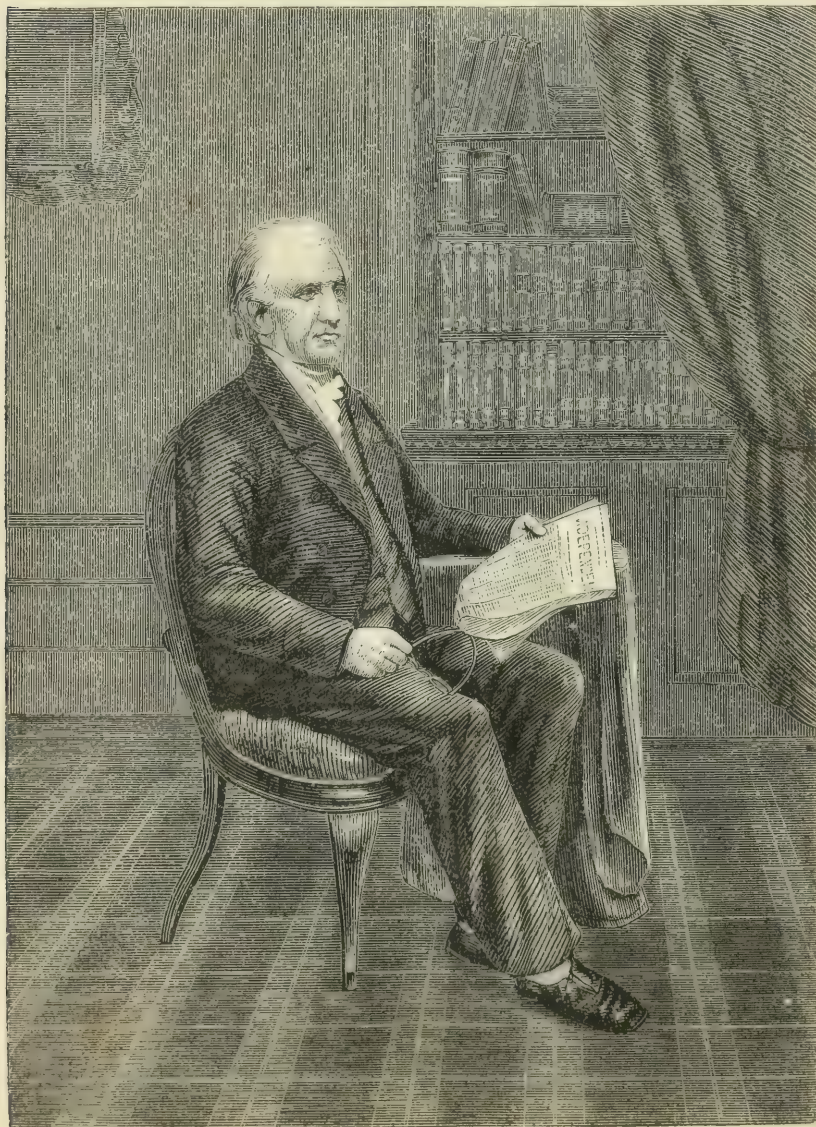
his most famous son; and here, with an annuity sufficient for his wants, he passed the last seven years of his life, ministered to by his children by blood and marriage. Month by month the veil between him and the outward world grew thicker, fold by fold. The connection between him and the world grew weaker and weaker. Memory was gone, language was gone—or seemed to be so. Yet now and then were strange flashes which seemed to say that the strong mind was curtained, not blinded. "Dr. Beecher," said some one to him, "you know a great deal: tell us what is the greatest of all things." For a moment the curtain seemed to be rent, and he replied, with his old vigor, terseness, and earnestness: "It is not theology, it is not controversy; but it is to save souls." Then the curtain fell again, and he was lost to human sight behind its folds. For the last year of his life all the organs of communication between him and the world without appeared to fail, except that indistinct phrases seemed to indicate that the mental life existed. Still his eye was bright, and his face bore an expression of strength and sweetness. Yet even to the very close there were moments when the veil was for a moment part-

ed. Once he broke out in the magnificent words of the great Apostle: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day;" adding, "that is my testimony; write it down; that is my testimony." Again, still later, he called to his daughter, thinking her to be his beloved Roxana, the wife of his youth: "Mother, mother, come and sit beside me; I have had a vision of heaven!" His utterance was as full and strong as in his best days. He went on: "I think I have begun to go: Oh, such scenes as I have been permitted to behold! I have seen the King of Glory himself."—"Did you see Jesus?" asked his daughter at length. "All was swallowed up in God himself," was the answer. For an hour he remained talking and praying. The next day he had to human perception only an indistinct remembrance of some great joy. What there was to himself, behind the closed veil, no man can know. The wisest and most thoughtful of men have believed that the soul which rises with us comes into this earthly life from God, who is its home, bearing

with it dim remembrances of the glories of its former state. Upon stronger evidence we may believe that to the human being who has worthily passed almost through the probation of this mortal life is sometimes vouchsafed a glance across that immortal sea over which he must soon voyage, and a glimpse of the glories of his eternal home. If such grace be ever granted to man, we may almost trust that it was vouchsafed to Lyman Beecher at the close of his earthly life. But of this it is only given to us to know that the last indication of mortal life was a mute response to his wife, showing that he understood the hymn which she was repeating:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Then, with a face illuminated with a solemn and divine radiance, softly and tenderly, without even a sigh, he passed to the everlasting rest. He died on the 10th of January, 1863. He had just entered upon his eighty-eighth year. They buried him with tears of joy and songs of praise.



LYMAN BEECHER, 1855, AGED 80.





GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

## HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

## VI.—THE CHANGE OF BASE.

The Necessity of a Movement from the Chickahominy to the James.—Difficulties to be Surmounted.—Conflict at Beacon Dam.—Battle of Gaines's Mill.—Thrilling Incident.—Sufferings of the Rebels.—Charge of the Fifth Cavalry.—Testimony of Colonel Estvan.—Heroic Fighting.—Valor of the Rear-Guard of the Army of the Potomac.—Flight from the Hospital.—The Train on Fire.—Touching Scenes.—Serenity of General McClellan.

**E**ARLY in June, 1862, the patriot army, under General George B. McClellan, having slowly followed the retreating rebels from Yorktown, encamped in the midst of the miasmatic swamps of the Chickahominy. The hospitals were filled with the sick, the wounded, and the dying. The patriot army, in its encampment, presented to the enemy a front of about

twenty miles in length. The extreme left rested upon an almost impassable morass, called White Oak Swamp. The right wing was stationed upon some slight eminences on each side of the Chickahominy. Strong divisions were posted at some distance from the right wing, to guard against surprise. The left wing, protected by the swamp, was within five miles of the James River.

All the troops were sheltered by intrenchments. Eight divisions of the army were on the Richmond side of the Chickahominy. Two divisions, under General Fitz John Porter, with the regulars, under General Sykes, were posted on the left banks of the Chickahominy. Notwithstanding the vast amount of sickness, it was



reported that one hundred and fifteen thousand could in an hour be marshaled in battle-array.

But it was speedily seen, even by eyes not practiced in military affairs, that the patriot army was in an extremely critical position. Never were troops more perfectly entrapped. The enemy were before them in great numbers, and so concentrated that they could direct their whole force, almost at any hour, upon any portion of our widely-extended lines. Should we withdraw the two divisions and the regulars from the left banks of the Chickahominy the rebels could, with a rush, destroy our only line of communication, and seize upon our immense supply of stores upon the Pamunky. Should we, on the other hand, send back across the Chickahominy the eight divisions besieging Richmond, it would be the relinquishment of the siege, and there would remain nothing before us but a disgraceful and disastrous retreat to Fortress Monroe, pursued by an exultant enemy. To remain as we were, was to accomplish nothing, and only to expose ourselves to sure destruction. It was manifest that there was no salvation for the army but in effecting a *change of base*, so that the *dépôt* of our supplies could be upon the James River. The supplies could then be brought up the river under the protection of our gun-boats; and thus the exposed line of transportation from the Pamunky could be avoided.

This change of base should have been effected immediately upon the destruction of the *Merri-mac*, when our army, without any difficulty, could have passed over from the York River to the James. Now it could only be accomplished under circumstances of the utmost peril. Still there was delay, while every hour of delay only added to the difficulty and the danger. On Wednesday, the 25th of June, General M'Clellan, who was manifestly oppressed with the most intense anxiety, telegraphed the Secretary of War:

"Several contrabands, just in, give information confirming the supposition that Jackson's advance is at or near Hanover Court House. I am inclined to think that Jackson will attack my right and rear. The rebel force is stated at 200,000, including Jackson and Beauregard. I regret my great inferiority of numbers, but feel that I am in no way responsible for it, as I have not failed to represent repeatedly the necessity of reinforcements; that this was the decisive point, and that all the available means of the Government should be concentrated here. I will do all I can do with the splendid army I have the honor to command, and, if it is destroyed by overwhelming numbers, can at least die with it and share its fate. But if the result of the action which will occur to-morrow, or within a short time, is a disaster, the responsibility can not be thrown on my shoulders. It must rest where it belongs. I feel that there is no use in my again asking for reinforcements."\*

To this the President replied:

"Your dispatch of yesterday, suggesting the probability of your being overwhelmed by 200,000 men, and talking of whom the responsibility will belong to, pains me very much. I give you all I can, and act on the presumption that you will do the best you can with what you have; while you continue—ungenerously, I think—to assume

that I could give you more if I would. I have omitted, I shall omit, no opportunity to send reinforcements whenever I possibly can."\*\*

The morning of Thursday, the 26th of June, dawned upon the two hostile hosts. Twenty-five days had now passed since the battle of Seven Pines. Three months had elapsed since our troops first landed upon the Peninsula. The two armies had for several weeks been so near together that their pickets were within hailing distance, and often bandied jokes or conversed amicably with each other, exchanging newspapers and other trifles.

On the 25th of June a council of war had been held in the rebel capital. Nearly all the prominent generals of the rebellion were present. The front of General M'Clellan's army extended in a gentle curve along a line, as we have mentioned, more than twenty miles in extent. It was decided by the rebel officers to concentrate nearly their whole force, now greatly augmented, and to fall with the utmost possible impetuosity upon the extreme right wing of the National army, and annihilate it before it could receive any support. The victorious rebels would then, with a rush and a yell, fall upon the centre, and then upon the left wing, and thus, by piecemeal, utterly destroy the army. It was a well laid plan. Its execution seemed so feasible and simple that the rebels entertained no doubt whatever of its entire success. Unprofessional men all over the country had long anticipated this precise movement. It was a peril obvious to any ordinary common sense.

General M'Clellan was now so conscious of the exposed position of the army that, abandoning all offensive movements, he assumed a defensive attitude; and at this disastrously late hour, when the exultant rebels were just about to dash upon him, resolved to attempt a movement to the James River. The execution of this plan was exceedingly perilous in the presence of a vigilant and powerful foe; but there was no other salvation for the army. In preparation for this movement, there was a curious reconnoissance made by General M'Clellan and several officers of his staff. They climbed a very high tree within a hundred yards of the rebel pickets, and with spy-glasses surveyed the whole ground, and held a council of war. It was necessary to move the stores and baggage, much of it for a distance of thirty miles, mainly by a single road, exposed all the way to the enemy, who by several different roads, radiating from Richmond, could throw a heavy force upon any one point, or upon several points at the same time.

On the whole of Thursday, June 26, the woods resounded with cannon and musketry, as evolutions were going on upon both sides—the rebels preparing to make an attack, the patriots preparing for retreat. But in all the conflicts of that eventful day the patriot troops, led by Porter, Kearney, and Hooker—men who ever rushed where danger was thickest—won signal

\* Report of Congressional Committee, p. 10.

\*\* Report of Congressional Committee, p. 10.



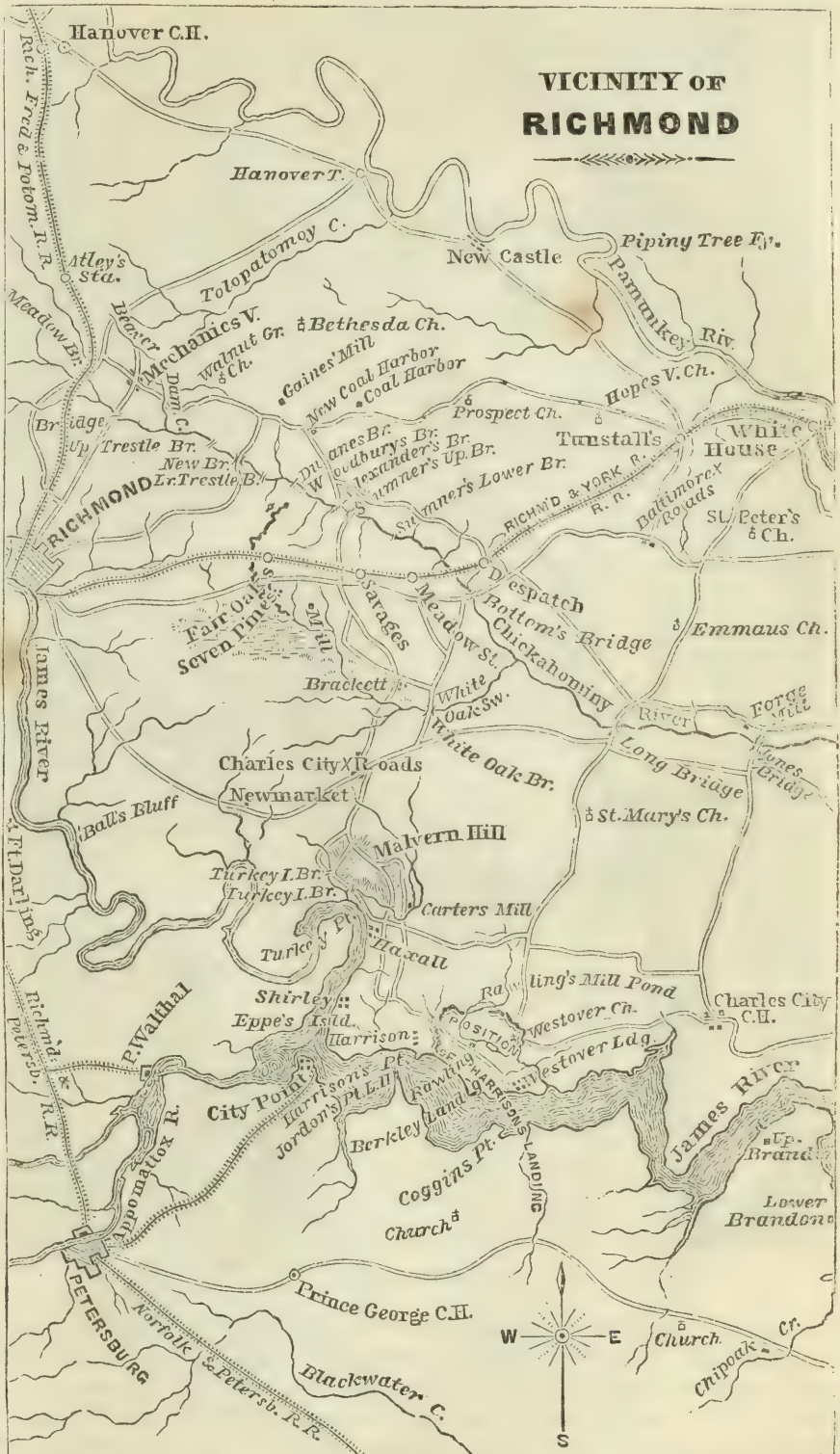
## THE CHANGE OF BASE.

success. General Fitz John Porter had withdrawn his forces from Mechanicsville and Meadow Bridge, and had concentrated them upon a diminutive stream called Beaver Dam Creek. General M'Call's division was at Mechanicsville; General Stoneman's division was stationed twelve miles northwest, at Hanover Court House. The rebels had constructed several bridges across the Chickahominy, above Mechanicsville, and commenced crossing the stream in great force. About forty thousand passed over on Thursday, the 26th; twenty thousand the next day; and by noon of Saturday, the 28th, full seventy thousand rebels were on the left banks of the Chickahominy.\* Jackson, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and G. W. Smith led this strong array. From an eminence in the vicinity of Mechanicsville these dense columns could be seen as they crossed by the various bridges they had reared. It was one of the most sultry of summer days. Not a leaf moved in the breathless wind.

The whole rebel force was under the command of General Robert E. Lee, who had succeeded Johnston. In the afternoon of Thursday, the 26th, the first of the famous seven days' battles commenced. General Hill threw himself, with the impetuosity of assured success, upon the patriot troops under General M'Call, who held the advance of General Porter at Mechanicsville, upon the left banks of the Chickahominy. The conflict was very severe. But General M'Call had posted himself on the banks of a ravine called Beaver Dam. Here he had made an abatis and thrown up some light intrenchments, and the outnumbering enemy, notwithstanding the most desperate efforts, was unable to dislodge him. The battle raged with

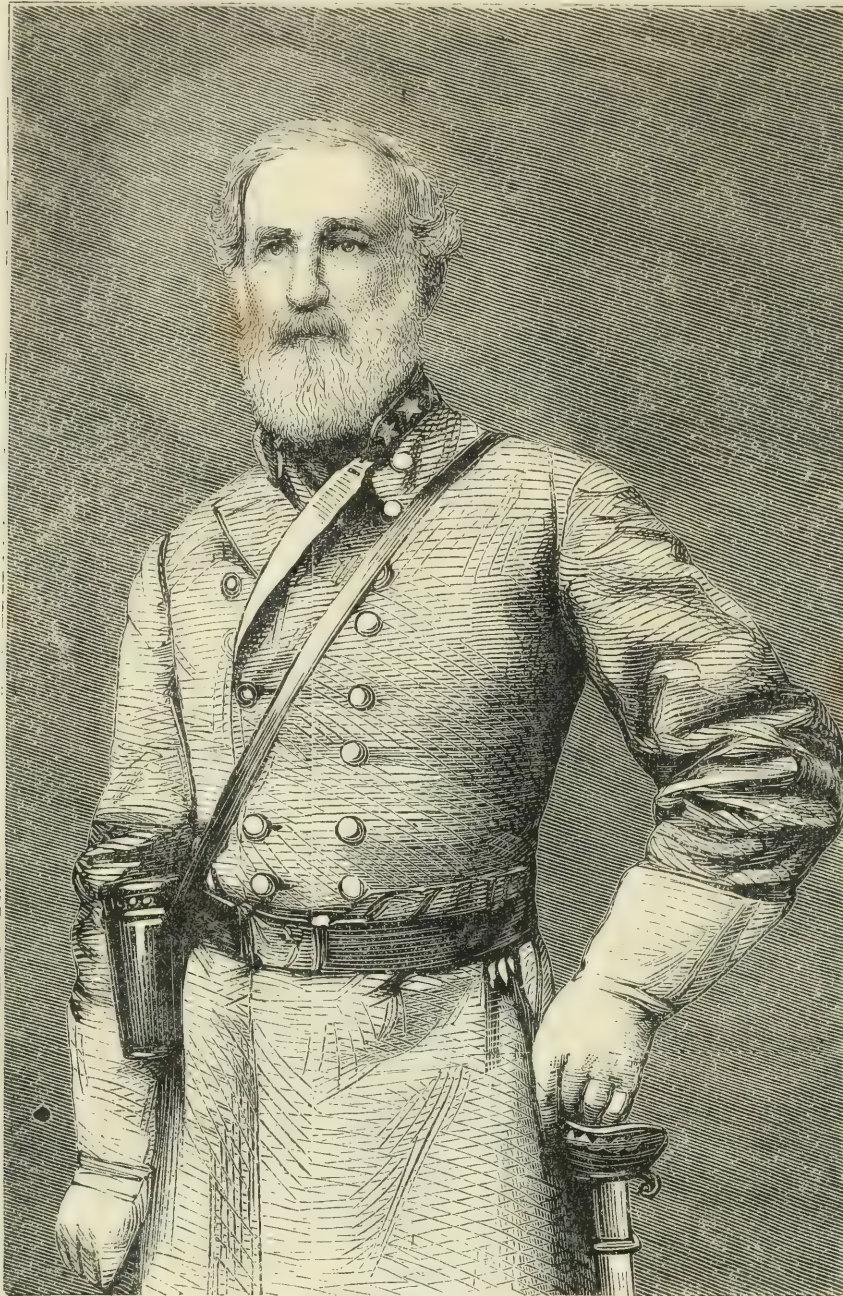
great fury till half past nine at night. The attacking rebels were about 60,000. The patriots numbered but 35,000. Thus terminated the first day's fight, with a decided repulse to the rebels. The exhausted soldiers, friend and foe, slept upon their arms. The most distinguished honor is due the patriot soldiers, who thus successfully repelled their greatly outnumbering assailants in this hard-fought battle of Mechanicsville.

All the night both parties were busy in collecting the wounded, and burying the dead. Each army was watchful to guard against a night attack. General M'Call and his staff



\* Siege of Richmond, by Joel Cook, p. 307.





ROBERT E. LEE.

bivouacked sleeplessly in the open air. During the night the whole of General Porter's baggage was sent across the Chickahominy in preparation for the retreat, and united with the immense train which was to struggle along, mainly by a single road, assailed at every point, to the banks of the James River. At the same time orders were given to evacuate White House, to destroy all the immense stores there which could not be removed, and also to burn all the magazines along the railway between the Pamunky and the Chickahominy. General Stoneman, with his flying artillery, was charged with the execution of this order.

A little after midnight, on Friday morning, General M'Call was ordered to fall back on the bridges which had been thrown across the Chickahominy about a mile in his rear. Here he was to make another desperate stand with the troops of Generals Porter, Morrell, and Sykes, and beat

back the foe, while the main body of the army attempted the humiliating movement to which it was doomed. The soldiers now awoke for the first time to the consciousness that the siege of Richmond was abandoned, that the whole army was on the retreat, and that the divisions under General Porter were merely operating as a rear-guard, to beat back the exultant onrushing rebels.

At three o'clock in the morning the patriot troops, under General M'Call, commenced slowly retiring. The rebels were on the alert, and immediately pressed forward in pursuit, yet very cautiously, lest they should be drawn into a snare. With great precision and firmness the patriots, crowded by their assailants, fell back, not a man proving recreant to duty. General Porter formed them in line, with the other troops composing the rear-guard, in ranks of battle extending over two miles from the Chickahominy to Coal Harbor. The extreme left was held by General Meade.

Then followed success-

ively Generals Butterfield, Martindale, Griffin, and Sykes. General Reynolds, of the reserve, held the right of the line at Coal Harbor. Generals Cook and Seymour were slightly in the rear to support any portion of the line which might be broken. General Fitz John Porter was in command of the whole corps. He had in all about 30,000 troops. Sixty pieces of cannon were advantageously stationed upon the eminences around. The enemy were advancing with forces now swelled to between sixty and ninety thousand.\*

Cautiously, yet resolutely, the rebels advanced in three columns. The second day of the bloody fight, Friday, June 27, was to be ushered in, with its clouds of terror and its flow of blood. One rebel column advanced along the banks of the river. One marched by a parallel path about a mile inland. The third column moved

\* See Report of Congressional Committee, p. 11.



BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL.



directly upon Coal Harbor. It was not until near noon that the battle, in all its fury, commenced. It has been called the battle of Gaines's Mill, since a mill by that name was near the central point of attack. One hundred and twenty pieces of artillery, on the two sides, opened their tremendous fire. The hills shook with the concussion, and the two armies were soon enveloped in clouds of smoke. Under cover of this fire the rebels made several charges, with a disregard of death never surpassed. But the National troops were well posted; they fought with all the bravery which mortal men could

show, and repulsed their overwhelming foes with prodigious slaughter.

During the action, which, as we have mentioned, extended along a line over two miles in length, the Rev. Wm. Dickson, Chaplain of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Reserves, was in a hospital attending to the wounded men. The hospital was in the shelter of a ravine, up which the rebels commenced marching several columns that they might outflank us. Soon the alarm reached the hospital that the rebels were upon them. Mr. Dickson ran up the side of the ravine and saw close at hand, in rapid march,





DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

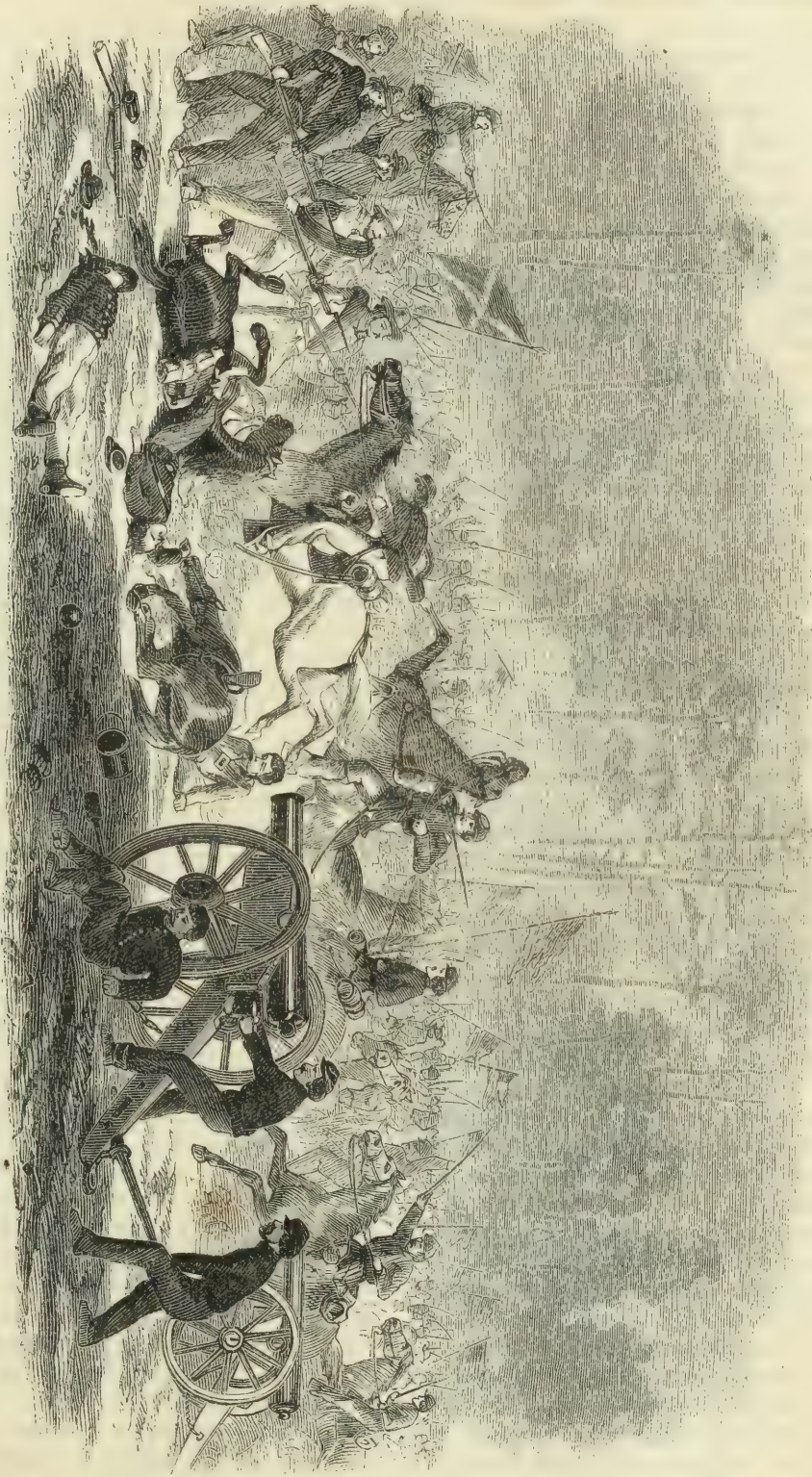
the columns of the foe. At the same moment he heard a shout from a patriot battery in his rear, "Lie down; you are right in our way!" He threw himself upon his face, and there was a thunder roar, and a shell went shrieking over his head. Knowing that the guns were fired in line, and that the line extended along the only route for his retreat, he instantly sprang up, ran a few steps, and again threw himself upon the ground. There was another lightning flash, thunder roar, and shrieking shell, when he was again upon his feet. Thus he ran the perilous gauntlet of two batteries in full play; springing from the ground at every flash as the charge passed over him, and nicely calculating the time when to throw himself upon his face to avoid another discharge. The men working the guns often caught a glimpse of him, and shouted, "Out of the way, or you'll be shot!" He coolly shouted back, "Fire away. I'll take care of myself!" A man must not only have

great strength of nerve, but must have been often under fire, to pass thus heroically through such an ordeal as this.

The battle is described by those who witnessed it as one of very peculiar picturesque beauty, if *beauty* can be ascribed to evolutions leading to such awful carnage. The extended plain was undulating, rising into many gentle swells densely wooded. Numerous batteries were thundering on every side. The polished weapons of over one hundred thousand combatants were gleaming over the hills and through the valleys in the rays of a brilliant June sun. Squadrons of cavalry were sweeping through the dells; columns of infantry, in dense black masses, with their bristling bayonets, were climbing the hills, or, defiling in long lines, were rushing upon the foe in impetuous charges. Flying artillery were moving with almost supernatural velocity from ridge to ridge, bellowing forth their deadly thunders. Thousands of lancers finely



A CAVALRY CHARGE.



mounted, and with their floating pennons, were stationed along the banks of the ravine awaiting the summons to plunge into the maelstrom of death. Many of the reserves were concealed in the hollows or behind the dense foliage of the woods, and as the exigencies of the battle called them forth, they rose from their concealment, and, with loud cheers, rushed to meet the foe. Indeed, at one time it seemed as though the National troops, even against such fearful odds, would surely gain the victory.

General Butterfield signalized himself greatly on this day by his almost superhuman efforts

to beat back the foe. His horse was shot under him. A fragment of a shell struck his hat. His sword was indented by a musket ball. Several of his aids fell at his side. Still, reckless of danger and death, he rallied his heroic men to the most desperate resistance, sharing with them every peril.

The fury of the cannonade was such that clouds of dust plowed up by the balls hung smotheringly over the battle-field. Thus hour after hour the desperate struggle was continued. Every man of the National reserves was at length in action. There was not another



musket or another gun which General Porter could bring into the field. And now the rebel reserves, nearly twenty thousand strong, fresh and unbroken, are moving up upon our flank and rear. It is an awful moment. Our troops are worn out, their ammunition nearly exhausted, and the multitudinous foe are about to surround them, cutting off all possibility of retreat. There is a little disorder on the left wing. Some regiments break and retreat. The disorder spreads toward the centre. There is no panic, no wild, tumultuous flight. But the intelligent Northern soldiers perceive the hopelessness of continuing the struggle where they are, against such vast inequality of numbers, and they perceive also the folly of allowing themselves to be surrounded. Shouldering their muskets, and disdaining to run, they sullenly retire. The French Princes—the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres—who had nobly drawn their swords to aid us in maintaining that republican liberty which France assisted us in establishing, threw themselves into the thickest of the peril to prevent the retreat from being converted into a rout. The rebels were advancing, assured of perfect victory, and in majestic strength.

"Then," writes the Prince de Joinville, "came the order for the cavalry to charge. I happened at this moment to be near its position. I saw the troopers draw their swords with the sudden and electrical impulse of determination and devotion. As they got into motion I asked a young officer the name of his regiment. 'The Fifth Cavalry,' he replied, brandishing his sabre with a soldier's pride in his regiment. Unfortunate young man! I saw the same regiment the next day. From the charge of that evening but two officers had returned. He was not one of them."

The patriot charge failed, and the broken squadrons, leaving the ground covered with their slain, were driven back in disorder. There were two batteries alone now left to check the onward sweep of this great billow of war. The gunners continued to load and fire with the utmost rapidity at point-blank range, opening immense gaps at every discharge in the rebel lines. But the foe advanced with courage which even the patriot troops were compelled to respect, notwithstanding the infamy of the rebel cause. The Union artillery horses had all been shot down; the guns were surrounded with the wounded and the dead. The surviving gunners, in the fading twilight, abandoned their pieces and fled. All these guns, twenty-two in number, were lost.

About 5 o'clock General M'Clellan had directed General Sumner, whose corps was at Fair Oaks, to send two brigades to the aid of General Porter, then so sorely pressed. French's and Meagher's were instantly put on the march for the battle-field about five miles distant. They moved at the double-quick. General French, in virtue of seniority, commanded. They met the troops of Porter sternly retiring before the foe. Forcing their way through the dense and broken mass, they ascended a hill and deployed

in line of battle near Gaines's Mill. Then at the *pas de charge*, with loud cheers, while a smothering storm of balls and shells were poured upon them, they rushed upon the exultant rebels. Both the rebel infantry and artillery were driven back before them. The reinforcements having gained the crests of the hill made a stand, and the retreating troops rallied in their rear. "A Federal brigade," writes a rebel General, "commanded by Meagher, and consisting chiefly of Irishmen, offered the most heroic resistance. After a severe struggle our men gave way, and retired in great disorder. At this critical moment, foaming at his mouth with rage, and without his hat, General Cobb hastened up sword in hand, with his legion and renewed the attack. But the efforts of these troops were in vain. The brave Irishmen held their ground with a determination which excited the admiration even of our own officers."\*

The rebels, like ocean billows, in incessant thundering surges, dashed vainly against the patriots. Eight o'clock came. The gloom of night was now at hand. The rebels had been effectually repulsed at every point along the line except the extreme left. Here the battle was still raging with the utmost desperation. French's and Meagher's brigades had effectually stemmed the rush of the foe, and now with but six thousand men firmly held the front, while the patriot troops, who were utterly exhausted by the long battle, threw themselves upon the ground to rest, a mile in the rear of their heroic guardians. A rebel colonel thus describes the close of this eventful day:

"It is due to our opponents to admit that they sustained the shock of our incessant attacks with undaunted bravery. Although some of their brigades had been fighting from 4 o'clock, A.M., to 8 o'clock, P.M., they had continued to stand firm, and it was only when they found, at the last-named hour, Jackson was about to attack them in the rear, that they abandoned their positions. Although their loss must have been severe, they retired in good order, with drums beating and colors flying, taking their slightly wounded and their baggage along with them. When hotly pressed in pursuit by Davis's and Wickham's cavalry regiments, they faced round and repulsed them."†

It was now night—a night of awful gloom. The second day's battle—the battle of Gaines's Mill—had ended, and silence succeeded the thunders of war which all the day had shaken the hills. Even the darkness could not conceal the harrowing spectacle of death's ravages. The dead lay upon the field in extended windrows. The wounded were to be counted by thousands. Their heart-rending cries and groans were audible on all sides.

"In by-gone days," writes Colonel Estvan, "I had been on many a battle-field in Italy and Hungary; but I confess that I never witnessed so

\* War Pictures, by B. Estvan, Colonel of Cavalry in the Confederate Army, p. 315.

† War Pictures, by B. Estvan, p. 315.



pitiable a picture of human slaughter and horrible suffering."\*

It is impossible to ascertain exactly the numbers lost in this severe conflict, owing to the series of battles which followed in such swift succession. During the battle General M'Clellan had his head-quarters at Savage's Station, on the railroad, south of the Chickahominy about five miles from the scene of conflict.† It was known that night that Jackson was in our rear, and, sweeping down the Pamunky, would in a few hours cut us off from our base of supplies at White House. All the night long broken squadrons of troops, dusty and wounded officers, and ambulances, laden with the torn and the dying, were arriving at the station, adding to the gloom and the consternation there. All could see that a fearful disaster had befallen the army, that the troops were on a rapid midnight retreat. And yet none but the leading officers knew any thing of the plans proposed to meet the dire exigency. Groups were collected with anxious faces discussing our probable doom. There seemed to be no hope for the salvation of the army. We were cut off from our supplies. The enemy, exultant, were everywhere. We were in rapid and disordered retreat, in no condition to do any thing but simply to attempt to ward off the blows which were falling thickly and heavily upon us. To add to the appalling prospect, we were encumbered with many thousands of sick and wounded men, whom it would be impossible thus hastily to remove.

\* In the examination before the Congressional Committee upon the Conduct of the War, we find the following record:

"On the 27th, the battle of Gaines's Mill was fought, principally by the troops under General Porter. Our forces there engaged were from 27,000 to 30,000; the force of the enemy being from two to three times that number. The enemy were in such superior force that, although our troops fought with exceeding bravery, they were driven back with a loss of about 9000 men in killed, wounded, and missing.

"General M'Clellan was questioned as to the policy of leaving the right wing, consisting of only about 30,000 men to meet the attack of the superior force of the enemy, instead of withdrawing it to the right bank of the Chickahominy, before the battle of Gaines's Mill. His testimony on that point is as follows:

"*Question.* Whatever might have been the intentions of the enemy, as the attack was to have been made by him, would it not have been better to have placed both wings of our army on the same side of the Chickahominy prior to the battle of Gaines's Mill?

"*Answer.* I do not think that they ought to have been brought to the same side of the river before they actually were.

"*Question.* What advantage was gained by leaving the right wing of our army to be attacked by a greatly superior force?

"*Answer.* It prevented the enemy from getting on our flank and rear, and in my opinion, enabled us to withdraw the army and its material.

"*Question.* Will you explain what was done by the right wing of our army, at or about the time the left was engaged, which saved our flank from attack, and enabled the army and its material to be withdrawn?

"*Answer.* By desperate fighting they inflicted so great a loss upon the enemy as to check his movement on the left bank of the river, and gave us time to get our material out of the way."

† The Peninsula Campaign. Rev. J. J. Marks, D.D.

Through all the hours of this dreadful night hurry, confusion, and consternation seemed to reign every where. At Fair Oaks and Savage Station every house and barn and shed were filled with the wounded, and even the open fields were covered with them, as they were continually brought in, in numbers which seemed to have no end.

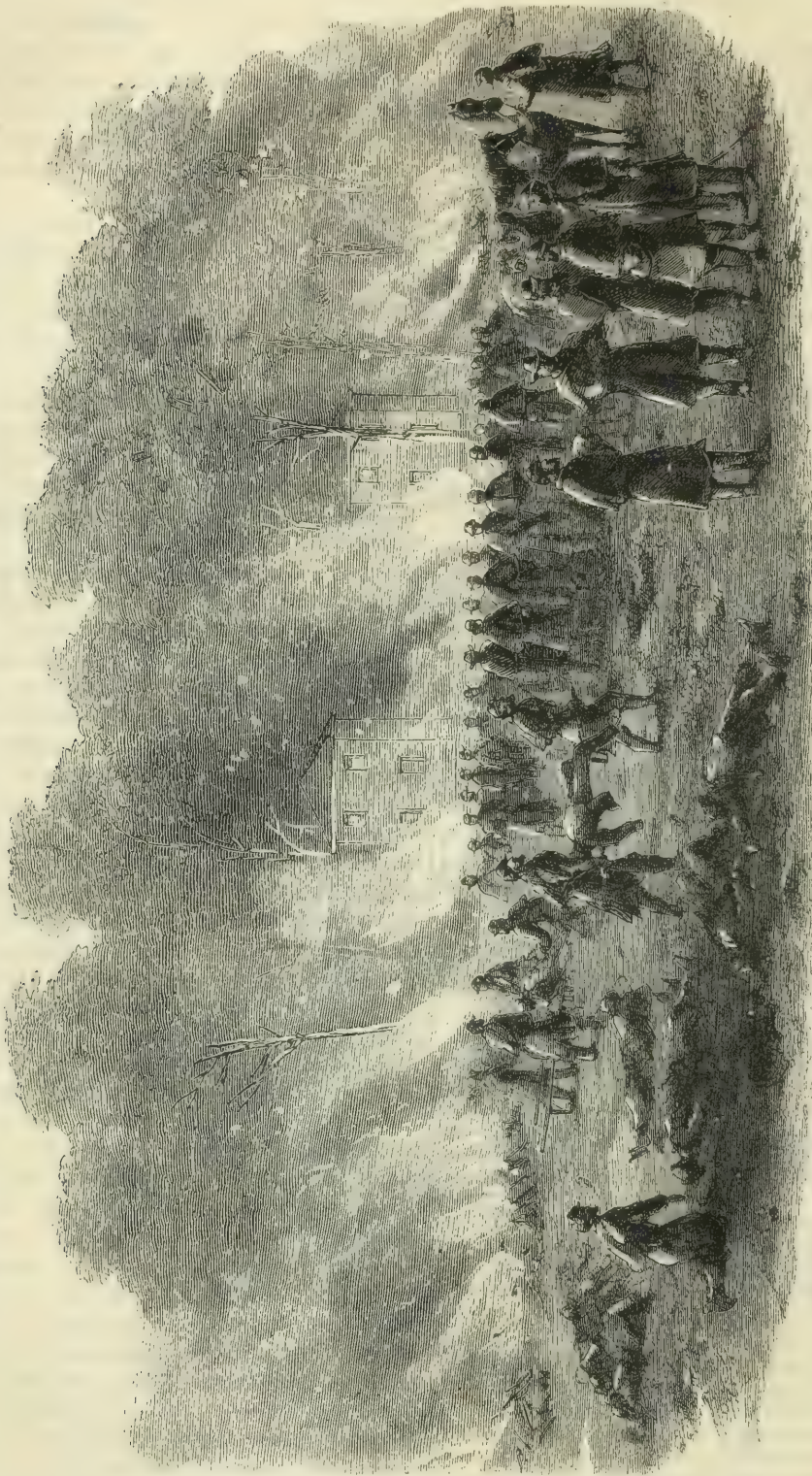
The night after the battle General M'Clellan telegraphed the Secretary of War that he did not consider himself responsible for the result, as the Government had not furnished him with the reinforcements he had so repeatedly demanded. To this the President replied:

"If you have had a drawn battle, or a repulse, it is the price we pay for the enemy not being in Washington. We protected Washington and the enemy concentrated on you. Had we stripped Washington, he would have been upon us before the troops could have got to you. Save your army at all events. Will send reinforcements as fast as we can. Of course they can not reach you to-day, to-morrow or next day."

It seems that even at this late hour General M'Clellan had not fully decided upon what course to pursue. General Heintzelman testified before the Congressional Committee that the night after the battle he was sent for by General M'Clellan. He found every thing packed ready to leave. General M'Clellan said that there were two things to be done. One was, to concentrate his forces and risk all on a battle. The other was, to withdraw to the James River. He stated at the same time the obvious fact, that should he risk a battle where he then was, and should he be beaten, his army would be utterly destroyed. General Heintzelman urged, that, under such circumstances, a battle should not be risked; that if that army were lost the cause would be lost; and that it were better to retire to the James River, and there wait for reinforcements. General M'Clellan replied, that those views were in accordance with his own, and an energetic retreat was immediately decided upon.

At midnight General Porter communicated to General French the order that his whole division was immediately to cross the Chickahominy on its march to the James River, and that General French was to remain behind to hold the enemy at bay until every man had passed the bridge. General French, with his gallant rear-guard, was then to cross over and destroy the bridges behind him. At the dead hour of night the weary soldiers were roused from their slumbers for a march of twenty miles, while pursued and cannonaded by a triumphant foe. Every one was in immediate motion. The bridges were crowded hour after hour by the vast mass of men, horses, and wagons of the retreating army. By daylight the next morning all had crossed, and the bridges were destroyed. The dead and many of the wounded were left behind. The rebel soldiers wandered over the gory field rifling the pockets of the slain. One rebel boasted that he thus obtained one hundred and fifty dollars in gold. Another collected in bank





FAIR OAK STATION.

bills five hundred, and another one thousand dollars. Twenty-two guns, as we have above mentioned, a large number of small-arms, and a considerable amount of clothing were also abandoned in the retreat. The rebels, with their usual exaggeration, claimed the capture of fifteen thousand stand of arms.

The retreat, during Friday night, was pushed with the utmost vigor. The train of five thousand wagons, the ponderous siege guns, a herd of twenty-five thousand cattle, and the long, dense lines of the majestic army, pressed forward to seek the protection of the gun-boats on

the James River, in an indescribable scene of haste, tumult, and confusion.

At length the sun of Saturday morning, June 28, rose over this scene of disaster and ruin. Not the report of a gun was to be heard. The rebels were looking for the retreat of our army toward the Pamunky, and not toward the James River. General Stoneman, with his cavalry, was sent to delude them into this belief, which he accomplished admirably. The bridges across the Chickahominy were destroyed, and it required some time for the rebels to rebuild them. Thus twelve hours were obtained for marching



SAVAGE'S STATION.



toward our new base, almost without molestation. About ten o'clock all communications with White House were cut off, the rebels having obtained possession of the line.

More than two thousand of the sick and wounded, in an awful state of suffering, were at Savage's Station and its immediate vicinity, terror-stricken in view of the prospect of being abandoned to the foe, whose barbaric treatment they dreaded more than death. Their cries for water, for food, for blankets, for the dressing of their wounds were piteous. The number of surgeons was entirely inadequate to the wants of

the sufferers. The draft upon the nervous system of the surgeon performing a constant series of capital operations, in the midst of such scenes of misery, is so great that ere long he sinks under prostration which paralyzes every vital power and even endangers life. The most humane man, blest with the strongest nerves, after for a time breathing the poisoned atmosphere of festering wounds, gazing upon the most ghastly sights, and hearing shrieks from the sufferers which pierce the heart, is absolutely compelled to shut his eyes to the misery, and to turn a deaf ear to the most imploring cries for aid.



The scene of misery and death in the rebel camp must even have surpassed that in our own. As the rebels marched up to our intrenchments the slaughter which swept their ranks was awful. The battle was fought within six miles of Richmond. The rebel Colonel Estvan took into the city sixty vehicles containing two hundred of the most severely wounded men. Every hospital was then found crowded, and either from inefficiency or despair no suitable provision could be found for these poor sufferers. At last they were turned into an old shed which had been used for storing tobacco. Colonel Estvan indignantly writes:

"A sad hole it was for such a purpose; an open warehouse, unprovided with doors or windows, and with merely a few planks to serve for beds for the dying soldiers. On this memorable day our brave fellows had to endure every thing—hunger, thirst, and heat, besides facing death in its most fearful forms. And now, wounded at the very threshold of the dwellings of their own friends, whose rights and property they had been fighting for, we beheld them left to die uncared for in an open shed. And yet this city numbered as many as 40,000 inhabitants. It contained, moreover, many churches, admirably adapted for hospitals on such emergencies, and was well provided with clergy. Yet no church door was opened; no minister of religion came forward to soothe the last moments of the dying soldier. With mixed feelings of sadness and indignation I gave the order to place the wounded men inside the wretched building, and having bestowed a parting look on the ill-cared-for sufferers, I mounted my horse and hastened back to rejoin my regiment."

General McClellan kept his purposes unrevealed except to his prominent officers. Thus the great mass of the sub-officers and privates, spread, as we have said, along a line twenty miles in extent, could see all around them the indications of disaster and confusion, yet they knew not what it all meant, and could only guess respecting the movements which were now on foot. At Savage's Station there was a small cluster of houses, all of which were filled with the wounded. There were also pitched there three hundred hospital tents. Each of these tents contained about twenty men. One nurse was assigned to three tents. The tents were arranged in streets. Each surgeon had his ward, which contained about one hundred and fifty patients. The following testimony is rendered to the services of Dr. John Swinburne, of Albany, by Rev. J. J. Marks:

"Of this man I can not speak in terms of too high praise. He was thoughtless of himself, forgetful even of the wants of nature, untiring in his labors, uniting to the highest courage of man the tenderness of a woman and the gentleness of a child. In that terrible hour, when other surgeons were worn-out and exhausted, no labor appeared to diminish his vigor. After days of toil and nights of sleeplessness, he was as fresh and earnest as though he had stepped forth from

a night of quiet sleep. And while others became impatient, and had to escape from those scenes to seek repose, he, operating for hours at a time, found relaxation and refreshment in going from tent to tent, counseling the surgeons, advising the nurses, and speaking words of cheer to the wounded and the dying."

To some of the sufferers death was coming every hour. They were immediately wrapped in their blankets, placed upon stretchers, and borne away to a little distance, when they were let down gently into a shallow grave, and their over-coats were spread upon them. If a chaplain could be present a short prayer was offered, and then a few shovelfuls of sand were thrown over them, and dust was left to return to dust. All the day of Saturday the regiments of the right wing of the National army were marching rapidly by Savage's Station, taking the Williamsburg road toward the James River. Frequent scouts were sent out to give warning of any approach of the enemy. The road led through a region of impenetrable swamps and forests, where it would be very easy to entrap an army into ambushes. The negroes, always our fast friends, lent us invaluable aid in these emergencies. They were our only guides. The country had not been explored by our cavalry, and our retreating troops struggled through these entangling mazes led only by the ignorant but faithful contrabands.

The most vigorous preparations had been made at White House to save as much of the property there as possible, by placing it on board transports and floating it down the stream to Fortress Monroe. The contrabands were in great terror lest they should be abandoned to their merciless masters. They were all taken, with their wives and children, in canal boats out into the stream. Every thing which could not be removed was committed to the flames. About seven o'clock Saturday evening the rebels arrived at White House, and found the post deserted, and nothing left but smouldering ruins.

"We had scarcely passed the White House," says Colonel Estvan, "when our attention was attracted by a dense column of smoke, apparently rising from the forest. Approaching cautiously in that direction, we discovered a huge burning pyramid. The Federal general had ordered every thing that could not be taken away to be piled up and burned. Property to the amount of millions of dollars was thus consigned to the flames that it might not fall into the hands of the victors. Our men rushed to the burning pile in order to save all they could from the flames. Hundreds of casks of preserved meats, coffee, sugar, rice, wine, including even Champagne and similar delicacies, with which the Federal army was amply provided, and of which we Southerners scarcely knew the names, were here piled up for destruction. But the enemy had done their work so skillfully that our poor fellows managed to get but little out of the fire. Fortunately, however, the whole place was strewed with serviceable cloth cloaks, which proved most useful to our ill-clad troops."



The route of the retreating army was directly through the heart of White Oak Swamp. Multitudes of wounded men hobbled along in the melancholy train. All the ambulances which could be found were loaded with such sufferers as it was possible to move. A large number who could not be moved were left to the tender mercies of the enemy.

The rebels, not fully comprehending the plans of General M'Clellan, were at this time confident of his capture, and of the destruction of his whole army. He had abandoned his intrenchments on the north side of the Chickahominy. His disordered divisions, in long extended lines, were in all the confusion of a tumultuous retreat. He was cut off from all communication with the base of his supplies at the White House. The Chickahominy, with broken bridges, was in his rear. The rebel generals, Longstreet, Magruder, and Huger, were pressing him fiercely. His escape seemed impossible.

At 10 o'clock Saturday night the last of the Union troops left Woodbury Bridge. A single company of cavalry had been left to guard the passage. As night came on, that they might deceive the rebels, they lighted camp-fires as for a vast army. The fires of the rebels gleamed brilliantly on the opposite banks. The scene presented was solemnly sublime. The night was dark, and gathering clouds threatened a tempest. The exhausted soldiers could not stop for rest. All the night long onward they dragged their weary limbs.

It was about six miles from Savage's Station to White Oak Swamp bridge. This whole distance was jammed full of wagons, horses, cannon, ambulances, pontoon-boats, and all the indescribable *materiel* of a great army. There were frequent halts when the current became clogged. The scene of confusion which then ensued beggars description. Twenty wagons would often be side by side. The efforts of the officers to push the line along, the shouting of the teamsters, the struggling of the horses, the occasional break-downs, presented a picture of tumult which Babel could hardly have surpassed. During the whole of the day there was but little fighting, as our movements were concealed from the knowledge of the enemy. Colonel B. S. Alexander was sent to the James River to order the gun-boats to be in position to protect the soldiers upon their arrival—to obtain guides for the different columns of the army, and to have supplies in readiness for the troops. He testifies that, while at head-quarters receiving his instructions, he was shown a printed order from General M'Clellan, then not issued, directing the destruction of the baggage of officers and men, and the tents, camps, equipage, and all things of that kind, appealing to the army to submit to this privation, as it would be only for a few days. He remonstrated with General M'Clellan against this extraordinary measure, assuring him that it would have so depressing an effect as seriously to demoralize the army, convincing the soldiers that they were retreat-

ing in hopeless defeat to save their lives. The order was not issued, and it is due to General M'Clellan to state that he testifies, before the same committee, that he had no recollection of having given such an order.\*

The sun of the Sabbath morning, June 29, rose over this scene of tumult and consternation. It ushered in one of the most glaring and sultry of summer days. The heat was all but insupportable. One hour after midnight General M'Clellan, with his staff and escort, left Savage's Station, and, advancing five or six miles, established his head-quarters at White Oak Swamp. General Smith was intrusted with the post of honor—the charge of the rear. He was to beat the pursuing enemy back until the wagons were at a safe distance, and was then slowly to follow them. As the apparently interminable train, through the hours of the night, filed painfully along, Generals Sumner, Heintzelman, and Keys gradually brought their forces into position to repel the foe rushing upon them from Richmond and from the Chickahominy.

Early in the morning the whole army, with all its vast artillery and baggage trains, were on the move. Soon the enemy discovered the line of the retreat and commenced a vigorous pursuit. The patriot army took the road directly through White Oak Swamp toward Charles City. On this march General Heintzelman protected the rear. The rebels made several attempts to flank him; but he baffled all their efforts, repelled all their assaults, and throughout the day the pursuit was conducted by this thorough soldier with great ability and success. Our troops had not reached more than a mile and a half beyond Savage's Station when the pursuers commenced a furious assault. We slowly retired, beating back the advancing foe by an incessant storm of shot and shell from our artillery, which made a stand at every commanding point, and pierced the dense columns of the rebels with terrible destruction. There was not a breath of air. The sun poured down fiercely upon the unsheltered heads of the troops. There was an incessant rattle of musketry and roar of artillery. As we were slowly driven along we were compelled to leave our dead and many of the severely wounded behind us. The hurry was so great and the heat so intolerable, that the troops threw away their knapsacks and their outer garments, but desperately clenched their weapons, which they would surrender only with their lives.

Many from the effect of sun-stroke dropped by the way-side, foaming at the mouth and raving in delirium. During most of this time round shot and shells from the enemy's artillery were dropping in the midst of our ranks. Occasionally, as our rear-guard made a stand, a fierce battle ensued, with the most desperate charges of infantry and cavalry. Meagher's Irish Brigade rendered itself very conspicuous by the gallantry with which it rushed, with cheers which made the welkin ring, upon the

\* Report of Congressional Committee, p. 12.





EDWIN V. SUMNER.

swarming rebels. The Fifteenth Massachusetts also performed deeds of chivalric valor never surpassed. But it seems invidious to single out for special mention individual regiments or brigades where *all* ennobled themselves.

Gathering clouds in that rainy land brought the day to an early close, and a stormy night set in. The assailants had been effectually repulsed on every charge they had made, and the loud cheers of our troops announced the patriot victory; for it was indeed a victory for the *rear-guard alone*, of the retreating army, to beat back all the mighty hosts of rebellion which had emerged from Richmond in the pursuit. Still the National troops were ordered to press on as rapidly as possible through the darkness and the rain, and the pools of the swamp. They were compelled to leave their wounded comrades, groaning and dying on the little hillocks, to the mercilessness of the barbaric rebels.

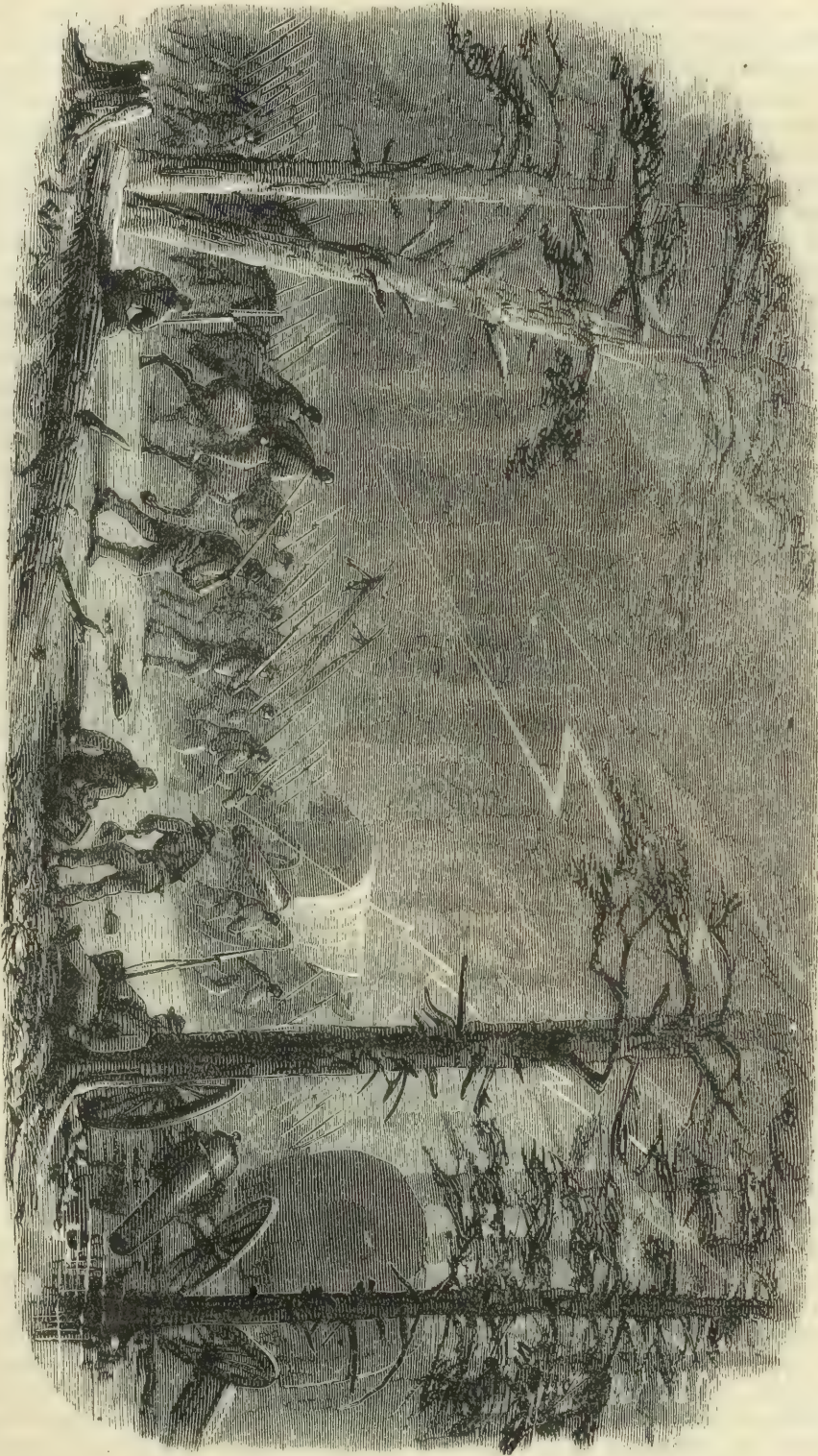
On, on pressed the rear-guard through the Egyptian darkness of the tempest-riven night—

the forest illumined by incessant flashes of lightning, and the heaviest peals of thunder breaking over their heads. All arms of the service were mixed and crowded together in the narrow road, while still a degree of order was preserved far better than could have been supposed possible. Columns of infantry, gun-carriages, squadrons of cavalry, were all commingled, while the gleaming lightning flashed along the bayonets and bright bands of the muskets, in strong contrast with the dark mass surging onward like a swollen stream.

The entire capacity of the road was filled with the moving multitude, as were also the fields beside the road wherever the ground was sufficiently firm. The whole line of the retreat was marked by abandoned baggage wagons, broken-down caissons, and all the debris of a routed army. It was observed that the men spoke in low tones of voice. All loud noises were avoided as the rear-guard pressed on, hoping to get through the swamp before the dawn of morn-



THE RETREAT.



ing. One of the officers on this dreadful retreats says:

"My breakfast was nothing. My dinner at four o'clock was a raw egg and a biscuit. My supper consisted of two hard crackers. My drink was the stagnant, muddy water of the swamp, scooped up with my hand."

There is a little stream called White Oak Creek, which passes through the heart of the swamp. The bridge was destroyed as soon as the troops had crossed it. Now and then, all along the lines, soldiers, utterly exhausted, would throw themselves down for a few moments' sleep,

and then, terrified lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy, would spring up, and, not more than half awake, toil painfully on.

In the earliest dawn of the morning of this day, as the army torrent was surging forward in its choked and narrow channel, few knew why or where, the Rev. J. J. Marks, the devoted, heroic chaplain of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Regiment, rode to Savage's Station to see what could be done toward removing the thousands of sick and wounded men collected at that place. At General Heintzelman's tent he found the officers met in council, and orderlies, surgeons,



commissaries, and colonels hurrying backward and forward in the wildest haste. The air was full of rumors of peril and disaster. General Heintzelman, with the calmness of one accustomed to danger, was issuing his commands; and after listening to Dr. Marks's appeal in behalf of the wounded, said that nothing could be done to save them; that all the wounded must be left at Savage's Station to meet such doom as the rebels might award to them. General M'Clellan had ordered all the ambulances to depart empty. He deemed that five thousand wounded men in the train of the army would so retard and embarrass its movements as to render escape impossible. It was therefore deemed a stern necessity to leave the wounded in the hands of the rebels. It is sadly to be deplored that the sick could not have been all removed a few days before the retreat commenced. Nobly Dr. Marks, and his friend Mr. Brunot, resolved to remain with the sufferers to minister to their wants and to share their fate. A colonel rode into the hospital grounds and said, as he withdrew the pickets, that within half an hour the rebels would be there. Every patient who could leave his cot now endeavored to escape.

"I beheld," says Dr. Marks, "a long scattering line of the patients staggering away, some carrying their guns and supporting a companion on an arm, others tottering feebly over a staff, which they appeared to have scarcely strength to lift up. One was borne on the shoulders of two of his companions, in the hope that when he had gone a little distance he might be able to walk. One had already sat down, fainting from the exertion of a few steps. Some had risen from the first rest, staggered forward a few steps and fell in the road; but after a few moments in the open air, and stimulated by the fear of the enemy, they could walk more strongly. Never have I beheld a spectacle more touching and more sad."\*

An immense amount of provisions, which had been accumulated for the army, was here destroyed to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. Hundreds of barrels of flour, rice, sugar, molasses, salt, and bread were piled up in immense pyramids and consigned to the flames. It was not easy to dispose suddenly of the ammunition, consisting of hundreds of barrels of powder and tons of shells. The following expedient was adopted. The whole mass of powder and shells was piled up in a long train of cars. The engine, under full pressure of steam, was attached. There was a descending grade of about two and a half miles from the station to the Chickahominy, where the railroad bridge had been destroyed. The torch was applied to the combustibles placed in the cars and the train put in motion. The currents of air fanned the flames, and in billows of fire they wreathed around the long serpentine train, whose wheels revolved every moment with more frightful velocity. As multitudes stood upon

the hills watching the rushing meteor it seemed as though a serpent of fire, lashed with demoniac tortures, had escaped from the pit and was rushing it knew not where. Suddenly there was a tremendous crash. Tons of powder and hundreds of shells were exploding. An eye-witness writes:

"Bomb after bomb sprang from the fiery mass, hissing and screaming like fiends in agony, and coursing in every direction through the forests and the clear heavens. Rarely has there been a spectacle of greater wonder and grandeur. Such was the momentum of this train that when it reached the chasm it sprang out fully forty feet; and the engine and first car leaped over the first pier in the stream, and there they hang suspended, one of the most impressive monuments of the Peninsular disasters."

It was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that General Heintzelman and his staff left the station. A very affecting scene was now witnessed as the troops bade adieu to their sick and wounded friends, whom they were compelled to leave behind—to abandon as prisoners to the rebels.

"Fathers had to drag themselves away from the couches of their sons; and after they had gone a few steps would return to look once more. Up to this time the disabled had not known that they were to be left behind; and when it became manifest, the scene could not be pictured by human language. I heard one man crying out, 'O my God! is this the reward I deserve for all the sacrifices I have made, the battles I have fought, and the agony I have endured from my wounds?' Some of the younger soldiers wept like children; others turned pale and some fainted. Poor fellows! they thought this was the last drop in the cup of bitterness, but there were many yet to be added."

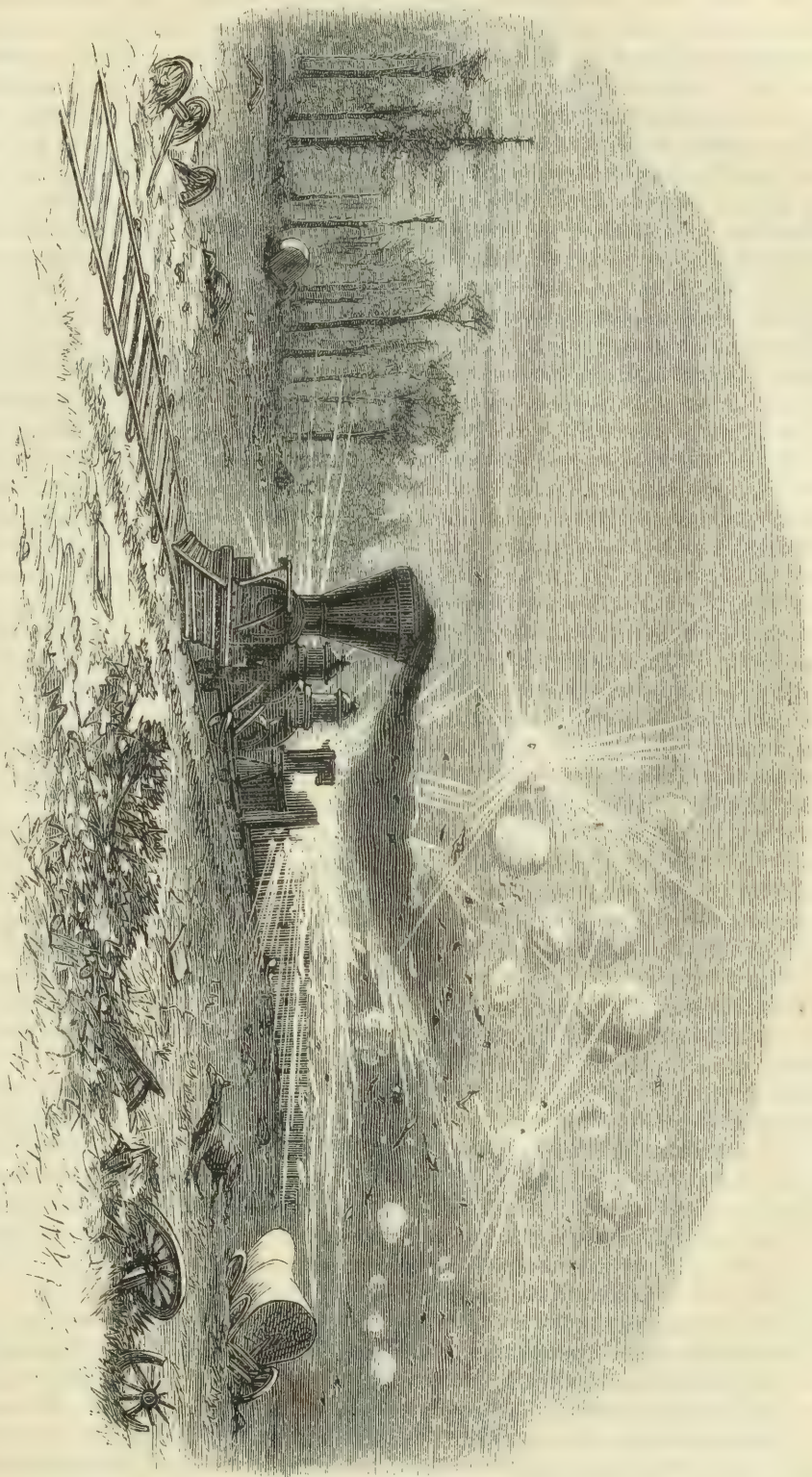
There is a large open plain of several hundred acres opposite Savage's Station. Along this plain the Williamsburg Road passes, by which our troops were mainly to effect their retreat. Beyond the plain is a dark pine forest. It was here on the edge of this forest that General Sumner was stationed with 20,000 men, who were to hold in check the enemy until our troops had escaped beyond White Oak Swamp. Here this heroic band for hours awaited the approach of the trebly outnumbering foe, while regiments and divisions and trains of wagons filed by them. The fate of the army was in their hands, and they proved worthy of the trust.

About five o'clock in the afternoon an immense cloud of dust announced the approach of the enemy. As they drew nearer, from their whole mass of artillery in front they opened a terrific fire. The national guns responded. For an hour not a musket was discharged, but the reverberating thunder of the cannon shook the hills. Then the whole majestic mass of the rebels, with their peculiar yell, not cheer, which their savage allies had apparently taught them, sprang forward upon the open plain, presenting

\* The Peninsula Campaign in Virginia, by J. J. Marks, D.D., p. 243.



DESTRUCTION OF THE TRAIN.



a crested billow of glittering bayonets which it would seem that no mortal power could stem. Every musket in the Union line was brought into deliberate aim. Not a man wavered. For a moment there was a pause until it was certain that every bullet would fulfill its mission, and then there was a flash, followed by a storm of lead, which covered the ground with the dead and the dying. At the same moment, the cheer of the patriot responded to the yell of the rebel. I can not refrain from again quoting from the graphic pen of an eye-witness:

“Beaten back by this leaden storm the ene-

my wavered and retreated a few steps to the railroad. But soon after troops coming up behind them pressed the front line once more into the field. Again there leaped from ten thousand guns the fiery blast, and yell answered yell. For a moment there would be a pause, a lull in the battle, to be succeeded by the instantaneous discharge of five thousand guns; and then, as if the contending hosts had been stung to frenzy, the rage of the contest was redoubled. The clash of arms was occasionally interrupted by the coming into the field of fresh regiments, cheering their companions with loud shouts.



The dullest ear could perceive the difference between the voices of our men and those of the enemy. Ours shouted in clear, ringing, and manly tones, while the enemy's sounded like the scream of the panther and the yell of the savage. At one time in the conflict there was the simultaneous discharge of two thousand muskets, as if men had fired in each other's faces. It was a moment I shall never forget; the thought of the crushing, the piercing, and the agony; the life-blood gushing out; the strong arm palsied, and the bright eye darkened forever; the many souls appearing the same instant before God—all brought to the heart overwhelming emotions as if in a moment I had lived years.\*

In the confusion and darkness of the smoke-enveloped field, as the shades of evening were deepening, two regiments approached each other, and each withheld its fire, anxiously uncertain whether the other were friend or foe. When they could almost touch with their muskets the patriot Colonel of the one, stepped forward and inquired, "What regiment is that?" hoping that he was in the presence of brothers. There was a moment's pause, and then the response was returned, "What regiment is yours?" "The Fifth Vermont," was the reply. "Then," exclaimed the rebel Colonel of the other, which proved to be the Eleventh Alabama, "in God's name take it—fire." Both regiments discharged their guns simultaneously into each other's bosoms when scarcely ten feet apart. What was the loss of the rebels is not known. But two hundred of the Vermonters, noble boys from their happy homes amidst the Green Mountains, were left by that fire dead or helplessly wounded upon the field. In this, which was one of the most desperate battles of the war, the rebels brought into action fifty thousand men to crush our rear-guard of twenty thousand. The patriots, under their heroic leader, were nobly the victors. They repelled and drove back their assailants. And as night parted the combatants, and the rebels gave up the strife to await the morning and the arrival of fresh troops, a shout of victory ran along our lines which resounded for miles through the solitudes of the forest. General M'Clellan, who, some miles in the rear, was conducting vigorously the retreat, was, by the heroic repulse thus given to the foe, enabled to save our retreating columns and baggage-trains by conveying them through the almost impassable slough of White Oak Swamp.

The battle continued quite into the night. Its roar, as heard by the retreating army in the depths of White Oak Swamp, was majestic and awful. During this dreadful day General M'Clellan remained most of the time at his head-quarters, in the interior of White Oak Swamp, watching the passage of the almost interminable lines of the army.

"Nothing," writes the Prince de Joinville, "disturbed the serene self-possession of the

General-in-Chief. He had stopped to rest in the veranda of a house. The heat was overwhelming. The mistress came to complain that the soldiers were eating her cherries. The General rose with a smile, went himself and put a stop to their pillage. But he could not prevent the shells next day from setting fire to the house of his pretty hostess."

An account of the successful achievement of the change of base must be reserved for our next number.

## OVER THE MEADOW.

**T**HERE are some days one never forgets. I doubt if I ever forget those days, so long ago, but still so fresh as if they broke but yesterday—those days spent with Donald gathering the crimson jets of samphire! Oh, but they were days of grace, and though I've jogged through many calmer ones, there's been none like them—none.

Since I had just come from believing in fairy-folks haunting the green dimples of the hill, rowing all day down the meadow stream in wherries carved from bubbles by the wandering Djin, the wind, I must needs believe in something, and so I believed in *him*. Alas, and that passed by as well!

I have only to open my window on a still autumn morning with just a breath off the river, and once more I am Christine Miller and twenty, and the samphire is ripening over yonder, and Donald is the gay, handsome heart again, lithe and lovely; but soon this glamour passes too, and I know well that Donald's dead these ten years, and that I am only the Widow Brown with sixty years astern.

It was just across the river we always went when my mother had said: "Christine, where is your samphire for pickling, now your preserves be all made and your cowcubers done?"

So Donald would out with his boat, and Susan and Ned Brown and I with our baskets, and away we would spin over the water in the sunshine, making merry.

I had two lovers in those days, Ned Brown and Donald; but Donald he was born to be a lover, while Ned was an awkward, staring boy, always with his hands in his breeches pockets when they weren't handling a ship's rope, for he followed the sea between whiles.

It was Donald who helped me ashore, but it was Ned who staid behind to anchor the little craft; if I lost my footing in the boggy spots it was Donald who came to my help with a light-some solicitude, but all the time Ned's eyes never left me, and I knew that but for his clod-hopper ways he would rescue me first from a den of lions if need were. For all that Donald was my earliest and latest thought. "What will Donald think? Will Donald go? Will Donald come?" That was the catechism I learned alike Sunday and week-day; and, sooth to say, I hardly knew Ned lived at all save when I saw him before me!

\* The Peninsula Campaign in Virginia, by Rev. J. J. Marks, D.D.



Ah, well-a-day, there's scarce a night, I believe, but in my dream I'm picking my way over the samphire-field behind Donald, and I see his foot slip and catch its balance again as he turns and holds out his hand to me, and always on his handsome face a smile hovers; and anon I trip, and before he can reach me I'm broad awake, sitting up in bed, with a star winking at me through the chink of the shutter. That's why I go to bed so early, for I'm sure to dream of Donald, and the samphire, and the days when we were keeping company!

One day—I remember it well—the heavens were like the streets of the new Jerusalem, all paven gold and sapphire-stone, and the crisp air guarded a smell of pine woods and falling leaves, and the river ran sparkling away to the sea, like a string of bright beads that had slipped the knot. But Donald, though he handled the oar briskly, and the boat sped like a flash from reach to reach of the curveting tide, was a trifle down at the mouth as he looked back at the shore yellowing and crimsoning in its autumn sunshine, and out upon the bar, where the unallayed waves tossed up, as by some wizard spell, huge columns and archways, that flashed and silvered and disappeared, like some spectral gateway, into the broad ocean beyond; and then, glancing back at me, I discerned a shadow fall darkly across his face as he said:

"You will be coming here often when I'm away."

"Never without thinking of you, Donald," I answered; and even though I whispered it I noted Ned tore his eyes from off me, and sent them gazing out at sea. Surely there's no ears nor eyes like true love's!

"Shall you be gone for long?" asked Susan.

"For months; maybe years!"

Now it was for me to look aghast; but I forbore to speak, for Ned—wasn't he all ears and eyes and wistful woefulness?

But when we were out upon the meadow, and Donald stooping close beside me over the tiny bristling spears of samphire, my curiosity was ready to blaze, but my pride hung fire. So we picked and picked, and the silence was growing hateful, when, suddenly, he stood upright and took off his hat, saying, with a grim smile that was more than half a frown,

"You don't ask me any thing; you don't care; Ned has been getting your heart away from me by inches; it is time for me to go!"

"Indeed, Master Donald," said I, quite put out, you know, "where got you the deed and title of my heart, that you can gainsay its gift by an inch or an ell?"

At that he looked befogged, and drew his hand along his brow, and cried,

"Christine, do you mean that you never loved me?"

"Do you mean that you ever asked me to?"

"I do now, for I shall love *you* forever!"

"That alters things," said I, coolly enough, considering the words were burning in on my heart.

"Then you do?"

"Do what?" For I was determined to make him come every step of the way. Was *I* to be so lightly won?

"Love me," he answered.

"Well, yes—a little—maybe!"

I suppose that answered his turn, for directly he grew gay and glad, made the air ring with his wild tunes and pleasant jests, till, at last, all agreed we never had spent so blithe a day on the meadow.

"What's dounce to some is dour to others," as I have heard the proverb run, in the tongue my mother brought with her when, a child with a speech of her own, she came from Scotland to these foreign shores of freedom.

And Donald went to the city to be clerk in a great importing house, and the boat was sold, and Ned was off and away to the Indies; and henceforth, if Susan and I wanted samphire, there was the bridge across, and the ferryman, but that was all.

Donald's mother was always an ambitious body, and nowise willing he should stay at home, and milk the cows, and plow the field, and reap the harvest, as his forefathers had done since ever they left the bonny Tweedside, and settled in America; for they emigrated long before my mother's people brought her here; and, being longer established, they felt what in the old country would be called a priority of rank over us later comers; so Donald's mother would have him a great man, with his money and his wits ready coined, and white hands, and genteel ways as the Great Mogul himself. Law me! when a youngster I used to take the Great Mogul for an elephant, and I don't rightly know his bearings to this day.

Well, first along, Donald wrote a thought gloomy; and my letters to him were like the light between riven clouds, he said; but in those days the mail didn't come bothering and disappointing you five or six times a day: it was odd if we got a letter from Donald much short of a fortnight old. You may guess how I counted the time till mail-day; how if it stormed, or froze, or parched, it was still the sweetest day that ever gathered to a dawn and smiled from east to west; how I dressed in my finest clothes, and watched and listened.

But one day, it was all in vain.

"No letters for Christine Miller!" sang out our postmaster—a saucy old rough, who would have called King Solomon himself by his Christian name—"who'd have guessed he'd forget ye a'ready?"

"Who, indeed!" thought I.

Oh, but the next fortnight was bitter long! and though a letter came it planted a thorn in my side.

"I am fast making friends," he wrote; "my employer has two agreeable daughters, who often make my evenings pleasant, and keep me out of harm's way, as mother would say."

"Harm's way!" thought I. "If that's out of it, where next?"



But there was more yet,—see, here it is now; how yellow it's grown! it drops in pieces at a touch, like the dear dust of its writer. Oh, to think that his hand and his thought fashioned these very words; that his eyes bent above them; that they are a part of him—of him—of whom I have no part! Oh, Donald! did you know how much I loved you?

Put them up. There's no need of them. I learned every word by heart, as one would a bit of poetry, without heed: a more spirited girl would have burned them all, or a truer wife; but I—I couldn't.

So he went on to say: "Christine, dear, couldn't you take a little more pains with your orthography and etymology? You left an *f* out of affection, and grafted it upon afraid; your hand is rather cramped; and, I notice, it is you for using your verbs at hap-hazard."

Who ever picked a love-letter to pieces like that? "He's getting ashamed of me," I cried, and flung the letter behind the back-log; but the fire was out, so I picked it up again.

Then I hunted up my Murray, and tried to wriggle the verbs into place; and what with a scrid of old Bailey's Dictionary, and practicing my hand daily, my next letter did my heart good; but, dear heart, his answer ran:

"Do remember that two negatives in a sentence are equal to an affirmative; or, when you say, 'I don't care for no one as I do for you,' I shall be obliged either to doubt you or fight my rival."

Now I couldn't see that!

Well, sometimes I got a letter after this, and sometimes I didn't; but always he found so much fault with mine that I nearly gave up in despair, and wrote only seldom.

In the mean while he came home twice for a week, and in that time took me to task as often as a step-mother, and always harping on the fine manners of the Miss Blanks.

I remember one afternoon in particular; it was when we were going out to Farmer Farley's to a husking-party, and when I was dressed he pulled me to pieces as if I had been a rag-baby.

"You've forgotten to take off your apron, Christie."

"Take off my apron! Why, I made it on purpose to wear."

"Ha, ha! You *aren't* going to be so countrified?"

"Why not? I am a country girl."

"I wonder what I should think to see Miss Amelia at a party wearing an apron!"

"You would write me to wear one directly."

"That cravat about your neck, love; it's frightfully old-fashioned. They are never worn in the city now."

"Christine Miller wears them here, and that ought to satisfy *you*."

"That is just what dissatisfies me; I want Christine Miller to wear the best."

"Well, is there any thing else you would like to alter?"

"Since you give me *carte blanche*; you—"

"What's that? I didn't know I'd given you any thing but tit for tat."

"It's a foreign word," said he, laughing.

"Please remember that I don't understand foreign words, if Miss Amelia does. English is more than a match for me, you know."

"I know *you* are for *me*."

"Then why don't you marry Miss Amelia?"

"I didn't mean that sort of a match; but since you mention it, I suppose I could if I would."

"Then I advise you to, Major Vanity; it will save you from turning yourself into a walking dictionary and a talking fashion-plate."

Well, at the husking, what does he do but flirt with all the girls and leave me in the doldrums; not but that there were plenty of others ready to come at my beck and call, but none of them were my sweet-heart; and when one has a sweet-heart all the other men are little more to one than so many clothes-poles.

"Did you have a fine time?" said he, going home.

"Wonderful fine! You spoke just ten words to me!"

"Why, you know, Christie, 'tis not good-mannered to mind your lady love in company!"

"Oh, Donald," said I, "you *used* to think less of manners and more of me!"

"I wouldn't be wise to contradict you!"

"Why not?" I asked, like a fool.

"Because you'd say I didn't stick to my text."

It wasn't the answer I'd expected, you see.

After he returned things went on pretty much the same, save that we wrote yet more seldom.

It was in the fall of the year, maybe eighteen months since Donald's last visit—the sky was full of great bounding clouds, like the wings of white birds that I've seen far out at sea, or like the sails of ships which the wind had filled. I took my basket and went over the bridge, all alone, to the samphire meadow; for Susan, she was laid up with a fever. Maybe I had been there half an hour, when all of a sudden some one's two hands fell on my two shoulders, and sent my wits flying abroad.

"Guess who it is!" said Donald's voice.

"What's the good of guessing, when I know for certain?"

"Pick up your basket, then, and come home with me."

"But mother wants the samphire."

"We'll get enough to-morrow."

So we went home to his mother's to tea, and she got out her best china, and her finest linen, and a silver cream-pitcher she had had ever since silver was first smelted, I believe.

"I suppose this will be yours, Christie, when you go to housekeeping," said she, dusting it as if it were like to crack at a breath.

"Thank you," said I; "but you won't lose it soon, for I shall need go to boarding-school before I'm fit to marry Donald."

"Law!" said she, "don't mind him; he's always taking *me* up short, just so. But then



he is a master-hand for grand words. What a parson he'd make, now! Them Blanks have been the making of him."

"And the marring of me!" thinks I, selfishly enough.

Next day he came for me to go to the samphire meadow. It was one of those fine days again, like crystal for clearness, when you can seem to see into heaven itself, when in all the wide sky there is not a speck, and the distant woods paint themselves like flames against its wall. Well, Donald was as good as gold, and quite as lively as that is nowadays. He told me how he spent his time in the city, that I might know, at every chime of the clock, what employed him. Then he described the Operahouse, where he sometimes went with the Miss Blanks; and the witching music, that seemed only to echo the key-note of Heaven's own; and the beautiful singers, in their gowns of satin and gold trimmings, and their faces like angels and their voices like seraphs; and he set it all forth with such a knack that I almost believed he was reciting some fairy-tale that he had picked up in the great city. Law me! the city itself, in those days, was like some bewitched thing I didn't more than half believe in!

"Wasn't you surprised when you first see it?" I asked, all wild with listening.

"Christie," said he, stopping short, "I sha'n't answer till you correct those two pieces of bad grammar in your question."

"What are they?" says I.

"The more shame to you if you don't know!"

"Be patient with the ignorant and the fool," used to be a copy in my writing-book."

"The patience of Job would be put upon," said he, a trifle touched up.

"Oh dear," says I, "I wish I hadn't never been born, to vex you so!"

"There it is again, two negatives. I wish you hadn't!"

"Well, Donald, seems to me we have had enough of this. *I'm* tired of it, if you aren't."

"I am certain I am."

"Very well, then. It's plain you and I can't go on badgering each other at this rate forever. We may as well part company first as last, for I see it will come to that in the end. Perhaps you'll find some one who will give you an affirmative in exchange for my negative—Miss Amelia, for instance."

"Miss Amelia has nothing to do with the case in hand. There's no need of dragging her in. If you think we are no longer fit for each other, I think so too."

"That's settled, then, thank goodness!" for, though I hadn't meant a word of what I said, you know, how could I retract after such an answer, pray?

So we walked home in grim silence; but long before we reached our gate my stiff anger had melted into a piercing anguish, and my heart cried out for a grain of love, while scape-grace Pride stood warden at every loop-hole, and wouldn't let me hang out a flag of truce nor a

signal of distress. As for Donald, he was now all a-flush and now like a ghost, and his eyes shot out sparks like a flint.

At the gate we parted in silence, and I saw that he lingered as if to latch it, as I stepped briskly up the foot-path; but I never turned nor glanced back, and presently I heard him call "Christine!" But I kept straight on, head up, heart down; and again "Christine!" but I never—*oh me, if I only had!*

Well; do you think after that I spent the night crying like any baby; and in the morning some one happened in, and said Donald had gone!

Mother she gave me a look, and when the visitor had gone—

"Did you know that?" asked she, sharply, for mother favored the match.

"Why should I? It's all up between Donald and me," I answered, shortly.

"Whose the blame?"

"Moods and tenses," said I, getting up to go out before she could say more; for whenever mother got excited she fell into her native Scotch tongue, and *that* I hated as badly as Donald did false syntax; and a trick of it she lent to me myself, and I've never fairly rid myself of it to this day.

"And temper, I'll warrant; you girls are all alike—it's a flash in the pan, and the flame ends in smoke," she concluded, before I was quite out of hearing.

You may guess if I wasn't pretty well down at the mouth; but I kept up amazingly before folks; so it was noised about that I had jilted Donald myself. Perhaps I had. And just at this time Ned Brown he came home from sea, and he deaved me so to marry him that I almost wished there wasn't any such thing as marriage.

He was to be captain next voyage, and have a ship of his own, and he would take me to Cadiz, and half round the globe, maybe.

I must confess that it appeared an atom tempting at first thought; but then I looked at Ned and remembered Donald, and the temptation sped in the twinkling of an eye; so I said, "No!" up and down; but presently I half repented me, for a gossip flew abroad that the Blanks had taken Donald into partnership, and he was going to marry Miss Amelia.

"Oh, Donald!" sighed I, "if you'd only stay single, prince nor palace would tempt me!"

But here was Ned, and there was Donald; and it was a good year since we had parted, and the gossip was sifted down to a certainty, and Ned would sail in a fortnight; and what was the good of two being miserable for nothing—married or single *I* should be *that*; so when he came again I promised to go to Cadiz with him, or wherever he pleased: it wouldn't make much difference to me.

So we were married; and Susan went with us up to the city, where the ship was taking in cargo. It was the first time we had ever been out of our home-nests, and it was as though



some fairy had smuggled us upon enchanted ground, especially as there is no mortal particularly happy in those parts that ever I could hear tell of.

We had two or three days to spare before the ship would get under way, and Captain Brown, he took us round to see the sights, and it was enough to craze one. It was almost as much as your life was worth crossing the streets, to begin with, and that wasn't what *I* was used to, though I have had narrower chances for mine since: it was nothing but come and go, thither and yon, and the people never seemed to stop any more than if they were in a tread-mill. I wondered mightily when they took their meals; and more than once I waited for the procession to get by.

Well, one day we stopped before one of the splendid churches, just to look and admire, and soon we observed that carriages kept coming up and people going in; and Susan, says she,

"'Tisn't Sunday, is it?"

"Perhaps it's a funeral," said I.

"No, indeed," says Captain Brown; "it's a wedding, I guess. Don't you see the folks with their white gloves?"

"A wedding?" says Susan, all high. "Let's go in and see for ourselves."

"I doubt if we can get in," says the Captain, "they're crowding in so fast; but we can push up nearer, and heave anchor till the bride and bridegroom come."

Pretty soon there was a buzz, and a "There they come!" from the by-standers; and a gentleman handed a lady out of a carriage—a lady all lace and satin and flowers—a lady with a blush on the cheek and a smile on the lip.

"That's the bride," says Captain Brown.

"My!" cried Susan; "but where's the bridegroom? I had a sight rather see *him*."

"There!—there he is—that one that's just helping out the lady in gray; do you see, Christie? Wait; he'll turn round soon. There—"

"Oh!" cried Susan.

"Let us go," said the Captain, touching me gently. But I just stood still, with my eyes as if they had been glued upon Donald's face; and he gave a glance round the crowd, and fate would have it that his eyes met mine, and the blood flared up his cheek that was like death before, and his eyes said, plain as tongue could have spoken,

"I loved you; see, this is your work!" And looking so, he passed on and disappeared.

"Sha'n't we go now?" said I, taking the Captain's arm, as cool as if nothing had happened.

"She's not a bit pretty," said Susan.

"Handsome men seldom marry pretty women," said I.

"No," said Captain Brown, who would have agreed with me if I had said black was white: "it's your homely men who do that; they get so pesky tired of seeing only their own ugly phiz aboard."

And we stood off for Cadiz at last; and, I can

tell you, my first night at sea was a little too grand to be comfortable; but law sakes! I've been to sea with Captain Brown fifteen years and odd, on and off, and got sort of acclimated, so that I didn't think any more of going across the Atlantic than stepping across my chamber-floor of a cold morning.

Many are the nights I've been out when the ship didn't seem like any thing so much as a shaving, which the wind shook and tore, and the waves hungered for; when the darkness wrapped you like a cloak, save where far off the breakers beckoned with ghostly fingers, or gnashed their white teeth threateningly; when above the lonesome shriek of the tempest the creak of cordage, the slip and slap and tumble of yelping cataracts, the orders trumpeted abroad—above them all would break the woeful voice of a minute-gun, that carried in its breath dreadful tidings of shipwreck and death; of men and women clinging to straws; of ghastly faces one instant upturned, now whirled down, down by the whirling waters; of horrors that another hour might make our own.

And then the sun, rising over fair fields of sliding gems, and never weary of working its miracles far and near, while bearing us company the live-long day, till, like some shipwrecked world, splintered and raveled into a thousand atoms of glory, it sank sadly to its grave.

Then it was odds, but now and again we fell in with an iceberg, bound down for the Gulf Stream; towers and spires and fretted frost-work, all a-glitter in the sunlight, as fine as any cathedral I've ever gazed at in the Old World.

And land! the foreign countries that I've seen! Why, if any body had told me when I was a girl I should drive from post to pillar like *that*, I should have thought them mad.

Early or late, every one has their turn; and so it fell out, that one night, after the storm had raged like any wild creature for two days, we shipped our masts; and directly Captain Brown called to lower the boats, as that was our only chance, for the ship had sprung a leak and the sea rushed in with a will, and the pumps were of no more use than a cup. Now that is the time for a man to show the cut of his jib; if he has got a drop of meanness or cowardice in him, he won't stand face to face so with death without giving a hint of it. But it would have done your heart good to see Captain Brown's men, even the roughest and unseemliest, stand back and say to their mess-mates, "You next!"

We stuck to the boat for two days, and by that time our water was quite gone; and it strikes one strangely, I can tell you, to see one's self surrounded by that delicious liquid and one dying of thirst! But just as we had put the last crumb of biscuit into our mouths a French brig, bound for Algiers, took us off!

I can tell you, too, that I had never expected to see green fields, nor waving corn, nor blossoming way-sides again; neither to hear the sweet morning fluting of birds just awake in



their nests in the old tangled garden at home, or the sweeter voices of friends or foes; no, I had given all that up, and looked calmly as I might out upon the gray glooming waters and up to the heavens as cheerless, if so be I might find some grain of comfort to last me through.

Well, none of us could speak a word of French but Captain Brown—he had picked up a little of the jargon on the French coast; and no one on the brig could speak English, and we had a droll time of it. We would each get so provoked with ourselves, and when all was said and done it was so funny, that I could exactly understand the sort of trials the workmen suffered when the Tower of Babel was under way. For all that the rest of the voyage wasn't a pleasure-trip altogether; we had some rough gales before we slipped into the harbor at Algiers, where we rocked at last, as safe as a thief in a mill, in comparison.

Dear me, I thought it was quite the prettiest anchorage in the world just then; it looked so social to see the ships rolling about as happy-go-lucky as if storms were things of another latitude; and the moonlight making free with the battlements of the grim old castle, and looking in at the ghastly loop-holes of the batteries that had, maybe, sent death to many a brave heart; and the folks ashore cooking supper over their fires in the open air, as I've seen the gipsies in Spain do, only these wore their rags differently; for among all my goings and comings what's struck me most is the odd fashions people have of rigging themselves.

After this I got out of the way of going with Captain Brown; besides, mother she was growing old and needed me at home; and, perhaps, I didn't quite care to repeat my experience.

In the mean time I had heard news of Donald; how that now he was forehanded, and now that his health was broken, and again that he was in the house for the insane. Well, he was not the first of his race that had brought up there at last; his mother came of a line of intermarriages equal to any in royalty. But during all that time between I had never laid eyes on him; for though he had been down often enough to see his mother it was always while I was at sea.

Dear me, I have good reason to remember the day Captain Brown went on his last voyage. He was to start off immediately after dinner; and as I passed him the pickled-peppers,

"Christie," said he, "why don't you ever have pickled samphire nowadays? How jolly we used to be getting it; no pickle like that for me, my hearties!"

"Just so," said mother, "none grows in these times I'll be bound. Oh, for the good old days—"

"Of Adam and of Eve?" asked the Captain, slyly.

"When you come home again," said I, "we will have some awaiting you!"

"And what if I never come?" said he.

"Hush, hush; what should hinder? And you that know the way so well—your own beaten path!"

"The pitcher goes often to the well," says mother.

"There, don't go to wooing trouble," said I.

Now the Captain was sort of a cheerful body in the house, and after he was gone it seemed so lonesome-like that I didn't know rightly what to take hold of first, so I just bethought myself of the samphire.

"Present time is best time!" thinks I, so on with my sun-bonnet and down with my basket, and away I labored across. Dear sakes, it wasn't quite as I had tripped that way thirty years ago; one's gait at fifty isn't a quick-step; and I much wondered if I were really the same high-tempered ignoramus that broke with Donald so long ago on this very spot I was going to.

"I've seen the world," thinks I, "and rubbed off some of the sharp edges;" and maybe I was a little proud that Donald even couldn't find fault with me then. Oh, vain self-glorying!

All the way over was so familiar I could have fallen down and kissed the ground, the bit of stone-wall, moss-incrusted, the old gnarled trees—could have pointed out to you the places where times and again we had rested, and the trees where Donald used to gather pine-cones for us!

"Ah me, thirty years can do a heap of mischief!" thinks I; and looking down I found the samphire as thick as bees at my feet, just as if it had been waiting thirty years for me to come.

But before I went to work, I don't know what possessed me, but I turned me about and gave a look all across the meadow; and some one was coming swiftly toward me from the other side.

"Who can that be?" thinks I. "Some stranger, doubtless, who has missed his way; it does walk like— Nonsense! don't be a fool, Christie Brown; do *you* walk as you did then?"

He came quickly up to me and held out both hands, then paused and drew back.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, touching his hat, "but I thought it was she, at a distance; your gait and your basket deceived me. You didn't pass her in the village, did you?"

"Who?" I asked.

"Christine Miller. I've been expecting to meet her here. The coach has gone already. I must give her up soon!"

From the first moment I had set eyes on his face I knew Donald, for all that his hair was white, his face so haggard, his eyes so sunken; and now it all rushed over me that he was beside himself, and had escaped from the asylum.

"Oh!" says I, taking the cue, "if it's Christine Miller you want, she was in the village to-day. Come, we will go and find her. I think, maybe, she will be at your mother's."

Upon that he scowled and sat down on a rock hard by, saying,



"Thank you. I had rather she came here. Don't let me trouble you farther."

Now I was scared to leave him there all alone; so I answered,

"No trouble, good Sir; but I'm an old woman, as you see, and wouldn't you be so kind as to go a piece across with me?"

"Oh," said he, as cute as could be, "with pleasure; but I thought you had just come to gather samphire."

"So I had, but I don't feel able to stay; and then perhaps we will meet her there."

Then he rose up with a sigh and gave me his arm, and—

"No," says he, "I've no reasonable hope to see her again, if she won't come here."

"Perhaps she's sick," said I.

"But you said you saw her to-day."

"Still she may not feel like walking this far."

"You did, for a less reason; and I must walk treble the distance to catch a stage at Buxton, now ours is gone."

"Then it's a shame to take you back with me," said I, to humor him.

"Not so; it is a pleasure to me."

Ah, well! though his poor face was as if he had set down all his accounts there—crissed and crossed and scratched out—he had still my Donald's winning ways, his gallant graces.

So he rambled on till we reached his mother's door, and she was just standing there a moment, looking at the sunlight on the lawn and the broad blue sky above; and soon as she spied us she cried out,

"Here's Donald, my son!"

And I slipped behind and left him in her arms. Poor soul! she was ailing herself, and her mind had gone from her these two years, but she knew him.

Well, I saw no more of them till after night-fall, when the girl who looked after his mother came rushing in for me. Said she, "Oh, Mr. Donald! he's raving like fury, and keeps calling for you, Miss Brown—leastways he cries 'Christie! Christie! where's Christie?'"

So I tied my kerchief over my head and went with her. They had him in bed, and two men they held him, and he beat the air with his arms, and his cries were like knives going through and through you.

"Donald, dear, what ails you?" I said, taking his hand; but he shook his fist in my face: "Do you think I don't know Christine Miller when I see her? Do you think to impose upon me like that?" said he.

And so he went on, and wouldn't believe it was I; but if I turned away would cry, "Christie! Christie!" just as he did that night at the gate.

But by-and-by he fell into a sleep, and they begged me not to leave him lest he should wake furious at finding me gone; so the men went to lie down in the next room, and left me alone there with him; and he slept as sweetly as a little child, and between whiles he smiled. And at last, when the white dawn sauntered up the ho-

rizon, he turned him on his side, and heaved a deep sigh, and opened wide his beautiful eyes—his eyes that no tears or terrors could rob of their loveliness—and he looked me full in the face, as sane as you are, and he stroked my hand softly and said:

"Poor Christie! The flaming sword that guarded Eden, and turned both ways, has kept us apart. How long is it, child, since then—how long?"

"Thirty years gone this day, Donald!"

He was silent a while.

"Why didn't you meet me, thirty years gone this day, on the samphire meadow?" Then said he, "Tell me why?"

"I never knew you wanted me there, Donald dear."

"Never knew? Why, I waited and waited for you; and the stage went by, but still I would not go, for I said, 'Something keeps her; she'd never throw true love away like that.'"

"No more I would, Donald dear."

"I said so! I said so! Yes, cotton's down, and wool ought to be"—he was wandering a bit—"and so I waited till my heart froze, and then I walked ten miles—ten miles to reach Buxton before the stage left, carrying my heart all the way like a log! And you never knew!"

"Dear heart, I loved you all the same; but some wrong has been done us. How *should* I know you waited for me, dear?"

I thought it no harm to speak to him so then, and he dying.

"I sent you word," said he; "I left you a note."

"A note? And what note? I've never heard one word from you since that night at the gate."

"Is that true?" said he, rising on his elbow.

"True as Heaven," said I.

"Heaven help us then," said he; "and you thought I had given you up without a word! Poor Christie! And I loved you so truly! But I've no time to lose; before the sun touches the samphire meadow I shall be beyond hearing; see, my voice fails me now; put your head down closer, closer; say, I shall—love you—till—death, and—beyond: one kiss—and away." So his lids dropped, and his soul was away beyond the morning, and the stars, and the pitiless radiances of earth, into the perfect light!

Then I laid him back upon the pillows, with a smile quite plain about his lips, and went out into the next room.

"Donald has gone!" I said, quietly.

"Gone? Donald gone?" cried his mother, from her chimney-corner. "Yes, yes; he said he must be gone bright and early; they sent for him. Well, good-speed to him! Oh, but Christie, is that you? Wait a bit. I like to have forgotten, my memory begins to fail me; Donald, he left something for you, a slip of paper, no more; I thought I'd sent it by the boy; but no, I mind now that I shut it in one of the books!"

And she toddled across the floor to a shelf



where Donald's old school-books had stood this many a year: they were such sacred oracles in her eyes.

Now "*the boy*" had been a man these twenty years, with boys of his own.

Taking down an old tattered arithmetic, she produced a folded note and came hobbling with it to me.

"I thought it had gone by the boy; but now I'm glad you dropped in, Christie, for here it is!"

True enough; it was the note I should have had thirty years ago, that in all her days of reason she forgot, but this little touch of the past recalled to her; yellow and tender, but the words just as they came from Donald's heart, warm and yearning, that heart which would yearn no more forever!

"DEAR CHRISTIE"—he said, for it was as though he spoke—"I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of you, and wishing for daylight to go over and make it all up with you! I'm a fool for minding a bad tense or so, for what's that worth beside a loving heart to a heart that loves? And now to make matters worse, Mr. Blank has just sent for me; his partner's dead; and I'm to start bright and early, to go first across the river and buy wool for the firm, so I sha'n't have time to call and see you, hardly to scratch this; but if you'll meet me at the samphire meadow, where I shall stop to catch the stage, I shall thank you and my stars. Don't fail me, *my only love*! Whatever falls out, I am yours for time and eternity.

DONALD."

And he thought I failed him! But he is mine, through time and eternity; he said so! he said so!

It is ten years since the grass grew green on Donald's grave; and now it is tall and rank, and in early spring the blue violets hide there, and the ground-sparrow loves to build her nest there!

I never go to the samphire meadow now; I am an old woman indeed.

And Captain Brown—he was lost at sea that very voyage. Ah well, in heaven we neither marry nor are given in marriage!

## THE HOUSES WE LIVE IN.

THERE is no country in the world where there are so many large and fine houses, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, as in these United States. This is owing, doubtless to some extent, to the greater freedom of enterprise, and the more general diffusion of wealth among our countrymen. Apart, however, from the fact that we have so many thriving fellow-citizens who have the means of faring sumptuously, there is such a passion for erecting, and living in, big houses that it seeks gratification without regard to prudence or comfort.

That irresistible Asmodeus, the tax-gatherer, to whom no door is closed, against whom the iron-chest, so defiant of burglar and incendiary, is not proof, and whose scrutiny penetrates even seal and envelope, has lately made some startling disclosures. His revelations of the enormous yearly incomes of a few, varying from one million eight hundred thousand to a score of thou-

sands of dollars, have surprised us. His exhibit, however, of the annual revenues of many, though of an average sufficiently large to indicate a great degree of general prosperity, makes such a paltry show in comparison with the prevalent display of wealth as to astound us. These men of moderate incomes are the chief inhabitants of those long streets of stately houses which overshadow our large cities. The comparatively few who possess incomes of ten thousand dollars or more, and who alone can prudently live in such expensive residences, might all be housed in half a dozen blocks. The greater portion of our large houses with rentals rising from twelve hundred to three or four thousand dollars a year, are occupied by people whose incomes vary from twenty-five hundred to eight thousand. With such means they could live comfortably and even luxuriously in a cottage, but must pass a life of splendid misery in the palaces they inhabit.

They order these things differently in England, France, and other countries of Europe, where, notwithstanding their supposed political benightment, we may find something to learn socially. There, people think one-eighth or even one-tenth of their incomes a large enough amount to expend upon the rentals of their houses, while here one-fourth or one-third is the usual and even one-half a not infrequent proportion. The Englishman, with a thousand pounds a year, finds that comfort, which he knows so well how to appreciate, in a cottage or small house at a rent of sixty or eighty pounds per annum. The Frenchman, with a revenue of twenty or twenty-five thousand francs, satiates himself with his indispensable luxuries of gilt and looking-glass, in an apartment *au second* or *au troisième* at two hundred and fifty francs a month. He may have a tailor or a grisette under the same roof above him, but the social balance is restored by the fact that there is a Marquis or a Minister of State below him.

Lord Bacon says: "Houses are built to live in, and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had. Leave the goodly fabrics of houses for beauty only to the enchanted palaces of the poets, who build them with small cost." It might seem too obvious that houses are built to live in and not to look on to require the sanction of the great Bacon to impress the truth, were it not that we Americans practically deny it. We build our houses mainly for the purpose of being looked on. They are in nine cases out of ten constructed to attract notice and impress the beholder with the idea of the importance of their inhabitants. Eager as we are for the reality of worldly success, we are still more intent upon making a show of it. The imposing house, rising high in the fashionable thoroughfare, arrests the attention of the passer or the visitor, and the magnitude, the material, the elaborate ornamentation, and the choice situation, suggest to his calculating instincts the costliness of the structure. The purpose of the holder is



gained. The splendid banner he has hung upon his outer wall passes with the casual observer for a proof of the strength within. The more thorough reconnoissance of the inevitable tax-gatherer, however, will penetrate the showy semblance of prosperity, and probably reveal the reality of a starving garrison.

The big and costly house being accepted as the visible sign of wealth has naturally become, in a land where riches alone give rank, a mark of social distinction. A city dame, whose husband's fortune had expanded enormously by virtue of Government contracts, was heard lately to boast that she had none but "brown-stone" houses on her visiting list. We need not remind our fashionable readers that it is the house, and not the occupant, which is visited. Friendship and hospitality, the veritable household gods of our ancient simple homes, have forsaken a faithless generation, and the gilded idols of fashion have taken their places. The visitor—we do not say friend, for the name is hardly heard nowadays by ears polite—never fails of her fashionable devotion, wherever a sufficiently fine temple invites her worship. The whole structure commands her ceremonious reverence; she bows down before the lofty walls and columns of stone, and on entering, while muttering the formula of the breviary of fashion, fixes her eyes in pious ecstasy upon the rose-wood and ormolu idols of her adoration.

So prevalent is the association of a big and costly house with the idea of social distinction that the very children confound the two. The school girls and boys, in their worst moments, when, forsaking their natural childhood, they become unnaturally like men and women, will boast a superiority over their comrades on the score of the magnitude and expensiveness of their parents' houses. In the earlier days of New York a three-story house was the badge of the aristocrat, and a two-story one the mark of the pariah. Now, girls and boys, we are told, are nobodies at a fashionable school, if their parents don't live in four or five story houses with brown-stone fronts.

A friend of ours, a man of moderate income and simple but refined tastes, finding a small house with a rent proportionate to his means, took it. The domicile was substantially and even handsomely constructed, and in every respect suitable to the decorous and prudent household which occupied it. Though sufficiently capacious for all the requirements of such a family, it chanced to be the smallest house in the street. It had been left in its original two-story diminutiveness, while its modest contemporaries had been either ambitiously elevated, or torn down to make way for more imposing structures, which now rose high above on either side and opposite the comparatively humble residence of our friend. Cheered by the genial warmth of his own happy fireside, his comfort was not chilled by the shadow thrown upon his little house by its lofty neighbors. His wife, however, was more sensitive; and finding that

Mrs. Jenkins opposite, who kept her carriage and was of course a desirable acquaintance, had called twice upon Mrs. Higgins next door, who had only moved there last May, while she had never called upon herself though she had been nearly two years in the neighborhood, began to be uncomfortable. The little house, which she had at first pronounced to be "a perfect *bijou*—just the place for us, so neat, so comfortable, so delightfully easy to keep in order"—now became "an old rickety barn, so old-fashioned, so impossible to make decent, though she and Bridget worked their arms off with sweeping and scrubbing from morning until night." The children, too, were no longer satisfied; for Tom had been called a poor boy by Master Augustus Jenkins, and told by that young aristocrat that his mother had forbid him playing with "them people's children which lived in the old two-story house opposite." Miss Sophronia Jenkins, too, had grossly insulted little Mary at school, by saying that "her father was not respectable; for he lived in nothing but a two-story house, and her mother had told her so."

Our friend, beset by these domestic complaints, began to be uneasy himself, and therefore readily consented to his wife's proposition to move. He was for going to the eastern part of the city, where there are still enough of those old-fashioned two-story houses, occupied by some sturdy ancient citizens or resolute Quakers, to keep a prudent man in countenance. His wife, however, resisted, and finally her husband was forced to give in, and take a three-story house, where he pines away solitary in a basement, having been forced, in consequence of his increased rent, to give up his friends, his sherry, and cigars.

Mothers who have marketable daughters to dispose of hold that a large house in a fashionable quarter is indispensable as a show-place for the exhibition of them and the attraction of good bidders. There is many an otherwise prudent *paterfamilias* who, unable to resist his wife's argumentative eloquence on this point, has stretched his income to its utmost elasticity, in order to give his darling Mary Anne the advantage of a "bringing out" under the favorable influence of a brown-stone front. We advise the unwary youth to be on his guard against the showy mansions of Fifth Avenue and Madison Square as so many marriage-traps to catch the uxoriously disposed; or, at any rate, we would recommend him, before he ventures to freely nibble at the savory beauties within, to consult the income-tax book, and find out whether the bait is as substantial as it would seem to be.

The obvious effect of people living in houses too expensive for their means, provided their establishments are proportionably sustained, is bankruptcy. The fine city mansions are probably the most frequent causes of the ruin of the merchant and tradesman. They are responsible too, undoubtedly, for much fraud and crime. Those of small income, living in large and fine houses, who contrive to strike a balance



between their credit and debit accounts and escape disgrace and dishonor, are, however, forced to such shifts as they would blush to own. The large rent can only be paid by a reduction of other expenses of living. The builder or landlord receives that which should go to the butcher; and in many an expansive mansion there is but a lean larder. If the beef and mutton are not curtailed the more refined necessities of life must be forgone. Literature, taste, hospitality, and friendship are thus shut out by those great walls of stone. Books, pictures, friends—not mere visitors—and all such purifying influences and sweeteners of life, are given up for the possession of a senseless mass of so many feet of brick and mortar, brown-stone or marble, as it may be.

The big house and small income present an incongruity which is no less offensive to taste than opposed to all economy and comfort of life. How often do we find an imposing mansion only half occupied by the family which possesses it! With the larger part of the annual revenue absorbed by the rental, there is but little left for household expenses. The number of servants is reduced to a minimum, and the care of the four stories of brick and brown-stone left to the hard-tasked energies of a couple of raw Irish girls or of a single maid-of-all-work. Such establishments, of however imposing an exterior, are easily detected even by those upon whom they are designed to impose. You've only to ring the bell, when—as Mary the cook is up to her shoulders in soap-suds, and Bridget, her only coadjutor, is minding the baby, or peeling the potatoes, or setting the table, or making Master Tom's bed in the fourth story back-room—you are left so long to the contemplation of the resplendent portal of the magnificent structure, that you suspect at once that the domestic affairs within are not so prosperous as the show without would indicate. Your suspicion is confirmed when Mary, by a scrutinizing peep from the area below, and Bridget from the garret-window above, having satisfied themselves that you are neither the expected chimney-sweep nor the daily beggar, the palatial door is finally opened. This, however, is not effected until after a severe and protracted domestic commotion discernible even by the visitor at the door, from the reiterated cries of, "Bridget! Mary! Mary! Bridget! there's some one at the door!" the clanging of dropped sauce-pans, the emptying of coal-scuttles, the suppressed squalling of baby, and the slamming of doors. When the grand portal is finally opened, and you might naturally expect to face some venerable seneschal or liveried porter, or at least a decent Patrick or a tidy Bridget, you find yourself—with a very perceptible odor of soap-suds or baby—suddenly plunged into a cloud of steam or dust, through which smutty cook or disheveled maid is dimly visible.

In nine-tenths of the large and showy city houses the main stories might be cut out, and the garrets let down upon the basements not

only without a diminution but with an increase in fact of the comfort of the pretended occupants. The chief floor of most of these mansions is merely kept as a store-room, for a stock of upholstery too fine and costly for use, for which, in truth, it never was intended. The possessors do not know or believe

"'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,

And splendor borrows all her rays from sense."

The gilt, damask, and rose-wood, and the spacious apartments which they set off so garishly, are for no other purpose than to excite the admiration and envy of an occasional fool of fashion during a half hour's visit, or to loan once a year or so to some thousand young debauchees of both sexes, who do us the honor of dancing and feasting, and otherwise holding their nightly revels in our houses, in the course of each fashionable season.

Pope, in one of his letters, speaks of a fashionable woman who "visits those whom she would hang in her passion or beggar in her play." Our fashionable women may not be so actively wicked, but we believe them so passively obdurate that they would not care if those whom they visited were either hanged or beggared. How can they be otherwise than indifferent to the fate of those whom they do not know, see but rarely, and only recognize by the pass-words and badges of fashion? Yet it is for such that our Mrs. Smiths and Joneses, otherwise sensible and prudent housewives, sacrifice so much of their domestic comfort. In order to have a mansion sufficiently lofty to rise to the standard of fashionable height, and rooms spacious and resplendent enough to hold the swelling importance and catch the fastidious eye of the modish, they restrict themselves and their families to the narrowest quarters and the shortest commons. In order to sustain the big house with a limited income, the family is kept in the basement, that the wear and tear of the superfine parlors may be avoided, the splendor of which is so easy to tarnish and too expensive to renew. These show-places have been known to retain their original odor of new carpet and fresh varnish for years, so carefully have they been closed to daily human habitation. We know of nothing so repellent of all good fellowship as this smell of the upholsterer, which, by its predominance, is a sure indication of a want of the free atmosphere of hospitality. A whiff from the kitchen, or even a blast from a pipe or a cigar, would be savory in comparison. They would be satisfactory proofs, however gross, of some life in the house.

Strangers are surprised to find how chary we Americans, who inhabit such large houses, are of our hospitality. They naturally think that with all this expansiveness of space there must be largeness of entertainment. The foreign visitor is therefore disappointed that Mr. Jones who so pressingly when in London or Paris invited him to call upon him—"Smith and Jones, 1000 Park Place"—never asks him to dine at his fine mansion up town. The fact is, how-



ever, that Jones finds that his big house costs him so much to possess that he can not afford to live in it himself, much less entertain strangers. Every thing but the structure itself, which is at a *maximum*, is reduced to a *minimum*. He has but two servants, or three, if you count his wife, as you may well do, for the big house keeps her as busy as the rest. He can never dine at home, except on Sundays, for it is too troublesome and expensive to prepare a regular dinner each day. He has neither a choice bit in his larder, nor a bottle of wine in his cellar, nor any thing else wherewith to entertain a friend, unless it may be the conversation of Mrs. Jones, who is more copious than interesting upon her favorite subject of gentility. So he lives without friends, as he probably does without books and pictures, for he can not afford them. We can conceive of nothing more miserable than such an existence, and we can not imagine a more absurd act than to raise tall monuments of stone to our vanity at a cost which beggars us for life. Let us look for a moment at another picture.

Sydney Smith had a church-living bestowed upon him somewhere in Yorkshire, so far out of the way that "it was actually," as he humorously remarked, "twelve miles from a lemon." As there was no parsonage-house he was obliged to build one. "I sent for an architect," he says; "he produced plans which would have ruined me. I made him my bow: 'You build for glory, Sir; I, for use.' I returned him his plans, with five-and-twenty pounds, and sat down in my thinking-chair, and in a few hours Mrs. Sydney and I concocted a plan which has produced what I call the model of parsonage-houses." Although some people called the house ugly, all agreed that it was the most convenient of residences, and certainly none ever contained a merrier and happier family. "Economy," wrote his daughter, "in the estimation of common minds, often means the absence of all taste and comfort; my father had the rare art to combine it with both. For instance, he found it added much to the expense of building to have high walls; he therefore threw the whole space of the roof into his bedrooms, coved the ceilings and papered them, and thus they were all airy, gay, cheap, and pretty. Cornices he found expensive; so not one in the house; but the paper border thrown on the ceiling, with a line of shade under it. This relieved the eye and atoned for their absence. Marble chimney-pieces were too dear; so he hunted out a cheap, warm-looking Portland stone, had them cut after his own model, and the result was to produce some of the most cheerful, comfortable-looking fire-places I remember, for as many shillings as the marble ones would have cost him pounds."

In his humble home in Yorkshire Sydney Smith spent some of his most happy and respected years. He had always a welcome for his friends, among whom were great lords and statesmen, and entertained them simply but tastefully and substantially.

The big town-house to which every citizen aspires, and for the possession of which he is willing to make such sacrifices, has really, after all, but little to commend it on the score of taste. The division of the land into oblong parallelograms, which may be necessary for the convenience of city building, is not favorable to the picturesque. This original disadvantage is increased by the passion of our aspiring citizens for big houses. Unable from the narrowness of the lot to expand the structure laterally, they raise it longitudinally to such an excess that it becomes so disproportionately high as to appear to be in danger of toppling over, which it probably would do were not its equilibrium sustained by its equally lofty neighbors. The taste and sense of proportion of our architects are constantly outraged by the inordinate demands of their ambitious patrons for height. What care they for taste and proportion? They want magnitude and show. The largest possible visible manifestation of expense is their object. They consequently insist that as much stone shall be piled up as a lot twenty-five feet by a hundred can possibly hold; "the whole a labored quarry above ground." The laws of proportion are of course forced to yield to the laws of trade, and such houses are supplied as the market demands. Thus our cities are shadowed by long rows of disproportionately high houses, which remind us of those gawky, overgrown youths who have expended so much of their vigor in the excessive increase of their height that they have none left for the due expansion of their girth.

A man's character, it is often said, is represented by the house he builds. If this saying be true a wondrous uniformity of character must prevail among our citizens. Almost all the large city-houses are alike, but each has, notwithstanding, a very decided and significant expression. "We cost ever so many thousand dollars," they all say as emphatically as the owners themselves would declare if they had your ear. The prevailing sentiment in their construction has been the show of expense, and this is expressed in every foot of the superfine structure from foundation to chimney. The inordinate height, the elaborately-worked surface, the floridness and superfluity of ornamentation, the great impending cornice, the lofty windows of plate-glass, the heavily-embossed door, the columnar portal, and the ambitious elegance of the whole front are all, and were meant to be, so many visible items of cost. You can see the dollars all over, and no one ever passes our fine houses without instinctively estimating the price in so much money. "What a fine house Mr. Jenkins has; it must have cost thirty or forty thousand dollars!" as it may be, is the ordinary remark of the observer, as the sum he paid for it is the first announcement of Mr. Jenkins himself, to an admiring guest.

Where the intention of the architect, in sympathy with his ostentatious employer, is to impress upon his structure the idea of expense he



seldom fails. The gross sentiment is readily made manifest; for he has only to exhibit extent of work and quantity of costly material, or the appearance of them, to produce the desired effect. With the predominating motive for constructing the superfine houses of the city we do not expect to find grace, beauty, or fitness, and we are not disappointed.

Most of our large city houses have especially ugly cornices. They are disproportionately heavy, and repel us like the frown of some beetle-browed churl. The roofs, too, were universally unbecoming until the late introduction of the French top. Our great houses, tall as they are, look for the most part only like unfinished structures. Viewed from a height, the whole city appears to be composed of a confused mass of buildings which had been irregularly sawed off above. The French roof gives a completeness to each house that secures its individuality and impresses greater dignity upon the whole.

Our street views, particularly in the fashionable quarters, are exceedingly sombre, though our city atmospheres are remarkably clear and favorable to brilliancy of effect. This is owing to the ponderous uniformity of our long rows of large houses, which shadow the causeways without relief from diversity of character or individuality of expression. If we can not have the endless variations of grace and beauty, let each man at least give us his own idea, absurd as it may be, and not that of all his neighbors. A diversified grotesqueness would be better than a dull uniformity.

There is, moreover, about most of our grand houses an aspect of desertion, or want of life, which is by no means enlivening to the thoroughfare. This is owing to the fact that the habitable parts of the house are either in the rear or the basement, and that the main portions facing on the street are devoted to the show-rooms, which are kept closed except on rare occasions. At night, especially, whole rows of the finest mansions, in the best squares and streets, are hid in a lugubrious cloud of darkness, without a glimmer hardly of light, except where, here and there, a house may be illuminated by the glare of a fashionable revel. We suspect that the occupants are, for the most part, in the basements on a severe regimen of restricted fire and gas, doing penance for the high cost or rents of their fine houses.

Many striking street effects are lost for want of tasteful adaptation of the house to its site. The corners, which afford such fine opportunities for architectural display, are generally terminated by sharp angles, with ugly bare walls of brick or stone. The house rows thus often look as if they had been sawed off to make way for the street. In European cities the corners are studiously enriched with curved and sculptured balconies, statues, monuments, fountains, and other elaborate and graceful works of art.

The internal arrangements of our houses are for the most part ingeniously contrived, for American mechanics are as cunning artificers

as any in the world. We allude more particularly to the conveniences for heating, supplying water, and facilitating labor. The furnace was never a favorite of ours, for it generally keeps the house too hot and dry; but the severity of the past winter has reconciled us almost to the highest degree possible of artificial temperature. It is, moreover, one of the necessities of a big mansion with a comparatively poor occupant, for without the furnace he must either freeze or ruin himself by a multiplicity of fires. Ordinarily there is deficiency of means of ventilation. These should be compulsory, for if left to the will of the chilly tenants of the house they are sure not to avail themselves of them.

The American rage for facilitating labor has induced various contrivances which are more favorable to the ease of the servants than to the comforts of their employers. The call-pipes and dumb-waiters are our abomination; but perhaps they are indispensable where people of moderate means live in big houses. They may be necessary to relieve the overtasked arms and legs of the scanty service of the establishment; but they approximate too closely the society of the kitchen and that of the parlor, and have too many jars, shrieks, and other noises of their own to be favorable to domestic repose.

The inevitable parallelogram of the lot necessitates straight lines, and the aspiring loftiness of our big houses induces a disproportionate height, which deprive the apartments of that snugness and comfort found in rooms of lower ceilings and less regular sides. The halls and other useful parts of the house are often sacrificed for the show-rooms, to which we can not allude without condemning them. The decorations of the interior of our fine houses, like those of the exterior, are generally excessive, heavy, and unmeaning, but further remark upon them and the furniture may be left to a future occasion.

That the occupants of such houses as we have described should have but little affection for them is not surprising. The readiness with which they part with them, so characteristic of our fellow-citizens, shows how slight is their attachment. In other countries, and so it was in earlier times in our own, the house is deemed a sacred place. Law, so authoritative every where else, confesses itself powerless before the closed door of the citizen. This is a precinct that it considers too holy to violate, even for the ends of justice. An American or an Englishman within his own house bids defiance to the sheriff and all his officers. "An Englishman's house is his castle," is John Bull's proudest boast; and from our common inheritance of civil rights, might be our own if we cared to make it. The great Earl of Chatham said: "Every man's house is called his castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No. It may be a straw-built hut; the wind may whistle around it, the rain may enter it, but the king can not."

We might suppose, apart from the reverential



sanction of the law, that a man's house would become so endeared to him that he would hardly quit it except on compulsion. There are ties which naturally attach a man closer than hooks of steel to the place in which he and his family have passed much of their daily life. The first taste of connubial happiness, the birth of children, the death of a loved one, the joys and even the sorrows of domestic existence, the intercourse of friends, and the intimacy of home, associated as they must be with the house in which a man has lived long enough to experience them, would, it might be supposed, endear to his heart every stone and rafter in it. But our citizens do not live long enough in their houses to form such ties. The American takes his new wife to one, and, after his first-born, each of the rest of his children sees the light probably for the first time in a succession of others. We know of a family of ten children, no two of whom were born in the same house. In course of this rapid itineracy there can be no time for the associations and affections of life to crystallize into that gem of existence, the home. Each of our citizens lives in many houses, but lives not long enough in either to form a single home.

We know a gentleman, born and bred in and a permanent citizen of New York, with money enough to have and to hold the finest mansion in it, who leads such a migratory life that he has actually lived in three houses and three hotels in less than eighteen months. Two of the houses were ready-furnished, each of which he rented for six, and the third was a villa in the country, which he occupied for three months; the rest of the time was miscellaneously spent in shifting his movables, in which his wife and family, from their capacity of being moved, may be included, from caravansary to caravansary. His children can have no more idea of a home than so many erratic cuckoos.

The mania for change of residence, great as it has always been, has been excited to an unusual excess just now by the scarcity of houses, the increased demand for them, and the consequent high rents. It is no unusual thing for a citizen, though so rich that he might be supposed to be beyond the temptation, to abandon at a moment's notice his house and all his household goods to the first stranger who has the folly to pay the inordinate sum demanded for their six months' use. Seven and eight hundred dollars a month are not seldom asked for some of our fine city houses and their superfine upholstery. The price, high however as it may be, does not deter takers, who in fact are so eager and ready with their money that their offers surpass even the demands. Many of our citizens, to whom a few thousand dollars more or less can be of little account, have such an inveterate habit of trade that, unable to resist a good bargain, they trade away their homes without a momentary regret. They in fact chuckle over their *smartness* and good luck. The consequence is that there has been a general exodus from several of the most fashionable quarters, and the hotels

are filled with homeless wanderers in the shape of thriving citizens, among whom some of the millionaires of the city are the most conspicuous.

Franklin said that "three moves are equal to one fire." Our practical philosopher, as was his wont, only regarded the subject in its material aspect. These frequent changes of residence, however, have more serious consequences than the mere injury or loss of so much property. They are destructive of much of that home-feeling which is so essential to the education of the affections and moral sentiments. In childhood the faculty of observation is the most prominent, and it is through this that not only the head but the heart of the child is first cultivated. Material things, being the objects upon which this early faculty is exercised, become of great importance. The house, the room, and the pieces of furniture, however insignificant in themselves, being associated in the mind of the child with all the affections of home, rise to the dignity of great moral influences. The impressions they make upon the child are so deep that they resist the utmost corrosiveness of time. The memory of the old as well as the young forever clings to the narrow scene of the joys and sorrows of childhood. The man of sensibility not only never forgets, but never ceases to love the most insignificant object associated with his early life. "I should hardly care," wrote Pope in one of his letters, "to have an old post pulled up that I remembered ever since I was a child." These impressions, so important in their moral influence, can hardly be made upon the heart of a child, however impressible, whose parents "live in three houses and three hotels in the course of eighteen months." The memory of his unsettled childhood must be too turbid to reflect a distinct image of any kind.

Writers of the imagination, poets, and novelists make a large use of the natural association of inanimate objects with the thoughts and affections, and thus produce some of their most striking effects. Their characters, indeed, would be as "airy nothings," inappreciable by the ordinary reader without a "local habitation." Scott and Dickens among English, and Hawthorne among American writers, may be taken as prominent examples of authors who are remarkable for the minute descriptions of the habitations of their imaginary personages. The very titles of some of their works, as "Bleak House," "The Old Manor," and "The House with Seven Gables," show how prominent a feature the mere dwelling is of their fancy pictures.

In real life, too, the same association is so strong and so universal that the humblest roofs which have once covered those who have risen to fame are revered by all. Thus Shakspeare's lowly birth-place and Washington's wooden home have become places sacred to the hearts of nations. The Americans are noted as among the most earnest worshipers of these venerable relics. It would therefore seem the more surprising that they should have so little respect for their own private sanctuaries, which they



desecrate as if they had lost all faith in the existence of the household gods. Their want of reverence can only be accounted for by the fact that their houses are show-places and not homes—constructed to display their wealth, not to live in.

Though thirty years ago there were but very few city houses which cost over ten thousand dollars each, now there are long rows and solid blocks of mansions which are valued at five and ten times that amount. More and more expensive structures are rising each day. A successful tradesman is building a house for his own occupation which, it is said, will cost half a million of dollars at least. As he is a citizen who counts his income by millions, it may be supposed that he can not only well afford to build but to live in it. There is a white marble stable in New York which is reported to have cost thirty or forty thousand dollars, but could not now be built for twice that amount. What a house proportionate in dignity to the palatial habitation of his horses will cost the sumptuous proprietor when he builds one may be left to the wildest conjecture.

Pope, in one of his letters to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, gives a memorable description of a great house of the baronial times of Old England. Its munificent provisions for hospitality may be an example to the swelling proprietors of our large mansions, as its decaying greatness may be a lesson of humility.

"You must expect nothing regular in my description," wrote Pope, "of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion; the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again one can not tell how, that (in a poetical fit) you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way: one would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall. Alas! nothing less; you find yourself in a brew-house. From the parlor you think to step into the drawing-room; but upon opening the iron-nailed door you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears and a cloud of dust in your eyes that it is the pigeon-house....."

"The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality. ....Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass.....One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory?.....And yet must not one sigh to reflect that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered

knights and courtly dames, with ushers, servers, and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn....."

"Next the parlor lies the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry that leads on one hand and the other into a bedchamber, a buttery, and a small hall called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlor, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that while she said her prayers she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names....."

"All the upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion....."

"I had never seen half what I have described but for an old starched gray-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family; but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar: he showed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning. He pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture. 'This,' says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was from Sir Thomas, once master of the drink I told you of. He had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived at the age of this beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.'"

Pope found this old mansion an excellent place for retirement and study, and translated "a great deal" of his Homer there, six hundred years from the time it was first built. The venerable ruin still exists, for Hawthorne, in his last book—"Our English Home"—records a visit to it. It may be safely presumed that our flimsy and gaudy mansions will not last for centuries, and in their decay be chosen as meet places for poets to work in.

## ST. LEON'S HEIR.

IT was late in the spring, or rather it should have been spring, and *was* so according to all the calculations and predictions of the almanacs; for it was the middle of April; but instead of the capricious tears and smiles, blue skies and thunder-clouds, balmy western breezes, and chilling east winds, which usually betoken the changeful moods of that most sensitive and womanly month of all the twelve, a cold, bitter, wintry storm was raging; one of those most unseasonable and unwelcome but not to be gainsayed north-



east storms, which do so often creep into the lap of our Northern spring-time, and sweep with un pitying and remorseless fury over our rock-bound coast, bringing terror and dismay to our most adventurous sailors, destruction to our shipping, and dread and desolation to the dwellers upon land.

The storm had been gathering its fury for days, nay, even for weeks; lowering clouds, spiteful gusts of damp wind whirling in mad eddies, cold wintry showers mingled with hail and sleet and snow, and heavy masses of fog, now settling down in chill discomfort, now slowly drifting away to show a gleam of watery sunshine, gone even while the gazer speculated upon the chances of its continuance, had at last culminated in a howling tempest of mingled wind, hail, snow, and rain, which seemed to heighten in sullen intensity as the day waned toward its close.

But upon the sea-coast of Massachusetts, where our scene opens, the tempest seemed to sweep in unmitigated wildness; a thick, blinding mist brooded over the wide waste of waters, showing dense and wild, as if chaos were again uprising; and as the fierce wind rent its folds aside, and drifted them in torn fragments skurrying along beneath the murky, leaden skies, it revealed the heavy sea billows rolling sullenly shoreward, now showing black and inky against the snow-covered heights, now breaking and sparkling with a fearful phosphorescent light, till curling high in awful whiteness and foam, they flung themselves upon the rocky beach with a long resounding roar, and a fierce weight which sent the bitter salt spray shivering far and wide over the high land.

High up among the rocky cliffs of this now desolate-looking beach, and nestling closely in among them, as if it sought protection from their strength, or, as if it feared the stormy ocean might, in its unbridled wrath, open its huge jaws and suck it in like a second Jonah, covered a small but neat cottage; it was not

"A cottage with a double coach-house,  
A cottage of gentility,"

such as the city seekers after fresh air and sea-breezes delight themselves in, when, closing their well-furnished and airy town-houses, they crowd themselves and their little ones into some ill-contrived "house of seven gables" or more, for the pleasure and privilege of gasping all day upon a wide stretch of barren sea-beach, and shivering all night beneath two blankets and a sloping roof, simply because fashion is inexorable, and exuberant health, not sickness, demands the change.

The cottage in question, though small, was neat and substantial, but plain, unpretending, and unornamented in any degree; a narrow foot-path, little trodden, led up to the highway upon which it fronted, and no cultivated ground around it told of the agricultural thrift, or horticultural taste of the proprietor; it looked, as indeed it really was, the temporary home of a man who had no ownership in his surroundings, and whose

daily living (scant though it might be, and possibly was) came to him from sources wholly independent of his dwelling-place.

Upon the dreary night in question, upon which our story commences, the lower room at the back of the house, and which commanded a full view of the stormy and vexed ocean, had but one inmate, the master of the establishment. The room itself was neat, even to scrupulousness, but intensely desolate-looking; destitute entirely of all the thousand little accessories of taste and occupancy which can give an aspect of quiet home-comfort and snugness to even the lowliest apartment. The small, shutterless, and uncurtained windows let in all the desolation of the outward scene, and there was nothing bright and glowing within to form a cheerful contrast with it; chairs and tables there were, indeed, enough possibly to serve the bare needs of the indwellers, but no superfluity even of these; an open stove stood far out into the room, with its long, dreary, black stove-pipe reaching to the distant wall, and thence to some remote and concealed chimney; but the fire had died out in the grate, and only the white ashes upon the hearth remained to tell that it had ever diffused warmth and cheerfulness around. Upon the low walls, which were covered with a clean but tasteless paper, of dingy colors, and stiff, ungraceful pattern, hung two or three large, showy-looking, colored maps, useful for reference doubtless, but certainly the humblest attempt in the way of ornamentation with which human taste ever satisfies its universal craving for the beautiful. A book-case of the cheapest construction, with a scant array of heavy uninviting-looking books of divinity, and a moon-faced clock, which made the slow time it chronicled still more oppressive by its dull and unvarying "tick-tack, tick-tack," completed the inventory of the furniture.

As we have already said, the room had but one occupant, a tall, thin old man, thin almost to emaciation; he was seated at a table in the middle of the room, a large open Bible lay upon the desk before him, upon it his thin white hands were clasped with the rigid clasp of pain, and upon them his face was bowed down and concealed, while the silvery hair, whose abundance showed that its whiteness was less the work of time than grief and anxiety, fell in gleaming disorder over his hidden face, clasped hands, and open book.

So still he was that, for a moment, the closest observer might have said, "He sleeps." But it was not sleep or quiet rest which weighed down that white head: it was the exhaustion of suffering, the benumbed and apathetic stillness which often succeeds a great and stormy grief; and if the eye of the gazer had remained fixed upon him for a few moments more a weak shudder, which shook his frame, and would have been a convulsion if his nature had had strength for it, would have given evidence that the deep suffering which had thus prostrated him was not over, only overpowered by physical weakness.

At last, as a wild burst of the tempest, loud-



er and fiercer even than its precursors, smote upon the house, rocking it to its foundations, and dashing the mingled hail and spray with violence against the now darkening windows, the man slowly raised his head, and gazed out with a look of helplessness and despair, disclosing, as he thus lifted himself up, a face which, in spite of its traces of past and present suffering, was a pleasant and intellectual one, the habitual expression of which was mild and benevolent.

The dress of the old man as he thus raised himself up in his chair betokened his calling: the white neck-tie, the suit of well-worn but still respectable black, as well as a certain clerical, though undescribable, peculiarity in the way in which they were worn, at once betrayed the country preacher.

He sat for a few moments watching with sad eyes the dreary storm beating so fiercely upon his home, and shivering with a sort of inward chill at every wild sweep of the pitiless wind; and then, as if inaction could no longer be endured, he rose slowly and weakly from his chair, and betraying as he did so a lameness which must have made locomotion difficult to him, he paced the room nervously, though with a slow and evidently painful motion.

As the sound of his halting and uncertain steps broke upon the previous silence of the apartment the door of the room was pushed noiselessly and cautiously half-way open, and a female head was thrust silently in at the aperture, and a pair of keen black eyes peered wistfully around; and then, finding the object of her solicitude was up and in motion, the intruder pushed the door still wider, and advanced into the room.

She was a brisk, hale, cheerful-looking matron of about middle age, dressed neatly in Quaker garb of the olden fashion, with prim, snow-white cap and handkerchief, and spotless linen apron, and with a brisk, bustling manner, which was too kindly and too evidently well meant to make her busy bustling officiousness ever appear offensive.

"Waked up, ain't thee, David? Why, I want to know!" she said, good-naturedly, as she came into the room, rubbing her fat little hands together in a cheery sort of way, which seemed to indicate her readiness to be employed in any useful occupation which might offer itself. "I should have been in afore, only I peeked in at the door, and I see thee was asleep, and I didn't want to wake thee. Hope thee has had a real good, quiet nap; thee needed it, sure enough, goodness knows!"

"I have not been asleep, Sarah," said the old man, mildly.

"Thee hain't? Well, now, that's too bad! Why didn't thee sleep? I want to know! Why, I see thee laying down on the table, and I never mistrusted but what thee was getting a nap. Why, I should have been in long afore this if I'd known thee was not asleep, for thee's set thy fire all out, and I'm 'fraid thee's half

chilled to death. I did not like to come in and disturb thee; and the fire is all out, just as black as the back. I'm 'fraid thee has been real cold. Hain't thee? Say, now."

"Oh no, I am not cold," replied her brother-in-law. "At least, I did not know that I was," he added, as a chill shook his weak frame, giving apparent contradiction to his words. "The fact is, my heart is so cold I do not think I am sensible of a chill any where else."

"I guess thee is cold, David, though thee doesn't think enough of thyself to know or care whether thee is or not. I say that's the fact," said the woman, kindly. "But we'll soon have a fire; and I wish, now, I had come in sooner; it seems kind of strange I didn't; but I hated to make a noise if thee was asleep, as I s'posed thee was;" and moving about with handy activity and zeal, she proceeded to replenish the fire; and as it shot up in a clear blaze under her skillful management she shut up the sacred volume, put away the reading-desk and table, and drew the old man's chair into a comfortable position by the warm hearth.

"Come, now, David," she said, kindly, when these friendly preparations were completed—"come and sit by the fire, won't thee? Thee's wearing thyself all out traveling hither and yon, back and forth, in that way—thee is now; and thee will make thy lameness a deal worse; and what's the good of it all? Come and set down, now, do; I tell thee, sure, there is no good in thy worrying and fretting and walking round in this way."

"I know it, Sarah," said the old man, sadly. "I know it only too well, and that is just it: it is because, as you say, I can do no good, that I do so worry. Oh! if I could do any thing—if I could only go out into the world, like other men, and seek for my poor lost child, I should not fret so; but lame, and weak, and helpless, what can I do? I sit here, Sarah, and listen to this howling storm, and feel that it may be my child, my only one, is homeless and shelterless, exposed to all its fury, and I drove her to it—I, her father, who doted upon her, drove her from my door, and refused to listen to her sad story. Oh! I sit here, dry and sheltered, and cry, 'God help me!' But what right have I to expect his help? I, who had no compassion upon my own child in her affliction, how shall I dare ask of my Heavenly Father to have compassion upon me? Oh, my child! my child! my poor deserted Mary!" and he wrung his hands in the wild impotence of sorrow.

"Don't thee, David, don't thee," said the woman, soothingly. "Thee is too hard upon thyself—thee is, now. Thee did what thee thought was thy duty, and the just God, who sees all hearts, will know thee meant right, even if thee did wrong, which I am by no means clear that thee did."

"But am I sure I did mean right? I thought so at the time; but who of us can be sure of his own motives? I can not tell. I sit and think, and think, until I am bewildered, and the dis-



inctions between right and wrong are confounded to me, and that which I thought was good seems evil in my mind. But what was I to do? I had preached to my people against sin; as their spiritual teacher, I had warned them to hold no fellowship with sinners; I had counseled them to fly from all connection with the wrong-doer; I had said to them, 'No man can touch pitch and not be defiled;' and then, when the sin came home to me, as I believed, in the person of my own, only child, was I not called upon to practice what I had preached? I had exhorted them to 'cut off the right hand, to pluck out the right eye, if it offended;' and how could I dare to do otherwise when the case became my own? Could I shelter and encourage her whom I believed to be a sinner because she was my child? I thought not. I thought I was doing God's service and obeying His will when I said to her, 'Depart, and see my face no more.' I thought I was speaking in the name of Him whose servant I had vowed myself to be."

"Well, yes, David. I believe thee did honestly; and, if so, thee did right—did not thee?"

"No; I feel now as if I did wrong—all wrong. As I look back, I fear I was misled; perhaps I wanted the praise of the world, the speech of people. I am not sure of myself. What if I wanted my flock to say, 'Behold! he does not spare himself; like a second Abraham he obeys the word of the Lord, even if it be to sacrifice his only child!' *Could* this have been so? Could it have been my sinful spiritual pride? Could I have been thus self-deceived? Oh! I know not, I know not!"

"Nonsense, David!" said the Quakeress; "thee has, as thee says, clearly got thyself bewildered, till thee can't tell right from wrong; but *I* know, if thee doesn't. Thee did what thee thought was thy duty, and thee did it manfully, though it almost broke thy poor heart to do it; and so I say thee *was* right—I know thee was!"

"But it turned out that I was wrong," said the minister, sadly; "all wrong, all wrong."

"That is not thy fault," said the woman; "thee did what thee thought was right—that was thy part. God does not give perfect wisdom to any of his human creatures; we must all do the best we can, acting up to the light He gives us, and leave the end to Him; thee could not see into the coming time then, and thee can't now; we must all wait God's time."

"Yes, but I judged too hastily and I judged too harshly. Did not our blessed Master say, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged?'"

"Yes, but that means judge not severely, uncharitably, I reckon; don't it, David? Sure, did not the same Teacher say, 'Why judge ye not of your own selves what is right?' Why, David, we must judge in this world; we are called upon to do it continually, every day of our lives; we must do it; all is to be sure we use the best judgment God has given us, and take care not to let our sinful passions mislead us to judge harshly and unjustly of others.

Why, don't thee see, the world could not go on from day to day if we none of us ventured to form any judgment of other folks? If, whenever any wrong-doing came in our way, we were to shut our eyes and cry out, 'I judge not, I judge not!' what does thee think would become of us and of the world? Oh no! that would never do. If it comes to that; if thee is to let the wolf go at large, because thee is too scrupulous to judge him, what is to become of the innocent lambs? That won't do, David, nohow!"

"I believe you are right there, Sarah."

"Right! yes, I know I am. I'm glad thee sees it, that's all."

"But, Sarah," said the self-accusing and morbidly conscientious old man, "you said, judge not harshly; I am afraid I did, and my judgment wronged my poor child."

"True; yes, I believe it did. But, as I said before, we haven't got the gift of true wisdom, any of us; only the Highest has that. Thee used the best judgment thee had at the time, I suppose—did not thee?"

"Certainly I did, but I see now that it was wrong. Oh! I might have known it was wrong; I might have known my pretty Mary, my poor Lucy's only child, could not be what they said of her!"

"David," said the little Quakeress, in a tone of mild reproof, "thee is judging unjustly now, any way; thee is on the wrong track now, clearly. If thee had judged Mary innocent only because she was thy child and Lucy's, thee would have cause to blame thyself; but thee did better, thee judged impartially, and when thy reason condemned her thee gave her up; thee did what thee believed to be thy duty at the time, and I say thee was right, however it has turned out. I am no scholar—I never was, as thee knows, and I never had much wit or sense; I am not fit to argufy with thee, David—I know that very well; but I'll tell thee what: when I married thy brother Thomas, him and me didn't think jest alike on some matters—religious matters, I mean. I was brought up in the Friends' way of thinking, as thee knows, and he wasn't. Well, we didn't think alike on some matters then, and we never did think alike on them subjects to the longest day that he lived; but then they was only matters of belief—pints of doctrine, he called them; but in all matters of duty-doing, of daily living, of honesty, morality, and all that, him and me never differed, not a mite; and he used often to say to me, and I say the same to thee, that if we do honestly and faithfully what we in our best judgment believe to be right, it is right for us, and is all our Maker expects of us. 'Why, Sarah,' he used to say, 'If He had meant us to fly He'd have given us wings; and if He had expected us to judge perfect judgment He would have given us perfect wisdom, which He has not.' Yes, that's what thy brother Thomas used to say, and I guess he was about right; he was a good man, David, thy brother Thomas was, and a sensible—wasn't he?"



"Yes, oh yes," said the old man, passively repeating her words; "Thomas was a good man and a sensible one."

"Yes, indeed, he was that," said the widow, cordially; "and no one has a better right to say it than thee and me, for no one knew him so well as we did. And now, David," she continued, evidently with the kind intention of drawing him into conversation, and thus calling off his mind from its persistent and gloomy introspection, "I'll tell thee another thing—I'll tell thee what father used to say, and he was a real good man too, and had lived to be old, and had had a great deal of experience, and knew a deal of things, in a quiet sort of way. He used to say that, according to his belief, it wasn't so much the amount of good which a person actually did in this world, as what they had tried to do, which would be taken into the account; and I remember how he used to tell us this story—Law! goodness me! I remember jest how he used to look when he sot and told it! I can't tell thee if he read of it in a book, or heard tell of it, or knew it of his own knowledge—but that's no matter. But he used to say there was a manufactory of some kind once—I don't know justly what they made there, and I don't know, sakes alive! where it was either; I s'pose father knew, but if he ever told me I have forgotten now—but they worked in iron or steel there, one or t'other, and it was dreadful unhealthy work, as it naturally would be, for the little bits of iron or steel (whichever it was they worked in, and I'm sure I can't tell thee which it was, I'm so stupid), but it used to fly off in fine dust, and get into the eyes, and noses, and throats of the work-folks, and it caused bad eyes, sometimes blindness, and complaints of the throat and lungs, consumptions, and all that. Well, it was so very unhealthy it was hard to get any work-people; folks wouldn't work there even for great wages, only them as was real poor and desperate, and they couldn't stand it long. Well, there was a good rich man in that place—a very wise, learned sort of man—and he pitied the poor work-folk; he was not no-ways connected with the factory, thee understands, only he pitied the poor men and their wives and children, and he spent much time and thought and money to try to find out some way to help them, by masks, and spectacles, and, dear me! I can't tell thee what in the world he didn't try; but nothing seemed to do any good, or help the matter in the least.

"Well, one day he come in to the factory to show the works to some friends he had visiting him, and so he told how unhealthy it was, and pointed out the cause; and a young-woman of the company she spoke up, and she says, 'Why not hang up a magnet over each work-bench? wouldn't that do?' Well, I suppose she never gave the matter a second thought before she said that, but the wise man he see in a moment the value of what she had said; and it seems strange nobody had ever thought of it before, it was so simple. The experiment was tried at

once, and it worked wonders, so that the business ceased to be unhealthy, and that chance-dropped word (as it seemed to be) saved hundreds of poor folks from sickness and misery and death. But father used to say (and this is the p'int of the story) that he really believed that, in the sight of the great God, the good man's many failures would count for more in the day of account than that young woman's wonderfully useful remark, which cost her neither time nor thought, labor nor money. Why, thee sees, she jest said it, hap-hazard, as it were, as I might say, 'It's cold;' and I guess father was nigh about right; don't thee think so?"

But the listener, if listener he could be called, did not answer her; in fact, he had not even heard her kind attempt to amuse him; the man's mind and thoughts had drifted entirely away from her and her social efforts in his behalf, and were tossing upon the wide sea of his own deep sorrow. Sitting, with a fixed look of woe upon his face, his locked hands resting helplessly upon his knee, he was gazing with sad eyes at the storm-beaten window, shivering all over whenever a fiercer burst than usual beat against the rattling casement; and again he rose, as if mechanically, and resumed his weary traverse of the room.

The sister-in-law sat for a few moments, watching with pitying eyes his slow and painful exercise, and then, with an instinctive feeling which told her if she would interest him at all she must keep to the one only subject which filled his mind to the exclusion of all others, she again addressed him:

"David," she said, kindly, "I do not see why thee should blame thyself so, even after all that's come and gone. To go back to the beginning, I believe thy daughter's match was never one of thy choosing."

"It was not, it was not!" said the preacher, stopping short, and facing her with eager glance. "You are right, Sarah; you do me justice there. I never liked the marriage, and, to go still farther back, I never wanted my Mary to go to the city at all. What need was there for her to leave me, her loving old father? I could support her here; my salary had fed and clothed and made us comfortable when there were more of us. Why need she go to learn to be a teacher? She was learned enough, and good enough, and pretty enough for me. Why did she not stay in the home and the station into which the good Lord put her? I did not want her to go, but I was overruled. They told me I was selfish to keep her here; that I was standing in her light; that it was for her good, and I was selfish to refuse; that it was weak in me. And then I gave consent, and she went, and my home was a home to me no longer. But I bore it. I would not let her know how I missed and wanted her, for I did not mean to be selfish and stand in her way. And so I lived upon her letters, telling me of her success and her happiness. And then came a long letter, telling me of her marriage. Ah! that was a sad day to me."



"Why, David," said the listener, looking up from her knitting-work in surprise, "thee don't mean to say thee did not hear of it till she was really married, does thee?"

"Yes, Sarah, I do. My poor Mary thought to give me a pleasant surprise. She said—she wrote, as she had no dear mother to help her to get ready it was no use to come home, and she seemed to think I should be pleased and proud to hear she was married to a young man so much above her in station; but I never was: I never liked it, and I never felt satisfied. If all was right, why did he not come down, and bring Mary home, and ask my consent? I did not like the hurry, and I did not like the match. I said then just what I say now—that I had far rather have seen my child the wife of a plain farmer or an honest mechanic, who had the power and the will to work for her support, than the wife of that gay, dissipated young man, with all his money and fashion. My friends called it a great match for Mary, and congratulated me upon it; but I did not feel so. Match? It was no match at all. My Mary, with her youth and beauty and innocence, and that wild, reckless spendthrift! A match like that between the serpent and the dove! Ay! and then," said the old father, now warming up with his subject, and speaking with a vehement energy strongly in contrast with his late weak listlessness—"then, when I heard the marriage was kept secret from his father, and Mary had never been noticed by his family, my heart misgave me, and I trembled for my child. I wrote at once to both of them. I conjured him by all he held sacred to have their marriage declared at once; and I entreated Mary, if this was not done, to leave him and return to me. I pointed out to her the risk she ran—that the love which was ashamed of its object was a love unworthy of her. But," he said, his voice sinking, "I suppose Mary loved him. He was young, and gay, and generous, and handsome; and oh, what woman ever listens to counsel against the man she loves! I had answers to my letters—answers from them both. Mary's letter was dutiful and pleading; she owned the truth of all that I had said, as it regarded other cases. But theirs was different; the concealment was only for a time, and was of importance to her husband's interests. She begged me to be patient and suspend my judgment until I knew him; and when I did—when I knew what a kind, devoted husband he was, I, too, should learn to love him. Poor child! it was a true woman's letter—all heart, no head; full of affectionate pleading, but no argument; and I could say no more."

"And his letter—what did he say to thee?"

"Cold and haughty; reminding me that my paternal relation to Mary gave me no right to interfere with his relations to his own family; that the duties I might feel it was incumbent upon me to preach to my rustic congregation were not just applicable to the career of a young man of wealth and fashion; that Mary (I no-

ticed he did not call her his wife) was very happy with him, and then there was a very carefully worded intimation that farther interference on my part might destroy her happiness. That was enough: I saw that the husband of my only child was to be no son to me, and I never addressed him again; and months went by and I heard no more, and then came a few loving lines from Mary to tell me of the birth of her little child, but she did not mention her husband; and then there came to me, gradually, stories of his follies, of his extravagance, of his dissipation. I heard of him in gay scenes, but his wife was never mentioned, and I tried to think it was her duty as a mother which kept her away, but I feared, I feared; and not long after that one of my people brought me word he was about to marry a rich creole girl; that his marriage with my poor child was all a sham; that he had tired of her, and had treated her with unkindness in hopes to drive her from him; and failing in that, he had deserted her, and declared their marriage was not a legal one."

"The world's people are hard-hearted, I think, David," said the woman, meekly, as the old man paused and wiped his brow, wet with the great drops of excitement.

"Yes, yes, Sarah, they are so; and so was I, hard-hearted, hard-hearted—yes, that was it—that was the worst of all. I think I was crazy; I was wild with shame and rage; I never doubted the truth of the terrible story; I believed my poor child was all they said she was, and it never occurred to me that she too might have been innocent. I thought of her pure mother, from whose arms I had received her, and my brain grew mad with rage and shame; and when that very night she came to me—my Mary with her baby on her bosom—and begged me to shelter them, I would not listen to her. I bade her look for the last time upon the gray hairs she had dishonored, and depart. Oh, God forgive me! God forgive me! but I thought I was doing my duty—I, the appointed minister of Him who said, 'Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee!'"

"David! David! don't thee talk so wildly," said the gentle sister-in-law. "Don't thee, now; sure thee'll be all beat out if thee takes on so;" and rising as she spoke she led him gently back to his chair again.

"It makes little odds, Sarah," he said, submissively seating himself as she indicated: "the feeling is ever at my heart, and it is of little consequence whether I speak of it or not."

"But now, David, now when we know poor Mary was not sinful but sinned against, I think thee has much to be thankful for. I can imagine thy distress while thee held her to be an outcast: that was dreadful for thee; but now thee knows she was innocent, and is not that a great comfort to thee?"

"Yes, Sarah, it is a very great comfort, in one sense, certainly. But do you not see that while I thank God she is innocent I feel doubly the unkindness of my treatment of her; the



more she was worthy of love and pity the worse seems my harsh rejection of her."

"And how long is it now since thee learned the truth of the story?"

"About three months ago. I saw his death in the papers, his death by accident. He was cut off in the midst of his sins, and only lived a few hours after his fall. Oh that was terrible, terrible, Sarah. May God have mercy upon him! Soon after, two young men, his lawyers they said they were, came to me inquiring for my daughter. They said he had retracted his vile slander upon his death-bed; had declared Mary to be indeed his lawful wife; and had signed papers to that effect, to give his property to her and her child; but had charged them not to make his marriage public, or even known unto his father, until they had found Mary and her child, and placed them in such a position as she ought to hold as his wife. And that was their errand here; they came to me for directions where to seek her; and alas! I could not tell them. Since then they have been upon the search, and so have I, but thus far, as you know, in vain."

"Oh! but thee will find her; depend on't; it's borne in on my mind thee will."

"I do not know. Three months is a long time to have searched in vain. And now— But hark! who is that? I heard a man's step on the planks. It is your son. Yes; it is Jonathan," he said, as a tall, slouching figure, in great-coat and umbrella, strode past the window like the very spirit of the storm. "He may have news!"

It is Jonathan, sure enough, as thee says," said the mother, "and as wet as water, too, I'll be bound, out in all this rain and storm;" and throwing down her knitting, she hurried out to open the door for her son, admitting, as she did so, a fierce gust of wind, which slammed every door in the house, and filled it with a salt dampness, which seemed to rush in like a smoke.

"Why, Jonathan!" said the mother, "ain't thee drowned? Come in, child; come in; do," she continued, addressing thus the tall lad, who, though armed and equipped with great-coat, slouched hat, and umbrella, seemed to be externally in a state of liquefaction.

"Come in, child! come in; don't stop to fuss with thy umbrella," she said, as the youth made several ineffectual attempts to furl his top-sails, in which he was frustrated by the wind—"but come in doors; do."

"Jonathan, Jonathan!" eagerly interposed the old man, who had followed his sister-in-law to the door, "have you—have you got any tidings? have you learned any thing?"

"Do let me in first, uncle," said the man rather roughly; "it is storming hard—raining cats and dogs, as they say; it's no night to stand on the door-stone and hold a parley;" and as he spoke he conquered the refractory umbrella, and, stepping inside the door, shut and bolted it as if instinctively to keep out the storming.

"I know, I know," said the old man, meekly, "I am very selfish, very; but forgive me,

Jonathan, I am very miserable! Come in, my dear boy—forgive me, Jonathan, come in!"

"Why, Jonny!" said the mother, laying her hand upon his wet sleeve, "I declare thee is as wet as a sop! I don't believe thee's got a dry thread about thee! Thee is all of a drip like a water-spout. Thee'd best not go into uncle's room. Come into the kitchen, won't thee? there's a nice hot fire there, and I'll have thee as dry as a chip in less than ten minutes. Don't thee stop here in the entry to take thy coat off or thee'll raise an inundation, that's certain;" and she guided him into the fire-lighted kitchen, much as if he had been a well-trained pair of oxen and she their teamster.

Here, under his mother's able and zealous management, by the help of dry clothing and the glowing fire, Jonathan soon became, as she had predicted, as dry as a chip; but the drying process seemed internal as well as external, for he requested a cup of hot tea to take the shivers out of him.

"Why, mother," he said, as standing upon the warm hearth he slipped his feet into the slippers she had laid before him, "you can have no idea, sitting here, what a wild, terrible night it is outside. It was as much as I could to get here. I thought at one time I should have to give it up and turn back—the wind and hail beat so in my face, and the sleet cuts like a knife. But never mind, I'm all right now, 'dry as a bone!' Thank you, that will do nicely. Now for a fresh handkerchief, and I am a made man."

As the young man, thus speaking, turned round, shaking himself in his warm, dry garments with much satisfaction, and feeling himself carefully over, to be sure that the drying process was complete, his eye fell upon the old man, who had crept noiselessly after him, and now stood silently in the shadow of the chimney-piece, his tall figure bent forward in an attitude of meek patience and intense expectation, his thin hands turning nervously one over the other, and an eager question in every feature of his old care-worn face; and the youth, who, though petted and half-spoiled by his mother, was really a kind, warm-hearted fellow when not storm-soaked, was touched by the look of patient suffering worn into the lines of his face.

"I really have worn much to tell you, after all, uncle!" he began, in softened accents.

"Yes, yes! Jonathan; yes, my dear boy," said the old man, coming eagerly forward; and then, recollecting himself, he added, sadly, "but I—I can wait, Jonathan; don't mind me, you are tired and weary—I will wait."

"No, uncle, it is not much I have got to tell you, but I will tell you all I can. I think we have got some little tidings of her."

"What? what?" gasped the trembling old man, his quivering lips rather forming the word than giving utterance to the sound.

"Well, no great, to be sure, only I think we are on the right track now. A young woman, answering to the description of Mary, with a little child, was seen going into New York a



week ago last Thursday, and I think there is no doubt it was her."

"Going—how? Jonathan, how was she traveling?"

The young man hesitated and glanced anxiously at his mother, as if doubting what reply to make. The clear-headed, practical woman caught the look, and replied to it as if he had spoken.

"Speak out, Jonathan—speak out, my son. In cases like this any concealment is unwise; thee had better tell uncle all thee knows."

"Well, then," said the young man, "she was afoot."

"On foot! traveling on foot at this season! my delicate Mary. Oh, my child, my child! out in all this terrible storm it may be."

Again the good, practical common-sense of the little Quakeress came to the rescue.

"No, no, David," she said, soothingly, "that is not likely at all; thee's borrowing trouble now sure; for if Mary was so near New York a week ago, it is not likely she is out traveling the country to-day. Cheer up, David! I think it is a great thing to hear of her so lately as only one week ago—just to hear she and her child were alive and well, only one week ago, David, that is much for thee!"

"And now," said the father, turning to Jonathan, "what do you think to do next?"

"Well, uncle, just what you think best. If it suits you, I will set off for New York."

"Yes, yes," said the father, trembling with eagerness; "that's best, and I will go with you. Let us set off at once—at once, Jonathan! I am ready—let us lose no time."

"Not to-night, uncle, if you please," said Jonathan; "you forget the storm, and, besides, I do not think it is necessary for you to go too. I will go alone, and do all you could do."

"No, no, Jonathan—let me go too—I must—I know you will do all you can—I know you are very kind; but it seems to me I should find her sooner than any one else. You must let me go with you!"

"I think uncle had better go, Jonny," said the mother; "the fatigue will be less wearing to him than this weary waiting and suspense. I think he had better go with thee."

"Oh yes, Sarah!" said the old man, "you are right; any thing that is action would be better than this terrible stillness. Let us go at once;" and he turned as if to look for his hat and cane.

"But, David," said the calm voice of the widow, "thee can't go to-night, thee knows."

"Yes, yes," he said, eagerly. "Why not? I shall not mind a little snow or rain—why not set off at once?—I am ready."

"Lord bless us!" said Jonathan, aside to his mother, "only hear him! wouldn't you think he could swim like a water-rat? It was all I could do to hold myself up against the wind. Why, he'd be wrecked before we got out of the lane. Go to-night—go to glory, more like!"

"Jonathan!" said the mother, reprovingly.

"Well, mother, I know; but it is too ridiculous to listen to. Here it is, a regular built tempest overhead, and rain, snow, and sleet up to one's knees; the road as slippery as the one which leads where sinners go; and to hear that jolly old cove talk of going off to-night, on foot, as if it was a moonlight night in June—I can't stand it."

"David," said the woman, quietly, "of course thee wants to get to New York as soon as thee can, and to do so thee must go in the cars, and they don't run again to-night, thee knows. What time do they go in the morning, Jonathan, does thee know?"

"Half past seven in the morning; and if uncle can be ready then—"

"Of course he can. Does thee understand, brother? thee must be ready by seven to-morrow. I'll have thy things all in order for thee; and thee must eat a good supper to-night, and try to sleep, and be all bright to begin thy journey; so come now and eat thy supper. I think thee might feel encouraged enough to relish thy tea to-night; and I'm sure, Jonny, thee must be hungry, so come in and have thy tea while it's hot—it's all ready, I guess; and, my son, thee must be up by times, and ask the milkman if he can take uncle to the station in his wagon, and after that he will not be exposed, even if it storms to-morrow."

"Oh yes, I'll see to that," said the young man, kindly, and mollified possibly by the prospect of his supper; "and, uncle, keep up your heart: I think we shall find Mary; and if we do, the law shall do her justice."

"Justice!" said the old man, stopping short on his way to the table; "what justice can the law do for my poor child?"

"Why, did not the lawyers say, if they could only find her, they had ample proof of the marriage, and she and her child would come in for all his property? By George! I'd like to see Mary have her own, every cent she is entitled to, as his widow."

"Never mind the money, Jonathan—I do not want it," said the old minister, opening his hands, and holding them up with an expression of abhorrence—"I don't want his money, not one cent of it!—what good did it ever do him?—what good would it do his child? I want my daughter, my comfort, my darling. We shall have enough to live upon; let them keep their gold—only let me have my child, with her good name vindicated, and I will be satisfied."

"Well, uncle, that may do for you; but, I say, if we find Mary, I sha'n't rest till she has all she is entitled to. And now, mother, do let us have that tea you have been telling us of—hot and strong, if you please—for remember I've had a long walk and a cold bath since my dinner."

The unseasonable storm had passed away, and the bright beams of the April sun were shining cheerfully through the lofty windows of a noble private library, save where their light



was met and mellowed by a cloud of crimson silk drapery. The room into which that soft golden spring light was pouring was spacious and lofty, and fitted up in a style that did justice to the taste and munificence of its proprietor. The walls, from the rich carpet, in whose downy luxuriance, the hastiest step sunk noiselessly, to the vaulted ceiling, rich with the quaint carvings of Gothic tracery, were filled with valuable books and rare historical paintings; and the room, adorned as it was with marble busts and groups of classic statuary, would have looked too spacious and too grand for daily occupation, had not its stately magnificence been softened down by an indescribable air of luxurious comfort and inhabitancy.

It might have been that this redeeming feature was bestowed upon it by the various articles of feminine employment which lay scattered around, and by something which told of the habitual presence of woman and childhood; for a vase of freshly-arranged flowers drooped gracefully on the ormolu table which held a lady's pearl inlaid writing-desk; a costly rocking-horse, "all saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight," was stabled in the remote corner of an alcove, and all the gregarious inhabitants of a "Noah's ark," and a heap of tiny literature lay piled in gay but incongruous confusion at the foot of a majestic pair of globes, and seemed to prove that, with all its lofty pretensions, the apartment was the commonly-frequented morning room of the household. Its only occupants now, however, with the exception of a splendid greyhound that stretched out upon the rug before the ample marble hearth, lay sleepily watching the dusky fire as it smouldered away beneath the yellow sunbeams, were two middle-aged gentlemen; for the master of the house, who was an elderly man, and an habitual invalid, was still in his own room, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Forrester, the widow of his youngest son, was in attendance upon him.

Of the two gentlemen, who, deeply ensconced in the cushioned chairs that looked far too luxurious for study, sat on either side of a table heaped with unopened letters, pamphlets, late publications, magazines, scientific reviews, and all the literary *bijouterie* of the day, the elder, whose slightly bald temples revealed a fine development of the intellectual organs, and whose manner was marked by a slight formality, was Herman Frazier, the solicitor and confidential legal adviser of Colonel Forrester, by whom he had been summoned to make certain required alterations in his will, and who was now awaiting in the library a call to his client's private apartment; the youngest gentleman, whose air and manner betrayed possibly more of the polish of social life, was the Rev. Arthur Morrison, the private tutor of the Colonel's grandson.

"Yes," said the latter gentleman, as if in answer to some remark of the other, "he is a noble and highly-gifted boy, certainly. Nature has endowed him as liberally as Fortune; he is a child of uncommon promise, in mind and person;

and yet, I tremble to think how far short the fulfillment of his character may fall of the expectations we are forming of him."

"How so?" inquired his companion.

"Because his situation is too perilous; as, in the natural world, there are some mediums in passing through which even a pure ray of light direct from heaven is bent from its true course, so, in the moral world, there are situations that may warp and pervert the noblest natures; and this boy, the pet and declared heir of his aged grandfather, the idol of his widowed mother, by turns the plaything and the master of the entire household, and the love and admiration of all who look upon him, how can he learn self-government? Nine chances out of ten that he may grow up an unhappy, capricious being—a selfish friend, an ungrateful son!"

"I hope not; surely the reins are in your own hands, Morrison."

"Not so much as you may suppose," said the tutor, sadly; "not so much perhaps as they should be; my influence thrown into the opposite scale can do but little to nullify the force of circumstance and station; and besides, if the veritable truth be told, even I am not quite proof against his witchery. His character, young as he is, is so full of interest—so fearless, yet so affectionate—so ardent, yet so frank—so hasty and imperious, yet so candid and noble, that I love him in spite of his faults; or, rather, I believe I must say, I love his very faults, even in spite of myself; his very errors have their rise in something noble, and I always feel as if in weeding out a fault I might root up a virtue; yet he is forever in mischief. There he is now," he continued, as the angry tones of a child's voice made themselves heard in the study—"he is in the conservatory, lecturing old Parkins the gardener, possibly for turning his dog out of the green-houses, or for complaining that his rabbits eat up all the cauliflowers; my office is no sinecure, I can assure you. Come, will you go with me, and help read the riot act?"

The two gentlemen rose, and crossing the hall, approached the open door of the conservatory, where, screened by the plants, they had (unseen themselves) a full view of the unequal disputants.

The young heir, a fairy creature of six years old, stood with his back toward them; he had ceased speaking as they reached the door; but his closing words and lordly toss of his little curly head told that his harangue had been in the imperative mood.

"Indeed, Master Leon, you mustn't," answered the gardener, as he disengaged a tasseled cap from the very centre of a flowering orange-tree, where it had been tossed in anger, and handed it back to its imperious little owner, who received it with all the haughty grace that might have befitted a Cæsar. "Indeed you must be more careful: I can't have my plants broke so; I can't indeed!"

"Your plants, Parkins! I tell you they are mine; mine, to do what I please with, to break



and destroy, or give away if I please. I heard my grandpapa tell Mr. Clifford only yesterday that every thing he had in the wide world was mine, and he had only me. Your flowers, indeed! nonsense! I tell you they are my flowers, all mine!"

"Well, Master Leon," said the man, sullenly, "maybe they be; I don't know about that. I did not mean they was mine, to be sure; I know they ain't, that's only my way of speaking. I only meant that Mrs. Forrester give me the care of 'em, and so they was mine to tend and take care of, that's all. I know your ma sets great store by that orange-tree. Your own father give it to her, a little slip of a thing in a bunch of flowers when they was married, and she got me to root it for her, and I did, and she sets her life by it; and that climbing rose your dog has tore down she brought out from town herself, and told me to take great care of it, and now, just look at it!"

"Well, what if she did?" answered the boy proudly, though his chest heaved and his cheek grew crimson; "mamma loves me better than all her roses, I know!"

"So she does, Leon," said the tutor, now stepping forward, and putting his hand gently on his little pupil's shoulder. "But do you think it is the best return you can make for all her love to destroy the flowers she prizes, and bring blame and discredit upon the servant she values and trusts?"

"No, no, indeed!" cried the repentant boy, springing into the arms of his friendly monitor, while the bright tears rolled from beneath his long silken lashes. "I did not think of that; I was wrong, very wrong. Parkins, I am sorry I spoke so to you," he said, holding out his little hand to the old man. "Ponto shall not come in here again if I can keep him out; and mamma shall not blame you either, for I will tell her it was I that broke her beautiful tree, and that Ponto tore down the roses."

"Lord bless you!" said the old man, cordially grasping the little hand so frankly offered him. "You are the very moral of your own dear father; and maybe the rose is not so much hurt after all," he said, good-naturedly, as he lifted up the torn and trampled wreaths. "I'll trim it and trail it up again, and maybe Mrs. Forrester will not happen to take notice of it, and will never know it was broken."

"Oh, but she shall know it," said the boy, "for I will go to her this moment and tell her all the mischief I have done. I had rather have her know it."

"Not now, my dear Leon," said the tutor, gently detaining him. "Mrs. Forrester is with your grandfather now, and it is time to begin your lessons. Some time when you are less heated and excited you may tell your mamma, if you please: I should rather you should; but not now." And as the tutor and Leon entered the library Mr. Frazier was called into the sick-room of his invalid client.

He found Colonel Forrester (who was a fine,

benevolent-looking old man, whose pale high features wore a look of languor) sitting erect, wrapped in his velvet dressing-gown, and propped up by cushions in his easy-chair before a table covered with papers and writing materials. Mrs. Forrester, his daughter-in-law, a young and still lovely woman, was sitting with him, and they both received Mr. Frazier with courteous kindness.

"And now, dear father," said Mrs. Forrester, as, after arranging the cushions, placing a restorative upon the table, and slipping a vinaigrette into the old man's thin fingers, she tenderly bent and pressed her lips to his pale, calm brow, "do not tire yourself in talking as you did yesterday with Mr. Clifford, will you?"

"Never-fear, dear Helen," said the old Colonel, kindly, "I will be careful." And then Mrs. Forrester, having significantly pointed out to Mr. Frazier the situation of the bell, in case he should wish to summon an attendant, bade them good-morning and retired.

After her departure Colonel Forrester entered at once upon the business he wished to have arranged, calmly and distinctly pointing out the alterations he thought necessary to be made, while the lawyer took full but rapid notes of his expressed wishes.

"And all this property," he said, as he ran his eye over a paper the Colonel had given him, "is, if I understand you, to go to—"

"To my grandson, Francis Leon Forrester," and again there was silence, while the lawyer resumed his notes; at last, looking up from his papers, he said,

"Excuse me, but I thought this property—I mean the St. Leon property—belonged to your eldest son."

"You are right, it did," said the Colonel, with a sigh. "Let me explain. My first wife was the only child of Francis St. Leon. She died when my first child, Henry, was born, and all her own property which she inherited from her mother went to him. My younger son was the only child of my second wife, Olive Tracy. She had no fortune; but St. Leon, the grandfather of Henry, left, as you may have heard, a large estate. After the death of his daughter he became much attached to my second wife and her child, who was named for him; and when he died he left his property to his grandson Henry, but with the proviso that, if he died unmarried, the estate was to be given to me, to hold during my lifetime: but I was to give it by will to Francis and his children. Henry did, as you know, die unmarried not long ago; and my son Francis had already been called away; of course, as he left but one child, my little grandson Leon, all that property as well as my own goes to him. There are no other heirs to either of the estates, and I suppose he must be heir too to what Henry derived from his mother; but his estate has not been settled yet, his own lawyers will attend to that."

"Excuse the pain I have given you, Sir," said the solicitor: "I understand it now." He made



a few more minutes, asked and received a few more directions, and then gathering up the papers, bade the Colonel adieu, and ringing the bell for an attendant, left the apartment.

The beams of the same bright spring sunshine which streamed so clearly and cheerily through the plate-glass windows of Colonel Forrester's library were dimly struggling through the dusky casements of an upper room in an obscure lodging-house in the city; but upon how different a scene was that golden light pouring its soft radiance! The room, a long, low garret, extended the length of the house, open to the rafters overhead, and with bare, naked walls, unpainted, unfinished, even unplastered, lighted by small windows at either end, and nearly destitute of furniture; it looked, and indeed it was, one of the very cheapest and most desolate abodes in which abject poverty ever sought to secure for itself a temporary shelter.

In the middle of the room, upon a rude, uncovered table immediately in front of the dim windows, lay the half-naked body of a little child, a boy of apparently four or five years old, the thin and tattered robe revealing its fair and beautiful proportions—fair, except that gaunt famine had somewhat narrowed the chest and made sharp the outlines of the small, delicate limbs, and pinched the pure, finely-cut features. The body had evidently been hastily deposited, and by rude hands, upon the table, and the little, white, ghastly, upturned face was bare to the gaze of the shuddering spectators; and where the soft rings of glossy, fair hair fell shimmering back from the high marble brow the blue veins looked thin and shrunken. But this was not all, for the clenching of the tiny hands, the set teeth, and widely-opened but glassy blue eyes told of a sudden and violent death.

Close by the body of the child, with her thin, skeleton hands clutching its scanty robe, her head bent low upon the table, her dark hair concealing her face and falling in disheveled masses over the bosom of the boy, crouched the miserable mother—the suspected infanticide! An hour ago and she had been alone—alone with her dead, alone with her great, shoreless, measureless woe; but now the story of violence, the suspicion of foul and unnatural murder, had crept down the long, steep stairway and stolen into the obscure street and out by by-way and thoroughfare, curdling the listener's blood, and poisoning even the fresh morning air with its sickening horror. And with the strange love of the horrible which pervades many minds, they had come up thither—men, women, and children—drawn, as the vulture and the carrion-crow, by the scent of blood they came—stealing in, one by one, in fearful silence and awful curiosity, and looking in upon the wretched mother and the dead boy as if it were some tragic spectacle of the play-house.

Thicker and thicker they had gathered; the laborer from his work; the shopman from his counter, the idler from the corner; the loafer

from the street; women from the wash-tub and the cooking-stove; children from their play; till the long room was crowded with a dense mass of pallid, eager, human faces; yet a silence almost like the silence of deepest midnight hung over the strange assembly, and not a sound broke upon the stillness, except when an occasional convulsive sob, or a deep, shuddering sigh burst involuntarily from some absorbed spectator, and broke the fearful hush which had preceded it; and silent and motionless as the cold bosom of the dead child before her still bent the miserable and unknown mother.

Presently there was a stir in the hall below—quick steps ascending the miserable stairs—a parley held upon the landing-place, and voices of authority inquiring the way; and it was whispered by some one near the door that the doctors and the coroner's jury were coming; and as a party of gentlemen entered the room the unauthorized crowd, swaying to right and left, gave them passage-way to the central object of attention.

Shuddering the new-comers approached the table, and shuddering they surveyed the pitiful spectacle before them; a few moments they, too, stood in silence, sadly contemplating it, and then the coroner stooped, and touching the arm of the miserable mother, he asked, probably according to some set formula for such cases made and provided, if she was guilty of the child's death.

But the question fell upon unheeding ears; not once since the crowd had watched her had the wretched woman lifted up her head, or changed her constrained and painful attitude, or betrayed the slightest consciousness of what was going on around her, or indeed given any signs of life; and the question had to be repeated and shouted into her ear two or three times before her attention was aroused.

At last she seems to hear, and lifting up her face, which (famished, ghastly, and colorless as that of the corpse on which she had pillowed it) still retained traces of rare beauty, she looked with dull, uncomprehending eyes upon the fearful scene around her. Slowly she turned her leaden gaze from the group closest about her, the physicians and the coroner's jury, to the wild sea of human faces, all bending their terrible eyes upon her, and slowly came back to her her consciousness and memory—until, as her gaze rested upon the body of the child, the terrible truth seemed to break in upon her; and suddenly a wild light leaped into her eye, a deep crimson glowed upon her cheek, and dashing back the disordered hair from her face, she laid her hand upon the boy's icy bosom and answered, in tones of frantic energy,

"No, no!" she said, "not guilty, not guilty! I harmed him not, I could not; I am his mother, did not you know that? No, no! 'twas you and you that murdered my boy; yes! you, ye hard, un pitying men and women, who refused his mother a crust of bread for her famishing child.



"Yes, I will tell you; my husband, the father of this child, deserted us in our utmost need. He left me sick, and friendless, and penniless to the mercy of a merciless world; and worse, his slander, the slander of him who should have shielded us, closed against me the heart and the door ever open to me before; and no one, no one, not even my nearest and dearest, believed my sad story. Want came: and I applied to the parish for aid, but they said I had no settlement here; and I asked for employment, and they said I was a stranger and they dared not trust me. And beggary came: I asked for charity at the houses of the rich and great, but they told me I was young and healthy, and bade me work for my living; and then I parted with my garments, sold them, one by one, to procure food and shelter for my child till my scanty dress shocked the nice sense of those who go, night after night, to the opera to sit and witness, unblushingly, the hired display of woman's limbs; and I fled from the streets. And then I saw my boy's sweet eyes grow dim with want, and his blue lips turn gasping away, and quivering, shape themselves into a voiceless cry for 'bread, bread!' and I had no bread to give him. What was I to do? Had God forgotten us, the widow and the fatherless? I could not tell; I thought I could endure no more, I believed I was dying, and must I, could I, leave him behind to struggle, to suffer, perhaps to sin; to purchase it might be a short life of want and misery, with the loss of all Heaven's blessedness? And then the Tempter came to me and whispered awful things. He said my child was pure from every thought of sin, why might I not send him up in his bright innocence to Him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and where he should know hunger and want no more forever? Why might not his mother's love force open the gates of heaven and let him in? There he should be safe! I should never see him again, that I knew, for I should be a murderess! But would it not make a heaven of hell itself to think my boy was with the cherubim—drinking from the river of life, and eating of the bread of heaven for ever and ever? But I did not do it—I did not, I could not, I had not the courage, I was too weak; and besides I was a Christian—I would not listen to the Tempter. I left my child alone while I went out to seek for food for him; I left him alone and asleep yonder, and I came back to find him here and thus—dead! dead! Oh, is there no mercy in heaven for me? And you thought I had murdered him, my child, my darling! Ah, if I had—if I had periled my own soul to save my child, you would have called me an unnatural mother, would not you? ha, ha, ha!" and with that wild, unearthly laughter bubbling from her pale lips the frenzied woman sunk down again beside her child in strong convulsions.

As the two physicians, aided by the now pitying by-standers, lifted the poor unconscious mother from her sad resting-place and carried her to the miserable bed, two new-comers were added

to the group around the table. These were the keepers of the lodging-house—a coarse but honest-looking man, and his wife, vulgar and most slatternly in her dress, but with a kind, motherly face, expressive now of strong emotions of pity and horror.

The testimony of the man at once cleared up the mystery which hung about the case, and rescued his poor lodger from all suspicion of the most foul and unnatural crime, at which humanity shudders. His testimony, corroborated by that of his wife, and given with much unnecessary circumlocution of words, but with evident directness of purpose, when cleared of its superabundant detail, amounted to the plain fact, that his wife having taken up some coffee or other articles of food to their poor lodger, whose poverty they well knew and pitied, found she had gone out, and discovered the child hanging dead between the bed and the wall, where he had probably fallen, and was too weak to be able to extricate himself. Filled with horror, she had rushed wildly down stairs, and proclaimed the terrible fact; and while her husband went up, removed the body of the child to the table, sent for the coroner and the physicians, and went forth himself to seek the mother, the wife, overcome by the awful shock, had lain in strong and continued hysterics. The man's search had, however, missed the mother, who had in the mean time returned, wholly unprepared for the awful scene awaiting her; and the man having just got back from his unavailing errand, had come up at once to give in his testimony. As an examination of the little body fully confirmed this account, the coroner's jury at once rendered their verdict of "Accidental death." And when this was fully understood by the lookers-on, a few earnest words from the coroner soon cleared the room of its motley assemblage; and then, having done all which could now be done for the sad principals in this terrible tragedy, the gentleman, having commended the mother to the pity and care of the keepers of the establishment, leaving with them money enough to meet the present wants of the case, and promising to return and make the necessary arrangements for the burial of the child and the removal of the woman, they too departed.

"George," said the elder of the two medical men, as together they made their way down the creaking, rickety staircase, and gladly emerged into the welcome fresh air and sunshine of the open street, doubly welcome after the scene they had just quitted—"I wish, if you are not particularly engaged, you would walk with me as far as my brother's office. I want to consult him, and I want you to go with me. The fact is," he said, putting his arm into that of his companion, "that I am faint and sick with horror."

"Certainly; I will go with you with pleasure," said his friend. "And I do not wonder that you feel faint; I declare I almost feel so myself; that terrible scene has quite unnerved you, nor can I wonder at it. I never beheld any thing in



real life half so tragic as that frantic woman's look and manner. I protest I am afraid she will haunt us."

"It was horrible! horrible indeed, George!" answered his friend, shuddering as he spoke. "And more than that, George," he continued, convulsively pressing the arm upon which he leaned; "was there nothing, nothing in that wretched creature's look and tones which reminded you of—of—"

"Of—of what, Charles? Good Heaven, how you tremble! What do you mean?"

"Did she recall to you no memory of any one whom we used to know?—think, now?"

"No, Charles; by my word no! What and whom are you thinking of? And yet, since you suggest a likeness—oh! Charles, the eyes, the figure—and, more than all, the voice!—and yet, it could not be—it is not possible—it could not be her, she was well married! Charles, you can not mean the beautiful girl, the teacher from the country, whom we used to see in old Selwyn's pew at church?"

"The very same—Mary Stevenson."

"I forget the name, but I mean the girl whose beauty we all used to rave about. Why, did not she marry Harry Forrester? She did, I know."

"So she did, George."

"Well, then, that settles the question; it could not be her."

"Did you never hear that Forrester deserted her, declaring their marriage was not a formal or legal one?"

"Not a word of it; and I don't believe it now. The miserable scoundrel—she was only too good for him! Do not you remember our seeing her with him at the regatta, and afterward at the play? It was soon after their marriage—and how we all of us admired her loveliness and her gentle, lady-like manners? I remember well her intense enjoyment of the gay scene, which was all new to her, of course. Why, she was perfectly radiant in beauty and happiness; and I believe she was as good as she was beautiful. I honestly believe she was his lawful wife."

"I know that she was."

"You know it, Charles?"

"Yes; and it is about this that I want to consult my brother John. All this took place while you and I were in Germany, and it was only about a month ago that I chanced to hear of it. Possibly you do not know—for I did not till then—that when Forrester was dying (you knew, perhaps, he was killed by being thrown from his horse?)—"

"No; I did not even know that he was dead."

"Well, then, he sent for John and his partner Ames (they were his lawyers), and owned the legality of his marriage, and furnished them with necessary proofs to establish her claim, and made his will, leaving all his property to her and his child; but he strictly enjoined upon them not to disclose the facts till they had found Mary, and placed her in a respectable position, which no one doubted could be done at once. But John told me how earnestly and vainly he had

pursued the search—tracing the poor girl and her child stage by stage of their wearisome journey on foot to her native town, where they learned the false story of her shame had preceded her, and her indignant father—a stern, old, orthodox clergyman—had spurned the poor, broken-hearted wanderer from his door, and they could trace her no farther."

"Good Heavens! then it might be her! What must she not have suffered! She spoke of sickness, want, famine, and madness. And oh! what a fearful item to add to Harry Forrester's long account."

"The scoundrel!—don't waste your pity upon him!"

"Well, you may be in time to save the mother; but that beautiful boy! Oh! if the discovery had been made only one day sooner it might have saved him. And to think of what that child was born to! Why, if he had lived, and had his rights, I suppose he would have been almost a millionaire."

"Quite one, I believe; he would have been heir to all his father's property, which was very considerable; all his grandfather St. Leon's wealth, which was very large; and, I suppose, half of the Forrester estate."

"And who heirs all this wealth, failing him, do you know?"

"A little fellow about the same age, the child of Colonel Forrester's second son. How strange it is!—he has been brought up in luxury and ease from his birth; and this boy, who really owned it all, has been a pauper and an outcast, and died at last in want and misery!"

Yes—it is terrible to think of! That wan, starved, half-naked, miserable, though beautiful child—that little, ghastly, coffinless object—was in reality—think of it!—St. Leon's true heir!

## INFANCY AND AGE.

INFANCY was but the beaming  
Of the life's morn's blushing ray;  
Each weak thought, prophetic dreaming  
Of the future far away;  
How alike those childish fancies  
Is the certainty of now;  
How the memory backward dances  
To the distant fairy past—  
Seeming e'en from thence to cast  
Childish dimples on the brow,  
And to yield, as once before,  
Every serious matter o'er.

Age is like the day-god setting  
In the West, beyond the plain;  
Life's faint measure fast forgetting,  
Listening to another strain;  
First it murmurs, faintly stealing  
Through the portals of the tomb,  
Then 'tis heard, its soul revealing,  
As the spirit passes through,  
Sweet in cadence, varied—new,  
Chasing every sense of gloom  
From the soul, and placing there  
Spotless robes for it to wear.





GEORGE H. THOMAS.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS.

**I**N the last number of this Magazine was given a sketch of General Sherman, in which it was endeavored to show that the distinctive feature of his character is a certain nervousness of thought and action inspiring a restless and resistless energy. A good idea of General Thomas may be obtained by contrasting him with Sherman. One may be called a nervous man, while the other is a man of nerve. Sherman derives his strength from the momentum resulting from the rapidity with which he moves; Thomas moves slowly, but with equally resistless power, and accomplishes his purposes by sheer strength. Sherman is naturally the dashing leader of light, flying columns; Thomas the director of heavily-massed columns. He may be called heavy ordnance in contradistinction to Sherman, who may be likened to a whole

battery of light rifle-guns; or, in the language of the prize-ring, Sherman is a light-weight and quick fighter, while Thomas is a heavy, ponderous pugilist, whose every blow is deadly. Sherman's plans are original, embracing new rules of war; Thomas originates nothing, but most skillfully directs his army on well-defined principles of the art. Sherman jumps at conclusions; Thomas's mind and body act with equal deliberation. His conclusions are arrived at after long and mature reflection. Sherman never takes thought of unexpected contingencies or failure. There is always a remedy for any failure of a part of Thomas's plans, or for the delinquencies of subordinates. Sherman never hesitates to answer. Thomas is slow to reply. One is quick and positive. The other is slow but equally positive. Thomas thinks twice be-



fore speaking once; and when he speaks his sentences are arranged so compactly, and, as it were, so economically, that they convey his idea at once. It is given as advice, but men receive it as an order and obey it implicitly.

The habits of the two men are radically different. Sherman is an innovator on the customs, not only of the army but every phase of social life, and is at least one generation ahead of the American people, fast as it imagines itself. Thomas belongs to a past generation, and his exceedingly regular habits belong to the "good old time." He has been confirmed by long service in the habits of camp, and appears never to be satisfied unless living, as is customary, in camps. In September, 1862, his division of Buell's army was encamped at Louisville, Kentucky, his quarters being in the outskirts of the city. While encamped here, a member of General Halleck's staff arrived from Washington city and delivered to Thomas an order to relieve Buell, and assume command of the Army of the Ohio. In order to put himself in communication with the Commander-in-Chief, Thomas was compelled to ride into the city and take rooms at the hotel nearest the telegraph office. He employed the day in communicating with General Halleck, urging the retention of Buell, and in declining the proposed promotion. Late at night he retired to his bed. But the change from a camp cot to clean feathers was too much for the General, and he found it impossible to sleep; and at a late hour in the night he was compelled to send his Provost Marshal to his head-quarters for his camp-cot. The reorganization of the army, the murder of General Nelson, and other events occurring about the same time, conspired to keep the General a guest at the hotel for a week. During all that time he slept as usual on his cot, banished the chamber-maids from his room, and depended for such duty as they usually performed on his old colored servant.

His style of living in camp is comfortable and even elegant. His mess consists of himself and two aids. His mess ware is principally silver of elaborate finish. The writer breakfasted once or twice with the General during the Chickamauga campaign. On the occasion of each visit daylight and breakfast were announced simultaneously by an elderly, dignified, and cleanly attired colored servant, who brought an excellent whisky punch, with "Colonel Flynt's compliments," as an appetizer. The breakfast-table was spread under the fly of the tent which served as a kitchen, and on it smoked fresh beef, ham, and strong black coffee. At each silver plate was a napkin of the purest white, artistically folded in the latest style of the first-class hotels, a silver water-goblet, a china cup, and the usual knives and silver forks. Better beef and better coffee could not have been found in the country in which the army was campaigning, while the hot rolls and potatoes baked in the hot ashes of a neighboring fire would have made many a French cook blush.

When beginning the campaign of Atlanta Sherman endeavored to effect an important innovation in the habits of his army by carrying out to the very letter his instructions to "move light," *i. e.*, without extra baggage. In order to impress upon his officers the necessity of setting a good example to the men he published an order, in which he stated that the "General commanding intended making the campaign without tent or baggage." The hint was lost on most of the officers, and among others on Thomas, who moved in his usual heavy style, with a complete head-quarter train and the usual number of tents, adding indeed to the usual allowance, a large wagon arranged with desks, which, when covered by a hospital-tent fly, made a very complete Adjutant-General's office. The campaign began, and Sherman made several days' march without his tent, sleeping any where that night overtook him, but before reaching Resaca he was very glad to take up his abode near Thomas's head-quarters and make use of his tents and Adjutant-General's office.

System and method are absolutely necessary to Thomas's existence, and nothing ruffles or excites him so much as innovations on his habits or changes in his customs. He discards an old coat with great reluctance; and during the earlier part of the war, when his promotions came to him faster than he could wear out his uniforms, it was almost impossible to find him donning the proper dress of his rank. He wore the uniform of a Colonel for several months after he had been confirmed a Brigadier-General, and only donned the proper uniform when going into battle at Mill Spring. He was confirmed a Major-General in June, 1862, but did not mount the twin stars until after the battle of Stone River, fought on the last day of the same year, and then they only found their way to his shoulders by a trick of his body servant. This methodical and systematic feature of his character found an admirable illustration in an incident which occurred during the battle of Chickamauga. After the rout of the corps of M'Cook and Crittenden, Thomas was left to fight the entire rebel army with a single corps of less than twenty thousand men. The enemy, desirous of capturing this force, moved in heavy columns on both his flanks. His artillery opened upon Thomas's troops from front and both flanks; but still they held their ground until Steadman, of Granger's corps, reached them with reinforcements. As Steadman came up and saluted Thomas as he inquired how the battle went. Thomas, in a vexed and indignant manner replied:

"The damned scoundrels are fighting without any system."

Steadman thereupon suggested that he should pay the enemy back in his own coin. Thomas followed his suggestion. As soon as Granger came up with the rest of the corps he assumed the offensive, and while Bragg continued to move on his flanks he pushed forward against the rebel centre, so scattering it by a vigorous blow that, fearful of having his army severed in two, Bragg



abandoned his flank movement in order to restore his centre. This delayed the resumption of the battle until nearly sunset, and Thomas was enabled to hold his position until nightfall covered the retirement to Rossville Gap.

Thomas is not easily ruffled. It is difficult alike to provoke his anger or enlist his enthusiasm. He is by no means blind to the gallantry of his men, and never fails to notice and appreciate their deeds, but they never win from him any other than the coldest words in the coldest but at the same time kindest of commendatory tones. He grows really enthusiastic over nothing, though occasionally his anger may be aroused. When it is, his rage is terrible. During the campaign in Kentucky, in pursuit of Bragg in 1862, Thomas was second in command of the army under Buell. The new recruits committed many depredations upon the loyal Kentuckians. While they were passing a small stream near Bardstown, Thomas was approached by a farmer whom he knew to be a good Union man, and who made complaint that one of the General's staff officers had carried off the only horse left on his farm. The General turned black with anger at such an accusation against one of his staff officers, and demanded to know where and who the offender was. The farmer pointed to a mounted infantry officer, but who was attached to one of the regiments and not to the General's staff. The General rode up to him and demanded to know where he had obtained the horse which he rode. The officer replied that he had "impressed" him. The General knew the man had no authority to impress horses, and choking with rage, he poured on the devoted head of the delinquent a torrent of invective. He drew his sword, and putting the point under the shoulder straps of the officer, ripped them off, and then compelled him to dismount and lead the animal to the place whence he had stolen him. He also required him to pay the farmer for his trouble and the loss of service of the animal.

The self-control and coolness of Thomas under fire and amidst the excitement and dangers of battle is absolutely surprising. He has been well described in an episode of the battle of Chickamauga as the "Statue Thomas." During that terrible conflict the Statue warmed into life but twice. At daylight on the second day, before the battle had been resumed, Rosecrans rode along the line of battle, examining the position which the troops had taken as best they could, without other guide than the sound of cannon or other director than stern necessity. He rode up to Thomas's quarters near the left centre of the field and asked him several questions regarding the battle of the day before. Thomas alluded briefly to the events of the fight, and in speaking of his brilliant charge exclaimed rather warmly, "Whenever I touched their flanks they broke, General, they broke," repeating the last words with unusual zest and evident satisfaction. At the same moment he caught the eyes of several officers turned upon

him, and, as if ashamed of his momentary enthusiasm, the blood mounted to his cheeks and he blushed like a woman. His eyes were bent immediately on the ground, and the rest of his remarks were confined to a few brief replies to the questions addressed to him.

The other instance occurred during the afternoon of the second day's battle, and in the midst of a lull which had followed the retreat of M'Cook and Crittenden and the falling back of Thomas's right division. The General was sitting in the rear of the line of battle of his right as re-formed, engaged in watching a heavy cloud of dust in the distance, and in such a direction that it might be the enemy, or it might be the reserve forces of Gordon Granger, which had been posted some distance in rear of the battlefield at Rossville, and which it was hoped would march to the aid of the army. The doubt under which he labored cast a visible cloud over the General's spirits, and excited his nerves to an unusual degree. He had no disposition to resume the fight, and, fearful of the result of the next attack of the rebels, was anxious to avoid a resumption of the battle. He consequently watched the development of the cloud of dust in the distance with painful anxiety. If it dissolved to reveal friends then they were doubly welcome, for fresh friends insured the safe retirement of the army. If it disclosed the enemy, then the day and army were lost, and it became the duty of those who formed the last square at Chickamauga to throw into the teeth of the victorious enemy a defiance as grandly contemptuous as that of Cambronne, and die. There was no escape if the troops advancing from the rear were, as it was feared, the cavalry of the enemy. The anxiety of the General increased with every moment of delay in the development of the character of the advancing columns. At one time he said nervously to his staff, "Take my glass, some of you whose horse stands steady—tell me what you can see." A civilian standing near him remarked that he felt sure that he could see the United States flag. "Do you think so? do you think so?" asked the General, nervously. Shortly after Captain Johnston, of General Negley's staff, reported to Thomas for duty, and the General requested him to venture toward the advancing force and learn if he could to which army it belonged. Johnston was gone for some time, running the gauntlet of the rebel sharpshooters, who were fast enveloping Thomas's left wing. During his absence the anxiety of Thomas increased until it grew painful to the observer, and the relaxation which followed the revelation of the fact that the coming force were friends was a positive relief to the by-standers. As Johnston returned with General Steadman the nerves of Thomas calmed down, and his excitement was hardly visible save in the petulant tone and manner in which he cursed Bragg for fighting without any system. During the fight which ensued he remained as passive and apparently as unconcerned as if he were in the safest place imaginable.



The contrast between Thomas and Sherman may be extended even to their personal appearance; and in this, as in character, the difference is most marked. Thomas's figure is very striking. Something of his height is lost to the eye by the heaviness of his figure. If he were as thin as Sherman, he would look the six feet two or three inches which have been attributed to him. He is about five feet ten in height; but so much does his heaviness detract from the appearance of height that he does not appear so tall. Thick-set, robust, and healthy, he moves heavily and slowly, but by no means feebly or unsteadily. His beard and hair were sandy at the beginning of the war, but they have since become silver sprinkled, and add to the great dignity of his appearance. His features are all large, with the exception of his nose; a long, thin Grecian feature which Napoleon would have admired. His lips are rather thick, rounded, and red. His chin and jaws, large and squarely cut, with his great, steady, though not bright eyes, indicate more than any others of his features his firmness and positiveness of character. His countenance is at all times severe and grave, but not necessarily stern. He seldom smiles; the writer, during two years' acquaintance, saw him smile only once; but the constant seriousness of his countenance is not repulsive. It may be called forbidding. It certainly forbids trifling. The simplest-minded man, seeking audience of him, will understand, on being received by the General, by a glance at his countenance, that he must be brief and to the point. His presence is no place for loungers. His visitors must have business to transact or retire, and they never require any other hint than the countenance of the General. He is a man in earnest, and it does not take long to discover it. He is perhaps as free from display and pretension as any man in the army. He never does any thing for "effect." His manner admits of no familiarity. There is dignity in every gesture, but not necessarily either grace or love.

No one has ever accused General Thomas of being a genius—military or otherwise. His success has been obtained by long service and patient industry, and he is an example of what may be accomplished by the unremitting toil of a practical man. He is possessed naturally of that good, clear sense which is often inappropriately called common-sense, but which is of no common order at all. He has never been brilliantly educated, and is neither a brilliant thinker nor converser. He is doubtless well versed in West Point lore and the art of war. His education has been derived principally from a long and varied experience with the world, which has rendered him pre-eminently a practical man. His mind consequently takes naturally, as has been before stated, to method, and every thing he does is completed (in the full sense of the word) in a methodical manner. There is little that is original in his plans or his mode of executing them, but all are distinguished for their practicability and completeness. His calcula-

tions leave a wide range for contingencies, delays, and accidents, and are not easily disturbed by untoward incidents and unexpected developments. He never goes into a campaign or battle without knowing exactly how to get out of it safely, in case the necessity for retreating arises. He has on more than one occasion furnished the means of getting the armies of others out of danger. At Stone River, when Rosecrans was defeated on the first day and his council proposed to retreat, Thomas showed that the safety of the army depended upon remaining and assuming the offensive. At Chickamauga, when the same leader left his army in the midst of a terrible battle and at the beginning of a rout of the greater part of it, Thomas again came to the rescue and covered the retreat in a manner which saved the day and the army.

With the army Thomas is a most popular leader. He has the deep-seated and deep-rooted affection of his men, which is not the less sincere because it is undemonstrative. He is looked upon by the army with a sort of affectionate reverence. His character is free from any stain, and he stands forth in the army as above suspicion. He has gone through the war without apparently exciting the jealousy of a single officer. He has so regulated his advancement, so retarded, in fact, his promotion, that when, as the climax to two years' hard service, he fought a great battle and saved a great army, and was hailed and recognized by the whole country as a hero, not one jealous or defeated officer was found to utter dissent to this popular verdict. He has in the highest degree the confidence of his men. There is a universal feeling of perfect confidence reposed in him, and to this more than to any other thing the nation owed the safety of its army at Chickamauga. This feeling of confidence in their leader did more to hold his *corps* together on that day—did more to keep up the *esprit du corps* of his command during the terrible attacks to which it was subjected, than did all the discipline which had otherwise been drilled into the men. The men of the two routed *corps* were just as good, just as brave, and just as tenacious fighters as were Thomas's men, but they had no faith at all in the wisdom of their leader. Men will not stand and fight under officers in whom they have not the most implicit faith. Such confidence is reposed in Thomas to the fullest degree, and is accompanied by an affectionate regard which adds to its strength.

Soldiers have a very natural mode of expressing their affection by titles of endearment, indicative of the peculiarities of the subjects of their admiration. Thomas has been christened with dozens of "nicknames." When he was at West Point and in the regular army in Mexico, he was called "Old Reliable," from his recognized and proverbial fidelity to the service. During the Mill Spring and Stone River campaigns he won from his men the sobriquet of "Old Pap Safety." This was subsequently boiled down into "Pap Thomas," by which



name he is still called more frequently than by any other. His slow gait and quiet dignified style of traveling gained him the title of "Old Slow-trot." "Uncle George," and "George H." are often used by the men in facetious hours, and the titles always linger on the tongues of the soldiers like sweet morsels. "Corinthian Thomas" is a name which has been given him since his late victory at Nashville. And though these titles are used by the men with an air and in a tone indicating familiarity with their leader, none of them ever knew him to sacrifice, in his communication with them, his dignity in the slightest degree. They have no difficulty in reaching his ear. They always find a patient listener and a sound adviser, and a kindly mannered and pleasant director. He never laughs and jokes with soldiers or officers, but his mild voice and quiet manner win him more of the love of his men than any momentary familiarity could do. He has been known to halt in the march and spend ten or fifteen minutes in directing stragglers to their commands.

The present war has been the school of many of our best officers, and dearly has the country paid in its best blood the tuition of some. Bull Run was the price which the country paid for having its erroneous idea of war violently corrected. The failure of the first assault on Vicksburg and of the attack on Kenesaw Mountain were fearful prices paid to correct certain errors of judgment in Sherman's mind. We paid for McClellan's violation of a well known rule of war in placing the Chickahominy between his battalions. Numerous similar instances might be named, showing how the country has been compelled to pay terrible penalties of blood for the ignorance of unworthy and incompetent leaders; but enough. Thomas's training in the art of war has cost the country not a single disaster or sacrifice. On the contrary, he has saved the country, on more than one occasion, the fearful penalty it was about to pay for the ignorance of other leaders. He has been prominent in three grand campaigns. Two of them he has conducted on his own plans and in person. In the other he acted as second in command. The two which he planned and conducted were complete successes; and the other, as far as he was concerned, a magnificent triumph. His first campaign in the war for the Union was that against the fortified camp of Zollicoffer at Mill Springs, Kentucky. His plan embraced an assault upon the rebel works; but before he could get into position to do this the enemy marched out of his works and attacked him in his camp, failing in an attempt to surprise him. The rebels failed also in the battle which ensued, and were terribly defeated, with heavy loss and at the sacrifice of the organization of their army. Night alone, under cover of which it crossed the Cumberland River, prevented the capture of the entire force under General Crittenden. Fourteen pieces of artillery, fifteen hundred horses, with all the stores of the enemy, with a large number of prisoners, fell into our hands. This

victory was complete, and doubly welcome as the first success since the battle of Bull Run. The country hailed it as the first sign of the rejuvenation and reorganization of the army. The rebel "army of Western Kentucky" has never been heard of since that disastrous day; and Crittenden, its commander, sank at once into disgrace and oblivion as a consequence of his defeat.

In the campaign and battle of Chickamauga Thomas was second in command to Rosecrans, but in all its important actions his is the principal figure. The story of Chickamauga has been often, and, in one or two instances, well told; but the whole truth about it must be reserved until time shall permit the historian to tell it without fear or favor. Thomas stands forth the undisputed hero of that day—the single spirit upon whom all depends. He is the central figure. There are no heroes beside him. The young and noble ones who died, as Lytle and Burnham, Van Pelt and Jones, and those not less noble spirits who distinguished themselves and lived to be rewarded, as Baird and Dick Johnston, old Steadman and young Johnston, who guided his columns to the assault, Wood and Harker—all these surrounding Thomas but add to his glory as the parhelion adds to the beauty of the sun. On the first day at Chickamauga Thomas did his share toward the destruction of a great rebel army, but it was in vain. The fruits of his victory were frittered away by others. There was no general advance when he advanced. On the second day it was too late; the enemy had succeeded in crossing his whole force over the Chickamauga, and the opportunity to destroy his force in detail was gone forever. Circumstances devolved upon Thomas the task of saving a great army, not destroying one. The duty was nobly performed, and the army nobly saved; and though those who were not present, and who judge of the battle from hearsay, may be mystified by the circumlocution and vagueness of official reports, those who staid at Chickamauga know that Thomas alone retrieved that disaster and saved Rosecrans's army.

His last campaign and battles at Nashville are perhaps his greatest. Fought but yesterday, as it were, the public is not yet weary with the tales that are still being told of them. The operations were conducted in a manner characteristic of the man. The retreat and concentration at Nashville was a masterly performance, executed without confusion and completed without loss. The battle before the city was one of hard blows and simple manœuvres, fought after ample preparation and deliberation. The columns were heavy and massed, and the lines strong and deep. The action was slow and measured. In the midst of the engagement are numerous lulls—lulls employed in dreadful preparation, in re-arranging lines and massing columns. There are numerous deliberate assaults of strong positions, and in every minute detail of the general plan there is visible a com-



bined effort of each part of the army to reach some vital point of the enemy's position, the key of the battle-field. When this is won the battle is ended. The victory is the result of cool, deliberate action. The troops are tools in the hands of their leader, and are made willing and trusty instruments through the absolute

and unbounded confidence which they feel in him.

In these three campaigns the career of General Thomas is chiefly embraced. In the minor events of his military career there is nothing to detract from the glory which attaches to him in these.

## ON THE HEIGHTS.

I STAND alone upon the heights of years,  
 As stood on Sinai's peak of old  
 The prophet, while as if unrolled  
 Like pictured scroll the traversed vale appears.

Far down the rugged slopes by worn feet trod  
 Is dimly seen, 'midst shine and shade,  
 The glimmer of that fairy glade  
 Which basks forever in the smile of God.

And nearer, yet still far, 'twixt it and me  
 Lies, golden still, that fair domain  
 Whence to my listening heart again  
 Is born Youth's unforgotten melody.

The twilight deepens, and the Morning Land  
 With silvery streams, the fervent noon,  
 Memory's music, all must soon  
 Fade in the gathering night so near at hand.

Yet as stood Moses in that awful gloom  
 Whence shone Thy word as living fire,  
 While all his rapt soul did aspire  
 To Thee, above the darkness of the tomb;

So I—though gazing backward tearfully  
 Beholding life's sweet visions fade,  
 While swiftly falls the gathering shade  
 Of Age—fear not, since face to face with Thee,

My God, who seemest on these heights of years  
 Nearer than in life's sunny vales;  
 Whose strength my weakness never fails  
 To lift from out the dust of mortal fears.

Alone? 'Tis well; for thus this heart of mine  
 Shall, like the prophet's tablet, lie  
 Bared to the light: that only Thy  
 Dear name be graven there—the Love divine.





ALLAN'S NEIGHBOR.—[SEE APRIL NUMBER, PAGE 635.]

## ARMADALE.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CLAIMS OF SOCIETY.

**M**ORE than an hour after Allan had set forth on his exploring expedition through his own grounds, Midwinter rose, and enjoyed, in his turn, a full view by daylight of the magnificence of the new house.

Refreshed by his long night's rest, he de-

scended the great staircase as cheerfully as Allan himself. One after another, he too, looked into the spacious rooms on the ground-floor in breathless astonishment at the beauty and the luxury which surrounded him. "The house where I lived in service when I was a boy was a fine one," he thought, gayly; "but it was nothing to this! I wonder if Allan is as surprised and delighted as I am?" The beauty of the sum-



mer morning drew him out through the open hall door, as it had drawn his friend out before him. He ran briskly down the steps, humming the burden of one of the old vagabond tunes which he had danced to long since, in the old vagabond time. Even the memories of his wretched childhood took their color, on that happy morning, from the bright medium through which he looked back at them. "If I was not out of practice," he thought to himself, as he leaned on the fence and looked over at the park, "I could try some of my old tumbling tricks on that delicious grass." He turned; noticed two of the servants talking together near the shrubbery, and asked for news of the master of the house. The men pointed with a smile in the direction of the gardens; Mr. Armadale had gone that way more than an hour since, and had met (as had been reported) with Miss Milroy in the grounds. Midwinter followed the path through the shrubbery, but, on reaching the flower-garden, stopped, considered a little, and retraced his steps. "If Allan has met with the young lady," he said to himself, "Allan doesn't want me." He laughed as he drew that inevitable inference, and turned considerately to explore the beauties of Thorpe-Ambrose on the other side of the house.

Passing the angle of the front wall of the building, he descended some steps, advanced along a paved walk, turned another angle, and found himself in a strip of garden ground at the back of the house. Behind him was a row of small rooms situated on the level of the servants' offices. In front of him, on the farther side of the little garden, rose a wall, screened by a laurel hedge, and having a door at one end of it, leading past the stables to a gate that opened on the high-road. Perceiving that he had only discovered, thus far, the shorter way to the house, used by the servants and trades-people, Midwinter turned back again, and looked in at the window of one of the rooms on the basement story as he passed it. Were these the servants' offices? No; the offices were apparently in some other part of the ground-floor; the window he had looked in at was the window of a lumber-room. The next two rooms in the row were both empty. The fourth window, when he approached it, presented a little variety. It served also as a door; and it stood open to the garden at that moment.

Attracted by the book-shelves which he noticed on one of the walls, Midwinter stepped into the room. The books, few in number, did not detain him long; a glance at their backs was enough, without taking them down. The *Waverley Novels*, *Tales* by Miss Edgeworth, and by Miss Edgeworth's many followers, the *Poems* of Mrs. Hemans, with a few odd volumes of the illustrated gift-books of the period, composed the bulk of the little library. Midwinter turned to leave the room, when an object on one side of the window, which he had not previously noticed, caught his attention and stopped him. It was a statuette standing on a bracket—a reduced

copy of the famous Niobe of the Florence Museum. He glanced from the statuette to the window, with a sudden doubt which set his heart throbbing fast. It was a French window; and the statuette was on his left hand as he stood before it. He looked out with a suspicion which he had not felt yet. The view before him was the view of a lawn and garden. For a moment his mind struggled blindly to escape the conclusion which had seized it—and struggled in vain. Here, close round him and close before him; here, forcing him mercilessly back from the happy present to the horrible past, was the room that Allan had seen in the Second Vision of the Dream.

He waited, thinking and looking round him while he thought. There was wonderfully little disturbance in his face and manner; he looked steadily from one to the other of the few objects in the room, as if the discovery of it had saddened rather than surprised him. Matting of some foreign sort covered the floor. Two cane chairs and a plain table comprised the whole of the furniture. The walls were plainly papered, and bare—broken to the eye in one place by a door leading into the interior of the house; in another, by a small stove; in a third, by the book-shelves which Midwinter had already noticed. He returned to the books; and, this time, he took some of them down from the shelves.

The first that he opened contained lines in a woman's handwriting, traced in ink that had faded with time. He read the inscription—"Jane Armadale, from her beloved father. Thorpe-Ambrose, October, 1828." In the second, third, and fourth volumes that he opened the same inscription reappeared. His previous knowledge of dates and persons helped him to draw the true inference from what he saw. The books must have belonged to Allan's mother; and she must have inscribed them with her name, in the interval of time between her return to Thorpe-Ambrose from Madeira and the birth of her son. Midwinter passed on to a volume on another shelf—one of a series containing the writings of Mrs. Hemans. In this case the blank leaf at the beginning of the book was filled on both sides with a copy of verses, the writing being still in Mrs. Armadale's hand. The verses were headed "Farewell to Thorpe-Ambrose," and were dated "March, 1829"—two months only after Allan had been born.

Entirely without merit in itself, the only interest of the little poem was in the domestic story that it told. The very room in which Midwinter then stood was described—with the view on the garden, the window made to open on it, the book-shelves, the Niobe, and other more perishable ornaments which Time had destroyed. Here, at variance with her brothers, shrinking from her friends, the widow of the murdered man had, on her own acknowledgment, secluded herself, without other comfort than the love and forgiveness of her father, until her child was born. The father's mercy



and the father's recent death filled many verses—happily too vague in their commonplace expression of penitence and despair to give any hint of the marriage-story in Madeira to any reader who looked at them ignorant of the truth. A passing reference to the writer's estrangement from her surviving relatives and to her approaching departure from Thorpe-Ambrose followed. Last came the assertion of the mother's resolution to separate herself from all her old associations; to leave behind her every possession, even to the most trifling thing she had, that could remind her of the miserable past; and to date her new life in the future from the birthday of the child who had been spared to console her—who was now the one earthly object that could still speak to her of love and hope. So the old story of passionate feeling that finds comfort in phrases rather than not find comfort at all was told once again. So the poem in the faded ink faded away to its end.

Midwinter put the book back with a heavy sigh, and opened no other volume on the shelves. "Here in the country-house, or there on board the Wreck," he said, bitterly, "the traces of my father's crime follow me, go where I may." He advanced toward the window; stopped and looked back into the lonely, neglected little room. "Is *this* chance?" he asked himself. "The place where his mother suffered is the place he sees in the Dream; and the first morning in the new house is the morning that reveals it, not to *him*, but to *me*. Oh, Allan! Allan! how will it end?"

The thought had barely passed through his mind before he heard Allan's voice, from the paved walk at the side of the house, calling to him by his name. He hastily stepped out into the garden. At the same moment Allan came running round the corner, full of voluble apologies for having forgotten, in the society of his new neighbors, what was due to the laws of hospitality and the claims of his friend.

"I really haven't missed you," said Midwinter; "and I am very, very glad to hear that the new neighbors have produced such a pleasant impression on you already."

He tried, as he spoke, to lead the way back by the outside of the house; but Allan's flighty attention had been caught by the open window and the lonely little room. He stepped in immediately. Midwinter followed, and watched him in breathless anxiety as he looked round. Not the slightest recollection of the Dream troubled Allan's easy mind. Not the slightest reference to it fell from the silent lips of his friend.

"Exactly the sort of place I should have expected you to hit on!" exclaimed Allan, gayly. "Small and snug and unpretending. I know you, Master Midwinter! You'll be slipping off here when the county families come visiting; and I rather think on those dreadful occasions you won't find me far behind you. What's the matter? You look ill and out of spirits. Hungry? Of course you are! unpardonable of me

to have kept you waiting—this door leads somewhere, I suppose; let's try a short cut into the house. Don't be afraid of my not keeping you company at breakfast. I didn't eat much at the cottage; I feasted my eyes on Miss Milroy, as the poets say. Oh, the darling! the darling! she turns you topsy-turvy the moment you look at her. As for her father, wait till you see his wonderful clock! It's twice the size of the famous clock at Strasbourg, and the most tremendous striker ever heard yet in the memory of man!"

Singing the praises of his new friends in this strain, at the top of his voice, Allan hurried Midwinter along the stone passages on the basement floor which led, as he had rightly guessed, to a staircase communicating with the hall. They passed the servants' offices on the way. At the sight of the cook and the roaring fire, disclosed through the open kitchen door, Allan's mind went off at a tangent, and Allan's dignity scattered itself to the four winds of heaven as usual.

"Aha, Mrs. Gripper; there you are with your pots and pans, and your burning fiery furnace! One had need be Shadrach, Meshach, and the other fellow to stand over that. Breakfast as soon as ever you like. Eggs, sausages, bacon, kidneys, marmalade, water-cresses, coffee, and so forth. My friend and I belong to the select few whom it's a perfect privilege to cook for. Voluptuaries, Mrs. Gripper, voluptuaries, both of us. You'll see," continued Allan, as they went on toward the stairs, "I shall make that worthy creature young again; I'm better than a doctor for Mrs. Gripper. When she laughs she shakes her fat sides; and when she shakes her fat sides she exerts her muscular system; and when she exerts her muscular system—Ha! here's Susan again. Don't squeeze yourself flat against the balusters, my dear; if you don't mind hustling *me* on the stairs, I rather like hustling *you*. She looks like a full-blown rose when she blushes, doesn't she? Stop, Susan! I've some orders to give. Be very particular with Mr. Midwinter's room: shake up his bed like mad, and dust his furniture till those nice round arms of yours ache again. Nonsense, my dear fellow! I'm not too familiar with them; I'm only keeping them up to their work. Now then, Richard! where do we breakfast? Oh, here. Between ourselves, Midwinter, these splendid rooms of mine are a size too large for me; I don't feel as if I should ever be on intimate terms with my own furniture. My views in life are of the snug and slovenly sort—a kitchen chair, you know, and a low ceiling. Man wants but little here below, and wants that little long. That's not exactly the right quotation; but it expresses my meaning, and we'll let alone correcting it till the next opportunity."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Midwinter, "here is something waiting for you which you have not noticed yet."

As he spoke, he pointed a little impatiently to a letter lying on the breakfast-table. He



could conceal the ominous discovery which he had made that morning from Allan's knowledge; but he could not conquer the latent distrust of circumstances which was now roused again in his superstitious nature—the instinctive suspicion of every thing that happened, no matter how common or how trifling the event, on the first memorable day when the new life began in the new house.

Allan ran his eye over the letter, and tossed it across the table to his friend. "I can't make head or tail of it," he said; "can you?"

Midwinter read the letter slowly, aloud. "SIR, —I trust you will pardon the liberty I take in sending these few lines to wait your arrival at Thorpe-Ambrose. In the event of circumstances not disposing you to place your law-business in the hands of Mr. Darch—" He suddenly stopped at that point, and considered a little.

"Darch is our friend the lawyer," said Allan, supposing Midwinter had forgotten the name. "Don't you remember our spinning the half-crown on the cabin table, when I got the two offers for the cottage? Heads, the major; tails, the lawyer. This is the lawyer."

Without making any reply, Midwinter resumed reading the letter. "In the event of circumstances not disposing you to place your law-business in the hands of Mr. Darch, I beg to say that I shall be happy to take charge of your interests, if you feel willing to honor me with your confidence. Enclosing a reference (should you desire it) to my agents in London, and again apologizing for this intrusion, I beg to remain, Sir, respectfully yours, A. PEDGIFT, SEN."

"Circumstances?" repeated Midwinter, as he laid the letter down. "What circumstances can possibly indispose you to give your law-business to Mr. Darch?"

"Nothing can indispose me," said Allan. "Besides being the family lawyer here, Darch was the first to write me word at Paris of my coming in for my fortune; and, if I have got any business to give, of course he ought to have it."

Midwinter still looked distrustfully at the open letter on the table. "I am sadly afraid, Allan, there is something wrong already," he said. "This man would never have ventured on the application he has made to you, unless he had some good reason for believing it would succeed. If you wish to put yourself right at starting, you will send to Mr. Darch this morning, to tell him you are here, and you will take no notice for the present of Mr. Pedgift's letter."

Before more could be said on either side the footman made his appearance with the breakfast-tray. He was followed, after an interval, by the butler—a man of the essentially confidential kind, with a modulated voice, a courtly manner, and a bulbous nose. Any body but Allan would have seen in his face that he had come into the room having a special communication to make to his master. Allan, who saw nothing under the surface, and whose head was running on the

lawyer's letter, stopped him bluntly with the point-blank question: "Who's Mr. Pedgift?"

The butler's sources of local knowledge opened confidentially on the instant. Mr. Pedgift was the second of the two lawyers in the town. Not so long established, not so wealthy, not so universally looked up to as old Mr. Darch. Not doing the business of the highest people in the county, and not mixing freely with the best society, like old Mr. Darch. A very sufficient man, in his way, nevertheless. Known as a perfectly competent and respectable practitioner all round the neighborhood. In short, professionally next best to Mr. Darch; and personally superior to him (if the expression might be permitted) in this respect—that Darch was a Crusty One and Pedgift wasn't.

Having imparted this information, the butler, taking a wise advantage of his position, glided, without a moment's stoppage, from Mr. Pedgift's character to the business that had brought him into the breakfast-room. The Midsummer Audit was near at hand; and the tenants were accustomed to have a week's notice of the rent-day dinner. With this necessity pressing, and with no orders given as yet, and no steward in office at Thorpe-Ambrose, it appeared desirable that some confidential person should bring the matter forward. The butler was that confidential person; and he now ventured accordingly to trouble his master on the subject.

At this point Allan opened his lips to interrupt, and was himself interrupted before he could utter a word.

"Wait!" interposed Midwinter, seeing in Allan's face that he was in danger of being publicly announced in the capacity of steward. "Wait!" he repeated eagerly, "till I can speak to you first."

The butler's courtly manner remained alike unruffled by Midwinter's sudden interference and by his own dismissal from the scene. Nothing but the mounting color in his bulbous nose betrayed the sense of injury that animated him as he withdrew. Mr. Armadale's chance of regaling his friend and himself that day with the best wine in the cellar trembled in the balance as the butler took his way back to the basement story.

"This is beyond a joke, Allan," said Midwinter, when they were alone. "Somebody must meet your tenants on the rent-day who is really fit to take the steward's place. With the best will in the world to learn, it is impossible for me to master the business at a week's notice. Don't, pray don't let your anxiety for my welfare put you in a false position with other people! I should never forgive myself if I was the unlucky cause—"

"Gently, gently!" cried Allan, amazed at his friend's extraordinary earnestness. "If I write to London by to-night's post for the man who came down here before, will that satisfy you?"

Midwinter shook his head. "Our time is short," he said; "and the man may not be at liberty. Why not try in the neighborhood first?"



You were going to write to Mr. Darch. Send at once, and see if he can't help us between this and post-time."

Allan withdrew to a side-table on which writing materials were placed. "You shall breakfast in peace, you old fidget," he replied—and addressed himself forthwith to Mr. Darch, with his usual Spartan brevity of epistolary expression. "DEAR SIR,—Here I am, bag and baggage. Will you kindly oblige me by being my lawyer? I ask this, because I want to consult you at once. Please look in in the course of the day, and stop to dinner if you possibly can. Yours truly, ALLAN ARMADALE." Having read this composition aloud with unconcealed admiration of his own rapidity of literary execution, Allan addressed the letter to Mr. Darch, and rang the bell. "Here, Richard, take this at once, and wait for an answer. And, I say, if there's any news stirring in the town, pick it up and bring it back with you. See how I manage my servants!" continued Allan, joining his friend at the breakfast-table. "See how I adapt myself to my new duties! I haven't been down here one clear day yet, and I'm taking an interest in the neighborhood already."

Breakfast over, the two friends went out to idle away the morning under the shade of a tree in the park. Noon came, and Richard never appeared. One o'clock struck, and still there were no signs of an answer from Mr. Darch. Midwinter's patience was not proof against the delay. He left Allan dozing on the grass, and went to the house to make inquiries. The town was described as little more than two miles distant; but the day of the week happened to be market-day, and Richard was being detained no doubt by some of the many acquaintances whom he would be sure to meet with on that occasion.

Half an hour later the truant messenger returned, and was sent out to report himself to his master under the tree in the park.

"Any answer from Mr. Darch?" asked Midwinter, seeing that Allan was too lazy to put the question for himself.

"Mr. Darch was engaged, Sir. I was desired to say that he would send an answer."

"Any news in the town?" inquired Allan, drowsily, without troubling himself to open his eyes.

"No, Sir; nothing in particular."

Observing the man suspiciously as he made that reply, Midwinter detected in his face that he was not speaking the truth. He was plainly embarrassed, and plainly relieved when his master's silence allowed him to withdraw. After a little consideration, Midwinter followed, and overtook the retreating servant on the drive before the house.

"Richard," he said, quietly, "if I was to guess that there is some news in the town, and that you don't like telling it to your master, should I be guessing the truth?"

The man started and changed color. "I don't know how you have found it out, Sir," he said; "but I can't deny you have guessed right."

"If you will let me hear what the news is, I will take the responsibility on myself of telling Mr. Armadale."

After some little hesitation, and some distrustful consideration on his side, of Midwinter's face, Richard at last prevailed on himself to repeat what he had heard that day in the town.

The news of Allan's sudden appearance at Thorpe-Ambrose had preceded the servant's arrival at his destination by some hours. Wherever he went, he found his master the subject of public discussion. The opinion of Allan's conduct among the leading towns-people, the resident gentry of the neighborhood, and the principal tenants on the estate, was unanimously unfavorable. Only the day before, the committee for managing the public reception of the new squire had sketched the progress of the procession; had settled the serious question of the triumphal arches; and had appointed a competent person to solicit subscriptions for the flags, the flowers, the feasting, the fire-works, and the band. In less than a week more the money could have been collected, and the rector would have written to Mr. Armadale to fix the day. And now, by Allan's own act, the public welcome waiting to honor him had been cast back contemptuously in the public teeth! Every body took for granted (what was unfortunately true) that he had received private information of the contemplated proceedings. Every body declared that he had purposely stolen into his own house like a thief in the night (so the phrase ran), to escape accepting the offered civilities of his neighbors. In brief, the sensitive self-importance of the little town was wounded to the quick; and of Allan's once enviable position in the estimation of the neighborhood not a vestige remained.

For a moment Midwinter faced the messenger of evil tidings in silent distress. That moment past, the sense of Allan's critical position roused him, now the evil was known, to seek the remedy.

"Has the little you have seen of your master, Richard, inclined you to like him?" he asked.

This time the man answered without hesitation, "A pleasanter and kinder gentleman than Mr. Armadale no one could wish to serve."

"If you think that," pursued Midwinter, "you won't object to give me some information which will help your master to set himself right with his neighbors. Come into the house."

He led the way into the library, and, after asking the necessary questions, took down in writing a list of the names and addresses of the most influential persons living in the town and its neighborhood. This done, he rang the bell for the head footman, having previously sent Richard with a message to the stables, directing an open carriage to be ready in an hour's time.

"When the late Mr. Blanchard went out to make calls in the neighborhood it was your place to go with him, was it not?" he asked, when the upper servant appeared. "Very well. Be ready in an hour's time, if you please, to go out with Mr. Armadale." Having given that order,



he left the house again on his way back to Allan, with the visiting list in his hand. He smiled a little sadly as he descended the steps. "Who would have imagined," he thought, "that my foot-boy's experience of the ways of gentlefolks would be worth looking back at one day for Allan's sake?"

The object of the popular odium lay innocently slumbering on the grass, with his garden hat over his nose, his waistcoat unbuttoned, and his trowsers wrinkled half-way up his outstretched legs. Midwinter roused him without hesitation, and remorselessly repeated the servant's news.

Allan accepted the disclosure thus forced on him without the slightest disturbance of temper. "Oh, hang 'em!" was all he said. "Let's have another cigar." Midwinter took the cigar out of his hand, and, insisting on his treating the matter seriously, told him in plain words that he must set himself right with his offended neighbors by calling on them personally to make his apologies. Allan sat up on the grass in astonishment; his eyes opened wide in incredulous dismay. Did Midwinter positively meditate forcing him into a "chimney-pot hat," a nicely-brushed frock-coat, and a clean pair of gloves? Was it actually in contemplation to shut him up in a carriage, with his footman on the box and his card-case in his hand, and send him round from house to house, to tell a pack of fools that he begged their pardon for not letting them make a public show of him? If any thing so outrageously absurd as this was really to be done, it could not be done that day at any rate. He had promised to go back to the charming Milroy at the cottage and to take Midwinter with him. What earthly need had he of the good opinion of the resident gentry? The only friends he wanted were the friends he had got already. Let the whole neighborhood turn its back on him if it liked—back or face the Squire of Thorpe-Ambrose didn't care two straws about it.

After allowing him to run on in this way until his whole stock of objections was exhausted, Midwinter wisely tried his personal influence next. He took Allan affectionately by the hand. "I am going to ask a great favor," he said. "If you won't call on these people for your own sake, will you call on them to please *me*?"

Allan delivered himself of a groan of despair, stared in mute surprise at the anxious face of his friend, and good-humoredly gave way. As Midwinter took his arm, and led him back to the house, he looked round with rueful eyes at the cattle hard by, placidly whisking their tails in the pleasant shade. "Don't mention it in the neighborhood," he said; "I should like to change places with one of my own cows."

Midwinter left him to dress, engaging to return when the carriage was at the door. Allan's toilet did not promise to be a speedy one. He began it by reading his own visiting cards; and he advanced it a second stage by looking into his wardrobe, and devoting the resident

gentry into the infernal regions. Before he could discover any third means of delaying his own proceedings, the necessary pretext was unexpectedly supplied by Richard's appearance with a note in his hand. The messenger had just called with Mr. Darch's answer. Allan briskly shut up the wardrobe, and gave his whole attention to the lawyer's letter. The lawyer's letter rewarded him by the following lines:

"SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of to-day's date, honoring me with two proposals—namely, ONE inviting me to act as your legal adviser, and ONE inviting me to pay you a visit at your house. In reference to the first proposal, I beg permission to decline it with thanks. With regard to the second proposal, I have to inform you that circumstances have come to my knowledge relating to the letting of the cottage at Thorpe-Ambrose which render it impossible for me (in justice to myself) to accept your invitation. I have ascertained, Sir, that my offer reached you at the same time as Major Milroy's; and that, with both proposals thus before you, you gave the preference to a total stranger, who addressed you through a house agent, over a man who had faithfully served your relatives for two generations, and who had been the first person to inform you of the most important event in your life. After this specimen of your estimate of what is due to the claims of common courtesy and common justice, I can not flatter myself that I possess any of the qualities which would fit me to take my place on the list of your friends. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, JAMES DARCH."

"Stop the messenger!" cried Allan, leaping to his feet, his ruddy face aflame with indignation. "Give me pen, ink, and paper! By the Lord Harry, they're a nice set of people in these parts; the whole neighborhood is in a conspiracy to bully me!" He snatched up the pen in a fine frenzy of epistolary inspiration. "SIR,—I despise you and your letter—" At that point the pen made a blot, and the writer was seized with a momentary hesitation. "Too strong," he thought; "I'll give it to the lawyer in his own cool and cutting style." He began again on a clean sheet of paper. "SIR,—You remind me of an Irish bull. I mean that story in Joe Miller, where Pat remarked, in the hearing of a wag hard by, that 'the reciprocity was all on one side.' *Your* reciprocity is all on one side. You take the privilege of refusing to be my lawyer, and then you complain of my taking the privilege of refusing to be your landlord." He paused fondly over those last words. "Neat!" he thought. "Argument and hard hitting both in one. I wonder where my knack of writing comes from?" He went on, and finished the letter in two more sentences. "As for your casting my invitation back in my teeth, I beg to inform you my teeth are none the worse for it. I am equally glad to have nothing to say to you, either in the capacity of a friend or a tenant.—ALLAN ARMA-



DALE." He nodded exultingly at his own composition, as he addressed it and sent it down to the messenger. "Darch's hide must be a thick one," he said, "if he doesn't feel *that*!"

The sound of wheels outside suddenly recalled him to the business of the day. There was the carriage waiting to take him on his round of visits; and there was Midwinter at his post, pacing to and fro on the drive. "Read that," cried Allan, throwing out the lawyer's letter; "I've written him back a smasher."

He bustled away to the wardrobe to get his coat. There was a wonderful change in him; he felt little or no reluctance to pay the visits now. The pleasurable excitement of answering Mr. Darch had put him in a fine aggressive frame of mind for asserting himself in the neighborhood. "Whatever else they may say of me, they sha'n't say I was afraid to face them." Heated red-hot with that idea, he seized his hat and gloves, and, hurrying out of the room, met Midwinter in the corridor with the lawyer's letter in his hand.

"Keep up your spirits!" cried Allan, seeing the anxiety in his friend's face, and misinterpreting the motive of it immediately. "If Darch can't be counted on to send us a helping hand into the steward's office, Pedgift can."

"My dear Allan, I was not thinking of that; I was thinking of Mr. Darch's letter. I don't defend this sour-tempered man—but I am afraid we must admit he has some cause for complaint. Pray don't give him another chance of putting you in the wrong. Where is your answer to his letter?"

"Gone!" replied Allan; "I always strike while the iron's hot—a word and a blow, and the blow first, that's my way. Don't, there's a dear good fellow, don't fidget about the steward's books and the rent-day. Here! here's a bunch of keys they gave me last night: one of them opens the room where the steward's books are; go in and read them till I come back. I give you my sacred word of honor I'll settle it all with Pedgift before you see me again."

"One moment," interposed Midwinter, stopping him resolutely on his way out to the carriage. "I say nothing against Mr. Pedgift's fitness to possess your confidence, for I know nothing to justify me in distrusting him. But he has not introduced himself to your notice in a very delicate way; and he has not acknowledged (what is quite clear to my mind) that he knew of Mr. Darch's unfriendly feeling toward you when he wrote. Wait a little before you go to this stranger; wait till we can talk it over together to-night."

"Wait!" replied Allan. "Haven't I told you that I always strike while the iron's hot? Trust my eye for character, old boy; I'll look Pedgift through and through, and act accordingly. Don't keep me any longer, for Heaven's sake. I'm in a fine humor for tackling the resident gentry; and if I don't go at once, I'm afraid it may wear off."

With that excellent reason for being in a

hurry, Allan boisterously broke away. Before it was possible to stop him again he had jumped into the carriage and had left the house.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MARCH OF EVENTS.

MIDWINTER'S face darkened when the last trace of the carriage had disappeared from view. "I have done my best," he said, as he turned back gloomily into the house. "If Mr. Brock himself were here, Mr. Brock could do no more!"

He looked at the bunch of keys which Allan had thrust into his hand, and a sudden longing to put himself to the test over the steward's books took possession of his sensitive self-tormenting nature. Inquiring his way to the room in which the various movables of the steward's office had been provisionally placed, after the letting of the cottage, he sat down at the desk, and tried how his own unaided capacity would guide him through the business records of the Thorpe-Ambrose estate. The result exposed his own ignorance unanswerably before his own eyes. The Ledgers bewildered him; the Leases, the Plans, and even the Correspondence itself, might have been written, for all he could understand of them, in an unknown tongue. His memory reverted bitterly as he left the room again to his two years' solitary self-instruction in the Shrewsbury bookseller's shop. "If I could only have worked at a business!" he thought. "If I could only have known that the company of Poets and Philosophers was company too high for a vagabond like me!"

He sat down alone in the great hall; the silence of it fell heavier and heavier on his sinking spirits; the beauty of it exasperated him, like an insult from a purse-proud man. "Curse the place!" he said, snatching up his hat and stick. "I like the bleakest hill-side I ever slept on better than I like this house!"

He impatiently descended the doorsteps, and stopped on the drive, considering by which direction he should leave the park for the country beyond. If he followed the road taken by the carriage, he might risk unsettling Allan by accidentally meeting him in the town. If he went out by the back gate, he knew his own nature well enough to doubt his ability to pass the room of the dream without entering it again. But one other way remained—the way which he had taken, and then abandoned again, in the morning. There was no fear of disturbing Allan and the major's daughter now. Without further hesitation Midwinter set forth through the gardens to explore the open country on that side of the estate.

Thrown off its balance by the events of the day, his mind was full of that sourly-savage resistance to the inevitable self-assertion of wealth, so amiably deplored by the prosperous and the rich; so bitterly familiar to the unfortunate and the poor. "The heather-bell costs nothing!"



he thought, looking contemptuously at the masses of rare and beautiful flowers that surrounded him; "and the butter-cups and daisies are as bright as the best of you!" He followed the artfully-contrived ovals and squares of the Italian garden, with a vagabond indifference to the symmetry of their construction and the ingenuity of their design. "How many pounds a foot did *you* cost?" he said, looking back with scornful eyes at the last path as he left it. "Wind away over high and low like the sheep-walk on the mountain-side, if you can!"

He entered the shrubbery which Allan had entered before him; crossed the paddock and the rustic bridge beyond, and reached the major's cottage. His ready mind seized the right conclusion at the first sight of it; and he stopped before the garden gate to look at the trim little residence which would never have been empty, and would never have been let, but for Allan's ill-advised resolution to force the steward's situation on his friend.

The summer afternoon was warm; the summer air was faint and still. On the upper and the lower floor of the cottage the windows were all open. From one of them, on the upper story, the sound of voices was startlingly audible in the quiet of the park, as Midwinter paused on the outer side of the garden inclosure. The voice of a woman, harsh, high, and angrily complaining—a voice with all the freshness and the melody gone, and with nothing but the hard power of it left—was the discordantly predominant sound. With it, from moment to moment, there mingled the deeper and quieter tones, soothing and compassionate, of the voice of a man. Although the distance was too great to allow Midwinter to distinguish the words that were spoken, he felt the impropriety of remaining within hearing of the voices, and at once stepped forward to continue his walk. At the same moment the face of a young girl (easily recognizable as the face of Miss Milroy, from Allan's description of her) appeared at the open window of the room. In spite of himself Midwinter paused to look at her. The expression of the bright young face, which had smiled so prettily on Allan, was weary and disheartened. After looking out absently over the park she suddenly turned her head back into the room; her attention having been apparently struck by something that had just been said in it. "Oh, mamma, mamma," she exclaimed, indignantly, "how *can* you say such things!" The words were spoken close to the window; they reached Midwinter's ears, and hurried him away before he heard more. But the self-disclosure of Major Milroy's domestic position had not reached its end yet. As Midwinter turned the corner of the garden fence, a tradesman's boy was handing a parcel in at the wicket gate to the woman servant. "Well," said the boy, with the irrepressible impudence of his class, "how is the missus?" The woman lifted her hand to box his ears. "How is the missus?" she repeated, with an angry toss of her head as the

boy ran off. "If it would only please God to take the missus it would be a blessing to every body in the house."

No such ill-omened shadow as this had passed over the bright domestic picture of the inhabitants of the cottage, which Allan's enthusiasm had painted for the contemplation of his friend. It was plain that the secret of the tenants had been kept from the landlord so far. Five minutes more of walking brought Midwinter to the park gates. "Am I fated to see nothing and hear nothing to-day which can give me heart and hope for the future?" he thought, as he angrily swung back the lodge gate. "Even the people Allan has let the cottage to are people whose lives are embittered by a household misery which it is *my* misfortune to have found out!"

He took the first road that lay before him and walked on, noticing little, immersed in his own thoughts. More than an hour passed before the necessity of turning back entered his mind. As soon as the idea occurred to him he consulted his watch, and determined to retrace his steps, so as to be at the house in good time to meet Allan on his return. Ten minutes of walking brought him back to a point at which three roads met; and one moment's observation of the place satisfied him that he had entirely failed to notice, at the time, by which of the three roads he had advanced. No sign-post was to be seen; the country on either side was lonely and flat, intersected by broad drains and ditches. Cattle were grazing here and there; and a wind-mill rose in the distance above the pollard willows that fringed the low horizon. But not a house was to be seen, and not a human creature appeared on the visible perspective of any one of the three roads. Midwinter glanced back in the only direction left to look at—the direction of the road along which he had just been walking. There, to his relief, was the figure of a man, rapidly advancing toward him, of whom he could ask his way.

The figure came on, clad from head to foot in dreary black—a moving blot on the brilliant white surface of the sun-brightened road. He was a lean, elderly, miserably respectable man. He wore a poor old black dress-coat, and a cheap brown wig, which made no pretense of being his own natural hair. Short black trowsers clung like attached old servants round his wizen legs; and rusty black gaiters hid all they could of his knobbed ungainly feet. Black crape added its mite to the decayed and dingy wretchedness of his old beaver hat; black mohair, in the obsolete form of a stock, drearily encircled his neck and rose as high as his haggard jaws. The one morsel of color he carried about him was a lawyer's bag of blue serge as lean and limp as himself. The one attractive feature in his clean-shaven, weary old face, was a neat set of teeth—teeth (as honest as his wig), which said plainly to all inquiring eyes, "We pass our nights on his looking-glass, and our days in his mouth."

All the little blood in the man's body faintly



reddened his fleshless cheeks as Midwinter advanced to meet him, and asked the way to Thorpe-Ambrose. His weak watery eyes looked hither and thither in a bewilderment painful to see. If he had met with a lion instead of a man, and if the few words addressed to him had been words expressing a threat instead of a question, he could hardly have looked more confused and alarmed than he looked now. For the first time in his life Midwinter saw his own shy uneasiness in the presence of strangers reflected, with ten-fold intensity of nervous suffering, in the face of another man—and that man old enough to be his father.

"Which do you please to mean, Sir—the Town or the House? I beg your pardon for asking, but they both go by the same name in these parts."

He spoke with a timid gentleness of tone, an ingratiatory smile, and an anxious courtesy of manner, all distressingly suggestive of his being accustomed to receive rough answers in exchange for his own politeness, from the persons whom he habitually addressed.

"I was not aware that both the House and the Town went by the same name," said Midwinter—"I meant the House." He instinctively conquered his own shyness as he answered in those words; speaking with a cordiality of manner which was very rare with him in his intercourse with strangers.

The man of miserable respectability seemed to feel the warm return of his own politeness gratefully; he brightened and took a little courage. His lean forefinger pointed eagerly to the right road. "That way, Sir," he said, "and when you come to two roads next, please take the left one of the two. I am sorry I have business the other way—I mean in the town. I should have been happy to go with you, and show you. Fine summer weather, Sir, for walking? You can't miss your way if you keep to the left. Oh, don't mention it! I'm afraid I have detained you, Sir. I wish you a pleasant walk back, and—good-morning."

By the time he had made an end of speaking (under an impression apparently that the more he talked the more polite he would be) he had lost his courage again. He darted away down his own road, as if Midwinter's attempts to thank him involved a series of trials too terrible to confront. In two minutes more his black retreating figure had lessened in the distance till it looked again, what it had once looked already, a moving blot on the brilliant white surface of the sun-brightened road.

The man ran strangely in Midwinter's thoughts while he took his way back to the house. He was at a loss to account for it. It never occurred to him that he might have been insensibly reminded of himself, when he saw the plain traces of past misfortune and present nervous suffering in the poor wretch's face. He blindly resented his own perverse interest in this chance foot-passenger on the high-road, as he had resented all else that had happened to him since

the beginning of the day. "Have I made another unlucky discovery?" he asked himself, impatiently. "Shall I see this man again, I wonder? who can he be?"

Time was to answer both those questions before many days more had passed over the inquirer's head.

Allan had not returned when Midwinter reached the house. Nothing had happened but the arrival of a message of apology from the cottage. "Major Milroy's compliments, and he was sorry that Mrs. Milroy's illness would prevent his receiving Mr. Armadale that day." It was plain that Mrs. Milroy's occasional fits of suffering (or of ill-temper) created no mere transitory disturbance of the tranquillity of the household. Drawing this natural inference, after what he had himself heard at the cottage nearly three hours since, Midwinter withdrew into the library to wait patiently among the books until his friend came back.

It was past six o'clock when the well-known hearty voice was heard again in the hall. Allan burst into the library in a state of irrepressible excitement, and pushed Midwinter back unceremoniously into the chair from which he was just rising before he could utter a word.

"Here's a riddle for you, old boy!" cried Allan. "Why am I like the resident manager of the Augean stable before Hercules was called in to sweep the litter out? Because I have had my place to keep up, and I've gone and made an infernal mess of it! Why don't you laugh? By George, he doesn't see the point! Let's try again. Why am I like the resident manager?"

"For God's sake, Allan, be serious for a moment!" interposed Midwinter. "You don't know how anxious I am to hear if you have recovered the good opinion of your neighbors."

"That's just what the riddle was intended to tell you!" rejoined Allan. "But if you will have it in so many words, my own impression is that you would have done better not to disturb me under that tree in the park. I've been calculating it to a nicety, and I beg to inform you that I have sunk exactly three degrees lower in the estimation of the resident gentry since I had the pleasure of seeing you last."

"You *will* have your joke out," said Midwinter, bitterly. "Well, if I can't laugh, I can wait."

"My dear fellow, I'm not joking: I really mean what I say. You shall hear what happened; you shall have a report in full of my first visit. It will do, I can promise you, as a sample for all the rest. Mind this, in the first place, I've gone wrong, with the best possible intentions. When I started for these visits I own I was angry with that old brute of a lawyer, and I certainly had a notion of carrying things with a high hand. But it wore off somehow on the road; and the first family I called on I went in, as I tell you, with the best possible intentions. Oh dear, dear! there was the same spick-and-span reception-room for me to



wait in, with the neat conservatory beyond, which I saw again and again and again at every other house I went to afterward. There was the same choice selection of books for me to look at—a religious book, a book about the Duke of Wellington, a book about sporting, and a book about nothing in particular, beautifully illustrated with pictures. Down came papa with his nice white hair, and mamma with her nice lace cap; down came young Mister with the pink face and the straw-colored whiskers, and young Miss with the plump cheeks and the large petticoats. Don't suppose there was the least unfriendliness on my side; I always began with them in the same way; I insisted on shaking hands all round. That staggered them to begin with. When I came to the sore subject next—the subject of the public reception—I give you my word of honor I took the greatest possible pains with my apologies. It hadn't the slightest effect; they let my apologies in at one ear and out at the other, and then waited to hear more. Some men would have been disheartened: I tried another way with them; I addressed myself to the master of the house, and put it pleasantly next. 'The fact is,' I said, 'I wanted to escape the speechifying—my getting up, you know, and telling you to your face you're the best of men, and I beg to propose your health; and your getting up and telling me to my face I'm the best of men, and you beg to thank me; and so on, man after man, praising each other and pestering each other all round the table.' That's how I put it, in an easy, light-handed, convincing sort of way. Do you think any of them took it in the same friendly spirit? Not one! It's my belief they had got their speeches ready for the reception, with the flags and the flowers, and that they're secretly angry with me for stopping their open mouths just as they were ready to begin. Anyway, whenever we came to the matter of the speechifying (whether they touched it first or I), down I fell in their estimation the first of those three steps I told you of just now. Don't suppose I made no efforts to get up again! I made desperate efforts. I found they were all anxious to know what sort of life I had led before I came in for the Thorpe-Ambrose property, and I did my best to satisfy them. And what came of that, do you think? Hang me if I didn't disappoint them for the second time! When they found out that I had actually never been to Eton or Harrow, or Oxford or Cambridge, they were quite dumb with astonishment. I fancy they thought me a sort of outlaw. At any rate, they all froze up again; and down I fell the second step in their estimation. Never mind! I wasn't to be beaten; I had promised you to do my best, and I did it. I tried cheerful small-talk about the neighborhood next. The women said nothing in particular; the men, to my unutterable astonishment, all began to console with me. I shouldn't be able to find a pack of hounds, they said, within twenty miles of my house; and they thought it only right to prepare me for the disgracefully

careless manner in which the Thorpe-Ambrose covers had been preserved. I let them go on condoling with me, and then what do you think I did? I put my foot in it again. 'Oh, don't take that to heart!' I said; 'I don't care two straws about hunting or shooting either. When I meet with a bird in my walk I can't for the life of me feel eager to kill it; I rather like to see the bird flying about and enjoying itself.' You should have seen their faces! They had thought me a sort of outlaw before; now they evidently thought me mad. Dead silence fell upon them all; and down I tumbled the third step in the general estimation. It was just the same at the next house, and the next, and the next. The devil possessed us all, I think. It *would* come out, now in one way and now in another, that I couldn't make speeches—that I had been brought up without a university education—and that I could enjoy a ride on horseback without galloping after a wretched, stinking fox or a poor, distracted little hare. Those three unlucky defects of mine are not excused, it seems, in a country gentleman (especially when he has dodged a public reception to begin with). I think I got on best, upon the whole, with the wives and daughters. The women and I always fell, sooner or later, on the subject of Mrs. Blanchard and her niece. We invariably agreed that they had done wisely in going to Florence; and the only reason we had to give for our opinion was, that we thought their minds would be benefited, after their sad bereavement, by the contemplation of the master-pieces of Italian Art. Every one of the ladies—I solemnly declare it—at every house I went to came, sooner or later, to Mrs. and Miss Blanchard's bereavement and the master-pieces of Italian Art. What we should have done without that bright idea to help us I really don't know. The one pleasant thing at any of the visits was when we all shook our heads together, and declared that the master-pieces would console them. As for the rest of it, there's only one thing more to be said. What I might be in other places I don't know; I'm the wrong man in the wrong place here. Let me muddle on for the future in my own way, with my own few friends; and ask me any thing else in the world, as long as you don't ask me to make any more calls on my neighbors."

With that characteristic request Allan's report of his exploring expedition among the resident gentry came to a close. For a moment Midwinter remained silent. He had allowed Allan to run on from first to last without uttering a word on his side. The disastrous result of the visits, coming after what had happened earlier in the day; and threatening Allan, as it did, with exclusion from all local sympathies at the very outset of his local career, had broken down Midwinter's power of resisting the stealthily depressing influence of his own superstition. It was with an effort that he now looked up at Allan; it was with an effort that he roused himself to answer.



"It shall be as you wish," he said, quietly. "I am sorry for what has happened; but I am not the less obliged to you, Allan, for having done what I asked you."

His head sank on his breast; and the fatalist resignation which had once already quieted him on board the Wreck, now quieted him again. "What *must* be *will* be," he thought once more. "What have I to do with the future, and what has he?"

"Cheer up!" said Allan. "Your affairs are in a thriving condition at any rate. I paid one pleasant visit in the town, which I haven't told you of yet. I've seen Pedgift, and Pedgift's son, who helps him in the office. They're the two jolliest lawyers I ever met with in my life—and what's more, they can produce the very man you want to teach you the steward's business."

Midwinter looked up quickly. Distrust of Allan's discovery was plainly written in his face already; but he said nothing.

"I thought of you," Allan proceeded, "as soon as the two Pedgifts and I had had a glass of wine all round to drink to our friendly connection. The finest sherry I ever tasted in my life; I've ordered some of the same—but that's not the question just now. In two words I told these worthy fellows your difficulty, and in two seconds old Pedgift understood all about it. 'I have got the man in my office,' he said, 'and before the audit-day comes I'll place him with the greatest pleasure at your friend's disposal.'"

At this last announcement Midwinter's distrust found its expression in words. He questioned Allan unsparingly. The man's name, it appeared, was Bashwood. He had been some time (how long, Allan could not remember) in Mr. Pedgift's service. He had been previously steward to a Norfolk gentleman (name forgotten) in the westward district of the county. He had lost the steward's place, through some domestic trouble, in connection with his son, the precise nature of which Allan was not able to specify. Pedgift vouched for him, and Pedgift would send him to Thorpe-Ambrose two or three days before the rent-day dinner. He could not be spared, for office-reasons, before that time. There was no need to fidget about it; Pedgift laughed at the idea of there being any difficulty with the tenants. Two or three days' work over the steward's books with a man to help Midwinter who practically understood that sort of thing, would put him all right for the audit; and the other business would keep till afterward.

"Have you seen this Mr. Bashwood yourself, Allan?" asked Midwinter, still obstinately on his guard.

"No," replied Allan; "he was out—out with the bag, as young Pedgift called it. They tell me he's a decent elderly man. A little broken by his troubles, and a little apt to be nervous and confused in his manner with strangers; but thoroughly competent and thoroughly to be depended on—those are Pedgift's own words."

Midwinter paused and considered a little, with

a new interest in the subject. The strange man whom he had just heard described, and the strange man of whom he had asked his way where the three roads met, were remarkably like each other. Was this another link in the fast lengthening chain of events? Midwinter grew doubly determined to be careful, as the bare doubt that it might be so passed through his mind.

"When Mr. Bashwood comes," he said, "will you let me see him, and speak to him, before any thing definite is done?"

"Of course I will!" rejoined Allan. He stopped and looked at his watch. "And I'll tell you what I'll do for you, old boy, in the mean time," he added; "I'll introduce you to the prettiest girl in Norfolk! There's just time to run over to the cottage before dinner. Come along, and be introduced to Miss Milroy."

"You can't introduce me to Miss Milroy to-day," replied Midwinter; and he repeated the message of apology which had been brought from the major that afternoon. Allan was surprised and disappointed; but he was not to be foiled in his resolution to advance himself in the good graces of the inhabitants of the cottage. After a little consideration he hit on a means of turning the present adverse circumstances to good account. "I'll show a proper anxiety for Mrs. Milroy's recovery," he said, gravely. "I'll send her a basket of strawberries, with my best respects, to-morrow morning."

Nothing more happened to mark the end of that first day in the new house.

The one noticeable event of the next day was another disclosure of Mrs. Milroy's infirmity of temper. Half an hour after Allan's basket of strawberries had been delivered at the cottage, it was returned to him intact (by the hands of the invalid lady's nurse), with a short and sharp message, shortly and sharply delivered. "Mrs. Milroy's compliments and thanks. Strawberries invariably disagreed with her." If this curiously petulant acknowledgment of an act of politeness was intended to irritate Allan, it failed entirely in accomplishing its object. Instead of being offended with the mother, he sympathized with the daughter. "Poor little thing," was all he said, "she must have a hard life of it with such a mother as that!"

He called at the cottage himself later in the day, but Miss Milroy was not to be seen; she was engaged up stairs. The major received his visitor in his working apron—far more deeply immersed in his wonderful clock, and far less readily accessible to outer influences than Allan had seen him at their first interview. His manner was as kind as before; but not a word more could be extracted from him on the subject of his wife than that Mrs. Milroy "had not improved since yesterday."

The two next days passed quietly and uneventfully. Allan persisted in making his inquiries at the cottage; but all he saw of the major's daughter was a glimpse of her on one oc-



casian, at a window on the bedroom floor. Nothing more was heard from Mr. Pedgift; and Mr. Bashwood's appearance was still delayed. Midwinter declined to move in the matter until time enough had passed to allow of his first hearing from Mr. Brock, in answer to the letter which he had addressed to the rector on the night of his arrival at Thorpe-Ambrose. He was unusually silent and quiet, and passed most of his hours in the library among the books. The time wore on wearily. The resident gentry acknowledged Allan's visit by formally leaving their cards. Nobody came near the house afterward; the weather was monotonously fine. Allan grew a little restless and dissatisfied. He began to resent Mrs. Milroy's illness; he began to think regretfully of his deserted yacht.

The next day—the twentieth—brought some news with it from the outer world. A message was delivered from Mr. Pedgift, announcing that his clerk, Mr. Bashwood, would personally present himself at Thorpe-Ambrose on the following day; and a letter in answer to Midwinter was received from Mr. Brock.

The letter was dated the 18th, and the news which it contained raised not Allan's spirits only but Midwinter's as well. On the day on which he wrote, Mr. Brock announced that he was about to journey to London, having been summoned thither on business connected with the interests of a sick relative, to whom he stood in the position of trustee. The business completed, he had good hope of finding one or other of his clerical friends in the metropolis who would be able and willing to do duty for him at the rectory; and, in that case, he trusted to travel on from London to Thorpe-Ambrose in a week's time or less. Under these circumstances, he would leave the majority of the subjects on which Midwinter had written to him to be discussed when they met. But as time might be of importance in relation to the stewardship of the Thorpe-Ambrose estate, he would say at once that he saw no reason why Midwinter should not apply his mind to learning the steward's duties, and should not succeed in rendering himself invaluable serviceable in that way to the interests of his friend.

Leaving Midwinter reading and re-reading the rector's cheering letter, as if he was bent on getting every sentence in it by heart, Allan went out rather earlier than usual, to make his daily inquiry at the cottage—or, in plainer words, to make a fourth attempt at improving his acquaintance with Miss Milroy. The day had begun encouragingly, and encouragingly it seemed destined to go on. When Allan turned the corner of the second shrubbery, and entered the little paddock where he and the major's daughter had first met, there was Miss Milroy herself loitering to and fro on the grass, to all appearance on the watch for somebody.

She gave a little start when Allan appeared, and came forward without hesitation to meet him. She was not in her best looks. Her rosy complexion had suffered under confinement to

the house, and a marked expression of embarrassment clouded her pretty face.

"I hardly know how to confess it, Mr. Armadale," she said, speaking eagerly, before Allan could utter a word, "but I certainly ventured here this morning in the hope of meeting with you. I have been very much distressed; I have only just heard, by accident, of the manner in which mamma received the present of fruit you so kindly sent to her. Will you try to excuse her? She has been miserably ill for years, and she is not always quite herself. After your being so very, very kind to me (and to papa), I really could not help stealing out here in the hope of seeing you, and telling you how sorry I was. Pray forgive and forget, Mr. Armadale—pray do!" Her voice faltered over the last words, and, in her eagerness to make her mother's peace with him, she laid her hand on his arm.

Allan was himself a little confused. Her earnestness took him by surprise, and her evident conviction that he had been offended honestly distressed him. Not knowing what else to do, he followed his instincts, and possessed himself of her hand to begin with.

"My dear Miss Milroy, if you say a word more you will distress *me* next," he rejoined, unconsciously pressing her hand closer and closer, in the embarrassment of the moment. "I never was in the least offended; I made allowances—upon my honor I did—for poor Mrs. Milroy's illness. Offended!" cried Allan, reverting energetically to the old complimentary strain. "I should like to have my basket of fruit sent back every day, if I could only be sure of its bringing you out into the paddock the first thing in the morning."

Some of Miss Milroy's missing color began to appear again in her cheeks. "Oh, Mr. Armadale, there is really no end to your kindness," she said; "you don't know how you relieve me!" She paused; her spirits rallied with as happy a readiness of recovery as if they had been the spirits of a child; and her native brightness of temper sparkled again in her eyes as she looked up, shyly smiling in Allan's face. "Don't you think," she asked, demurely, "that it is almost time now to let go of my hand?"

Their eyes met. Allan followed his instincts for the second time. Instead of releasing her hand, he lifted it to his lips and kissed it. All the missing tints of the rosier sort returned to Miss Milroy's complexion on the instant. She snatched away her hand as if Allan had burned it.

"I'm sure *that's* wrong, Mr. Armadale," she said, and turned her head aside quickly, for she was smiling in spite of herself.

"I meant it as an apology for—for holding your hand too long," stammered Allan. "An apology can't be wrong, can it?"

There are occasions (though not many) when the female mind accurately appreciates an appeal to the force of pure reason. This was one of the occasions. An abstract proposition had been presented to Miss Milroy, and Miss Milroy was convinced. If it was meant as an apology,



that (she admitted) made all the difference. "I only hope," said the little coquette, looking at him slyly, "you're not misleading me. Not that it matters much now," she added, with a serious shake of her head. "If we *have* committed any improprieties, Mr. Armadale, we are not likely to have the opportunity of committing many more."

"You're not going away?" exclaimed Allan, in great alarm.

"Worse than that, Mr. Armadale. My new governess is coming."

"Coming?" repeated Allan. "Coming already?"

"As good as coming, I ought to have said—only I didn't know you wished me to be so very particular. We got the answers to the advertisements this morning. Papa and I opened them and read them together half an hour ago—and we both picked out the same letter from all the rest. I picked it out because it was so prettily expressed, and papa picked it out because the terms were so reasonable. He is going to send the letter up to grandmamma in London by to-day's post; and if she finds every thing satisfactory, on inquiry, the governess is to be engaged. You don't know how dreadfully nervous I am getting about it already—a strange governess is such an awful prospect. But it is not quite so bad as going to school; and I have great hopes of this new lady, because she writes such a nice letter! As I said to papa, it almost reconciles me to her horrid, unromantic name."

"What is her name?" asked Allan. "Brown? Grubb? Scraggs? Any thing of that sort?"

"Hush! hush! nothing quite so horrible as that. Her name is Gwilt. Dreadfully unpoetical, isn't it? And the name of her reference is nearly if not quite as bad—Mrs. Oldershaw. She must be a respectable person, though; for she lives in the same part of London as grandmamma. Stop, Mr. Armadale! we are going the wrong way. No; I can't wait to look at those lovely flowers of yours this morning—and (many thanks) I can't accept your arm. I have staid here too long already. Papa is waiting for his breakfast, and I must run back every step of the way. Thank you for making those kind allowances for mamma; thank you again and again—and good-by!"

"Won't you shake hands?" asked Allan.

She gave him her hand. "No more apologies, if you please, Mr. Armadale," she said, saucily. Once more their eyes met; and once more the plump dimpled little hand found its way to Allan's lips. "It isn't an apology this time!" cried Allan, precipitately defending himself. "It's—it's a mark of respect."

She started back a few steps, and burst out laughing. "You won't find me in your grounds again, Mr. Armadale," she said, merrily, "till I have got Miss Gwilt to take care of me!" With that farewell she gathered up her skirts and ran back across the paddock at the top of her speed.

Allan stood watching her in speechless admi-

ration till she was out of sight. His second interview with Miss Milroy had produced an extraordinary effect on him. For the first time since he had become the master of Thorpe-Ambrose he was absorbed in serious consideration of what he owed to his new position in life. "The question is," pondered Allan, "whether I hadn't better set myself right with my neighbors by becoming a married man? I'll take the day to consider, and if I keep in the same mind about it I'll consult Midwinter to-morrow morning."

When the morning came, and when Allan descended to the breakfast-room, resolute to consult his friend on the obligations that he owed to his neighbors in general, and to Miss Milroy in particular, no Midwinter was to be seen. On making inquiry it appeared that he had been observed in the hall; that he had taken from the table a letter which the morning's post had brought to him; and that he had gone back immediately to his own room. Allan at once ascended the stairs again, and knocked at his friend's door.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"Not just now," was the answer.

"You have got a letter, haven't you?" persisted Allan. "Any bad news? Any thing wrong?"

"Nothing. I'm not very well this morning. Don't wait breakfast for me; I'll come down as soon as I can."

No more was said on either side. Allan returned to the breakfast-room a little disappointed. He had set his heart on rushing headlong into his consultation with Midwinter, and here was the consultation indefinitely delayed. "What an odd fellow he is!" thought Allan. "What on earth can he be doing, locked in there by himself?"

He was doing nothing. He was sitting by the window, with the letter which had reached him that morning open in his hand. The handwriting was Mr. Brock's, and the words written were these:

"MY DEAR MIDWINTER,—I have literally only two minutes before post-time to tell you that I have just met (in Kensington Gardens) with the woman, whom we both only know, thus far, as the woman with the red Paisley shawl. I have traced her and her companion (a respectable-looking elderly lady) to their residence—after having distinctly heard Allan's name mentioned between them. Depend on my not losing sight of the woman until I am satisfied that she means no mischief at Thorpe-Ambrose; and expect to hear from me again as soon as I know how this strange discovery is to end. Very truly yours, DECIMUS BROCK."

After reading the letter for the second time Midwinter folded it up thoughtfully, and placed it in his pocket-book, side by side with the manuscript narrative of Allan's dream.

"Your discovery will not end with *you*, Mr.



Brock," he said. "Do what you will with the woman, when the time comes the woman will be here."

He looked for a moment in the glass—saw that he had composed himself sufficiently to meet Allan's eye—and went down stairs to take his place at the breakfast-table.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.\*

IT is with great pleasure that a student finds himself returning from the alien sphere of politics to the congenial sphere of letters, and from the region of national and party divisions to the fellowship of learning, undivided and perpetual. It is with especial pleasure that an English student of history finds himself in the company of those who are pursuing the same study in America. The members of the Historical Society, kindly recognizing the bond of literary kindred, have invited me to take part in their proceedings this evening; and I am told that I shall not be selecting an unacceptable theme for my remarks in directing your attention to some points connected with the history of one of the great Universities of our common race.

The name of Oxford calls up at once the image of venerable antiquity embodied in all the architectural beauty of the past. To the historic eye the city is, in fact, the annals of England written in gray-stone. And those annals are a varied and moving tale. If you measure by mere time, the antiquity of the old cities of Christendom is but a span compared with the antiquity of Egypt. But if you measure by history, it is rather the antiquity of Egypt that is a span. "Those buildings must be very old," said an American visitor to his Oxford host, pointing to a very black-looking pile. "No," was the reply; "the color of the stone deceives you; their age is only two hundred years." Two hundred years, though a great antiquity to the inhabitant of a new country, are but as the flight of a weaver's shuttle to the age of the Pyramids. It is by another measure that the age of such cities as Oxford must be meted. Between her earliest and latest monuments lies the whole intellectual history of Christendom, from the very infancy of medieval faith to this skeptical maturity (as it seems to us) of modern science, together with all the political, social, and ecclesiastical memories which intellectual history brings in its train. Movements and reactions, the ebb and flow of contending and fluctuating thought, have left their traces all around. As you walk those streets you see, in the spirit of history, Duns Scotus and Roger Bacon, Wycliffe, Erasmus, Wolsey, the chiefs and

martyrs of the Reformation, Hooker, Laud, Butler, Shelley; while you meet in the flesh the leaders, on the one hand, of the great Anglican—or rather, Romanizing—reaction; and, on the other, the leaders of what seems likely to prove a second and more complete Reformation.

Nowhere do you feel more intensely the power of the Past, and the ascendancy of the dead over the living. This influence, in truth, weighs somewhat too heavily on the intellectual life of Oxford, while it is too feeble in the intellectual life of a new country like this. An Oxford student can preserve his independence, and even his individual activity of mind, only by cultivating a very large and liberal interest in the general fortunes and destinies of humanity.

Nor is the calmness of the past less felt in Oxford than its power. Thither turn your steps, if you desire to put off for a time the excitement of the passing hour. The keep of the Norman castle is that from which the Empress Maud made her escape during the war in the time of Stephen. Merton College is a memorial of the Barons' war in the reign of Henry III.; Magdalen of the wars of the Roses. Traces of the political and ecclesiastical struggle between Charles I. and the Commons are every where to be seen. Over the gate of University College stands the statue of James II., who, when he sojourned within those walls, was striking the last blow struck by a Stuart king for the Stuart cause. Five civil wars—with their divisions, that seemed eternal—their hatreds, that seemed inextricable—all turned to charitable memories and tranquil dust.

This spell of antiquity is potent enough to overpower even the presence of youth. When I left Oxford, in the dead quiet of the summer vacation, the colleges lay with their gray walls on their broad expanses of lawn, and among their immemorial trees, still and pensive as a vision of the past. Now they are full, if not of the most profitable, of the merriest life on earth. Active forms move about the quadrangles, cheerful voices are heard from the windows which surround them. In the morning the more industrious are engaged in their studies, full of the intellectual hopes of youth. In the afternoon there are parties going forth to and returning from their sports. Then the windows of the old dining-halls glow with a ruddy light; and soon after there come from other windows the sounds of merriment, which do not, in all cases, give place to the stillness of the student's evening task. If it were summer, we should have parties of students in very unacademical costumes coming back from the cricket-match or the boat-race; and if a victory had been won, we should hear it celebrated in a way which would make the old walls ring—though, among a people trained to respect authority, the apparently uncontrollable wildness of the evening's festivities easily gives way to order in the morning. Yet all this no more dispels the pensiveness that hangs round the ancient city than the bright green leaves of spring dispel the sombre tint of

\* This paper, with its completion, which will appear in our next Number, is the substance of a Lecture delivered before the Historical Society of New York, in December, 1864, by GOLDWIN SMITH, Esq., Professor of History in the University of Oxford. In case any coincidence should be observed between parts of this lecture and a paper on the Colleges of Oxford, published about ten years ago in *Fraser's Magazine*, it may be as well to say that they are by the same author.—ED. HARPER'S MAG.



its walls. The impression, on the contrary, is rather made more intense by the contrast. The old dial, whose shadow has measured out so many lives, will soon measure out these also, little as youth may think of its end. The old clock will soon toll away this generation, as it has tolled away the generations that are gone. On the college books are written the names of the fathers of these youths, of their grandfathers, of their ancestors for centuries past. They too, when they wrote their names there, were young.

Before entering on the history of Oxford it will be as well, for the benefit of such of my hearers as may not have visited England, briefly to explain the character of the institution, which, though nearly identical with that of the University of Cambridge, differs essentially from that of the universities in this country, and from that of most, if not all, the universities on the continent of Europe—the possible exception being the universities of Spain. The University of Oxford is a Federation of Colleges. Each college is a separate institution for the purposes of instruction and discipline, has its own governing body, consisting of a Head (variously styled President, Principal, Warden, Provost, Master, and—in the case of Christchurch—Dean) and Fellows; its own endowments, its own library, lecture-rooms, and dining-hall; its own domestic chapel, where service is performed by its own chaplains. Each has also its own code of statutes, and the power, subject to those statutes, of making laws for itself. The college instructors, called Tutors, are generally chosen from the number of the Fellows, as are also the administrators of college discipline, called Deans or Censors. All the members of the colleges are members of the University, and subject to University government and laws. The University holds the public examinations and confers the degrees. It legislates, through its Council and Convocation, on what may be called Federal subjects, and administers Federal discipline through its Vice-Chancellor and Proctors. In the matter of discipline there is, I believe, a speculative difference of opinion as to the Federal jurisdiction of the proctors within the college gates, but the bond of mutual interest between all the members of the Federation is too strong to allow this or any State-right question ever to threaten us with an academical civil war. There is also a University staff of teachers in all the subjects of instruction, called the Professors, to whose lectures the students from all the colleges resort, and whose duty it is to carry the instruction to a higher point than it can be carried by the college tutors, who are mostly younger men, not permanently devoted to a college life, but intending to take one of the many ecclesiastical benefices in the gift of the colleges, or to embrace, in course of time, some other active calling. The Federal element is embodied in the public buildings of the University—the Bodleian Library; the Examination Schools, which occupy the lower part of the same great Tudor quadrangle; the Radcliffe Library,

from the dome of which the best view of the city is obtained; the Convocation House, in which University statutes are passed and University degrees conferred; the Theatre, in which the memory of founders and benefactors is celebrated at the gay ceremony of the Summer Commemoration, prize compositions recited, and honorary degrees bestowed on distinguished visitors; the University Museum; the University Press; and, above all, the University Church of St. Mary, which, with its beautiful spire, crowns the Academic City, and in which sermons are preached to the assembled University, after the hour of college chapel, from a pulpit not unfamed in the annals of religious thought.

The mainspring of the system, as regards education, lies in the University Examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. At these examinations the majority of the students seek only to attain the standard required for an ordinary, or "pass" degree. The more aspiring become candidates for "honors," and obtain a place in the first, or one of the lower classes, according to their merits. The publication of these class-lists is, as might be expected, the great event of university life, and it is not an insignificant event in the domestic and social life of England. The training of those who read for high honors at Oxford or Cambridge is probably the severest that youth anywhere undergoes, and it is prolonged, generally speaking, to the age of twenty-two. The system of competition is not carried quite so high at Oxford as at Cambridge, where the candidates are not only divided into classes, but arranged in each class in their order of merit; whereas at Oxford they are only divided into classes, and the names arranged alphabetically in each class. Whether such strong stimulants of youthful ambition, and such marked distinctions for youthful attainment would be necessary or desirable in a perfect state of things, is perhaps a doubtful question. But in English society, as it is, the intellectual honors thus awarded by national authority are useful as a counterpoise, however imperfect, to the artificial distinctions of hereditary rank and wealth. Nor can it be denied that the class-lists have given England men in all departments, from theology to finance, whose high training has lent loftiness to their own character and aspirations, and to the character and aspirations of their nation. The College Fellowships, which are bestowed by examination, and to which stipends are attached, averaging about £200, or \$1000, a year, form additional and more substantial prizes for exertion among the flower of our students, and it is in the competition for these that the highest intellectual efforts of all are probably made. Our almost exclusive subjects of instruction, till recently, were the classics, with ancient philosophy and ancient history, mathematics being recognized, and by some of our students carried to a high point, but not held in the same honor; though at Cambridge they were the dominant study. Recently, by an



Academic revolution, something like that which substituted the classical for the scholastic system in the sixteenth century, we have thrown open our doors to physical science, modern history, jurisprudence, and political economy, to which honors are now awarded legally, equal to those conferred on classics—though classics still, practically, retain the foremost place. The degrees higher than that of Bachelor of Arts—that of Master of Arts, and those of Bachelor or Doctor of Theology, Civil Law, or Medicine—are rather marks of academical standing than rewards of intellectual exertion, though there is an examination for the degree in Civil Law, and one of a more effective character for the degree in Medicine. The degree of Doctor of Civil Law is conferred as an honorary mark of distinction on illustrious visitors of all kinds—generals, admirals, politicians, and diplomats, as well as men of letters or science. Law and Medicine, of which the universities were the schools in the Middle Ages, are now studied, the first in the chambers of London barristers, the second in the great London hospitals. Of Theology England has no regular school. The universities, which were once places of professional as well as of general training in England, as they are still on the Continent, are now in England places of general training alone. They are the final schools of those among our English youth who can afford to give themselves the advantage, and pay to their country the tribute of a long liberal education.

It is still a disputed question whether the universities belong to the Established Church or to the nation. The Dissenters have recently been admitted by Parliament to the Bachelor's degree. An effort is now being made, which has occasioned a pretty sharp struggle in the House of Commons, to throw open to them the Master's degree, which would make them members of Convocation, the governing body of the University. The Fellowships of colleges are all confined to members of the Established Church. If England seems, in this and some other respects, now to lag behind other nations in the march of liberty, it is partly because at one time she had so much outstripped them all.

The Colleges still retain something of their medieval and monastic character, though modern life and Protestantism have, to a great extent, broken through the founder's rule. The Fellows—such of them, at least, as are in residence—still live partly in common, dining together in the college hall, where they sit at the upper end, on a kind of dais, while the students sit at long tables down the hall, and retiring together after dinner to their "common-room" (an institution unknown to our austere founders), to take dessert and wine, and talk over the subjects of the day. What is of more importance, they still forfeit their Fellowships on marriage; whence, as was before mentioned, few of them settle down permanently to college life, which, though pleasant for a time, becomes very dreary as a man grows old, and when all the com-

panions of his youth are gone. The jealous gates of the old monastic quadrangles, however, which, according to the founders' statutes, were to admit no female form more dangerous than that of an elderly laundress, have quite forgotten their ungracious duty, as a visitor to our summer festival of Commemoration will easily see.

One of the most striking objects in the High Street is a long, dark range of buildings, in a late Gothic style, called University College—a name which increases to strangers the difficulty of understanding the relations between the colleges and the University. This is the oldest of our existing foundations, and its reputed founder is King Alfred, whose effigy appears in the hall and common-room, beside those of Eldon, Stowell, and Windham, the later and more authentic worthies of the college. Its real founder, however, was unquestionably William of Durham, a learned and munificent ecclesiastic of the thirteenth century, who bequeathed a sum of money to the University for the support of students in theology, and whose theologians were afterward settled by the University on this spot, though in a humbler house. There can be little doubt that Oxford, as one of the chief cities of Saxon England, was a place of education in the time and under the auspices of Alfred, whose birth-place, Wantage, was close by. But no authentic evidence definitely connects the great restorer of Anglo-Saxon learning and institutions with the University or any of its foundations; though, on the strength of spurious testimony, a court of law has actually recognized him as the Founder, and his successors on the throne of England as the Visitors, of the college founded by the University out of the bequest of William of Durham. If he erected or revived any schools at Oxford, the scythe of the Norman conquest passed over them. Yet William of Durham, if he were now alive, would scarcely be grieved to see that his foundation had become a monument to the memory of Alfred.

We may more reasonably look to the monasteries of which there are remains at Oxford for the origin of the present University. Learning owes a tribute to the beautiful ruins of these houses wherever they are found, for on them first her ark rested when the waters of the barbarian deluge were beginning to subside. In their cloisters her expiring lamp was first revived; from them its rays first shone out again over the dark waste. The Abbey of Bec, in Normandy, which sent forth Lanfranc, the precursor of the great civilians, and Anselm, the precursor of the great schoolmen, was itself the germ of a university.

Certain, however, it is that in the reigns of the Norman successors of William the Conqueror there was a university at Oxford, and that in the reign of Henry III. there was a great university. One chronicler says, a university with thirty thousand students. This is scarcely credible. But the medieval city swarmed and overflowed with ardent youths flocking to the sole source of knowledge and the great avenue of promotion.



A bastion in the city walls was rented, as appears by the city records, for the habitation of students. The University was then not only a place of liberal education, but the school of the great professions, which, as we have said, have since migrated to the capital. The whole academical course at that period, up to the highest degree in any one of the Faculties, occupied sixteen years. There were also grammar-schools for boys. So that all ages were mingled together. Not only all ages, but natives of all countries. There was then not only an England, a France, a Germany, an Italy, a Spain, but a Christendom with one Church, one Pope, one Priesthood, one ecclesiastical law, one language for all educated men, and a group of common universities which were now appearing in the different lands of Europe, like stars coming out, one by one, in the medieval night. Students went from one university to another, learning at each the special kind of knowledge for which each was famous. French youths came to the scholastic disputations of Oxford, and Oxford doctors taught in the schools of Paris. Perhaps the love of wandering, not yet quelled in the half-civilized heart, had something to do with the migrations of the student, as it had with the expeditions of the pilgrim.

The studies were, first, "Arts," including all the subjects of general instruction known at the time; and afterward, Theology, Law, or Medicine. Law was the great study of those who desired to make their fortunes and to rise in the world. Its monks, who struggled hard to win the great places of learning for themselves and for the cause of which they were the champions, wished to release students in Theology from the necessity of proceeding through "Arts." But the academic spirit seems to have prevailed, and to have enforced the previous course of general study as a preparation for the theologian: a sound decision, if the theologian is to know man as well as God; or, to put the case more truly, if to know God he must know man. The cardinal study, however, and the particular glory of Oxford, was the scholastic philosophy, a study condemned by Bacon, and in its superannuated decrepitude justly condemned, as bearing no fruit. If it bore no fruit, it at least, in the mind of the medieval student, bore the leaves and blossoms of most romantic hope. But we have ceased to regard it with contempt. We know that, in its hour, it played no mean part in training the intellect of man. And if it bore no material fruits, it bore the moral fruit of a faith in the world of ideas, and a deep interest in the unseen. It belongs to the spiritual, though chimerical, age of monasticism, cathedrals, and crusades. Duns Scotus, the "Subtle Doctor," Alexander Hales, the "Irrefragable Doctor," and Ockham, the great Nominalist, were among the glories of scholastic Oxford; and they are glories the lustre of which is now dimmed, but, while science and humanity are grateful to him who serves them in his allotted place and time, will never die. Wycliffe himself was one of the

greatest of the schoolmen. In the keen reasonings of the school philosophy he sharpened the controversial weapons with which he was to assail the errors and corruptions of the Church. In its high dreams he formed his ideal theory of a Christian world.

There is a name in the annals of medieval Oxford more famous in philosophy than any of these. The good taste of the last century pulled down, under a local improvement act, an arch which spanned Folly Bridge and contained a chamber hallowed by tradition as Friar Bacon's study. There, according to the legend, the great and formidable Franciscan, the man of too much light for a dark age, the father and protomartyr of modern science, pursued studies which, in his case at least, had a practical and fruitful, as well as a metaphysical side. There, as wondering ignorance fancied, the mighty master of the Black Art, now called Science, and the study of the laws of God, held forbidden converse with the Brazen Head. And there, we may more easily believe, was compounded for the first time a black powder which possessed a magical power indeed, and at the first explosion of which the walls of the feudal castle fell to the ground.

The teaching was of the professorial kind, the oral lectures of the Professor being, in that age, not a mere supplement to books, but the only great source of knowledge, the only way of publishing new ideas. The lectures were given not in regular lecture-rooms, but in church porches, and wherever the lecturer could find space and shelter, while eager multitudes crowded to hear the great teacher of the day. Knowledge has since been drunk from purer springs, but never, perhaps, with a thirstier lip. The scholars also exercised their logical powers, and at once displayed their acquirements and gained a more thorough mastery over them, by the practice of disputations—the tournaments of the intellectual knight—with a Moderator as the umpire, to rule the lists and adjudge the prize.

In modern times the University of Oxford, like every thing connected with the Anglican Church, has been conservative. She has, in fact, been the citadel of the Conservative party. In the thirteenth century, her heroic age, her leaning, both in religion and politics, was to the liberal side; and she belonged not to the reactionary, but to the progressive element of the medieval Church and society—to that which prepared, not to that which struggled to avert, and afterward to cancel, the Reformation. There was a sympathy for the doctrines of the Waldenses; there was a strong sympathy, at least among the younger students, for the doctrines of Wycliffe. The learned Bishop of Lincoln, Grossteste, the leading man of Oxford in the reign of Henry III., was the head of a party in the Church and nation which protested against the encroachments and the corruptions of the Court of Rome, and died anathematized by the Pope, sainted as a patriot by the people. This party of independence in the Church was closely connected with the party of constitutional lib-



erty in the State; and Oxford, afterward the stronghold of Charles I., was then the stronghold of De Montfort. Not the hearts only of Oxford students were with the champions of liberty, but their arms; and at the defense of Northampton they fought against the King under their own banner, and, according to the chronicles, fought well. From the spirit of Oxford, it has been truly said, if not from Oxford itself, emanated the famous poetic pamphlet in favor of constitutional government.

*Nec omnis arctatio privat libertatem,  
Nec omnis districtio tollit potestatem.  
Ad quid vult libera lex reges arctari?  
Ne possint adultera lege maculari.*

*Et hac coarctatio non est servitutis;  
Sed est ampliatio regie virtutis.  
Igitur communitas regni consulatur;  
Et quid universitas sentiat sciatur.*

Let the believers in liberty pray for us that we may have another heroic age.

There were no colleges then. The students lived in hostels or halls, most of which were afterward absorbed by the spreading buildings of the colleges, under one of the Masters of Arts or Doctors of the University, selected as their tutor. They were divided into nations, or Northerners and Southerners, according to the part of the kingdom from which they came. I should say the academical community in those days resembled rather a modern German university than the modern Oxford, if I had not before me the indignant words of a learned writer who protests against our comparing the academic adherents of Grossteste and De Montfort with "the bemuddled Burschen, who vaped at the barricades of Berlin and Vienna;" and declares the Oxford scholars, in those golden days, were characterized as much by the spirit of duty, intelligence, and order, as the Burschen are by that of anarchy and absurdity. But order—in the material sense at least—was not invariably characteristic of the Oxford scholar. Our modern "Town and Gown rows" are the faint and attenuated relics of the desperate affrays which in the Middle Ages took place between the impetuous students of the university and the strong-handed burghers of the feudal town. A penitential procession, which the citizens were compelled annually to perform, long kept alive the memory of one of the bloodiest of these encounters. There were fights also, and sanguinary fights, between the students and the Jews, who had not failed to come in considerable force to a university for the practice of usury, or to draw upon themselves the hatred of their debtors—further inflamed and sanctified in its own eyes by fanatical antipathy to the misbeliever. The tragic memory of a great massacre attaches to a spot called the Seven Deadly Sins, the site of the Old Jewry, now occupied by New Inn Hall. Sometimes, again, there were conflicts between the two "Nations" far more serious than those between the clubs in a modern German university; and on one occasion they drew out in the fields near the town, and fought a pitched battle

with bows and arrows. Papal Legates were never welcome visitors among the English, who always, in their most Catholic times, had a something of Protestantism and a good deal of Teutonic independence in their hearts; and the Lord Legate Otho, in the thirteenth century, having visited Oxford in the course of his mission, was—in consequence of a quarrel between his cook and one of the hungry scholars, who had been drawn by the steam of a legate's dinner to the kitchen—set upon by the academic populace, and with great difficulty escaped with his life. The royal authority in those feudal times was fitfully interposed to punish tumults rather than preserve order. That concourse of students, of all ranks and nations, not a few of them mendicants, was no doubt an active-minded, ill-governed, inflammable mass—the quintessence of the intellect, but also of the turbulence of their time.

The first college, and the prototype of all the rest, both at Oxford and Cambridge, was founded by Walter de Merton, Chancellor of England under Henry III. and Edward I., who deserves the honor due to a man of genius, if it be a proof of genius to bid a new institution live. It stands on the south of the city, close to Christchurch meadow, with a chapel, or rather church, and tower, famed as examples of the best Gothic style, with three quadrangles of different epochs, a front toward the meadow like a great Tudor mansion, and a pleasant garden with a grove of limes. The little dark quadrangle, called—nobody knows why—"Mob Quad," is the oldest part of the pile, and the cradle of college life. Merton had before him the different elements of his idea—the monasteries, with their strict discipline; the halls or hostels of students, with their secular studies; the stipends or exhibitions which the wealthy friends of learning were in the habit of giving to needy scholars, but which ended with the life of the giver. He adopted the architectural form and something of the strict rule of a monastery, but without the asceticism or the vows, devoting his house to prayer as well as to study, and attaching to it a chapel for the performance of religious services, but making study the distinctive object. His design was expressed in his code of statutes, which were to a great extent copied by subsequent founders. According to these, the Scholars (now the Fellows) of Merton College were to be of good character, chaste, peaceful, humble, indigent and in need of assistance, apt for study, and desirous of making progress in it. Their qualifications were to be tested by a probationary novitiate of one year. The Fellowship was to be forfeited by neglect of study, or by the acquisition of such a benefice in the Church as would render the Fellow no longer in need of assistance. The Fellows were to reside constantly in college, and regularly to attend the schools of the university. They were first to study "the liberal arts and philosophy;" then to pass on to theology, except four or five, who might study canon law. One of them also



was to be a grammarian—for the benefit, probably, of the children of the founder's kin who were to be brought up in the house. The rule of study was simply that of the schools of the university. The rule of life prescribed common meals, at which the Fellows were to sit in silence, after the monastic fashion, and listen to the reader; uniform dress; the use of the Latin tongue; strict obedience; surveillance of the juniors by the seniors; and periodical inquiries, like those made at the monastic chapters, into the character and conduct of all the members of the society. Attendance at the canonical hours and the celebration of masses was enjoined on all, and, for this purpose, those of the society were required to be in priest's orders. Masses were said in this, as in all mediæval foundations, for the founder's soul. The college was to be governed by a Warden—"a man circumspect in spiritual and in temporal affairs." There were also to be subordinate officers for discipline, and for managing the estates and keeping the accounts; and every year, after harvest, the Warden was to make his progress through the estates, and report to the society on his return. The annual stipend of each Fellow was to be fifty shillings, subject to mulcts for absence from the schools. The Warden was to have fifty merks for his table and two horses for his progress. The number of Fellows was to increase with the estate, and this increase none, under pain of their founder's high displeasure, were to oppose, saving in very urgent cases, such as a heavy debt, a suit with a powerful adversary (when, in those days, gold would have been too needful to obtain justice), losses by fire, a murrain among the flocks, general collections for poor students, the ransom of the prince or a prelate, a public contribution for the defense of the Holy Land. Each Fellow at his election was to take an oath to obey the statutes; and though power is given to the society to make new rules, no power is given to alter those of the founder.

The last regulation proved very fatal in after-times to the welfare of Merton's foundation, and to that of the other foundations which were modeled after the pattern of his, because it kept them stationary while all around was moving, unchanging while all around was changed. But it evinces no special illiberality or tyrannical tendency on the part of its good author. The men of his generation, the men of many generations after his, having no extensive knowledge of history, would have no conception of the great onward movement of humanity which the study of history, ranging over long periods of time and including great revolutions, has revealed, and which would convict of an arrogance bordering on insanity the man who should, in these times, presume to bind his own ideas on any community as an inviolable and immutable law. To them all seemed fixed and unchanging as the solid earth, of the revolutions of which they were as little conscious as they were of the progress of the political, social, and intellectual world. They painted the Apostles in the dress

of their own age, and thought that men would wear the same dress till the end of time. They had no idea that fifty shillings a year would ever cease to be a comfortable income for a Scholar; or that a Warden, in making his annual progress round the estates of his college, would ever be able to travel more rapidly and conveniently than on horseback. And in truth, if they had thought that the poetry and enjoyment of traveling would never be greater than it was in those annual rides in the summer-time through woods and over hills, by castle and abbey and feudal town, not from hotel to hotel, but from one country grange to another, their error would not have been great. Merton allows his Warden and Fellows to make new rules as occasion might require, in addition to those he gave them, and in this he shows himself a liberal legislator for his day. He was scarcely in his grave, however, before his inability, as a mortal, to mould his fellow-men exactly according to his will became apparent in deviations from his rule: and we have the Visitor of his college, Archbishop Peckham, fulminating against the admission of interdicted studies, the neglect of the rule of indigence, and other violations and perversions of the founder's law.

The necessity of respecting individual freedom was as little understood in the Middle Ages as that of making provision for reasonable changes in institutions. Men saw no evil in absolutely surrendering their individuality into the hands of a founder, whether he were the founder of a monastic order such as St. Dominic or St. Francis, or the founder of a college such as Merton. As little did a founder see any evil in accepting and enforcing the surrender. And in those simple times of faith and devotion both parties erred in ignorance, and therefore in comparative innocence. But the error of both grew more conscious and less innocent when Loyola deliberately set himself to turn his followers not only into intellectual slaves, but into "living corpses," and when his followers renounced the freedom to which they had been called to become the instruments of his design.

Merton's College was ecclesiastical, as all literary institutions and learned men were in the Middle Ages, when, in fact, society was divided into the soldier, the priest, the burgher, and the serf. But it belonged to the secular, not to the regular clergy. No monk was to be admitted among the Fellows; and in case the Visitor should exercise his office by deputy, the deputy was not to be a monk—provisions which seem to denote that the founder's leaning was to the party of nationality and independence, not to the Papal party, of which the monkish orders were the most zealous and effective supporters. And in truth the sons of Dominic hardly succeeded in gaining a firm ascendancy over the native independence of the Anglo-Saxons. England was never in the dominions of the Inquisition.

The enactment that the Fellows of Merton



should all be indigent had, no doubt, as its primary object, the fulfillment of the founder's charitable intentions toward poor students. But the men of those times also entertained an ascetic preference for poverty, as the higher spiritual state—an error, as we all know, if the doctrine be applied to the wages of honest labor, and not merely to those who live in idleness and luxury by the sweat of another brow; yet an error more respectable than the worship of wealth, and in this respect to be classed with the other chimerical but not ignoble fancies of the time. Poor men were also the most likely to render perfect obedience, for the sake of their founder's bread, to all the requirements of his rule. Nor was there any lack of indigence in medieval Oxford. Many of the youths who had found their way from the bonds and darkness of feudalism to the light, freedom, and hope of the University were, as was before said, actual mendicants. They were in the habit of receiving regular licenses from the Vice-Chancellor to beg.

Our picture of a medieval college would hardly be complete without the servants—the manciple, cook, butler, barber, and porter, and the groom who kept the horses for the annual progress. There were in some colleges regular members of the foundation, with “commons” or allowances like the Head and Fellows. Chaucer has described the manciple of a temple (that is, a college of lawyers in London), and the description will serve equally well for the manciple of a college at Oxford. Domestic service then was not a commercial contract, but a sort of personal allegiance, like the fealty of a vassal to his lord, and probably, as a general rule, it lasted through life. It now seems, in America at least, to have almost reached its last stage of existence.

I have cited Chaucer. He has given, in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, a picture (not the least admirable in that gallery of social portraits) of an Oxford student of this, or of a rather later period, which will no doubt represent to us sufficiently well the inmates of the House of Merton:

A clerk there was of Oxenforde also,  
That unto logike hadde long ygo.  
As lene was his hors as is a rake,  
And he was not right fat I undertake;  
But loked holwe and thereto soberly.  
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,  
For he hadde gotten him yet no benefice,  
Ne was nought worldly to have an office.  
For him was lever han at his beddes hed  
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,  
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,  
Than robes rich, or fidel, or sautrie.  
But all be that he was a philosopre,  
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;  
But all that he might of his frendes hente,  
On bokes and on lerning he it spente;  
And besily gan for the soules praie  
Of him that yave him wherewith to scolaie.  
Of studie took he moste cure and hede;  
Not a word spake he more than was nede;  
And that was said in forme and reverence,  
And short and quike and ful of high sentence.  
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,  
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

If this description is as true as it is genial and vivid, “Oxenforde” had no reason to be ashamed of her “clerks.” Though their philosophy produced no gold, they must have been very far from an ignoble or worthless element in the nation.

Such was the most ancient of these communities, the thread of whose corporate lives has run through so many centuries, and survived so many revolutions; in whose domestic archives are recorded the daily habits and expenses of so many successive generations. Would that they had left a record of their thoughts and feelings too, or even of the events that passed before their eyes!

If you come to Merton, or to any of the colleges of which it was the type, in the present day, you will see the old buildings and feel their influence, but you will trace only the faint and fading remains of the original institution. You will find the Fellows still dining together, and still unmarried; but you will have no reader at meals, nor will the meal be silent, nor will the speech be in the Latin tongue. What is of more importance, the scholars of Merton, who have assumed the common name of Fellows, instead of being students in the schools of the University, have themselves become teachers, engaged in the tuition of the students who fill the extended buildings of the college. This is a change which has taken place in the colleges generally since the date of their foundation, though in some, especially those of later date, the rudiments of the system of college tuition are discernible in the original statutes. Junior members have generally been added to the foundation, if they were not originally a part of it, who receive stipends from the college, and wear a special gown to distinguish them as foundationers, but are not members of the governing body. To these the name of Scholars is now appropriated, though in the earlier colleges it was given to those who are now the Fellows. Such of the Fellows as are still students study in London, in the precincts of the law or in the great schools of medicine.

Baliol is of earlier date than Merton as a foundation, but it was not till a later period, and probably in imitation of Merton, that it took the shape of a regular college. John Baliol—the father of that Baliol who was King of Scotland for a day—besought his wife Der-vorguilla, on his death-bed, to continue the charitable assistance which he had given to poor Oxford scholars during his life. The “noble and virtuous lady,” in fulfillment of this request, bought a house in Oxford, and placed her husband's scholars in it. She gave them a short and sensible code of statutes, enjoining them to attend divine service on festivals, and on other days to frequent the schools of the university; to pray for her husband's soul; and to observe some simple rules of life. A young scholar, or servitor, was to be fed with the broken meat from their table. As the foundation of a Baliol, the college is a monument of the close connec-



tion which existed between the English and Scotch nobility, and of the tendency which the two nations showed to unite with each other, till the wars of Edward I. put deadly enmity between them, and delayed their union for four centuries. In its outward appearance Baliol, in spite of its new buildings, the offspring of the revived Gothic taste, is perhaps the least attractive of all the colleges; but for many years past it has been the most distinguished in intellect, and the foremost in the race for university honors. Let no one, looking on its ugliness, conclude that beauty is unfavorable to learning. The talisman of its intellectual greatness has not been ugliness, but freedom. Dervorguilla was led by her good sense, or by some happy accident (let us hope by her good sense), to leave the members of her college great liberty in elections to Fellowships—not fettering them, as most of the founders did, with preferences to the natives of favored counties or of founder's kin. They were thus enabled to select and reward merit, to secure the most distinguished names for their society, and the best teachers for their students, and to place a poor and originally very humble college at the head of the whole University.

Exeter College and Oriel College are memorials of the unhappy times of Edward II. The founder of Oriel College, Adam de Brome, a chaplain of the unfortunate king, felt that he had fallen on evil days; for in the opening of his statutes he concludes a long jeremiad on the corruptions and miseries of the age with the dismal declaration that all visible things are visibly tending to annihilation (*quæ visibilia habent essentiam tendunt visibiliter ad non esse*). Evil days they were indeed—the days of a weak king, when weakness in a king was criminal; of civil discord, of disastrous and humiliating war, of famine and misery that loosened the very bonds of society. And it was something that, with all this around them, men could still live in the world of intellect, and, with a hopeful though a sorrowful hand, cast bread on the waters, to be found in a happier hour. Walter de Stapylton, Bishop of Exeter, the founder of Exeter College, perished in an insurrection of the populace of London on the eve of his master's fall. The elections to the Fellowships at Oriel College, like those at Baliol, were left comparatively open, and with the same result. Among the illustrious men numbered among the Fellows in recent times were Arnold, Whately, and—perhaps more famous than either—J. H. Newman, whose genius organized and led the great Romanizing reaction in the Church of England, which ought to bear his name rather than that of his friend and coadjutor, Dr. Pusey.

The great Palladian building opposite to University College, in High Street, was substituted by the classicizing taste of the last century for the ancient buildings of Queen's College. This college was founded by Eggesfield, chaplain to Philippa, the Queen of Edward III., and was commended to the patronage of all Queens Consort by the founder, who could himself only give "a widow's mite" toward the accomplishment of his design. The permission to speak French as well as Latin, and the injunction to cultivate courtly manners, betoken Eggesfield's acquaintance, as a royal chaplain, with the court—one of the gayest and most gallant courts, the most full of spirit and life, perhaps, that ever met in halls devoted to the "dull pomp of kings." Eggesfield was also full of mystical fancies and extravagant symbolism. The members of his college were to be thirteen, answering to the number of Christ and the Apostles; they were to sit at dinner as he imagined Christ and the Apostles had sat at the Last Supper; they were to wash the feet of thirteen poor men once every year; they were to maintain seventy poor boys, in honor of the seventy disciples; they were to have in their chapel a candelabrum with seven branches, to typify the seven gifts of the Spirit, and worst the seven devils. A symbolical needle is still presented to each of the Fellows at the annual College festival, with the words, "Take this and be thrifty," to recall an absurd etymology (*Aiguille*) of the founder's name; and from some fancy, perhaps equally childish, the college is still summoned to dinner by the sound of a horn. Such puerilities mingled with the highest designs of these men; so true is it that in their grandest works they were "like noble boys at play." It is a cherished but a baseless tradition that, within the walls of the college founded by his mother's chaplain, was educated the heroic boy whose first feat of arms was performed at Crecy; who led England at Poitiers; and whose name, if we could honestly claim it, would be dear to us, less because he was the first soldier, than because, with all his faults, and all the stains on his bright career, he was the first gentleman of his age. Queen's College has a somewhat better pretension to the honor of having educated the victor of Agincourt, who is said to have resided here under the tuition of his uncle, Cardinal Beaufort.

And now a crisis arrived in the history of the University. Whether it was from the troubles consequent on the preaching of Wycliffe, or from any other cause, the numbers of the students fell off, and the schools were becoming deserted, when a friend appeared to restore the prosperity of Oxford by a new and more magnificent foundation.





TRYING-ON FOR THE DOLLS' DRESS-MAKER.—[SEE APRIL NUMBER, PAGE 653.]

## OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE THIRD. A LONG LANE.

### CHAPTER V.

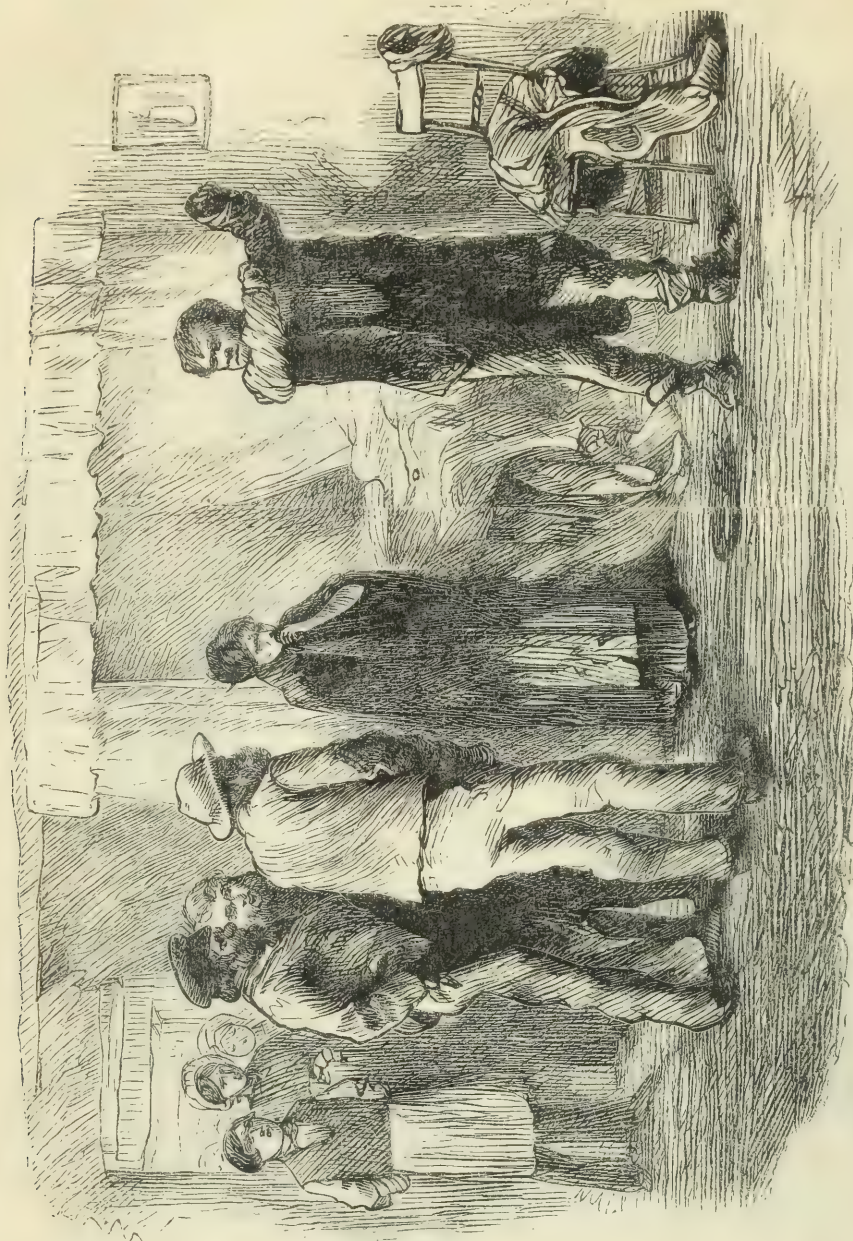
THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN FALLS INTO BAD COMPANY.

WERE Bella Wilfer's bright and ready little wits at fault, or was the Golden Dustman passing through the furnace of proof and coming out dross? Ill news travels fast. We shall know full soon.

On that very night of her return from the Happy Return, something chanced which Bella close-

ly followed with her eyes and ears. There was an apartment at the side of the Boffin mansion, known as Mr. Boffin's room. Far less grand than the rest of the house, it was far more comfortable, being pervaded by a certain air of homely snugness, which upholstery despotism had banished to that spot when it inexorably set its face against Mr. Boffin's appeals for mercy in behalf of any other chamber. Thus, although a room of modest situation—for its windows gave on Silas Wegg's old corner—and of no preten-





ROGUE RIDERHOOD HIMSELF AGAIN.—[SEE APRIL NUMBER, PAGE 658.]

sions to velvet, satin, or gilding, it had got itself established in a domestic position analogous to that of an easy dressing-gown or pair of slippers; and whenever the family wanted to enjoy a particularly pleasant fireside evening, they enjoyed it, as an institution that must be, in Mr. Boffin's room.

Mr. and Mrs. Boffin were reported sitting in this room when Bella got back. Entering it, she found the Secretary there too; in official attendance it would appear, for he was standing with some papers in his hand by a table with shaded candles on it, at which Mr. Boffin was seated thrown back in his easy-chair.

"You are busy, Sir," said Bella, hesitating at the door.

"Not at all, my dear, not at all. You're one of ourselves. We never make company of you. Come in, come in. Here's the old lady in her usual place."

Mrs. Boffin adding her nod and smile of welcome to Mr. Boffin's words, Bella took her book

to a chair in the fireside corner, by Mrs. Boffin's work-table. Mr. Boffin's station was on the opposite side.

"Now, Rokesmith," said the Golden Dustman, so sharply rapping the table to bespeak his attention as Bella turned the leaves of her book that she started; "where were we?"

"You were saying, Sir," returned the Secretary, with an air of some reluctance and a glance toward those others who were present, "that you considered the time had come for fixing my salary."

"Don't be above calling it wages, man," said Mr. Boffin, testily. "What the deuce! I never talked of *my* salary when I was in service."

"My wages," said the Secretary, correcting himself.

"Rokesmith, you are not proud, I hope?" observed Mr. Boffin, eying him askance.

"I hope not, Sir."

"Because I never was, when I was poor," said Mr. Boffin. "Poverty and pride don't go



at all well together. Mind that. How can they go well together? Why it stands to reason. A man, being poor, has nothing to be proud of. It's nonsense."

With a slight inclination of his head, and a look of some surprise, the Secretary seemed to assent by forming the syllables of the word "nonsense" on his lips.

"Now, concerning these same wages," said Mr. Boffin. "Sit down."

The Secretary sat down.

"Why didn't you sit down before?" asked Mr. Boffin, distrustfully. "I hope that wasn't pride? But about these wages. Now, I've gone into the matter, and I say two hundred a year. What do you think of it? Do you think it's enough?"

"Thank you. It is a fair proposal."

"I don't say, you know," Mr. Boffin stipulated, "but what it may be more than enough. And I'll tell you why, Rokesmith. A man of property, like me, is bound to consider the market-price. At first I didn't enter into that as much as I might have done; but I've got acquainted with other men of property since, and I've got acquainted with the duties of property. I mustn't go putting the market-price up because money may happen not to be an object with me. A sheep is worth so much in the market, and I ought to give it and no more. A secretary is worth so much in the market, and I ought to give it and no more. However, I don't mind stretching a point with you."

"Mr. Boffin, you are very good," replied the Secretary, with an effort.

"Then we put the figure," said Mr. Boffin, "at two hundred a year. Then the figure's disposed of. Now, there must be no misunderstanding regarding what I buy for two hundred a year. If I pay for a sheep, I buy it out and out. Similarly, if I pay for a secretary, I buy *him* out and out."

"In other words, you purchase my whole time?"

"Certainly I do. Look here," said Mr. Boffin, "it ain't that I want to occupy your whole time; you can take up a book for a minute or two when you've nothing better to do, though I think you'll a'most always find something useful to do. But I want to keep you in attendance. It's convenient to have you at all times ready on the premises. Therefore, betwixt your breakfast and your supper—on the premises I expect to find you."

The Secretary bowed.

"In by-gone days, when I was in service myself," said Mr. Boffin, "I couldn't go cutting about at my will and pleasure, and you won't expect to go cutting about at your will and pleasure. You've rather got into a habit of that, lately; but perhaps it was for want of a right specification betwixt us. Now, let there be a right specification betwixt us, and let it be this. If you want leave, ask for it."

Again the Secretary bowed. His manner was

uneasy and astonished, and showed a sense of humiliation.

"I'll have a bell," said Mr. Boffin, "hung from this room to yours, and when I want you I'll touch it. I don't call to mind that I have any thing more to say at the present moment."

The Secretary rose, gathered up his papers, and withdrew. Bella's eyes followed him to the door, lighted on Mr. Boffin complacently thrown back in his easy-chair, and drooped over her book.

"I have let that chap, that young man of mine," said Mr. Boffin, taking a trot up and down the room, "get above his work. It won't do. I must have him down a peg. A man of property owes a duty to other men of property, and must look sharp after his inferiors."

Bella felt that Mrs. Boffin was not comfortable, and that the eyes of that good creature sought to discover from her face what attention she had given to this discourse, and what impression it had made upon her. For which reason Bella's eyes drooped more engrossedly over her book, and she turned the page with an air of profound absorption in it.

"Noddy," said Mrs. Boffin, after thoughtfully pausing in her work.

"My dear," returned the Golden Dustman, stopping short in his trot.

"Excuse my putting it to you, Noddy, but now really! Haven't you been a little strict with Mr. Rokesmith to-night? Haven't you been a little—just a little little—not quite like your old self?"

"Why, old woman, I hope so," returned Mr. Boffin, cheerfully, if not boastfully.

"Hope so, deary?"

"Our old selves wouldn't do here, old lady. Haven't you found that out yet? Our old selves would be fit for nothing here but to be robbed and imposed upon. Our old selves weren't people of fortune; our new selves are; it's a great difference."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Boffin, pausing in her work again, softly to draw a long breath and to look at the fire. "A great difference."

"And we must be up to the difference," pursued her husband; "we must be equal to the change; that's what we must be. We've got to hold our own now, against every body (for every body's hand is stretched out to be dipped into our pockets), and we have got to recollect that money makes money, as well as makes every thing else."

"Mentioning recollecting," said Mrs. Boffin, with her work abandoned, her eyes upon the fire, and her chin upon her hand, "do you recollect, Noddy, how you said to Mr. Rokesmith when he first came to see us at the Bower, and you engaged him—how you said to him that if it had pleased Heaven to send John Harmon to his fortune safe, we could have been content with the one Mound which was our legacy, and should never have wanted the rest?"

"Ay, I remember, old lady. But we hadn't



tried what it was to have the rest then. Our new shoes had come home, but we hadn't put 'em on. We're wearing 'em now, we're wearing 'em, and must step out accordingly."

Mrs. Boffin took up her work again, and plied her needle in silence.

"As to Rokesmith, that young man of mine," said Mr. Boffin, dropping his voice and glancing toward the door with an apprehension of being overheard by some eavesdropper there, "it's the same with him as with the footmen. I have found out that you must either scrunch them, or let them scrunch you. If you ain't imperious with 'em, they won't believe in your being any better than themselves, if as good, after the stories (lies mostly) that they have heard of your beginnings. There's nothing betwixt stiffening yourself up, and throwing yourself away; take my word for that, old lady."

Bella ventured for a moment to look stealthily toward him under her eyelashes, and she saw a dark cloud of suspicion, covetousness, and conceit overshadowing the once open face.

"How's'ever," said he, "this isn't entertaining to Miss Bella. Is it, Bella?"

A deceiving Bella she was, to look at him with that pensively abstracted air, as if her mind were full of her book, and she had not heard a single word!

"Hah! Better employed than to attend to it," said Mr. Boffin. "That's right, that's right. Especially as you have no call to be told how to value yourself, my dear."

Coloring a little under this compliment, Bella returned, "I hope, Sir, you don't think me vain?"

"Not a bit, my dear," said Mr. Boffin. "But I think it's very creditable in you, at your age, to be so well up with the pace of the world, and to know what to go in for. You are right. Go in for money, my love. Money's the article. You'll make money of your good looks, and of the money Mrs. Boffin and me will have the pleasure of settling upon you, and you'll live and die rich. That's the state to live and die in!" said Mr. Boffin, in an unctuous manner. "R—r—rich!"

There was an expression of distress in Mrs. Boffin's face, as, after watching her husband's, she turned to their adopted girl, and said: "Don't mind him, Bella, my dear."

"Eh?" cried Mr. Boffin. "What! Not mind him?"

"I don't mean that," said Mrs. Boffin, with a worried look, "but I mean, don't believe him to be any thing but good and generous, Bella, because he is the best of men. No, I must say that much, Noddy. You are always the best of men."

She made the declaration as if he were objecting to it; which assuredly he was not in any way.

"And as to you, my dear Bella," said Mrs. Boffin, still with that distressed expression, "he is so much attached to you, whatever he says,

that your own father has not a truer interest in you and can hardly like you better than he does."

"Says too!" cried Mr. Boffin. "Whatever he says! Why, I say so, openly. Give me a kiss, my dear child, in saying Good-Night, and let me confirm what my old lady tells you. I am very fond of you, my dear, and I am entirely of your mind, and you and I will take care that you shall be rich. These good looks of yours (which you have some right to be vain of, my dear, though you are not, you know) are worth money, and you shall make money of 'em. The money you will have will be worth money, and you shall make money of that too. There's a golden ball at your feet. Good-night, my dear."

Somehow, Bella was not so well pleased with this assurance and this prospect as she might have been. Somehow, when she put her arms round Mrs. Boffin's neck and said Good-Night, she derived a sense of unworthiness from the still anxious face of that good woman, and her obvious wish to excuse her husband. "Why, what need to excuse him?" thought Bella, sitting down in her own room. "What he said was very sensible, I am sure, and very true, I am sure. It is only what I often say to myself. Don't I like it then? No, I don't like it, and, though he is my liberal benefactor, I disparage him for it. Then pray," said Bella, sternly putting the question to herself in the looking-glass as usual, "what do you mean by this, you inconsistent little Beast?"

The looking-glass preserving a discreet ministerial silence when thus called upon for explanation, Bella went to bed with a weariness upon her spirit which was more than the weariness of want of sleep. And again in the morning she looked for the cloud, and for the deepening of the cloud, upon the Golden Dustman's face.

She had begun by this time to be his frequent companion in his morning strolls about the streets, and it was at this time that he made her a party to his engaging in a curious pursuit. Having been hard at work in one dull inclosure all his life, he had a child's delight in looking at shops. It had been one of the first novelties and pleasures of his freedom, and was equally the delight of his wife. For many years their only walks in London had been taken on Sundays when the shops were shut; and when every day in the week became their holiday they derived an enjoyment from the variety and fancy and beauty of the display in the windows, which seemed incapable of exhaustion. As if the principal streets were a great Theatre and the play were childishly new to them, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, from the beginning of Bella's intimacy in their house, had been constantly in the front row, charmed with all they saw and applauding vigorously. But now, Mr. Boffin's interest began to centre in book-shops; and more than that—for that of itself would not have been much—in one exceptional kind of book.

"Look in here, my dear," Mr. Boffin would



say, checking Bella's arm at a bookseller's window; "you can read at sight, and your eyes are as sharp as they're bright. Now, look well about you, my dear, and tell me if you see any book about a Miser."

If Bella saw such a book Mr. Boffin would instantly dart in and buy it. And still, as if they had not found it, they would seek out another book-shop, and Mr. Boffin would say, "Now, look well all round, my dear, for a *Life of a Miser*, or any book of that sort; any *Lives of odd characters* who may have been Misers."

Bella, thus directed, would examine the window with the greatest attention, while Mr. Boffin would examine her face. The moment she pointed out any book as being entitled *Lives of eccentric personages*, *Anecdotes of strange characters*, *Records of remarkable individuals*, or any thing to that purpose, Mr. Boffin's countenance would light up, and he would instantly dart in and buy it. Size, price, quality, were of no account. Any book that seemed to promise a chance of miserly biography Mr. Boffin purchased without a moment's delay and carried home. Happening to be informed by a bookseller that a portion of the *Annual Register* was devoted to "Characters," Mr. Boffin at once bought a whole set of that ingenious compilation, and began to carry it home piecemeal, confiding a volume to Bella, and bearing three himself. The completion of this labor occupied them about a fortnight. When the task was done, Mr. Boffin, with his appetite for Misers whetted instead of satiated, began to look out again.

It very soon became unnecessary to tell Bella what to look for, and an understanding was established between her and Mr. Boffin that she was always to look for *Lives of Misers*. Morning after morning they roamed about the town together, pursuing this singular research. Miserly literature not being abundant, the proportion of failures to successes may have been as a hundred to one; still Mr. Boffin, never wearied, remained as avaricious for misers as he had been at the first onset. It was curious that Bella never saw the books about the house, nor did she ever hear from Mr. Boffin one word of reference to their contents. He seemed to save up his Misers as they had saved up their money. As they had been greedy for it, and secret about it, and had hidden it, so he was greedy for them, and secret about them, and hid them. But beyond all doubt it was to be noticed, and was by Bella very clearly noticed, that, as he pursued the acquisition of those dismal records with the ardor of Don Quixote for his books of chivalry, he began to spend his money with a more sparing hand. And often when he came out of a shop with some new account of one of those wretched lunatics, she would almost shrink from the sly dry chuckle with which he would take her arm again and trot away. It did not appear that Mrs. Boffin knew of this taste. He made no allusion to it, except in the morning

walks when he and Bella were always alone; and Bella, partly under the impression that he took her into his confidence by implication, and partly in remembrance of Mrs. Boffin's anxious face that night, held the same reserve.

While these occurrences were in progress, Mrs. Lammle made the discovery that Bella had a fascinating influence over her. The Lammles, originally presented by the dear Veneerings, visited the Boffins on all grand occasions, and Mrs. Lammle had not previously found this out; but now the knowledge came upon her all at once. It was a most extraordinary thing (she said to Mrs. Boffin): she was foolishly susceptible of the power of beauty, but it wasn't altogether that; she never had been able to resist a natural grace of manner, but it wasn't altogether that; it was more than that, and there was no name for the indescribable extent and degree to which she was captivated by this charming girl.

This charming girl having the words repeated to her by Mrs. Boffin (who was proud of her being admired, and would have done any thing to give her pleasure), naturally recognized in Mrs. Lammle a woman of penetration and taste. Responding to the sentiments, by being very gracious to Mrs. Lammle, she gave that lady the means of so improving her opportunity, as that the captivation became reciprocal, though always wearing an appearance of greater sobriety on Bella's part than on the enthusiastic Sophronia's. Howbeit, they were so much together that, for a time, the Boffin chariot held Mrs. Lammle oftener than Mrs. Boffin: a preference of which the latter worthy soul was not in the least jealous, placidly remarking, "Mrs. Lammle is a younger companion for her than I am, and Lor! she's more fashionable."

But between Bella Wilfer and Georgiana Podsnap there was this one difference, among many others, that Bella was in no danger of being captivated by Alfred. She distrusted and disliked him. Indeed, her perception was so quick, and her observation so sharp, that after all she mistrusted his wife too, though with her giddy vanity and willfulness she squeezed the mistrust away into a corner of her mind, and blocked it up there.

Mrs. Lammle took the friendliest interest in Bella's making a good match. Mrs. Lammle said, in a sportive way, she really must show her beautiful Bella what kind of wealthy creatures she and Alfred had on hand, who would as one man fall at her feet enslaved. Fitting occasion made, Mrs. Lammle accordingly produced the most passable of those feverish, boastful, and indefinitely loose gentlemen who were always lounging in and out of the City on questions of the Bourse and Greek and Spanish and India and Mexican and par and premium and discount and three-quarters and seven-eighths. Who in their agreeable manner did homage to Bella as if she were a compound of fine girl, thoroughbred horse, well-built drag, and remarkable pipe.



But without the least effect, though even Mr. Fledgeby's attractions were cast into the scale.

"I fear, Bella dear," said Mrs. Lammle one day in the chariot, "that you will be very hard to please."

"I don't expect to be pleased, dear," said Bella, with a languid turn of her eyes.

"Truly, my love," returned Sophronia, shaking her head, and smiling her best smile, "it would not be very easy to find a man worthy of your attractions."

"The question is not a man, my dear," said Bella, coolly, "but an establishment."

"My love," returned Mrs. Lammle, "your prudence amazes me—where *did* you study life so well!—you are right. In such a case as yours, the object is a fitting establishment. You could not descend to an inadequate one from Mr. Boffin's house, and even if your beauty alone could not command it, it is to be assumed that Mr. and Mrs. Boffin will—"

"Oh! they have already," Bella interposed.

"No! Have they really?"

A little vexed by a suspicion that she had spoken precipitately, and withal a little defiant of her own vexation, Bella determined not to retreat.

"That is to say," she explained, "they have told me they mean to portion me as their adopted child, if you mean that. But don't mention it."

"Mention it!" replied Mrs. Lammle, as if she were full of awakened feeling at the suggestion of such an impossibility. "Men-tion it!"

"I don't mind telling you, Mrs. Lammle—" Bella began again.

"My love, say Sophronia, or I must not say Bella."

With a little short, petulant "Oh!" Bella complied. "Oh!—Sophronia then—I don't mind telling you, Sophronia, that I am convinced I have no heart, as people call it; and that I think that sort of thing is nonsense."

"Brave girl!" murmured Mrs. Lammle.

"And so," pursued Bella, "as to seeking to please myself, I don't; except in the one respect I have mentioned. I am indifferent otherwise."

"But you can't help pleasing, Bella," said Mrs. Lammle, rallying her with an arch look and her best smile, "you can't help making a proud and an admiring husband. You may not care to please yourself, and you may not care to please him, but you are not a free agent as to pleasing: you are forced to do that, in spite of yourself, my dear; so it may be a question whether you may not as well please yourself too, if you can."

Now, the very grossness of this flattery put Bella upon proving that she actually did please in spite of herself. She had a misgiving that she was doing wrong—though she had an indistinct foreshadowing that some harm might come of it thereafter, she little thought what consequences it would really bring about—but she went on with her confidence.

"Don't talk of pleasing in spite of one's self, dear," said Bella. "I have had enough of that."

"Ay?" cried Mrs. Lammle. "Am I already corroborated, Bella?"

"Never mind, Sophronia, we will not speak of it any more. Don't ask me about it."

This plainly meaning Do ask me about it, Mrs. Lammle did as she was requested.

"Tell me, Bella. Come, my dear. What provoking burr has been inconveniently attracted to the charming skirts, and with difficulty shaken off?"

"Provoking indeed," said Bella, "and no burr to boast of! But don't ask me."

"Shall I guess?"

"You would never guess. What would you say to our Secretary?"

"My dear! The hermit Secretary, who creeps up and down the back stairs, and is never seen!"

"I don't know about his creeping up and down the back stairs," said Bella, rather contemptuously, "further than knowing that he does no such thing; and as to his never being seen, I should be content never to have seen him, though he is quite as visible as you are. But I pleased *him* (for my sins), and he had the presumption to tell me so."

"The man never made a declaration to you, my dear Bella!"

"Are you sure of that, Sophronia?" said Bella. "I am not. In fact, I am sure of the contrary."

"The man must be mad," said Mrs. Lammle, with a kind of resignation.

"He appeared to be in his senses," returned Bella, tossing her head, "and he had plenty to say for himself. I told him my opinion of his declaration and his conduct, and dismissed him. Of course this has all been very inconvenient to me, and very disagreeable. It has remained a secret, however. That word reminds me to observe, Sophronia, that I have glided on into telling you the secret, and that I rely upon you never to mention it."

"Mention it!" repeated Mrs. Lammle, with her former feeling. "Men-tion it!"

This time Sophronia was so much in earnest that she found it necessary to bend forward in the carriage and give Bella a kiss. A Judas order of kiss; for she thought, while she yet pressed Bella's hand after giving it, "Upon your own showing, you vain heartless girl, puffed up by the doting folly of a dustman, I need have no relenting toward *you*. If my husband, who sends me here, should form any schemes for making *you* a victim, I should certainly not cross him again." In those very same moments Bella was thinking, "Why am I always at war with myself? Why have I told, as if upon compulsion, what I knew all along I ought to have withheld? Why am I making a friend of this woman beside me, in spite of the whispers against her that I hear in my heart?"



As usual, there was no answer in the looking-glass when she got home and referred these questions to it. Perhaps if she had consulted some better oracle the result might have been more satisfactory; but she did not, and all things consequent marched the march before them.

On one point connected with the watch she kept on Mr. Boffin she felt very inquisitive, and that was the question whether the Secretary watched him too, and followed the sure and steady change in him, as she did? Her very limited intercourse with Mr. Rokesmith rendered this hard to find out. Their communication now at no time extended beyond the preservation of commonplace appearances before Mr. and Mrs. Boffin; and if Bella and the Secretary were ever left alone together by any chance he immediately withdrew. She consulted his face when she could do so covertly, as she worked or read, and could make nothing of it. He looked subdued; but he had acquired a strong command of feature, and, whenever Mr. Boffin spoke to him in Bella's presence, or whatever revelation of himself Mr. Boffin made, the Secretary's face changed no more than a wall. A slightly knitted brow, that expressed nothing but an almost mechanical attention, and a compression of the mouth, that might have been a guard against a scornful smile—these she saw from morning to night, from day to day, from week to week, monotonous, unvarying, set, as in a piece of sculpture.

The worst of the matter was that it thus fell out insensibly—and most provokingly, as Bella complained to herself, in her impetuous little manner—that her observation of Mr. Boffin involved a continual observation of Mr. Rokesmith. "Won't *that* extract a look from him?"—"Can it be possible *that* makes no impression on him?" Such questions Bella would propose to herself, often as many times in a day as there were hours in it. Impossible to know. Always the same fixed face.

"Can he be so base as to sell his very nature for two hundred a year?" Bella would think. And then, "But why not? It's a mere question of price with others besides him. I suppose I would sell mine if I could get enough for it." And so she would come round again to the war with herself.

A kind of illegibility, though a different kind, stole over Mr. Boffin's face. Its old simplicity of expression got masked by a certain craftiness that assimilated even his good-humor to itself. His very smile was cunning, as if he had been studying smiles among the portraits of his misers. Saving an occasional burst of impatience, or coarse assertion of his mastery, his good-humor remained to him, but it had now a sordid alloy of distrust; and though his eyes should twinkle and all his face should laugh, he would sit holding himself in his own arms, as if he had an inclination to hoard himself up, and must always grudgingly stand on the defensive.

What with taking heed of these two faces, and

what with feeling conscious that the stealthy occupation must set some mark on her own, Bella soon began to think that there was not a candid or a natural face among them all but Mrs. Boffin's. None the less because it was far less radiant than of yore, faithfully reflecting in its anxiety and regret every line of change in the Golden Dustman's.

"Rokesmith," said Mr. Boffin, one evening when they were all in his room again, and he and the Secretary had been going over some accounts, "I am spending too much money. Or leastways, you are spending too much for me."

"You are rich, Sir."

"I am not," said Mr. Boffin.

The sharpness of the retort was next to telling the Secretary that he lied. But it brought no change of expression into the set face.

"I tell you I am not rich," repeated Mr. Boffin, "and I won't have it."

"You are not rich, Sir?" repeated the Secretary, in measured words.

"Well," returned Mr. Boffin, "if I am, that's my business. I am not going to spend at this rate to please you or any body. You wouldn't like it if it was your money."

"Even in that impossible case, Sir, I—"

"Hold your tongue!" said Mr. Boffin. "You oughtn't to like it in any case. There! I didn't mean to be rude, but you put me out so, and after all I'm master. I didn't intend to tell you to hold your tongue. I beg your pardon. Don't hold your tongue. Only, don't contradict. Did you ever come across the life of Mr. Elwes?" referring to his favorite subject at last.

"The miser?"

"Ah, people called him a miser! People are always calling other people something. Did you ever read about him?"

"I think so."

"He never owned to being rich, and yet he might have bought me twice over. Did you ever hear of Daniel Dancer?"

"Another miser? Yes."

"He was a good 'un," said Mr. Boffin, "and he had a sister worthy of him. They never called themselves rich neither. If they *had* called themselves rich, most likely they wouldn't have been so."

"They lived and died very miserably. Did they not, Sir?"

"No, I don't know that they did," said Mr. Boffin, curtly.

"Then they are not the Misers I mean. Those abject wretches—"

"Don't call names, Rokesmith," said Mr. Boffin.

"—That exemplary brother and sister—lived and died in the foulest and filthiest degradation."

"They pleased themselves," said Mr. Boffin, "and I suppose they could have done no more if they had spent their money. But, however, I ain't going to fling mine away. Keep the expenses down. The fact is, you ain't enough here,



Rokesmith. It wants constant attention in the littlest things. Some of us will be dying in a work-house next."

"As the persons you have just cited," quietly remarked the Secretary, "thought they would, if I remember, Sir."

"And very creditable in 'em, too," said Mr. Boffin. "Very independent in 'em! But never mind them just now. Have you given notice to quit your lodgings?"

"Under your direction I have, Sir."

"Then I tell you what," said Mr. Boffin; "pay the quarter's rent—pay the quarter's rent, it'll be the cheapest thing in the end—and come here at once, so that you may be always on the spot, day and night, and keep the expenses down. You'll charge the quarter's rent to me, and we must try and save it somewhere. You've got some lovely furniture; haven't you?"

"The furniture in my rooms is my own."

"Then we sha'n't have to buy any for you. In case you was to think it," said Mr. Boffin, with a look of peculiar shrewdness, "so honorably independent in you as to make it a relief to your mind, to make that furniture over to me in the light of a set-off against the quarter's rent, why ease your mind, ease your mind. I don't ask it, but I won't stand in your way if you should consider it due to yourself. As to your room, choose any empty room at the top of the house."

"Any empty room will do for me," said the Secretary.

"You can take your pick," said Mr. Boffin, "and it'll be as good as eight or ten shillings a week added to your income. I won't deduct for it; I look to you to make it up handsomely by keeping the expenses down. Now, if you'll show a light, I'll come to your office-room and dispose of a letter or two."

On that clear, generous face of Mrs. Boffin's Bella had seen such traces of a pang at the heart while this dialogue was being held, that she had not the courage to turn her eyes to it when they were left alone. Feigning to be intent on her embroidery, she sat plying her needle until her busy hand was stopped by Mrs. Boffin's hand being lightly laid upon it. Yielding to the touch, she felt her hand carried to the good soul's lips, and felt a tear fall on it.

"Oh, my loved husband!" said Mrs. Boffin. "This is hard to see and hear. But my dear Bella, believe me that in spite of all the change in him he is the best of men."

He came back, at the moment when Bella had taken the hand comfortingly between her own.

"Eh?" said he, mistrustfully looking in at the door. "What's she telling you?"

"She is only praising you, Sir," said Bella.

"Praising me? You are sure? Not blaming me for standing on my own defense against a crew of plunderers, who would suck me dry by dribbles? Not blaming me for getting a little hoard together?"

He came up to them, and his wife folded her

hands upon his shoulder, and shook her head as she laid it on her hands.

"There, there, there!" urged Mr. Boffin, not unkindly. "Don't take on, old lady."

"But I can't bear to see you so, my dear."

"Nonsense! Recollect, we are not our old selves. Recollect, we must scrunch or be scrunched. Recollect, we must hold our own. Recollect, money makes money. Don't you be uneasy, Bella, my child; don't you be doubtful. The more I save, the more you shall have."

Bella thought it was well for his wife that she was musing with her affectionate face on his shoulder; for there was a cunning light in his eyes as he said all this which seemed to cast a disagreeable illumination on the change in him, and make it morally uglier.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN FALLS INTO WORSE COMPANY.

It had come to pass that Mr. Silas Wegg now rarely attended the minion of fortune and the worm of the hour, at his (the worm's and minion's) own house, but lay under general instructions to await him within a certain margin of hours at the Bower. Mr. Wegg took this arrangement in great dudgeon, because the appointed hours were evening hours, and those he considered precious to the progress of the friendly move. But it was quite in character, he bitterly remarked to Mr. Venus, that the upstart who had trampled on those eminent creatures, Miss Elizabeth, Master George, Aunt Jane, and Uncle Parker, should oppress his literary man.

The Roman Empire having worked out its destruction, Mr. Boffin next appeared in a cab with Rollin's Ancient History, which valuable work being found to possess lethargic properties, broke down, at about the period when the whole of the army of Alexander the Macedonian (at that time about forty thousand strong) burst into tears simultaneously, on his being taken with a shivering fit after bathing. The Wars of the Jews, likewise languishing under Mr. Wegg's generalship, Mr. Boffin arrived in another cab with Plutarch: whose Lives he found in the sequel extremely entertaining, though he hoped Plutarch might not expect him to believe them all. What to believe, in the course of his reading, was Mr. Boffin's chief literary difficulty indeed; for some time he was divided in his mind between half, all, or none; at length, when he decided, as a moderate man, to compound with half, the question still remained, which half? And that stumbling-block he never got over.

One evening, when Silas Wegg had grown accustomed to the arrival of his patron in a cab, accompanied by some profane historian charged with unutterable names of incomprehensible peoples, of impossible descent, waging wars any number of years and syllables long, and carry-



ing illimitable hosts and riches about, with the greatest ease, beyond the confines of geography—one evening the usual time passed by, and no patron appeared. After half an hour's grace Mr. Wegg proceeded to the outer gate, and there executed a whistle, conveying to Mr. Venus, if perchance within hearing, the tidings of his being at home and disengaged. Forth from the shelter of a neighboring wall Mr. Venus then emerged.

"Brother in arms," said Mr. Wegg, in excellent spirits, "welcome!"

In return, Mr. Venus gave him a rather dry good-evening.

"Walk in, brother," said Silas, clapping him on the shoulder, "and take your seat in my chimney-corner; for what says the ballad?

'No malice to dread, Sir,  
And no falsehood to fear,  
But truth to delight me, Mr. Venus,  
And I forgot what to cheer.  
Li toddle dee om dee.  
And something to guide,  
My ain fireside, Sir,  
My ain fireside.'

With this quotation (depending for its neatness rather on the spirit than the words) Mr. Wegg conducted his guest to his hearth.

"And you come, brother," said Mr. Wegg, in a hospitable glow, "you come like I don't know what—exactly like it—I shouldn't know you from it—shedding a halo all around you."

"What kind of halo?" asked Mr. Venus.

"Ope, Sir," replied Silas. "That's *your* halo."

Mr. Venus appeared doubtful on the point, and looked rather discontentedly at the fire.

"We'll devote the evening, brother," exclaimed Wegg, "to prosecute our friendly move. And arterwards, crushing a flowing wine-cup—which I allude to brewing rum and water—we'll pledge one another. For what says the Poet?

'And you needn't Mr. Venus be your black bottle,  
For surely I'll be mine,  
And we'll take a glass with a slice of lemon in it to  
which you're partial,  
For auld lang syne.'

This flow of quotation and hospitality in Wegg indicated his observation of some little querulousness on the part of Venus.

"Why, as to the friendly move," observed the last-named gentleman, rubbing his knees peevishly, "one of my objections to it is, that it *don't* move."

"Rome, brother," returned Wegg: "a city which (it may not be generally known) originated in twins and a wolf, and ended in Imperial marble: wasn't built in a day."

"Did I say it was?" asked Venus.

"No, you did not, brother. Well-inquired."

"But I do say," proceeded Venus, "that I am taken from among my trophies of anatomy, am called upon to exchange my human various for mere coal-ashes various, and nothing comes of it. I think I must give up."

"No, Sir!" remonstrated Wegg, enthusiastically. "No, Sir!

'Charge, Chester, charge,  
On, Mr. Venus, on!'

Never say die, Sir! A man of your mark!"

"It's not so much saying it that I object to," returned Mr. Venus, "as doing it. And having got to do it whether or no, I can't afford to waste my time on groping for nothing in cinders."

"But think how little time you have given to the move, Sir, after all," urged Wegg. "Add the evenings so occupied together, and what do they come to? And you, Sir, harmonizer with myself in opinions, views, and feelings, you with the patience to fit together on wires the whole frame-work of society—I allude to the human skelinton—you to give in so soon!"

"I don't like it," returned Mr. Venus moodily, as he put his head between his knees and stuck up his dusty hair. "And there's no encouragement to go on."

"Not them Mounds without," said Mr. Wegg, extending his right hand with an air of solemn reasoning, "encouragement? Not them Mounds now looking down upon us?"

"They're too big," grumbled Venus. "What's a scratch here and a scrape there, a poke in this place and a dig in the other, to them? Besides; what have we found?"

"What *have* we found?" cried Wegg, delighted to be able to acquiesce. "Ah! There I grant you, comrade. Nothing. But on the contrary, comrade, what *may* we find? There you'll grant me. Any thing."

"I don't like it," pettishly returned Venus as before. "I came into it without enough consideration. And besides again. Isn't your own Mr. Boffin well acquainted with the Mounds? And wasn't he well acquainted with the deceased and his ways? And has he ever showed any expectation of finding any thing?"

At that moment wheels were heard.

"Now, I should be loth," said Mr. Wegg, with an air of patient injury, "to think so ill of him as to suppose him capable of coming at this time of night. And yet it sounds like him."

A ring at the yard bell.

"It *is* him," said Mr. Wegg, "and he *is* capable of it. I am sorry, because I could have wished to keep up a little lingering fragment of respect for him."

Here Mr. Boffin was heard lustily calling at the yard gate, "Halloa! Wegg! Halloa!"

"Keep your seat, Mr. Venus," said Wegg. "He may not stop." And then called out, "Halloa, Sir! Halloa! I'm with you directly, Sir! Half a minute, Mr. Boffin. Coming, Sir, as fast as my leg will bring me!" And so with a show of much cheerful alacrity stumped out to the gate with a light, and there, through the window of a cab, descried Mr. Boffin inside, blocked up with books.

"Here! lend a hand, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, excitedly, "I can't get out till the way is cleared for me. This is the Annual Register,



Wegg, in a cab-full of wollumes. Do you know him?"

"Know the Animal Register, Sir?" returned the Impostor, who had caught the name imperfectly. "For a trifling wager, I think I could find any Animal in him, blindfold, Mr. Boffin."

"And here's Kirby's Wonderful Museum," said Mr. Boffin, "and Caulfield's Characters, and Wilson's. Such Characters, Wegg, such Characters! I must have one or two of the best of 'em to-night. It's amazing what places they used to put the guineas in, wrapped up in rags. Catch hold of that pile of wollumes, Wegg, or it'll bulge out and burst into the mud. Is there any one about to help?"

"There's a friend of mine, Sir, that had the intention of spending the evening with me when I gave you up—much against my will—for the night."

"Call him out," cried Mr. Boffin, in a bustle; "get him to bear a hand. Don't drop that one under your arm. It's Dancer. Him and his sister made pies of a dead sheep they found when they were out a walking. Where's your friend? Oh, here's your friend. Would you be so good as help Wegg and myself with these books? But don't take Jemmy Taylor of Southwark, nor yet Jemmy Wood of Gloucester. These are the two Jemmys. I'll carry them myself."

Not ceasing to talk and bustle, in a state of great excitement Mr. Boffin directed the removal and arrangement of the books, appearing to be in some sort beside himself until they were all deposited on the floor, and the cab was dismissed.

"There!" said Mr. Boffin, gloating over them. "There they are, like the four-and-twenty fiddlers—all of a row. Get on your spectacles, Wegg; I know where to find the best of 'em, and we'll have a taste at once of what we have got before us. What's your friend's name?"

Mr. Wegg presented his friend as Mr. Venus.

"Eh?" cried Mr. Boffin, catching at the name. "Of Clerkenwell?"

"Of Clerkenwell, Sir," said Mr. Venus.

"Why, I've heard of you," cried Mr. Boffin. "I heard of you in the old man's time. You knew him. Did you ever buy any thing of him?" With piercing eagerness.

"No, Sir," returned Venus.

"But he showed you things; didn't he?"

Mr. Venus, with a glance at his friend, replied in the affirmative.

"What did he show you?" asked Mr. Boffin, putting his hands behind him, and eagerly advancing his head. "Did he show you boxes, little cabinets, pocket-books, parcels, any thing locked or sealed, any thing tied up?"

Mr. Venus shook his head.

"Are you a judge of china?"

Mr. Venus again shook his head.

"Because if he had ever showed you a tea-pot I should be glad to know of it," said Mr. Boffin. And then, with his right hand at his

lips, repeated, thoughtfully, "a Tea-pot, a Tea-pot," and glanced over the books on the floor, as if he knew there was something interesting connected with a tea-pot somewhere among them.

Mr. Wegg and Mr. Venus looked at one another wonderingly: and Mr. Wegg, in fitting on his spectacles, opened his eyes wide, over their rims, and tapped the side of his nose: as an admonition to Venus to keep himself generally wide awake.

"A Tea-pot," repeated Mr. Boffin, continuing to muse and survey the books; "a Tea-pot, a Tea-pot. Are you ready, Wegg?"

"I am at your service, Sir," replied that gentleman, taking his usual seat on the usual settle, and poking his wooden leg under the table before it. "Mr. Venus, would you make yourself useful, and take a seat beside me, Sir, for the convenience of snuffing the candles?"

Venus complying with the invitation while it was yet being given, Silas pegged at him with his wooden leg, to call his particular attention to Mr. Boffin standing musing before the fire, in the space between the two settles.

"Hem! Ahem!" coughed Mr. Wegg, to attract his employer's attention. "Would you wish to commence with an Animal, Sir—from the Register?"

"No," said Mr. Boffin, "no, Wegg." With that, producing a little book from his breast-pocket, he handed it with great care to the literary gentleman, and inquired, "What do you call that, Wegg?"

"This, Sir," replied Silas, adjusting his spectacles, and referring to the title-page, "is *Merryweather's Lives and Anecdotes of Misers*. Mr. Venus, would you make yourself useful and draw the candles a little nearer, Sir?" This to have a special opportunity of bestowing a stare upon his comrade.

"Which of 'em have you got in that lot?" asked Mr. Boffin. "Can you find out pretty easy?"

"Well, Sir," replied Silas, turning to the table of contents and slowly fluttering the leaves of the book, "I should say they must be pretty well all here, Sir; here's a large assortment, Sir; my eye catches John Overs, Sir, John Little, Sir, Dick Jarrel, John Elwes, the Reverend Mr. Jones of Blewbury, Vulture Hopkins, Daniel Dancer—"

"Give us Dancer, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin.

With another stare at his comrade, Silas sought and found the place.

"Page a hundred and nine, Mr. Boffin. Chapter eight. Contents of chapter, 'His birth and estate. His garments and outward appearance. Miss Dancer and her feminine graces. The Miser's Mansion. The finding of a treasure. The Story of the Mutton Pies. A Miser's Idea of Death. Bob, the Miser's cur. Griffiths and his Master. How to turn a penny. A substitute for a Fire. The Advantages of keeping a Snuff-box. The Miser dies without a Shirt. The Treasures of a Dunghill—'"

"Eh? What's that?" demanded Mr. Boffin.



“‘The Treasures,’ Sir,” repeated Silas, reading very distinctly, “‘of a Dunghill.’ Mr. Venus, Sir, would you oblige with the snuffers?” This, to secure attention to his adding with his lips only, “Mounds!”

Mr. Boffin drew an arm-chair into the space where he stood, and said, seating himself and slyly rubbing his hands:

“Give us Dancer.”

Mr. Wegg pursued the biography of that eminent man through its various phases of avarice and dirt, through Miss Dancer’s death on a sick regimen of cold dumpling, and through Mr. Dancer’s keeping his rags together with a hay-band, and warming his dinner by sitting upon it, down to the consolatory incident of his dying naked in a sack. After which he read on as follows:

“‘The house, or rather the heap of ruins, in which Mr. Dancer lived, and which at his death devolved to the right of Captain Holmes, was a most miserable, decayed building, for it had not been repaired for more than half a century.’”

(Here Mr. Wegg eyed his comrade and the room in which they sat: which had not been repaired for a long time.)

“‘But though poor in external structure, the ruinous fabric was very rich in the interior. It took many weeks to explore its whole contents; and Captain Holmes found it a very agreeable task to dive into the miser’s secret hoards.’”

(Here Mr. Wegg repeated ‘secret hoards,’ and pegged his comrade again.)

“‘One of Mr. Dancer’s richest escreteires was found to be a dung-heap in the cow-house; a sum but little short of two thousand five hundred pounds was contained in this rich piece of manure; and in an old jacket, carefully tied, and strongly nailed down to the manger, in bank-notes and gold were found five hundred pounds more.’”

(Here Mr. Wegg’s wooden leg started forward under the table and slowly elevated itself as he read on.)

“‘Several bowls were discovered filled with guineas and half guineas; and at different times on searching the corners of the house they found various parcels of bank-notes. Some were crammed into the crevices of the wall;’”

(Here Mr. Venus looked at the wall.)

“‘Bundles were hid under the cushions and covers of the chairs;’”

(Here Mr. Venus looked under himself on the settle.)

“‘Some were reposing snugly at the back of the drawers; and notes amounting to six hundred pounds were found neatly doubled up in the inside of an old tea-pot. In the stable the Captain found jugs full of old dollars and shillings. The chimney was not left unsearched, and paid very well for the trouble; for in nineteen different holes, all filled with soot, were found various sums of money, amounting together to more than two hundred pounds.’”

On the way to this crisis Mr. Wegg’s wooden

leg had gradually elevated itself more and more, and he had nudged Mr. Venus with his opposite elbow deeper and deeper, until at length the preservation of his balance became incompatible with the two actions, and he now dropped over sideways upon that gentleman, squeezing him against the settle’s edge. Nor did either of the two, for some few seconds, make any effort to recover himself; both remaining in a kind of pecuniary swoon.

But the sight of Mr. Boffin sitting in the arm-chair hugging himself, with his eyes upon the fire, acted as a restorative. Counterfeiting a sneeze to cover their movements, Mr. Wegg, with a spasmodic “Tish-ho!” pulled himself and Mr. Venus up in a masterly manner.

“Let’s have some more,” said Mr. Boffin, hungrily.

“John Elwes is the next, Sir. Is it your pleasure to take John Elwes?”

“Ah!” said Mr. Boffin. “Let’s hear what John did.”

He did not appear to have hidden any thing, so went off rather flatly. But an exemplary lady named Wilcocks, who had stowed away gold and silver in a pickle-pot in a clock-case, a canister-full of treasure in a hole under her stairs, and a quantity of money in an old rat-trap, revived the interest. To her succeeded another lady, claiming to be a pauper, whose wealth was found wrapped up in little scraps of paper and old rag. To her, another lady, apple-woman by trade, who had saved a fortune of ten thousand pounds and hidden it “here and there, in cracks and corners, behind bricks and under the flooring.” To her, a French gentleman, who had crammed up his chimney, rather to the detriment of its drawing powers, “a leather valise, containing twenty thousand francs, gold coins, and a large quantity of precious stones,” as discovered by a chimney-sweep after his death. By these steps Mr. Wegg arrived at a concluding instance of the human Magpie:

“‘Many years ago there lived at Cambridge a miserly old couple of the name of Jardine: they had two sons: the father was a perfect miser, and at his death one thousand guineas were discovered secreted in his bed. The two sons grew up as parsimonious as their sire. When about twenty years of age they commenced business at Cambridge as drapers, and they continued there until their death. The establishment of the Messrs. Jardine was the most dirty of all the shops in Cambridge. Customers seldom went in to purchase, except perhaps out of curiosity. The brothers were most disreputable-looking beings; for, although surrounded with gay apparel as their staple in trade, they wore the most filthy rags themselves. It is said that they had no bed, and, to save the expense of one, always slept on a bundle of packing-cloths under the counter. In their housekeeping they were penurious in the extreme. A joint of meat did not grace their board for twenty years. Yet when the first of the broth-



ers died, the other, much to his surprise, found large sums of money which had been secreted even from him."

"There!" cried Mr. Boffin. "Even from him, you see! There was only two of 'em, and yet one of 'em hid from the other."

Mr. Venus, who since his introduction to the French gentleman had been stooping to peer up the chimney, had his attention recalled by the last sentence, and took the liberty of repeating it.

"Do you like it?" asked Mr. Boffin, turning suddenly.

"I beg your pardon, Sir?"

"Do you like what Wegg's been a-reading?"

Mr. Venus answered that he found it extremely interesting.

"Then come again," said Mr. Boffin, "and hear some more. Come when you like; come the day after to-morrow, half an hour sooner. There's plenty more; there's no end to it."

Mr. Venus expressed his acknowledgments and accepted the invitation.

"It's wonderful what's been hid at one time and another," said Mr. Boffin, ruminating; "truly wonderful."

"Meaning, Sir," observed Wegg, with a propitiatory face to draw him out, and with another peg at his friend and brother, "in the way of money."

"Money," said Mr. Boffin. "Ah! And papers."

Mr. Wegg, in a languid transport, again dropped over on Mr. Venus, and again recovering himself, masked his emotions with a sneeze.

"Tish-ho! Did you say papers too, Sir? Been hidden, Sir?"

"Hidden and forgot," said Mr. Boffin. "Why the bookseller that sold me the Wonderful Museum—where's the Wonderful Museum?" He was on his knees on the floor in a moment, groping eagerly among the books.

"Can I assist you, Sir?" asked Wegg.

"No, I have got it; here it is," said Mr. Boffin, dusting it with the sleeve of his coat. "Wollume four. I know it was the fourth wollume that the bookseller read it to me out of. Look for it, Wegg."

Silas took the book and turned the leaves.

"Remarkable petrefaction, Sir?"

"No, that's not it," said Mr. Boffin. "It can't have been a petrefaction."

"Memoirs of General John Reid, commonly called The Walking Rushlight, Sir? With portrait?"

"No, nor yet him," said Mr. Boffin.

"Remarkable case of a man who swallowed a crown piece, Sir?"

"To hide it?" asked Mr. Boffin.

"Why, no, Sir," replied Wegg, consulting the text, "it appears to have been done by accident. Oh! This next must be it. 'Singular discovery of a will, lost twenty-one years.'"

"That's it!" cried Mr. Boffin. "Read that."

"A most extraordinary case," read Silas Wegg aloud, "'was tried at the last Maryborough assizes in Ireland. It was briefly this: Robert Baldwin, in March, 1782, made his will, in which he devised the lands now in question to the children of his youngest son; soon after which his faculties failed him, and he became altogether childish and died, above eighty years old. The defendant, the eldest son, immediately afterward gave out that his father had destroyed the will; and no will being found he entered into possession of the lands in question, and so matters remained for twenty-one years, the whole family during all that time believing that the father had died without a will. But after twenty-one years the defendant's wife died, and he very soon afterward, at the age of seventy-eight, married a very young woman: which caused some anxiety to his two sons, whose poignant expressions of this feeling so exasperated their father, that he in his resentment executed a will to disinherit his eldest son, and in his fit of anger showed it to his second son, who instantly determined to get at it, and destroy it, in order to preserve the property to his brother. With this view, he broke open his father's desk, where he found—not his father's will which he sought after, but the will of his grandfather, which was then altogether forgotten in the family.'"

"There!" said Mr. Boffin. "See what men put away and forget, or mean to destroy, and don't!" He then added in a slow tone, "As—ton—ish—ing!" And as he rolled his eyes all round the room, Wegg and Venus likewise rolled their eyes all round the room. And then Wegg, singly, fixed his eyes on Mr. Boffin looking at the fire again; as if he had a mind to spring upon him and demand his thoughts or his life.

"However, time's up for to-night," said Mr. Boffin, waving his hand after a silence. "More the day after to-morrow. Range the books upon the shelves, Wegg. I dare say Mr. Venus will be so kind as help you."

While speaking, he thrust his hand into the breast of his outer coat, and struggled with some object there that was too large to be got out easily. What was the stupefaction of the friendly movers when this object at last emerging, proved to be a much-dilapidated dark lantern!

Without at all noticing the effect produced by this little instrument, Mr. Boffin stood it on his knee, and, producing a box of matches, deliberately lighted the candle in the lantern, blew out the kindled match, and cast the end into the fire. "I'm going, Wegg," he then announced, "to take a turn about the place and round the yard. I don't want you. Me and this same lantern have taken hundreds—thousands—of such turns in our time together."

"But I couldn't think, Sir—not on any account, I couldn't,"—Wegg was politely beginning, when Mr. Boffin, who had risen and was going toward the door, stopped:



"I have told you that I don't want you, Wegg."

Wegg looked intelligently thoughtful, as if that had not occurred to his mind until he now brought it to bear on the circumstance. He had nothing for it but to let Mr. Boffin go out and shut the door behind him. But the instant he was on the other side of it Wegg clutched Venus with both hands, and said in a choking whisper, as if he were being strangled:

"Mr. Venus, he must be followed, he must be watched, he mustn't be lost sight of for a moment."

"Why mustn't he?" asked Venus, also strangling.

"Comrade, you might have noticed I was a little elevated in spirits when you come in to-night. I've found something."

"What have you found?" asked Venus, clutching him with both hands, so that they stood interlocked like a couple of preposterous gladiators.

"There's no time to tell you now. I think he must have gone to look for it. We must have an eye upon him instantly."

Releasing each other, they crept to the door, opened it softly, and peeped out. It was a cloudy night, and the black shadow of the Mounds made the dark yard darker. "If not a double swindler," whispered Wegg, "why a dark lantern? We could have seen what he was about if he had carried a light one. Softly, this way."

Cautiously along the path that was bordered by fragments of crockery set in ashes the two stole after him. They could hear him at his peculiar trot, crushing the loose cinders as he went. "He knows the place by heart," muttered Silas, "and don't need to turn his lantern on, confound him!" But he did turn it on, almost in that same instant, and flashed its light upon the first of the Mounds.

"Is that the spot?" asked Venus in a whisper.

"He's warm," said Silas in the same tone.

"He's precious warm. He's close. I think he must be going to look for it. What's that he's got in his hand?"

"A shovel," answered Venus. "And he knows how to use it, remember, fifty times as well as either of us."

"If he looks for it and misses it, partner," suggested Wegg, "what shall we do?"

"First of all, wait till he does," said Venus.

Discreet advice too, for he darkened his lantern again, and the mound turned black. After a few seconds he turned the light on once more, and was seen standing at the foot of the second mound, slowly raising the lantern little by little until he held it up at arm's-length, as if he were examining the condition of the whole surface.

"That can't be the spot too?" said Venus.

"No," said Wegg, "he's getting cold."

"It strikes me," whispered Venus, "that he wants to find out whether any one has been groping about there."

"Hush!" returned Wegg, "he's getting colder and colder.—Now he's freezing!"

This exclamation was elicited by his having turned the lantern off again, and on again, and being visible at the foot of the third mound.

"Why, he's going up it!" said Venus.

"Shovel and all!" said Wegg.

At a nimbler trot, as if the shovel over his shoulder stimulated him by reviving old associations, Mr. Boffin ascended the "serpentine walk," up the Mound which he had described to Silas Wegg on the occasion of their beginning to decline and fall. On striking into it he turned his lantern off. The two followed him, stooping low, so that their figures might make no mark in relief against the sky when he should turn his lantern on again. Mr. Venus took the lead, towing Mr. Wegg, in order that his refractory leg might be promptly extricated from any pitfalls it should dig for itself. They could just make out that the Golden Dustman stopped to breathe. Of course they stopped too, instantly.

"This is his own Mound," whispered Wegg, as he recovered his wind, "this one."

"Why all three are his own," returned Venus.

"So he thinks; but he's used to call this his own, because it's the one first left to him; the one that was his legacy when it was all he took under the will."

"When he shows his light," said Venus, keeping watch upon his dusky figure all the time, "drop lower and keep closer."

He went on again, and they followed again. Gaining the top of the Mound, he turned on his light—but only partially—and stood it on the ground. A bare lopsided weather-beaten pole was planted in the ashes there, and had been there many a year. Hard by this pole his lantern stood: lighting a few feet of the lower part of it and a little of the ashy surface around, and then casting off a purposeless little clear trail of light into the air.

"He can never be going to dig up the pole!" whispered Venus as they dropped low and kept close.

"Perhaps it's holler and full of something," whispered Wegg.

He was going to dig, with whatsoever object, for he tucked up his cuffs and spat on his hands, and then went at it like an old digger as he was. He had no design upon the pole, except that he measured a shovel's length from it before beginning, nor was it his purpose to dig deep. Some dozen or so of expert strokes sufficed. Then he stopped, looked down into the cavity, bent over it, and took out what appeared to be an ordinary case-bottle: one of those squat, high-shouldered, short-necked glass bottles which the Dutchman is said to keep his Courage in. As soon as he had done this he turned off his lantern, and they could hear that he was filling up the hole in the dark. The ashes being easily moved by a skillful hand, the spies took this as a hint to



make off in good time. Accordingly, Mr. Venus slipped past Mr. Wegg and towed him down. But Mr. Wegg's descent was not accomplished without some personal inconvenience, for his self-willed leg sticking into the ashes about half-way down, and time pressing, Mr. Venus took the liberty of hauling him from his tether by the collar: which occasioned him to make the rest of the journey on his back, with his head enveloped in the skirts of his coat, and his wooden leg coming last, like a drag. So flustered was Mr. Wegg by this mode of traveling, that when he was set on the level ground with his intellectual developments uppermost, he was quite unconscious of his bearings, and had not the least idea where his place of residence was to be found, until Mr. Venus shoved him into it. Even then he staggered round and round, weakly staring about him, until Mr. Venus with a hard brush brushed his senses into him and the dust out of him.

Mr. Boffin came down leisurely, for this brushing process had been well accomplished, and Mr. Venus had had time to take his breath, before he reappeared. That he had the bottle somewhere about him could not be doubted; where, was not so clear. He wore a large rough coat, buttoned over, and it might be in any one of half a dozen pockets.

"What's the matter, Wegg?" said Mr. Boffin. "You are as pale as a candle."

Mr. Wegg replied, with literal exactness, that he felt as if he had had a turn.

"Bile," said Mr. Boffin, blowing out the light in the lantern, shutting it up, and stowing it away in the breast of his coat as before. "Are you subject to bile, Wegg?"

Mr. Wegg again replied, with strict adherence to truth, that he didn't think he had ever had a similar sensation in his head, to any thing like the same extent.

"Physic yourself to-morrow, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, "to be in order for next night. By-the-by, this neighborhood is going to have a loss, Wegg."

"A loss, Sir?"

"Going to lose the Mounds."

The friendly movers made such an obvious effort not to look at one another, that they might as well have stared at one another with all their might.

"Have you parted with them, Mr. Boffin?" asked Silas.

"Yes; they're going. Mine's as good as gone already."

"You mean the little one of the three, with the pole atop, Sir."

"Yes," said Mr. Boffin, rubbing his ear in his old way, with that new touch of craftiness added to it. "It has fetched a penny. It'll begin to be carted off to-morrow."

"Have you been out to take leave of your old friend, Sir?" asked Silas, jocosely.

"No," said Mr. Boffin. "What the devil put that in your head?"

He was so sudden and rough, that Wegg, who had been hovering closer and closer to his skirts, dispatching the back of his hand on exploring expeditions in search of the bottle's surface, retired two or three paces.

"No offense, Sir," said Wegg, humbly. "No offense."

Mr. Boffin eyed him as a dog might eye another dog who wanted his bone; and actually retorted with a low growl, as the dog might have retorted.

"Good-night," he said, after having sunk into a moody silence, with his hands clasped behind him, and his eyes suspiciously wandering about Wegg. "No! stop there. I know the way out, and I want no light."

Avarice, and the evening's legends of avarice, and the inflammatory effect of what he had seen, and perhaps the rush of his ill-conditioned blood to his brain in his descent, wrought Silas Wegg to such a pitch of insatiable appetite, that when the door closed he made a swoop at it and drew Venus along with him.

"He mustn't go!" he cried. "We mustn't let him go! He has got that bottle about him. We must have that bottle!"

"Why, you wouldn't take it by force?" said Venus, restraining him.

"Wouldn't I? Yes I would. I'd take it by any force, I'd have it at any price! Are you so afraid of one old man as to let him go, you coward?"

"I am so afraid of you as not to let *you* go," muttered Venus, sturdily, claspings him in his arms.

"Did you hear him?" retorted Wegg. "Did you hear him say that he was resolved to disappoint us? Did you hear him say, you cur, that he was going to have the Mounds cleared off, when no doubt the whole place will be rummaged? If you haven't the spirit of a mouse to defend your rights, I have. Let me go after him."

As in his wildness he was making a strong struggle for it, Mr. Venus deemed it expedient to lift him, throw him, and fall with him; well knowing that, once down, he would not be up again easily with his wooden leg. So they both rolled on the floor, and, as they did so, Mr. Boffin shut the gate.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE FRIENDLY MOVE TAKES UP A STRONG POSITION.

THE friendly movers sat upright on the floor, panting and eying one another, after Mr. Boffin had slammed the gate and gone away. In the weak eyes of Venus, and in every reddish dust-colored hair in his shock of hair, there was a marked distrust of Wegg and an alertness to fly at him on perceiving the smallest occasion. In the hard-grained face of Wegg, and in his stiff



knotty figure (he looked like a German wooden toy), there was expressed a politic conciliation, which had no spontaneity in it. Both were flushed, flustered, and rumped, by the late scuffle; and Wegg, in coming to the ground, had received a humming knock on the back of his devoted head, which caused him still to rub it with an air of having been highly—but disagreeably—astonished. Each was silent for some time, leaving it to the other to begin.

"Brother," said Wegg, at length breaking the silence, "you were right, and I was wrong. I forgot myself."

Mr. Venus knowingly cocked his shock of hair, as rather thinking Mr. Wegg had remembered himself, in respect of appearing without any disguise.

"But comrade," pursued Wegg, "it was never your lot to know Miss Elizabeth, Master George, Aunt Jane, nor Uncle Parker."

Mr. Venus admitted that he had never known those distinguished persons, and added, in effect, that he had never so much as desired the honor of their acquaintance.

"Don't say that, comrade!" retorted Wegg. "No, don't say that! Because, without having known them, you never can fully know what it is to be stimulated to frenzy by the sight of the Usurper."

Offering these excusatory words as if they reflected great credit on himself, Mr. Wegg impelled himself with his hands toward a chair in a corner of the room, and there, after a variety of awkward gambols, attained a perpendicular position. Mr. Venus also rose.

"Comrade," said Wegg, "take a seat. Comrade, what a speaking countenance is yours!"

Mr. Venus involuntarily smoothed his countenance, and looked at his hand, as if to see whether any of its speaking properties came off.

"For clearly do I know, mark you," pursued Wegg, pointing his words with his forefinger, "clearly do I know what question your expressive features puts to me."

"What question?" said Venus.

"The question," returned Wegg, with a sort of joyful affability, "why I didn't mention sooner that I had found something. Says your speaking countenance to me: 'Why didn't you communicate that when I first come in this evening? Why did you keep it back till you thought Mr. Boffin had come to look for the article?' Your speaking countenance," said Wegg, "puts it plainer than language. Now, you can't read in my face what answer I give?"

"No, I can't," said Venus.

"I knew it! And why not?" returned Wegg, with the same joyful candor. "Because I lay no claims to a speaking countenance. Because I am well aware of my deficiencies. All men are not gifted alike. But I can answer in words. And in what words? These. I wanted to give you a delightful sap—pur—ize!"

Having thus elongated and emphasized the word Surprise, Mr. Wegg shook his friend and

brother by both hands, and then clapped him on both knees, like an affectionate patron who entreated him not to mention so small a service as that which it had been his happy privilege to render.

"Your speaking countenance," said Wegg, "being answered to its satisfaction, only asks then, 'What have you found?' Why, I hear it say the words!"

"Well?" retorted Venus, snappishly, after waiting in vain. "If you hear it say the words, why don't you answer it?"

"Hear me out!" said Wegg. "I'm a-going to. Hear me out! Man and brother, partner in feelings equally with undertakings and actions, I have found a cash-box."

"Where?"

"—Hear me out!" said Wegg. (He tried to reserve whatever he could, and, whenever disclosure was forced upon him, broke into a radiant gush of Hear me out.) "On a certain day, Sir—"

"When?" said Venus, bluntly.

"N—no," returned Wegg, shaking his head at once observantly, thoughtfully, and playfully. "No, Sir! That's not your expressive countenance which asks that question. That's your voice; merely your voice. To proceed. On a certain day, Sir, I happened to be walking in the yard—taking my lonely round—for in the words of a friend of my own family, the author of All's Well arranged as a duet:

"Deserted, as you will remember, Mr. Venus, by the waning moon,

When stars, it will occur to you before I mention it, proclaim night's cheerless noon,

On tower, fort, or tented ground,

The sentry walks his lonely round,

The sentry walks:"

—under those circumstances, Sir, I happened to be walking in the yard early one afternoon, and happened to have an iron rod in my hand, with which I have been sometimes accustomed to beguile the monotony of a literary life, when I struck it against an object not necessary to trouble you by naming—"

"It is necessary. What object?" demanded Venus, in a wrathful tone.

"—Hear me out!" said Wegg. "The Pump. —When I struck it against the Pump, and found, not only that the top was loose and opened with a lid, but that something in it rattled. That something, comrade, I discovered to be a small flat oblong cash-box. Shall I say it was disappointingly light?"

"There were papers in it," said Venus.

"There your expressive countenance speaks indeed!" cried Wegg. "A paper. The box was locked, tied up, and sealed, and on the outside was a parchment label, with the writing, 'MY WILL, JOHN HARMON, TEMPORARILY DEPOSITED HERE.'"

"We must know its contents," said Venus.

"—Hear me out!" cried Wegg. "I said so, and I broke the box open."



"Without coming to me!" exclaimed Venus.

"Exactly so, Sir!" returned Wegg, blandly and buoyantly. "I see I take you with me! Hear, hear, hear! Resolved, as your discriminating good sense perceives, that if you was to have a sap—pur—IZE it should be a complete one! Well, Sir. And so, as you have honored me by anticipating, I examined the document. Regularly executed, regularly witnessed, very short. Inasmuch as he has never made friends, and has ever had a rebellious family, he, John Harmon, gives to Nicodemus Boffin the Little Mound, which is quite enough for him, and gives the whole rest and residue of his property to the Crown."

"The date of the will that has been proved must be looked to," remarked Venus. "It may be later than this one."

"—Hear me out!" cried Wegg. "I said so. I paid a shilling (never mind your sixpence of it) to look up that will. Brother, that will is dated months before this will. And now, as a fellow-man, and as a partner in a friendly move," added Wegg, benignantly taking him by both hands again, and clapping him on both knees again, "say have I completed my labor of love to your perfect satisfaction, and are you sap—pur—IZED?"

Mr. Venus contemplated his fellow-man and partner with doubting eyes, and then rejoined stiffly:

"This is great news indeed, Mr. Wegg. There's no denying it. But I could have wished you had told it me before you got your fright to-night, and I could have wished you had ever asked me as your partner what we were to do, before you thought you were dividing a responsibility."

"—Hear me out!" cried Wegg. "I knew you was a-going to say so. But alone I bore the anxiety, and alone I'll bear the blame!" This with an air of great magnanimity.

"Now," said Venus. "Let's see this will and this box."

"Do I understand, brother," returned Wegg with considerable reluctance, "that it is your wish to see this will and this—"

Mr. Venus smote the table with his hand.

"—Hear me out!" said Wegg. "Hear me out! I'll go and fetch 'em."

After being some time absent, as if in his covetousness he could hardly make up his mind to produce the treasure to his partner, he returned with an old leathern hat-box, into which he had put the other box, for the better preservation of commonplace appearances, and for the disarming of suspicion. "But I don't half like opening it here," said Silas, in a low voice, looking around: "he might come back, he may not be gone; we don't know what he may be up to, after what we've seen."

"There's something in that," assented Venus. "Come to my place."

Jealous of the custody of the box, and yet fearful of opening it under the existing circum-

stances, Wegg hesitated. "Come, I tell you," repeated Venus, chafing, "to my place." Not very well seeing his way to a refusal, Mr. Wegg then rejoined in a gush, "—Hear me out!—Certainly." So he locked up the Bower and they set forth: Mr. Venus taking his arm, and keeping it with remarkable tenacity.

They found the usual dim light burning in the window of Mr. Venus's establishment, imperfectly disclosing to the public the usual pair of preserved frogs, sword in hand, with their point of honor still unsettled. Mr. Venus had closed his shop door on coming out, and now opened it with the key and shut it again as soon as they were within; but not before he had put up and barred the shutters of the shop window. "No one can get in without being let in," said he then, "and we couldn't be more snug than here." So he raked together the yet warm cinders in the rusty grate, and made a fire, and trimmed the candle on the little counter. As the fire cast its flickering gleams here and there upon the dark greasy walls, the Hindoo baby, the African baby, the articulated English baby, the assortment of skulls, and the rest of the collection, came starting to their various stations as if they had all been out, like their master, and were punctual in a general rendezvous to assist at the secret. The French gentleman had grown considerably since Mr. Wegg last saw him, being now accommodated with a pair of legs and a head, though his arms were yet in abeyance. To whomsoever the head had originally belonged, Silas Wegg would have regarded it as a personal favor if he had not cut quite so many teeth.

Silas took his seat in silence on the wooden box before the fire, and Venus dropping into his low chair produced from among his skeleton hands his tea-tray and tea-cups, and put the kettle on. Silas inwardly approved of these preparations, trusting they might end in Mr. Venus's diluting his intellect.

"Now, Sir," said Venus, "all is safe and quiet. Let us see this discovery."

With still reluctant hands, and not without several glances toward the skeleton hands, as if he mistrusted that a couple of them might spring forth and clutch the document, Wegg opened the hat-box and revealed the cash-box, opened the cash-box and revealed the will. He held a corner of it tight, while Venus, taking hold of another corner, searchingly and attentively read it.

"Was I correct in my account of it, partner?" said Mr. Wegg at length.

"Partner, you were," said Mr. Venus.

Mr. Wegg thereupon made an easy, graceful movement, as though he would fold it up; but Mr. Venus held on by his corner.

"No, Sir," said Mr. Venus, winking his weak eyes and shaking his head. "No, partner. The question is now brought up, who is going to take care of this. Do you know who is going to take care of this, partner?"

"I am," said Wegg.



"Oh dear no, partner," retorted Venus. "That's a mistake. I am. Now look here, Mr. Wegg. I don't want to have any words with you, and still less do I want to have any anatomical pursuits with you."

"What do you mean?" said Wegg, quickly.

"I mean, partner," replied Venus, slowly, "that it's hardly possible for a man to feel in a more amiable state toward another man than I do toward you at this present moment. But I am on my own ground, I am surrounded by the trophies of my art, and my tools is very handy."

"What do you mean, Mr. Venus?" asked Wegg again.

"I am surrounded, as I have observed," said Mr. Venus, placidly, "by the trophies of my art. They are numerous, my stock of human wares is large, the shop is pretty well crammed, and I don't just now want any more trophies of my art. But I like my art, and I know how to exercise my art."

"No man better," assented Mr. Wegg, with a somewhat staggered air.

"There's the Miscellanies of several human specimens," said Venus, "(though you mightn't think it) in the box on which you're sitting. There's the Miscellanies of several human specimens in the lovely compo-one behind the door;" with a nod toward the French gentleman. "It still wants a pair of arms. I don't say that I'm in any hurry for 'em."

"You must be wandering in your mind, partner," Silas remonstrated.

"You'll excuse me if I wander," returned Venus; "I am sometimes rather subject to it. I like my art, and I know how to exercise my art, and I mean to have the keeping of this document."

"But what has that got to do with your art, partner?" asked Wegg, in an insinuating tone.

Mr. Venus winked his chronically-fatigued eyes both at once, and adjusting the kettle on the fire, remarked to himself, in a hollow voice, "She'll bile in a couple of minutes."

Silas Wegg glanced at the kettle, glanced at the shelves, glanced at the French gentleman behind the door, and shrank a little as he glanced at Mr. Venus winking his red eyes, and feeling in his waistcoat pocket—as for a lancet, say—with his unoccupied hand. He and Venus were necessarily seated close together, as each held a corner of the document, which was but a common sheet of paper.

"Partner," said Wegg, even more insinuatingly than before, "I propose that we cut it in half, and each keep a half."

Venus shook his shock of hair, as he replied, "It wouldn't do to mutilate it, partner. It might seem to be canceled."

"Partner," said Wegg, after a silence, during which they had contemplated one another, "don't your speaking countenance say that you're a-going to suggest a middle course?"

Venus shook his shock of hair as he replied, "Partner, you have kept this paper from me

once. You shall never keep it from me again. I offer you the box and the label to take care of, but I'll take care of the paper."

Silas hesitated a little longer, and then suddenly releasing his corner, and resuming his buoyant and benignant tone, exclaimed, "What's life without trustfulness! What's a fellow-man without honor! You're welcome to it, partner, in a spirit of trust and confidence."

Continuing to wink his red eyes both together—but in a self-communing way, and without any show of triumph—Mr. Venus folded the paper now left in his hand, and locked it in a drawer behind him, and pocketed the key. He then proposed "A cup of tea, partner?" To which Mr. Wegg returned, "Thank'ee, partner," and the tea was made and poured out.

"Next," said Venus, blowing at his tea in his saucer, and looking over it at his confidential friend, "comes the question, What's the course to be pursued?"

On this head Silas Wegg had much to say. Silas had to say That, he would beg to remind his comrade, brother, and partner, of the impressive passages they had read that evening; of the evident parallel in Mr. Boffin's mind between them and the late owner of the Bower, and the present circumstances of the Bower; of the bottle; and of the box. That, the fortunes of his brother and comrade, and of himself, were evidently made, inasmuch as they had but to put their price upon this document, and get that price from the minion of fortune and the worm of the hour: who now appeared to be less of a minion and more of a worm than had been previously supposed. That, he considered it plain that such price was stateable in a single expressive word, and that the word was, "Halves!" That, the question then arose when "Halves!" should be called. That, here he had a plan of action to recommend, with a conditional clause. That, the plan of action was that they should lie by with patience; that, they should allow the Mounds to be gradually leveled and cleared away, while retaining to themselves their present opportunity of watching the process—which would be, he conceived, to put the trouble and cost of daily digging and delving upon somebody else, while they might nightly turn such complete disturbance of the dust to the account of their own private investigations—and that, when the Mounds were gone, and they had worked those chances for their own joint benefit solely, they should then, and not before, explode on the minion and worm. But here came the conditional clause, and to this he entreated the special attention of his comrade, brother, and partner. It was not to be borne that the minion and worm should carry off any of that property which was now to be regarded as their own property. When he, Mr. Wegg, had seen the minion surreptitiously making off with that bottle, and its precious contents unknown, he had looked upon him in the light of a mere robber, and, as such, would have despoiled him of his



ill-gotten gain, but for the judicious interference of his comrade, brother, and partner. Therefore, the conditional clause he proposed was, that, if the minion should return in his late sneaking manner, and if, being closely watched, he should be found to possess himself of any thing, no matter what, the sharp sword impending over his head should be instantly shown him, he should be strictly examined as to what he knew or suspected, should be severely handled by them his masters, and should be kept in a state of abject moral bondage and slavery until the time when they should see fit to permit him to purchase his freedom at the price of half his possessions. If, said Mr. Wegg by way of peroration, he had erred in saying only "Halves!" he trusted to his comrade, brother, and partner not to hesitate to set him right, and to reprove his weakness. It might be more according to the rights of things, to say Two-thirds; it might be more according to the rights of things, to say Three-fourths. On those points he was ever open to correction.

Mr. Venus, having wafted his attention to this discourse over three successive saucers of tea, signified his concurrence in the views advanced. Inspired hereby, Mr. Wegg extended his right hand, and declared it to be a hand which never yet. Without entering into more minute particulars. Mr. Venus, sticking to his tea, briefly professed his belief, as polite forms required of him, that it *was* a hand which never yet. But contented himself with looking at it, and did not take it to his bosom.

"Brother," said Wegg, when this happy understanding was established, "I should like to ask you something. You remember the night when I first looked in here, and found you floating your powerful mind in tea?"

Still swilling tea, Mr. Venus nodded assent.

"And there you sit, Sir," pursued Wegg with an air of thoughtful admiration, "as if you had never left off! There you sit, Sir, as if you had an unlimited capacity of assimilating the flagrant article! There you sit, Sir, in the midst of your works, looking as if you'd been called upon for Home, Sweet Home, and was oblegging the company!"

'A exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,  
O give you your lowly Preparations again,  
The birds stuffed so sweetly that can't be expected to  
come at your call,  
Give you these with the peace of mind dearer than all.  
Home, Home, Home, sweet Home!"

"—Be it ever," added Mr. Wegg in prose as he glanced about the shop, "ever so ghastly, all things considered, there's no place like it."

"You said you'd like to ask something; but you haven't asked it," remarked Venus, very unsympathetic in manner.

"Your peace of mind," said Wegg, offering condolence, "your peace of mind was in a poor way that night. *How's* it going on. *Is* it looking up at all?"

"She does not wish," replied Mr. Venus with

a comical mixture of indignant obstinacy and tender melancholy, "to regard herself, nor yet to be regarded, in that particular light. There's no more to be said."

"Ah, dear me, dear me!" exclaimed Wegg with a sigh, but eying him while pretending to keep him company in eying the fire, "such is Woman! And I remember you said that night, sitting there as I sat here—said that night when your peace of mind was first laid low, that you had taken an interest in these very affairs. Such is coincidence!"

"Her father," rejoined Venus, and then stopped to swallow more tea, "her father was mixed up in them."

"You didn't mention her name, Sir, I think?" observed Wegg, pensively. "No, you didn't mention her name that night."

"Pleasant Riderhood."

"In—deed!" cried Wegg. "Pleasant Riderhood. There's something moving in the name. Pleasant. Dear me! Seems to express what she might have been if she hadn't made that unpleasant remark—and what she ain't in consequence of having made it. Would it at all pour balm into your wounds, Mr. Venus, to inquire how you came acquainted with her?"

"I was down at the water-side," said Venus, taking another gulp of tea and mournfully winking at the fire—"looking for parrots"—taking another gulp and stopping.

Mr. Wegg hinted, to jog his attention: "You could hardly have been out parrot-shooting in the British climate, Sir?"

"No, no, no," said Venus, fretfully. "I was down at the water-side looking for parrots brought home by sailors, to buy for stuffing."

"Ay, ay, ay, Sir!"

"—And looking for a nice pair of rattlesnakes, to articulate for a Museum—when I was doomed to fall in with her and deal with her. It was just at the time of that discovery in the river. Her father had seen the discovery being towed in the river. I made the popularity of the subject a reason for going back to improve the acquaintance, and I have never since been the man I was. My very bones is rendered flabby by brooding over it. If they could be brought to me loose, to sort, I should hardly have the face to claim 'em as mine. To such an extent have I fallen off under it."

Mr. Wegg, less interested than he had been, glanced at one particular shelf in the dark.

"Why I remember, Mr. Venus," he said, in a tone of friendly commiseration "(for I remember every word that falls from you, Sir), I remember that you said that night, you had got up there—and then your words was, 'Never mind.'"

"—The parrot that I bought of her," said Venus, with a despondent rise and fall of his eyes. "Yes; there it lies on its side, dried up; except for its plumage, very like myself. I've never had the heart to prepare it, and I never shall have now."



With a disappointed face, Silas mentally con- signed this parrot to regions more than tropical, and, seeming for the time to have lost his power of assuming an interest in the woes of Mr. Venus, fell to tightening his wooden leg as a preparation for departure: its gymnastic performances of that evening having severely tried its constitution.

After Silas had left the shop, hat-box in hand, and had left Mr. Venus to lower himself to oblivion-point with the requisite weight of tea, it greatly preyed on his ingenuous mind that he had taken this artist into partnership at all. He bitterly felt that he had overreached himself in the beginning by grasping at Mr. Venus's mere straws of hints, now shown to be worthless for his purpose. Casting about for ways and means of dissolving the connection without loss of money, reproaching himself for having been betrayed into an avowal of his secret, and complimenting himself beyond measure on his purely accidental good-luck, he beguiled the distance between Clerkenwell and the mansion of the Golden Dustman.

For Silas Wegg felt it to be quite out of the question that he could lay his head upon his pillow in peace without first hovering over Mr. Boffin's house in the superior character of its Evil Genius. Power (unless it be the power of intellect or virtue) has ever the greatest attraction for the lowest natures; and the mere defiance of the unconscious house-front, with his power to strip the roof off the inhabiting family like the roof of a house of cards, was a treat which had a charm for Silas Wegg.

As he hovered on the opposite side of the street, exulting, the carriage drove up.

"There'll shortly be an end of *you*," said Wegg, threatening it with the hat-box. "*Your* varnish is fading."

Mrs. Boffin descended and went in.

"Look out for a fall, my Lady Dustwoman," said Wegg.

Bella lightly descended, and ran in after her.

"How brisk we are!" said Wegg. "You won't run so gayly to your old shabby home, my girl. You'll have to go there, though."

A little while, and the Secretary came out.

"I was passed over for you," said Wegg. "But you had better provide yourself with another situation, young man."

Mr. Boffin's shadow passed upon the blinds of three large windows as he trotted down the room, and passed again as he went back.

"Yoop!" cried Wegg. "You're there, are you? Where's the bottle? You would give your bottle for my box, Dustman!"

Having now composed his mind for slumber, he turned homeward. Such was the greed of the fellow, that his mind had shot beyond halves, two-thirds, three-fourths, and gone straight to spoliation of the whole. "Though that wouldn't quite do," he considered, growing cooler as he got away. "That's what would happen to him

if he didn't buy us up. We should get nothing by that."

We so judge others by ourselves, that it had never come into his head before that he might not buy us up, and might prove honest, and prefer to be poor. It caused him a slight tremor as it passed; but a very slight one, for the idle thought was gone directly.

"He's grown too fond of money for that," said Wegg; "he's grown too fond of money." The burden fell into a strain or tune as he stumped along the pavements. All the way home he stumped it out of the rattling streets, *piano* with his own foot, and *forte* with his wooden leg, "He's GROWN TOO FOND OF MONEY FOR THAT, he's GROWN TOO FOND OF MONEY."

Even next day Silas soothed himself with this melodious strain, when he was called out of bed at daybreak to set open the yard-gate and admit the train of carts and horses that came to carry off the little Mound. And all day long, as he kept unwinking watch on the slow process which promised to protract itself through many days and weeks, whenever (to save himself from being choked with dust) he patrolled a little cinderous beat he established for the purpose, without taking his eyes from the diggers, he still stumped to the tune: "He's GROWN TOO FOND OF MONEY FOR THAT, he's GROWN TOO FOND OF MONEY."

## THE OLD LETTER.

I BURNED the others, one by one; but my courage failed at last,  
And I snatched this, scorched and yellow, where the fire's breath had passed.  
I could not let it lie there, for it turned like a thing in pain;  
And I love it for the old times' sake that never come again.

They used to call me beautiful; I had nothing else beside.

There was none more great or wise than he in all the world wide;

And it's still a sort of pleasure—very mournful though it be—

To know he once could think such thoughts, and write such words of me.

But my poor beauty faded; 'twas the only thing I had. I was always weak and foolish, and my whole life grew sad,

For the cruel blighting fever left me pitiful to see (Oh, it's true that "Beauty's fleeting!"), and my Love no more loved me.

I have nothing to forgive him; still, he very soon forgot. Men have much to do and think of that we girls have not. A man has little thought to spare for his own chosen wife; Women's minds are very narrow, and a girl's love is her life.

They say I should forget him, but I can not if I would, For since my beauty left me I have tried hard to be good; And his name is always on my lips, when I pray to—  
God above—

Oh, surely I may pray for one I can never cease to love!

I was never fit to be his wife, even when my face was fair; But every one may pray to Heaven; we are all equal there.

And God, in His great mercy, will not pass my prayers by. I have one thing left to live for—to pray for him till I die.



# Monthly Record of Current Events.

## UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 4th of April. It comprises the details of Sherman's march from Savannah in Georgia, through South Carolina, to Goldsborough in North Carolina; of Sheridan's operations in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and his junction with Grant's army; and of the series of actions before Richmond, culminating with the capture of Petersburg and Richmond.

General Sherman's march from the Savannah to the Neuse River was completed on the 22d of March. Just sixty-five days had elapsed since he began the movement, January 16, by the transportation from Savannah to Beaufort of Howard's command, which consisted of Blair's and Logan's corps. This was the right wing, as it had been in the march from Atlanta. Slocum's command, constituting the left wing, started four days later, marching up the right bank of the Savannah to Sister's Ferry. To this wing belonged Williams's and Davis's—the Twentieth and Fourteenth corps. Slocum's column was delayed several days at Sister's Ferry, being unable, on account of the height of water in the river, to use the pontoons. A crossing was effected February 4. Howard, in the mean time, had driven the enemy from Pocotaligo, and having passed through and burned M'Phersonville, was moving across the Salkehatchie. Blair's corps had the advance and effected the passage of the river in the face of the enemy, who had here great natural advantages for resisting Sherman's progress. Howard's congratulatory letter to General Blair speaks thus of the important success gained in effecting so rapid a progress at this critical stage of the march:

"Your First Division, under Major-General Mower, with almost incredible celerity, cleared Whippy Swamp, seven burned bridges, and the road filled with felled trees; made a successful reconnoissance to Braxton's Bridge, forcing the enemy to destroy it, and to defend the causeway; then, aided by the Ninth Illinois mounted infantry, drove back the enemy, reached River's bridges so quickly as to arrest and effectually prevent their destruction. The same division, under the same indomitable leadership, in one day made two infantry roadways through the swamp, a mile and a half in extent, demonstrated strongly on the enemy's fortified front, completely turned his position, and planted itself firmly on the eastern shore of this indescribably ugly Salkehatchie. All this was done in the face of canister, shells, and a sharp, obstinate musketry fire from behind works. Your Fourth Division, under Brevet Major-General Giles A. Smith, also crossed this wide and troublesome swamp, walking in water above the knee, skirmished successfully with the enemy, and cut off all reinforcements from below, which might have hindered General Mower's success."

The greatest topographical obstacles to Howard's march had thus been overcome, and the movements of the right wing from this point were very rapid. Two positions—Bambury and Midway—were soon gained on the railroad from Charleston to Augusta. This success must be attributed to Sherman's strategy in the earlier stages of the march. The enemy was not allowed to concentrate his force. Three points—Charleston, Branchville, and Augusta—were simultaneously threatened by Sherman's first movements, and each one of these points was so vital that the Confederates divided their force between them, so that the resistance in either direction was not formidable. If, for instance, the enemy had concentrated on the line of the Salkehatchie, then the left wing, under Slocum, would, in its advance northward, have made it quite impossible either to hold that line long or to retreat

safely. So complete was the success of this manoeuvre that the force which had been drawn from Hood's old army to protect Augusta was prevented from taking any part in the way of co-operation with Beauregard and Hardee during the entire campaign in South Carolina. Hardee, at Charleston, would have been placed in a similar position had it not been for the single line of retreat which Gillmore, who was operating with a separate column against Charleston, had left open northward from that city. But for the force at Augusta there was no line left open. At first threatening Augusta very strongly, both with Kilpatrick's cavalry and Slocum's command, Sherman very soon left that city out of his combinations, while he, at the same time, by advancing Kilpatrick and Slocum northward to the Charlotte and Augusta Railroad, isolated the Confederate force there gathered from the forces in his immediate front. This movement of the left wing brought it up to the support of the right.

By the 14th of February both Slocum and Howard were across the North Edisto; Orangeburg, north of Branchville, had been occupied; and Beauregard compelled to fall back to the Congaree for the defense of Columbia, the capital of the State. The very next day Logan's corps had gained a position on the north bank of the Congaree. The whole right wing succeeded in effecting the passage of that stream, and on the 17th Columbia was surrendered. The destruction of the railroads running in every direction from the city was very complete. The city itself was almost entirely destroyed by fire, notwithstanding General Sherman's efforts to arrest the conflagration. Twenty thousand bales of cotton were burned, besides several hundred buildings. In the mean time Hardee was evacuating Charleston, but too late to be of any immediate service to Beauregard, who, with Hampton's cavalry, was compelled to fall back continually as Sherman advanced. From Columbia Sherman made a feint northward toward Charlotte, in North Carolina, and in the course of a week had his army well in hand at Winnsborough. Up to this point the railroad from Columbia was destroyed. The feint toward Charlotte was still maintained, while the greater portion of the army moved eastward to Cheraw, where twenty-five pieces of artillery were captured, together with eighteen tons of powder and several thousand bales of cotton. On the 11th of March General Grant received the first official dispatch from Sherman, dated at Laurel Hill on the 8th. According to this dispatch the army was perfectly successful, and had met with no formidable resistance. On the 11th Sherman entered Fayetteville, and communication with Wilmington by way of Cape Fear River was at once established.

During this march Kilpatrick had twice encountered the enemy. The first engagement was at Aiken, a few miles northeast of Augusta, and was fought with Wheeler's cavalry. The result was a repulse of the enemy. Near Fayetteville another action took place on March 10, with Wade Hampton's command. Kilpatrick had advanced toward Fayetteville for the purpose of intercepting Hardee, who was due at that point. He was just too late for this. Hampton, bringing up Hardee's rear, here made an attack before Kilpatrick's entire command had been brought up. The attack succeeded at first,



Kilpatrick was even compelled to abandon his headquarters and two pieces of artillery; but bringing up the rest of his column he led a charge against the enemy, driving him from the field and recapturing his camp and guns.

Sherman started from Fayetteville for Goldsborough on the 14th. The successes already gained by General Schofield had made the Neuse River immediately available as a base of operations. The enemy in his front was now stronger than he had been at any other stage of the march. Bragg and Hardee had joined Johnston, to whom had been assigned the conduct of the campaign in North Carolina on the part of the Confederates. It was probable, therefore, that, in the march to the Neuse, Sherman would have to measure his strength against Johnston, and he made his arrangements with a view to that event. The main portion of the army, with the wagon-trains, were dispatched on the road to Goldsborough. Another column, headed by Kilpatrick, and consisting of two divisions of the Twentieth and two of the Fourteenth corps, advanced on the road to Raleigh, the other two divisions of Slocum's command being between this column and Howard. Kilpatrick met the enemy's cavalry about five miles from Fayetteville on the evening of the 15th. His infantry supports coming up, he attacked and drove the enemy from his advanced line, capturing three guns and 200 prisoners. The Confederates fell back to Moore's Cross Roads, near Averysborough, where they held a strong position, between Cape Fear and Black rivers, with a stream in front. On the 16th there was fighting all day, which made such an impression upon the enemy that during the night he abandoned his line. Thus the way was uncovered for the army to advance on Goldsborough.

Another battle was fought near Bentonsville, 12 miles from the Neuse. Here the enemy was found strongly intrenched on the 19th. In an attempt to flank this position a portion of the Twentieth Corps sustained a repulse, taking advantage of which the enemy succeeded in pushing back the whole line. A new line was formed, behind hasty intrenchments. The enemy made five charges against this line, and was each time repulsed. At night he retired. On the 20th Sherman attacked with his whole army, and the enemy that night fell back to Smithfield, and Sherman the next day was at Goldsborough, which Schofield had already occupied. Terry's column had also come up from Wilmington. The three armies had formed a junction on the very day appointed by Sherman.

Schofield's march from Newbern to Goldsborough had begun on the 6th of March. The force opposed to Schofield was that of General Bragg, who made his first stand at Kinston, having been considerably reinforced. Kinston is 32 miles from Newbern and 22 from Goldsborough. A few miles below Kinston there was active skirmishing on the 7th, and the next day a portion of the Federal skirmish line was captured by a flank movement of the enemy. The loss in prisoners was about 1,500 men; three guns also were captured. In attempting to follow up this advantage by an attack later in the day the enemy was repulsed. He again attacked on the 10th, when he was so severely punished as to be forced to fall back across the Neuse, leaving the way open to Kinston, which was occupied by Schofield on the 13th. Eight days afterward Goldsborough was occupied.

On the 27th of February Sheridan began to

"ride" again up the Valley of the Shenandoah, leaving Hancock in command of his Department, at Winchester. On reaching Waynesborough a battle occurred between Early and Custer's divisions, which resulted in the rout of the Confederates. Sheridan captured eleven cannon and about 1300 prisoners. Charlottesville was surrendered the next day. From this point, on the 6th of March, Sheridan moved in two columns southward toward the James. One division, under General Deven, took a directly southern route to Scottsville, destroying all mills, merchandise, and bridges on the line of march, and along the Rivanna River to Columbia. The other division proceeded down on the railroad to Lynchburg, destroying it as far as to Amherst—a distance of over 40 miles. From Scottsville Deven's division proceeded westward along the banks of the James, destroying every lock on the canal as far as to Duguldsville, twenty miles from Lynchburg. In a dispatch dated the 10th, at Columbia, Sheridan says that he had captured fourteen guns. Not being able to cross the James on account of the high water, he moved around the north side of Richmond, and, crossing at Deep Bottom, joined General Meade's army south of Petersburg.

On the 25th of March General Lee suddenly attacked General Grant's lines south of the Appomattox. The first fortification south of that stream is Fort M'Gilvrey. Nearly a mile to the left of this work is Fort Steadman on Hare's Hill, and still farther to the left Fort Haskell. Between Steadman and Fort Haskell are mortar batteries. Fort Steadman is about the strongest position on the whole line, and for this reason was probably selected by General Lee as the point of attack. Here the distance between the opposing lines was not more than two or three hundred yards. This gave the enemy an opportunity to mass his troops in the night time so close to the Federal lines as to be able at light to make an attack and carry the fort before reinforcements could be brought. The great length of Grant's line from the James to Hatcher's Run also heightened the prospect of success. The design of Lee was, no doubt, to follow up the first success by the capture of the neighboring works, and then making the line a part of his own, to command Grant's Military Railroad. If his success should be all that he hoped, he would even venture to cut Grant's entire left from its base at City Point and from the army north of the James. Three divisions of Lee's army were massed in front of Fort Steadman, and at day-break, by a sudden rush, succeeded in surprising and capturing the garrison, and turned the guns against the neighboring batteries. Three of the latter had to be abandoned, and were occupied by the enemy. In the attempt to capture Fort Haskell the Confederates were checked. This portion of the line was held by the First Division of Parke's (Ninth) Corps. The Third Division, under Hart- raft, composed of new recruits, came up to the support of the First, and the Federal batteries were brought into position to pour a concentrated fire upon the enemy in Fort Steadman. Under cover of this cannonade Hartraft succeeded, after a partial repulse, in recapturing the fort with all its guns. In his retreat the enemy lost about 1800 prisoners. His total loss at this point can not have been less than 3000. The Federal loss was under a thousand. This battle was over early in the forenoon, and while under a flag of truce the enemy was gathering in his dead and wounded another fierce battle was going on at Hatcher's Run. Here the at-



tack was made by Grant with the Second and Sixth Corps, the Fifth being held in reserve. The enemy's picket line was captured, and then a position was taken to await the counter attack of the enemy, which was made at 2.30 o'clock P.M. The battle lasted till eight o'clock at night, when the Federal line remained intact.

The failure of Lee's attack, in connection with the combinations of General Grant, now nearly perfected, would doubtless have necessitated the evacuation of Richmond. But Grant had determined that the evacuation of Manassas should not be repeated here—that the retreat of Lee's army from Richmond should not proceed deliberately to its conclusion, and at its own motion. He forthwith assumed the offensive. Sheridan's cavalry was now beginning to come up. Giving this "rough rider" scarcely time to newly shoe his horses, Grant hurried him off toward Dinwiddie Court House, with the Fifth Corps moving on the right as an infantry support. This movement was fairly under way on Wednesday, March 29. The greater portion of the Army of the James had been withdrawn to the south side. Sheridan found the enemy in full strength, and on the 30th there was considerable skirmishing, the results of which were rather unfavorable to the national troops. But the Fifth Corps gained a position on the Boydton Plank Road, from which on the 31st it advanced westward against the White Oak Road. Encountering the enemy at Gravelly Run an engagement was fought which terminated in a repulse of Warren's Corps. This repulse exposed Sheridan, and it was with great difficulty that the latter was able to hold his ground. Sheridan's command consisted of two corps—Deven's and Custer's—Crook's division of cavalry, and a cavalry brigade under General Mackenzie. On Saturday these, with the Fifth Corps, were placed under the absolute control of Sheridan, who at once ordered General Griffin to relieve Warren. Thus reorganized, this command moved against the enemy, who was intrenched at Big Five Forks, covering the Southside Railroad. During the first portion of the day only the cavalry force appeared in the enemy's immediate front; but as soon as Sheridan had succeeded in driving the enemy into his intrenchments, he brought up Griffin on the right, completely flanked the enemy, and captured six thousand men.

As soon as General Grant heard of Sheridan's victory on Saturday he ordered an attack along the whole line in front of Petersburg. This assault was so successful that on Sunday night the national troops occupied the entire line of rebel intrenchments from the Appomattox above Petersburg to the river below. During the night Petersburg was abandoned. At three o'clock Sunday afternoon Lee had telegraphed to Davis that his army had been driven out of its intrenchments, and that he must abandon Petersburg—that Richmond also must be given up. So that on the morning of Monday, April 3, Grant moved into Petersburg before daylight; and four hours later Weitzel, with the troops—chiefly negroes—left north of the James, entered Richmond. Weitzel captured in Richmond nearly five hundred guns, five thousand stand of arms, and six thousand prisoners. Thirty locomotives and three hundred cars were abandoned by the enemy. The rebel fleet in the James was destroyed. General Ewell, before leaving, had fired the city, but the fire was not very destructive, except in the business part of the place. On the 4th of April Presi-

dent Lincoln—who, with a number of foreign ministers, had been for some days at City Point—entered Richmond, where he was received with great enthusiasm by the people. There is every evidence that Lee's army was fairly routed in the battles of Saturday and Sunday, losing very heavily in prisoners and from desertion. Its line of retreat was in the direction of Burkesville, toward Danville; and all along the line were strewn muskets and ammunition and artillery caissons, betokening a great degree of demoralization.

The Confederate Congress adjourned on the 18th of March, the session having been prolonged a few days, in compliance with the request of the President, who stated that he had an important document to present. This was sent in on the 13th. Mr. Davis said that the new perils with which the country was environed rendered necessary further and more effective legislation than had been contemplated. The capture of the sea-ports and the devastation of large tracts of country had encouraged their foes and dispirited many of the people. The capital was in great peril. The only way to save the Confederacy was to devote all the resources of men and money in the country. Many of the measures which he had recommended had not been passed at all, and others so late as to have lost much of their value. Men, money, and supplies must be had. In order to get supplies for the armies in North Carolina and Virginia the Treasury must have at least two millions of dollars in gold. The Impressment law prohibited the seizure of supplies without making payment at their value at the time of impressment. The limit fixed for the issue of Treasury notes had been almost reached, and the Treasury could not in all cases furnish funds for making payment; if those who had supplies would not voluntarily let the Government have them on credit, they should be taken. Moreover, the system of valuation should be changed. The law required that the market-price should be paid; but in consequence of the depreciation of the currency there was no market-price, and the most extravagant rates were arbitrarily fixed, which no one expected would ever be paid in coin. "None believe that the Government can ever redeem in coin the obligation to pay fifty dollars a bushel for corn, or seven hundred and fifty dollars a barrel for flour." The President suggested that the prices should be fixed at the present value in coin, with reasonable interest, and that the holder should have his option of receiving his pay in kind or in coin. The measures adopted to raise revenue were clearly insufficient; and, in any case, there must be financial embarrassment. The measures for recruiting the army were wholly inadequate; all class exemptions should be abolished, and the militia laws so amended as really to place all the militia at the control of the Confederate Government. He hoped that much good would result from the passage of the bill authorizing the employment of negro soldiers, though far less than if it had been passed earlier. The suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* was now not merely advisable, but indispensable; if Congress refused to authorize this, they must bear the responsibility. Mr. Davis stated that after the failure of the Peace Conference, in consequence of a suggestion to that effect made by General Ord, Lee wrote to Grant that he was authorized to meet him with a view to adjust the difficulties by means of a Military Convention; but that Grant replied that he had authority to enter into a convention only upon subjects of a purely



military character, and that General Ord could only have meant that Grant would not refuse an interview with Lee upon any subject on which he had a right to act. The general tone of this message was despondent, and a vein of censure upon Congress ran through it.—A select committee of the Senate presented a sharp report in reply. The general purport was that Congress had done all which it should or could have done, and that the censures of the President, express or implied, were uncalled for. In the course of the report the fact is brought out that the Secretary of the Treasury had made an error of four hundred millions in stating the amount of the public debt. The report, which was adopted without a division, concludes with an expression of "regret that the Executive deemed it necessary to transmit to Congress a message so well calculated to excite discord and dissension." The Senate would have preferred to have received the message without comment; but "it had been induced to an opposite course because they believe that Congress would be derelict in its duty to permit its legitimate and constitutional duty to be destroyed by Executive admonitions such as those contained in the message under consideration, without some public exposition of its conduct."—A committee of the House presented a report to the same general effect; although no action was taken upon it, it was understood to represent the sentiment of the majority of the members.—Few of the measures recommended by the President were acted upon. That for procuring gold was adopted under protest. The Senate report says: "It is unfortunate that the necessity for coin in the Commissary Department was not made known until the message under consideration was received. The use of coin in one department of the Government is calculated to superinduce the necessity for its use in all other departments; and hence the policy of the proposed measure, in a financial view, is very questionable. The necessity for supplies, however, overrides all other considerations." The gold bill provides that, in order to procure the means of purchasing supplies for the army, the Secretary of the Treasury may borrow three millions of dollars in coin, the amount to be repaid within two years after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States; payment to be secured by a pledge of any cotton or tobacco owned by the Confederate Government, with interest at the rate of six per cent., payable semi-annually in coin. In case this loan can not be procured, a direct tax, payable in kind, is to be levied upon all gold and silver coin, gold dust, bullion, and foreign exchange within the Confederate States; the tax to be due on the first day of April, and collected as soon after as possible.—In the mean while the bill to arm the slaves had passed on the 7th of March. It provides that the President may ask and accept from the owners of negro slaves as many able-bodied negro men as he may deem expedient, to perform military service in any capacity he may direct; that the troops so raised shall receive the same rations, clothing, and compensation as other troops in the same branch of service; that if the needed number is not thus furnished the President may call for three hundred thousand troops in addition to those already subject to military service, irrespective of color; but that only a quarter of the male slaves in any State, between the ages of 18 and 45, shall be called out; and that nothing in this act shall be construed to alter the existing re-

lations between master and slaves. The recommendation of General Lee that slave soldiers should be freed was thus set aside. Hunter, of Virginia, voted for the bill, in obedience to the orders of the State Legislature; but he made a violent speech in opposition to it. To arm the slaves, he said, was to abandon the principles upon which the war was undertaken; but if they were armed they must be emancipated; when they came scarred out of the conflict they must be free.

Governor Vance, of North Carolina, shortly before the capture of Richmond put forth an urgent appeal to the people, saying Lee's army must, for three or four months to come, depend for food upon portions of Virginia and North Carolina. He himself donated half his stock of provisions to the Government, placing his own family and dependents upon half rations, and recommending that other citizens follow his example.

Robert C. Kennedy, convicted of acting as a spy, and also of carrying on unlawful warfare in attempting to burn the city of New York last November, was hung at Fort Lafayette, in New York Harbor, on the 25th of March. By his own confession he set fire personally to four hotels and to Barnum's Museum. It appears that there were only about six persons engaged in the plot, all of whom made their escape to Canada. Kennedy was arrested in Detroit, while endeavoring to return to the South under a feigned name.

On the 31st of March the steam transport *General Lyon*, from Wilmington for Fortress Monroe, having on board between five and six hundred persons, including a number of soldiers and male and female Southern refugees, caught fire when off Cape Hatteras, and was entirely consumed. The flames were ignited by a light coming in contact with a kerosene barrel, and in a very short time the whole vessel was enveloped. The *General Sedgwick* and a schooner were both near the *General Lyon* while she was burning; but notwithstanding every effort was made to give succor, very few of the unfortunate passengers could be rescued, owing to the high wind and the heavy sea. Out of the entire number only thirty-five or forty are so far known to have been saved.

An effort to connect the two continents by telegraph, by way of Behring's Strait, has been commenced. Early in March a vessel sailed from San Francisco for Sitka in Russian America, bearing the pioneer exploring company for the line. A party will land at Victoria, and endeavor to work their way along Frazer's River, to connect with the Russo-American branch; and thence proceed through the almost unknown region between the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range.

A year ago there were twelve soldiers of the Revolutionary army living, to whom an extra pension was granted by Congress. There are now but five: Lemuel Cook, of Clarendon, New York, aged 90; Samuel Downing, of Edinburg, New York, aged 98; William Hutchins, of Penobscot, Maine, aged 100; Alexander Maroney, of Yates, New York, aged 94; and James Barham, of Missouri, aged 101.

The scheme for uniting the British provinces in America into a confederation has fallen through, the Government of Nova Scotia having formally declined to enter into the compact. They propose that, instead of uniting with Canada, the three maritime provinces, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Nova Scotia, shall form a separate legislative union of their own.



## Literary Notices.

*History of Julius Cæsar*, by the Emperor NAPOLEON. The prime idea of this work is to vindicate the First Napoleon and the Empire which he founded, and which the Second Napoleon has re-established. I shall aim, writes the historian, "to prove that when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow; to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; and to accomplish in a few years the labor of many centuries. Happy the people who comprehend and follow them! Woe to those who misunderstand and combat them! They do as the Jews did, they crucify their Messiah; they are blind and culpable: blind, for they do not see the impotence of their efforts to suspend the definitive triumph of good; culpable, for they only retard progress by impeding its prompt and fruitful application. In fact neither the murder of Cæsar nor the captivity of St. Helena have been able to destroy irrevocably two popular causes, overthrown by a league which disguised itself under the mask of liberty. Brutus by slaying Cæsar plunged Rome into the horrors of civil war; he did not prevent the reign of Augustus, but he rendered possible those of Nero and Caligula. The ostracism of Napoleon by confederated Europe has been no more successful in preventing the Empire from being resuscitated; and, nevertheless, how far are we from the great questions solved, the passions calmed, and the legitimate satisfactions given to peoples by the first Empire."—There is, indeed, a singular likeness between the characters and careers of Cæsar and Napoleon. Each founded a great empire on the ruins of a disorganized republic. Each added to the highest qualities of a commander high qualities as a statesman. Each showed that he was or might have been the historian of the actions which he performed, for if Napoleon had written the substance of the Conversations at St. Helena, they would have taken rank with the Commentaries of Cæsar. The career of each was cut short, and his work was apparently destroyed; in the case of each it was revived by a nephew. Whether the Empire restored by the nephew of Napoleon shall have the five hundred glorious years of that restored by the nephew of Cæsar, no prophet can predict. The resemblance between Cæsar and Napoleon extends even to their persons. The best portraits of Cæsar might be easily mistaken for likenesses of Napoleon. For the execution of his task the French Emperor has accumulated such resources of material and assistance as were never before at the command of a man who undertook to write history. He has labored, if reports are to be believed, with a patient industry equaled only by that with which Gibbon wrought out the story of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, or that with which Carlyle has built up his *Life of Frederick*. Every page bears marks of thought, research, and revision. The style is nervous and emphatic, without running into affectation. Half of this first volume is devoted to a description of the state of the Roman people when Cæsar appeared upon the stage. The remainder of the volume brings the history down to the proconsulship of Cæsar just before "the hatred of his enemies forced him, like Sylla, to seize upon the dictatorship, but for a more noble cause, and by a course of proceeding exempt from vengeance and cruelty."

Louis Napoleon evidently hopes that the means by which the President of the French Republic made himself Emperor of France will be described by the future historian of his reign in similar terms. Whatever may be the verdict of after-ages upon this Imperial Life of Cæsar, it is certain that it is for the readers of to-day the most notable literary work of the time. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*Travels in Central Asia*, by ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY. The author, a Hungarian, endowed in a remarkable degree with the national gift of acquiring foreign tongues, devoted himself from an early age to the study of the languages and literature of the Oriental peoples. A residence of some years at Constantinople, in Turkish houses, and frequent visits to Islamite schools and libraries, transformed him in appearance, not merely into a Turk, but into an Effendi. From the western borders of the Orient he proposed to visit the proper East, and traverse the vast desert plateau of Central Asia, the hive from which have swarmed the races which we improperly term Tartar, to which the generic name of Altaic has been more properly assigned. From Constantinople he went to Persia, keeping up his character of an Oriental. At Teheran he fell in with a company of Hadjis, or begging pilgrims, on their return to Turkestan from Mecca and Medina. They received him into their company, and with them he made a long journey, occupying just a year in going and returning, through the wild nomades of Central Asia—the most ferocious race upon earth, unless, perhaps, the Africans of Dahomey may dispute the pre-eminence. He visited Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand; saw the sepulchre of Timour the Lame, whom we call Tamerlane. For months he wandered about, clothed only in the rags of a dervish, without necessary food, in constant peril of perishing by a death of cruelty, if not of torture. Of all Europeans who have undertaken that perilous journey he is the only one who, in recent times, has returned to tell his story. He has told it admirably, mostly from memory; for he was in a country "where to hear is regarded as impudence, to ask as a crime, and to take notes as a deadly sin." We propose in our next number to give an abstract of some of the leading points of the information imparted by Vámbéry, and content ourselves here with pronouncing his book as one of the three best works of travel that have appeared within the last ten years. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

To the long list of military works, bearing the imprint of D. Van Nostrand, two of great value have been recently added. General GILLMORE'S *Report of the Engineer and Artillery Operations against the Defenses of Charleston Harbor in 1863* gives a perfect view of that branch of modern warfare which consists in measuring the offensive power of heavy artillery against the defensive power of earth-works; for Fort Sumter, after the bombardment which it endured, was practically converted into an earth-work. The profuse illustrations, and the affluence of subsidiary documents embodied in the special reports of subordinate officers, impart additional value to a work which without them would have been of high worth.—Of still higher permanent import is Mr. ALEXANDER L. HOLLEY'S exhaustive *Treatise on Ordnance and Ar-*



mor, which embodies a complete description of the material, mode of fabrication, requirements, and capabilities of European and American cannon as produced and proposed by the famous gun-makers of the day. The work is indeed mainly designed for the professional rather than for the unprofessional reader; but the illustrations, nearly five hundred in number, with the accompanying descriptions, will enable any intelligent person to form some fair general idea of what is implied in the word artillery as used in modern warfare.

We have of late had frequent occasion to speak of the growing taste for elegant books, which has been found to warrant publishers in putting forth editions of standard works in a style in which the exterior form is worthy of the intrinsic value. The foremost place in publications of this class must be accorded to the new edition of the works of WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY undertaken by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. The three first volumes contain *Vanity Fair*, the work by which Thackeray first took his place in the front rank of our imaginative literature. In respect of "getting up," including typography, paper, and binding, the edition leaves nothing to be desired. Thackeray, a clever artist before he had proved himself a great writer, illustrated his own works. The illustrations to *Vanity Fair* are his best. Afterward he was too busy with the pen to care much for the pencil. Besides the seventy and odd "full-page" pictures which are specially noted in the list of illustrations, there are twice as many "Initials," "Tail-Pieces," and "Bits," scattered through the text. Not a few of these are among the best of the whole; all have been reproduced with rare fidelity to the original drawings, and with the utmost delicacy of execution. In an odd little tail-piece, introduced at the close of Chapter IX., Thackeray has given, with two or three dots and a dozen strokes of the pencil, a portrait of himself quite as true as the picture elaborately engraved from Lawrence's excellent drawing, which forms the frontispiece to these volumes.

Among well "got-up" editions of good books, we may mention those put forth by W. J. Widdleton of the *Poems of* WINTHROP MACWORTH PRAED, and Dr. DORAN's *Annals of the English Stage*. Praed's *Poems of Society, Charades, and Enigmas*, though they do not belong to a high class in art, are beyond question the first of their class. In this sphere he was first, with no one who came near enough to him to be fairly placed as second.—Dr. Doran, now editor of the London *Athenæum*, who has given a genial tone to that once truculent periodical, has in his *Annals* grouped under biographical heads an immense number of anecdotes of the men and women who have played leading parts on the British stage, from the time of Betterton down to that of Edmund Kean.—Noteworthy also for its attractive exterior is the *Life of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*, translated from the German of LAMPADIUS by WILLIAM LEONHARD GAGE (published by F. Leypoldt). Mendelssohn, the "Seraphael" of Elizabeth Shepherd's excellent novel, "Charles Auchester," was noted not more for his musical genius than for the rare beauty and purity of his personal character. "There may come a day yet," wrote Chorley, "when the example of Mendelssohn's life, yet more than of his works, may be invoked." To the enthusiastic sketch by the German author, the accomplished translator has added brief supplementary sketches by Benedict, Chorley, Rellstab, Bayard Taylor, Willis, and Dwight.

*Method of Philological Study of the English Language*, by FRANCIS A. MARCH. This little work indicates a great change which must soon take place in our courses of liberal education. There was a time when the study of Latin and Greek was pursued for its own sake. A man then learned the classic tongues that he might be able to read Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero, Horace and Æschylus, Thucydides and Livy. If one could not read the classic tongues he could find nothing worth reading. When in the course of time the literature of the English language came in every department to exceed in value that of the Greek and Latin, the study of these languages kept its place in our schemes of education, but rather as a means of intellectual training than for its own sake. Not one student in ten was ever expected to read more than the few works comprised in the college course. But the teaching of these languages had been reduced to a science. Every line had its comment and explanatory note, elucidating its logical and rhetorical character, and explaining every historical allusion contained in it. The student who never after read a page of his text-book had learned much of the philosophy of language and of the manners and customs of the Greeks and Romans. If he knew little Latin and Greek, he knew much of the Greeks and Latians. Now there is no reason why the study of our own language should not in like manner be made a means of discipline and a nucleus for general information. To accomplish this Mr. March has treated certain passages of Bunyan, Milton, and Shakspeare, precisely as others have treated passages of Horace, Virgil, and Æschylus. Thus the *Introduction to Pilgrim's Progress* contains only about one hundred words. There are some four thousand words used in the questions upon this passage; not a few of them involving a great amount of subsidiary reading. The student is expected to write an account of the life and works of Bunyan; to tell what famous Englishmen were contemporary with him; to define an allegory; to tell what clauses are leading and what dependent; to give grammatical equivalents for different phrases; to show what words are direct and what metaphorical; to point out poetical forms; to throw lines which are printed as prose into metrical form, and so on. The opening of *Paradise Lost*, a scene from Julius Cæsar, one from the Merchant of Venice, two or three stanzas from the Faery Queen, and a passage from the Canterbury Tales, are treated in the same exhaustive manner. Copious references are supplied, from which the pupil will find the information to enable him to answer the questions. The student who shall have mastered the passages thus treated will have undergone an intellectual discipline quite as strict as though he had thoroughly mastered as many lines of Homer or Virgil, without having performed the mere drudgery of committing to memory declensions and conjugations and thumbing the lexicon. Although the absolute value of classical study is unchanged, its relative value, compared with other departments of discipline and knowledge, is greatly diminished; and we believe that the critical study of our own living language will, for the great body of students, in time supersede that of the dead tongues, which will take their proper place as special branches of study for those whose tastes or professions render them pleasant or necessary. This little work of Professor March, which should be adopted as a text-book in academies and colleges, indicates the mode in which



this end is to be gained. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*Mineralogy and Geology*, by WORTHINGTON HOOKER. This is the third volume of the admirable series entitled "Science for the School and Family." Like the previous volumes on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, it is designed for beginners. Unlike many books professing to be "elementary," it does not presuppose that its readers are already masters of the subjects upon which it undertakes to inform them; nor does it assume that every reader will have time or inclination to devote a lifetime to geology. The purpose of the book is to convey to the pupil just that information which every well-informed person ought to possess; to bring out prominently the common geological phenomena which any one may observe in his daily walks; to teach him the exact truth about things of which he will be likely to wish to know something; teaching nothing which he must unlearn, should time or inclination induce him to pursue his studies farther. This excellent idea has been excellently executed. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*The Culture of the Observing Faculties*, by WARREN BURTON, is another effort in the direction of the realistic training of children. The author, in briefly defining the objects which he had in view, and which he has fairly attained, says: "If you would go hand in hand with genial Nature and have children learn easily and much from things all around them; if you would enjoy sensible, animated talks with quick-witted and blithe companions; if you would learn much yourselves while teaching others, put in practice the suggestions of this little book." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson*, by WILLIAM L. STONE. This work was projected and partly executed a quarter of a century ago by the late William L. Stone, whose life of Brant has gained for him an honorable place among our minor historians. His son, bearing the same name, has completed the task left unfinished by the death of the father. Sir William Johnson, born in Ireland in 1715, came to America at the age of twenty-three, taking up his residence in the Valley of the Mohawk for the purpose of managing estates acquired there by his uncle, Admiral Sir Peter Warren. He learned the language of the Indians, took for wife the sister of Brant, was formally adopted as a sachem, and acted a prominent part in the struggle between the English and the French for the supremacy in the region of Central New York. His Life and Times thus form an important chapter in our colonial history. This has been faithfully written by Mr. Stone from a superabundance of material collected by his father and himself. This material might have made five volumes as well as two; had it been condensed into one it would have been still better. As it stands, the work is a valuable if not attractive monograph relating to our ante-revolutionary history. The general reader will think it heavy; the student of history will thank the author for the care with which he has gathered his facts, and for the amplitude with which he has presented them. (Published by J. Munson.)

*Christian's Mistake*, by DINAH MARIA MULOCK, is a domestic story every way worthy of the author of "John Halifax," "Agatha's Husband," and "Mistress and Maid." It tells how Christian Oakley, young, beautiful, proud, and poor, who almost loved a man handsome, titled, and wicked, mar-

ried Arnold Grey, a widowed father, middle-aged, and rich, moving in a circle of society above that to which his young wife had belonged. Christian's "mistake" was two-fold: first, in marrying a man whom she did not love, but only respected; and secondly, in trying to keep from him the knowledge of her former attachment, although he had known it from the first. The story begins, where most novels end, with the marriage. Its great purpose—for it has a purpose—is to combat the false and pernicious doctrine put forth in many places under vague and high-sounding phrases, but which in its ultimate analysis resolves itself into this: that if a woman finds that she does not love her husband she must run away from him, for "affinity," or as some phrase it, "love is the sole morality of marriage." Miss Mulock's teaching is, that duty is the morality of marriage, as of every thing else. She works out her doctrine thus: Christian goes to her new home, where she finds the two children of her husband, and two unmarried women, one the sister of her husband, the other the sister of his first wife. All receive her coldly, and annoy her with sarcasm and covert insult. But she resolves from the first to be a true wife; and if she tries to conceal her former attachment it is for her husband's sake. She wins the love of her step-children, and finally that of their aunts; that of her husband she has had from the first; and finds at last that she has come to love him with a deep and earnest affection; and so by resolute walking in the path of duty finds the great reward given sooner or later to all who thus walk. The novel, while faultless as a story, is better than a sermon. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*Cape Cod*, by HENRY D. THOREAU. This work has all the characteristic excellence of its author; the singularly shrewd and thoughtful observation of natural facts, the dry remote humor, and the wild intellectual independence, which have made Thoreau's name eminent among naturalists. The residents of the Cape must not be offended if they and their dwelling-place are treated as if they were curious specimens of antediluvian civilization. Thoreau treats his own Concord in the same passionless strain. "Cape Cod" is the work of a robust, manly scholar. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.)

Any game or amusement which gives outdoor exercise to females is worthy of attention on hygienic grounds. The game of Croquet has become fairly naturalized among us, and we trust that it will become national, like that of Base-Ball. The laws of the game, the implements used in playing it, and all other necessary information respecting it are embodied in a neat and fully illustrated brochure, entitled *Croquet, the Laws and Regulations of the Game*, by JOHN JACQUES. (Published by Williams and Co.)

*Tony Butler*, issued in "Blackwood's Magazine;" *Luttrell of Arran*, by CHARLES LEVER; and *Uncle Silas*, by J. S. LE FANU, are all readable novels. The name of Le Fanu is hardly known in America, although he has written some of the best stories that have appeared in the "Dublin University Magazine." Lever, in dedicating his latest work to Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, says: "He who can write such stories as 'Wylder's Hand,' or 'Uncle Silas,' needs no praise of mine; but I can at least say how warmly I admire his genius, how heartily I enjoy his genial humor, and how thoroughly I appreciate his right to his second Christian name; and if these be not claims enough for success, let him be assured there are few men can show more." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)



## Editor's Easy Chair.

THROUGH the early spring every mind and heart were intent upon the wonderful march of Sherman. As a military movement it is one of the most remarkable ever known, both for the vigor and skill of its execution and the decisiveness of its results. Its story when told, even in the most hurried manner, by those who see with their minds as well as their eyes, is intensely interesting, and will yet furnish literature and art with a thousand striking suggestions. Macaulay's *New Zealander*, who stops upon his way to sketch the ruins of London, to moralize upon the ancient lairs of bears and bulls in Wall Street, need not imagine that we, who are contemporary with this great event, are not fully aware of its importance and romance. We give him notice that we know and value our heroes who live before his Agamemnons. The little skirmishes and slight campaigns of the Revolution are already paled by the imposing gravity of these modern operations. The *Edinburgh Review* already finds in the stupendous combinations of United States military genius the only adequate suggestion of the exploits of Wellington and Napoleon.

To every American, however, the point of chief pride and interest is that these armies are composed of the same stuff as that which fled panic-stricken from Bull Run, not yet four years ago! That woe!ful Monday! That universal incredulity, horror, anguish, shame! It is too dismal to remember! And yet no true American heart composed itself to rest that night without a clear conviction that, despite the dreary tale, Americans were not cowards.

The Easy Chair stopped a day or two afterward to see Bourbon. He was not sorry for what had happened. He had no shame. There was a sullen, defiant cheerfulness in his aspect, and a sinister composure in his greeting.

"Good-morning, Mr. Easy Chair!"

"Good-morning, Mr. Bourbon."

"Have you heard from Bull Run, Mr. Easy Chair?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say I have."

Then with a sudden fierceness as if he gloried in the disgrace of the American flag:

"How the rebels didn't run, Sir! how they didn't run, Sir!" and his voice rose into a shrill shriek.

"I never supposed they were cowards," was the reply. But he excitedly continued:

"Who ran away, Sir? Ha, ha! who ran?"

—Well, who ran? The men who have marched from Chattanooga to Savannah, and from Savannah victoriously northward; the men whose ponderous tread has shaken to pieces the cause that triumphed at Bull Run. Who ran? The men who, undisciplined, were McDowell's mob: and, organized, are Sherman's army.

Without the least malevolence toward England we may say it is not surprising that a nation which has, under the circumstances of the last four years, developed such military resources, should now be very politely mentioned. If the war had made us a military people, England might well fear. For if history had nothing better to do than to repeat herself, there would then be danger of collision between us. Or if the war had been what Earl Russell called it, a war for empire upon the part of the United

States, then England might fear. For in that case we should certainly lay hands upon her.

But the march of Sherman is for peace, not for war. The one thing that this country most ardently wishes is peace; and when the battles are over and the soldiers return, who will wish more drafts and heavier taxes? The training given us by the war will make peace more secure and more honorable. It will not put us in love with fighting, nor any other nation in love with fighting us.

The marvelous progress of Sherman will have another result also. It has carried the perils and desolation of war through the very heart of the section that began the war. The remotest plantations, which had not dreamed that by any chance the sound or sight of an army would disturb their repose, have been overrun with troops and left trampled and devastated. The war which was gayly wooed has suddenly bared its terrible face upon its worshipers and burned them to the bone. It will be long and long before they court its withering embrace again. The men who recoiled before the plantations at Bull Run upon the border, have now penetrated the interior and taught the plantations at home what war truly is. "How they didn't run!" said Bourbon, four years ago. Does he remember the words that were so cruel in those dark days?

It seems so long ago since we all laughed over *Pickwick* that it is not easy to believe that the author of *Pickwick* is by no means an old man, and, with undiminished power, is writing "*Our Mutual Friend*."

It is undeniable that he is still easily master. We may say that he is extravagant, unnatural, sentimental, uneven; that he can not describe "society" without caricaturing it at every touch, that he is melodramatic, and imitates himself. We may say indeed what we will, but when we have found all our faults we must gratefully acknowledge the opulent and refreshing genius. Even in his stories which are thought to be least satisfactory, "*Little Dorrit*," for instance, there are characters and creations which become a part of current life and literature. The Circumlocution Office, in which the art of how not to do it was practiced and perfected, is so familiar as to have become necessary, if we would express in one picturesque phrase the infinite vexatious delays of the official service of Government. The description of the Marshalsea prison and the life there, in "*Little Dorrit*," is a completed picture of which the prison scenes in *Pickwick* are merely studies; and in the same novel there is that tender chapter, "*Nobody's Disappearance*," one of the most exquisitely simple and touching love passages in our literature.

But it is in the felicitous oddity of his conceits, and in a certain power of investing the most familiar objects with romance, that Dickens is without a rival. Thus in "*Our Mutual Friend*" there is a young woman in London who is a dwarf, and who makes dolls' dresses. "Miss Jenny Wren, Dolls' Dress-maker. Dolls attended at their own residences." In a vein of the most airy and felicitous humor we are told how she makes the great ladies try the dresses on. "Bless you, godmother," said Miss Wren, "I have to scud about town at all hours.



If it was only sitting at my bench, cutting-out and sewing, it would be comparatively easy work; but it's the trying-on by the great ladies that takes it out of me." And then she goes on to relate how the trying-on is achieved. There is some grand day in the Park, or a Drawing-Room, or a Show, or a Fête, or whatever it may be. Miss Wren squeezes among the crowd, and looks about her. Presently she sees some great lady very superbly dressed in the highest fashion. Jenny carefully studies her. She observes the material, the shape, the change from the last fashion. Then she scampers home and cuts accordingly, and runs back again on the next occasion to compare her work with her model.

"There was Lady Belinda Whitrose," says Miss Jenny Wren, "I made her do double duty in one night. I said, when she came out of the carriage, 'You'll do, my dear!' and I ran straight home and cut her out and basted her. Back I came again, and waited behind the men that called the carriages. Very bad night too. At last, 'Lady Belinda Whitrose's carriage! Lady Belinda Whitrose coming down!' And I made her try on—oh! and take pains about it, too—before she got seated. That's Lady Belinda hanging up by the waist, much too near the gaslight for a wax one, with her toes turned in." The delightful grotesqueness of such a conceit is entirely peculiar to the humor of Dickens.

So he has a magical touch of romance in describing the most commonplace objects and scenes. This is shown in "Our Mutual Friend," by his treatment of the river life along the Thames, in London. An ordinary sailor's porter-house; the boats upon the water; the shipping, the wharves, the bridges, the steamers, the fog, the doubtful river-side people—all that is most familiar to a Londoner, or to any modern man in a modern city near the water, becomes as romantic and poetic under his touch as the Rialto or the Grand Canal in a moonlight of the Middle Ages. And it is the London Thames and the London street of to-day with which he deals. It would be a cunning hand that could make South Street, and the Fulton Market, and West Street, and the oyster boats at the foot of Canal Street, weird and fascinating and solemn, bewitching them into a spectral reality, as Dickens does the banks of the Thames. Other English novelists describe the Club, and the Park, and the Ball-room, as we all know and see them. Life at an English country-house, too, is often and faithfully depicted. But it is done with no spell of imagination—none of that poetic glamour, in which the familiar fact does not cease to be real, while it is curiously strange and remote and enchanted. The dull, damp obscurity of a misty night by the water-side—the lights gleaming through the moisture—the men moving about—and all the rest, are as exact as the photograph, but a certain vague impressiveness and mystery are shed over them, as in Turner's pictures upon the Alps, or in Doré's drawings upon a street or a house.

A striking single illustration of this power is in the description of the house of Mrs. Clennham in "Little Dorrit." It is like a hundred other old houses in London; but its mystery, its dreariness, its terror, become at length so impressive, although the feeling is most subtly and unconsciously conveyed, that when Blandois at last sits saucily in the window smoking and singing, with his Mephistophelian mustache jeeringly curling upward, the im-

agination is entirely captive, and is relieved when the old shell collapses and crumbles away. A little thought will perhaps reveal a very curious and interesting resemblance in many points between the genius of Dickens and that of Gustave Doré.

There are many good novels now publishing, but whatever you omit we advise you to read "Our Mutual Friend."

If Horace Walpole were living he would delight in the illustrious addition to his catalogue of royal and noble authors of the greatest of living emperors writing of the greatest of the dead: "Caius Julius Cæsar, the greatest name in history," says Merivale. The "History," written by the French Emperor, is an effort to preach the gospel of success: to show that a man of might is, in some sense, a Messiah, and to establish beyond all cavil, as one of the London critics humorously says, that chickens were made for foxes.

The history is carefully and accurately written. Its delineations of character are vivid and picturesque, and executed with unexpected literary art. The reflections are sometimes shrewd, sometimes puerile, often vague and of a French sentimental grandiloquence. But the wide experience of Louis Napoleon has sharpened his wits, and his reflections upon the conduct of men in great emergencies are well worth pondering. His own career is more romantic than that of Cæsar, or any of the characters he describes, while Cæsar's faith in himself and his purpose could not have surpassed Louis Napoleon's confidence in his star. Of all nations the French are most sensitive to ridicule, and of all living men Louis Napoleon was the most ridiculous after his performance at Strasbourg and Boulogne. Yet despite of the double ridicule, he quietly persevered, his star ascended, and France is proud of him to-day as her Emperor.

In 1849 the debate took place in the French Republican Assembly, whether Louis Napoleon Bonaparte should be allowed to return to France. It was in the days when this Easy Chair rolled along the Boulevards and planted itself at the doors of cafés upon the pleasant pavement. The debate was interesting and exciting, and lay chiefly between the moderate and radical Republicans. "If we suffer him to return," said the latter, "his mere name, whatever his character and purpose, will set France by the ears. In a time of civil tumult the presence of a Bonaparte in Paris will create a party in spite of himself. While he is elsewhere we are safe. Besides, he is known only as a pretender to the throne. Has he ever renounced his aspirations? Can we even justly confide in his intention to renounce them if he finds himself hurried by events toward a crown? There are risks, there are palpable dangers if he returns. There is no risk if he remains absent. Is France to-day in a condition to take risks?"

Such were the arguments passionately urged by the orators of "the Mountain" of '48. Lamartine replied to them; Lamartine, then at the height of his exaltation, a dreamer directing a revolution. Yet France and civilization owe Lamartine an eternal debt of gratitude. For the few months that he was in power he used that power to pacify France and to conciliate the world. When he stood at the Hôtel de Ville, and with a proud and inspiring eloquence recalled the mob of Paris to the noblest memories of the nation and saved the tri-color to France, he did a work for which France ought to have made him her care forever, and not have suf-



ferred the man who had as truly saved the country as ever Cicero saved Rome to beg his bread in foreign lands by soliciting subscriptions to his works. French history will show among her public men many names of higher executive ability, of the genius of permanent command, but none which are associated with purer patriotism or vital service than Lamartine.

He it was who replied to the objections and advocated the return of Louis Napoleon. "France," he said, with lofty declamation, "is noble, is just, is forgiving. In this great hour France has no need to remember offenses nor to anticipate harm. The people, confiding in themselves and their noble purpose, are generous and heroic. The people, with their republican instincts, are stronger than the traditional idea of Bonaparte, or of Bourbon. They do not fear. There is no man who can make them tremble. Least of all this man, Louis Bonaparte. Has he given France occasion to fear him? Is he an imposing figure? Does majestic, magnanimous France dread the hero of Boulogne? No: let him return. He will be lost among his fellow-citizens. He will cease to have the importance of a political exile. If he tries to seduce Frenchmen from allegiance to their own liberty, he will be overwhelmed by the indignation of a great, a just, an honorable people."

Lamartine did not indeed say one of these words, but every word he said meant precisely this. Public opinion seconded him. "Why," said the cafés, "make a somebody out of nobody? Who is this Louis Napoleon? A heavy, dull booby; son of Hortense and a Dutch admiral, who, because his name is Bonaparte, has played the part of the frog to the ox, and is the laughing-stock of mankind. It is an insult to speak as if France could fear him. He could not make trouble if he tried. Don't, for Heaven's sake, dignify and distinguish him by voting him dangerous to the Republic."

So the dull man returned to France. In a short time he appeared in the Chamber as a representative. That was a significant indication of the power of his name. It showed to every body, what nobody had denied, that the name was still a charm. "But of what use is a magic key to him who does not know how to use it?" said the cafés. "If he were an able man he might become dangerous, because he now sees the practical proof of the value of his name. But this heavy-eyed, stolid Franco-Dutchman can not use his own power."

Louis Napoleon had the genius of silence then as now. He made no striking impression in the Assembly. He leaned toward the popular side, but was not a leader. But very soon after his return it was evident to every shrewd observer that there was a new element in the political combinations, and that its scope was incalculable. The election of President followed. On the one side the sincere republican, General Cavaignac; on the other the silent, shadowy, mysterious Louis Bonaparte. Cavaignac was known only by his liberal antecedents, his military skill, his lofty, simple character, and his fidelity to the republic. Louis Bonaparte was known solely as an aspirant to the throne. France elected him, and thereby chose the empire. The election showed that the Napoleon prestige was stronger in France than the wish of public liberty or of popular government. On the day of his inauguration President Bonaparte rode through the city in the military procession. The excitement was intense. Paris thronged the streets and hov-

ered at the windows. It was a dream. Here was the city adorned and shouting. 1814 was undone. Waterloo was avenged. That passive figure upon which all eyes are bent, and which sits the proud horse well, is a Bonaparte. This day is more than the return from Elba; it is the return from St. Helena; and as the splendid pageant swept by a point in the Champs Elysées, where the Easy Chair was standing, he heard from two invalid veterans of the great Emperor who stood beside him the irrepressible cry, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Louis Napoleon fully comprehended the meaning of his election. It was upon that perception he relied in the *coup d'état*. Nobody, and especially no Frenchman, had a right to be surprised when it was found that Louis Napoleon was driving after the reins had been put into his hands. France submitted to the empire she had invoked. To speak of the President as violating his oath was idle; for republican France forswore herself when she elected him. She invited him to perjure himself, and she acquiesces in his perjury.

The Emperor's "History of Julius Cæsar" is a declaration of his political philosophy; and it is a very old and very unsatisfactory one. Men of great executive genius, he says, are born to rule other men, and other men ought to submit. What are called crimes in such Heaven-appointed rulers are merely the severities necessary to destroy opposition to their rule. If people would only submit to them there would be no trouble. The proof that they are meant to rule is found in the character of the governments they establish. In which case, says an acute French critic of the History, Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Vitellius, prove that Augustus was a divinely-commissioned governor. It is very clear that, if the success of Cæsarism over the republic proves that it was right, the culmination of imperialism in revolting tyranny, ruin, and anarchy proves that it was wrong. In fact, the generalization is impossible. It may be very true that Julius Cæsar was the most available and the wisest governor for Rome when he ascended to power, but it can not follow that his system administered by any successor was necessarily the best. A great man, in a certain sense, justifies himself. Oliver Cromwell did that. But when Richard came Oliver could not help him. The fatal defect of this theory of great men is that the true point of interest in historical development is not men, but man. That is the truth which was practically announced in the world almost simultaneously with the career of Cæsar. The pagan system, of which Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon were the illustrations that the imperial historian cites, regards primarily the interests of certain men, and is selfish. The Christian system seeks the welfare of mankind, and is fraternal and charitable. Privilege, aristocracy, and despotism spring from the first. Popular government and absolute equality before the laws from the last.

Louis Napoleon's portrait of Julius Cæsar, although it is very vivid, adds nothing to the previous impression of that extraordinary man; and his "improvement" of Cæsar's life is not novel, although it has peculiar interest as the work of an Emperor. We would not wish to trifle profanely with the sacredness of the Imperial Majesty of France, but thinking of the silent Louis Bonaparte of twenty years ago smoking and playing billiards in Leicester Square in London, and of the present genius of the Tuileries extolling Cæsar, it is impos-



sible not to think also of a successful gentleman of the road publishing with appropriate reflections the History of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.

THE name of Jean Léon Gerome is probably not familiar to a great many of our readers, but possibly some of his pictures may be better known to them, for he is one of the most conspicuous of living French artists, and some of his most characteristic works have been exhibited at Goupil's Gallery in the city of New York. They have been criticised with great care and thoughtfulness by many of the brethren of the daily press, and are well worthy the attention and study of every body. The three most familiar by photographs are the Duel after the Masked Ball, the Death of Cæsar, and the Gladiators saluting the Emperor in the Coliseum as they go to death.

All three of these works, although the Death of Cæsar has been seen here, are known to us chiefly in the comparatively small reproductions. They immediately impress every spectator with a double feeling—first, a sense of horror at the tragedy, and then the utmost admiration of the technical skill with which they are executed. In the Duel after the Masked Ball two Pierrots—the conventional clowns of the French carnival—have rushed from the opera-house to the Bois de Boulogne, and there in the chill, gray, foggy morning they fight with swords, and one has fallen. The ghastly contrast between the masquerading dress and the mortal combat, and the subtler contrast suggested between the scene of brilliant gayety and frivolity they have just left, and the cold, sullen gloom of wintry day-break and the death-wound—these are the first expression, and the firmness, the force, the delicacy, and vivid reality of representation are the second.

In the Death of Cæsar the deed is accomplished. The tumultuous throng of Senators is retiring in the middle distance from the Senate House. The throne is overturned, and Julius Cæsar lies dead, stretched upon the floor. Opposite his body are the solemn ranges of the empty seats of the Senators. The solemnity of this picture is startling. The vastness and solitude of the hall; the terror of the empty seats; the evident horror of the withdrawing crowd at their own deed, not one daring to look back upon the dead Cæsar; and the awful motionless arm of the imperial figure, lying there like the corpse of Rome itself, can not be forgotten. It is a work of remarkable imagination, and of masterly simplicity and grandeur.

The third picture is that of the Gladiators going to death. The mighty Coliseum swarming to the roof with the eager and cruel Roman mob, a soft, vast, luminous distance is the back-ground of a group of noble barbaric forms who lift their shields and salute the beast Vitellius, who looks stolidly down upon them from his purple seat—Hail Cæsar! the doomed salute thee! It is pure tragedy: and he is very dull who does not see in it the contemporary criticism of common sense upon "The History of Julius Cæsar."

These three works show a creative imagination such as no other modern French painter displays. Couture painted one great picture, "The Decadence of the Romans;" but the characteristic of Vernet, of Delacroix, of Delaroche was technical skill. Ary Scheffer has an exquisite sentimentality; Diaz, certain marvelous effects of color; Troyon has a tender and poetic feeling; Rosa Bonheur, a wonderful eye and hand in a special department; Fran-

çais, Lambinet, Couturier, Meissonier, Fichel, Frère, and others, great felicity of detail. They are all excellent and delightful artists. But without depreciating them in any point of their undisputed superiority, a high or poetic imagination will scarcely be claimed for any of them. But that imagination the painter of the Death of Cæsar and of the Gladiators certainly has. It will not be easy hereafter to read of the Coliseum and its sanguinary scenes, or of the fall of the great Roman, without a consciousness that the effect of each is heightened to the mind by these pictures. They are henceforth a part of that history, as Ophelia's song is part of St. Valentine's day.

That it is not the highest imagination in art is very clear, and we are very far from saying that Gerome is one of the great artists of the world. In all these works of which we speak he follows most French artists in pointing events. But his superiority is that he paints them not only exactly but imaginatively: the imagination revealing itself in the choice as well as in the treatment. "It is manifest," says a thoughtful critic in the *Evening Post*, "that the greatness of Gerome is not the greatness that has made the world echo the names of Titian, of Angelo, of Veronese; for he has not the largeness and splendor of style of the last, the grandeur of the second, nor the richness of the first." This is true, but is it not like saying that Gray, or Burns, or Tennyson are not like Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser? Does it follow that Gerome is not a great artist because his greatness is neither of the kind nor the degree of the greatest masters?

This remark was made, indeed, in speaking of the last work of Gerome's which has been exhibited here—the original painting itself—of the Almee or Egyptian dancing girl. This picture belongs to another group of his works, in which the object is an exact realism—a kind of idealized photographic reproduction of the fact. In other words, as a critic in the *World* says of them, they are studies. Indeed, all such works are studies however carefully elaborated. The Candaules, of which we have seen only the engraving, and the "Prayer on the Desert," and the "Egyptian Butcher," of which the originals are in the Goupil Gallery, are of this kind. The two last represent characteristic incidents and figures with perfect fidelity. The butcher is like any butcher boy in Cairo, and is painted with a delightful knowledge and confidence; but its sole value is the skill with which it is done. The "Prayer on the Desert" is interesting from the elaborate and vivid detail of a picturesque scene. The great expanse of the desert over which stretches far and far away the line of a caravan, the wall of sand-mountains along the horizon, and the erect figure of the Arab who has left the caravan and stands upon his cloak praying, the whole flooded with the full sunshine of the desert, make what is like an Oriental ballad, in which every accessory is carefully studied and wonderfully reproduced.

But of all such works the Almee is the most interesting. The scene and the figures are so exact to nature that whoever has been in Egypt will think, as he looks at the picture, that he remembers the identical café, and Arnaouts, and the old man and woman with the "tar" and "rabab," a kind of violin and tambourine, and the luxuriant Ghazeeyeh herself, for so Mr. Lane tells us that we must call the dancing girls. The vigor, the richness, and the beauty of this picture are very remarkable. The flesh painting is masterly. The details, as of the orna-



ments upon the dancer's arms, the fringes of the Arnaouts' head-dresses, and the effects of blue sky and sunshine through the lattice-work, are truly exquisite. Such a woman as Gerome has here represented is of the most abandoned class in Egypt, but Mr. Lane does not hesitate to say that they are the finest women in the country. This truth will save Gerome from the suspicion of representing the dancer, for the sake of effect, more finely formed than such a woman would be. She looks the very genius of sensual delight, an impression which is deepened by the squalor of the scene, the dull brutishness of the musicians, the gleeful applause of the black soldier, and the cruel, sullen gaze of the Arnaouts. The work has exactly the moral of the actual scene. It is a full revelation of the social state of the country. The condition of women is the test of civilization, and that of the East does not transcend this. She is the Mohammedan woman. Raphael's Madonna di Sisto is the Christian woman. Is a work entirely useless which gives such emphasis to the difference? We do not suppose that Gerome had any such intention in painting the picture, but the significance of every actual scene inevitably reappears in its skillful representation whether the artist was conscious of it or not.

Such pictures as these of Gerome's merely realistic style are of the greatest use to all students, for they show the value of the most careful and conscientious detail. Breadth, force, movement, are not gained by obscurity, by vagueness, by rapidity, in painting more than in literature. Nature is an infinite series of details, and in reproducing her there are no short cuts to her effects. The hasty charcoal lines of Michael Angelo are full of expression, but only because Michael Angelo was the absolute master of drawing. One sweep of Turner's brush, the critic of the *Post* tells us, was, sometimes, according to Ruskin, more effective than the untiring manipulation of days. But it was the untiring manipulation of days alone that gave Turner's brush that power. It is by such patient study, such undaunted industry as these pictures of Gerome's show, that great talent and great genius secure their fame and their influence.

We would gladly linger longer and chat more before these works, but the doors of the new hall of the National Academy are opening as we write. The artists are "at home;" and the Easy Chair, with all his brethren, is ready to begin his fee, faw, fum. He smells the blood and will have some!

"OLD STOCK" complains that the Easy Chair, in the March Number, winks at the "small crime and evasion" of Mr. A. and Mr. B., who exchanged their tickets upon a certain evening train. It was between Springfield and Boston. The conductor would not stop the train for a through passenger from Albany to Boston, but he would do it for one from New York, and Mr. A., knowing this unjustifiable whim of the conductor, exchanged his Albany ticket with that of Mr. B. from New York, and would have been put off at the point nearest his home, but that somebody told the conductor, who thereupon told Mr. A., that he had discovered the trick, and refused to stop, whereby nobody gained any thing, and Mr. A. was delayed for some hours or for a whole night in reaching his home.

"Old Stock" insists that Mr. A. did really tell a lie when he offered his ticket from New York instead of Albany, and that if such moral obliquities are condoned by Easy Chairs and other censors,

"our few existing ideas of moral right and wrong" will be obliterated. But now let us ask frankly—is our moral condition in more danger from the exchange of tickets or from the "smartness" which tells the conductor and keeps a man away from his home? If there were any reason in the conductor's whim, the whole case would be different. The question is whether there be any harm in outwitting a whim which is of advantage to nobody by a stratagem which injures nobody. Of course, if one of the innocent strategists is forced to say what is not true, it is a pity; but there is no bad intention to deceive. It is not a malignant falsehood nor an immorality. It is no more a moral offense than it would be if "Old Stock," in replying to an invitation which he was glad to escape, should say that he "regretted he could not accept."

Therefore the Easy Chair must persist that the exposure of the innocent plot with the disagreeable consequences of the exposure did show a mean spirit, and that a good-humored winking at the outwitting of the conductor would have been courteous and pleasant, if not so "smart." That our morals are in danger from such harmless little conspiracies to thwart the disagreeable exercises of small power is something that the Easy Chair can not see; and he remains of opinion that, under the circumstances, Mr. A. and Mr. B. were "free of censure."

### Editor's Drawer.

A FRIEND who is out in the "Oil-can" sends the three following:

Some years ago there lived in Central Pennsylvania a quite talented lawyer named W. Van G——, who, from his frequent pleadings at the "public bar," was sometimes unfitted for his legal duties, yet in his worst conditions never lost sight of the fact that he belonged to that honored fraternity. On returning home one night, after having been "hand and glass" with some of the "stars," he was met at the door by his wife, who accosted him with, "Van G——, you're drunk!" Assuming a somewhat lawyer-like yet quizzical expression, he replied, "Mrs. Van G——, I beg your Honor's pardon, but that is a question which admits of argument."

THOSE acquainted with Pennsylvania politics have no doubt heard of Morrow B. L——, the Senator from the northwest. Two years ago, when the State Senate was a tie in politics, by reason of the detention of the noble Major Harry White in a Southern prison, and when they had endeavored for a long time to effect an organization, but without success, Senator L—— was on the Chicago and Fort Wayne Road, when an accident occurred which precipitated from the car and considerably stupefied him. On being approached by his friends his first exclamation was, "Well, I'm dead! Now the Democrats can organize the Pennsylvania Senate with perfect impunity."

A SHORT time ago you published an anecdote in which a man named Ross figured as one of the characters. Ross has lately "wrapped his mantle" about him and departed to the shades, and was honored with an obituary—"He was an honest man and a good violinist." Some days ago a friend of the writer's was passing the farm of the departed in company with a man who uses big words, when my



friend was somewhat amused at being informed that it was "Ross's deceased place" they were passing.

In the palmy days of the town of Steubenville, Ohio, boasting of its score of factories and the celebrity of its legal talent, no two individuals divided a greater share of public attention than one Davy Gay and Tommy Tolland. These illustrious men were disciples of St. Crispin—that is, cordwainers, or shoemakers. Thither did big and little go for measurement of their understandings. Gay was at one time a leader in a popular church, and Tolland in another; but they sadly fell from grace in course of time, and took to drinking so pertinaciously that, besides the danger of losing their own souls, they were almost incapable of mending or making better the soles of others.

Gay and Tolland were generally seen together after nightfall in the neighborhood of the groceries, their sole business being to drink. One night the two had left a well-known haunt. Gay was stripped, having spent his all; but he knew that Tolland had one solitary sixpence, which was good for two drinks, and he was determined to have a drink at the cost of his friend. Davy proposed to Tommy that each should compose, on the spot, two lines; the one which should rhyme the best to be treated by the other. Tolland agreed to it. So Gay essayed to commence, and got rid of the following:

"Here's Davy Gay  
To this day."

Tolland was so much struck by the beauty of Gay's effort that it was some time before he could collect his thoughts and produce the following lines:

"Here's Tommy Tolland  
To this day too."

Davy was highly elated, and called on Tolland to treat, as the victory was his. Tolland would not or could not see it, when a young man passing by was consulted on the subject, and decided in favor of Gay. The young man who was the arbiter on the momentous question is now a distinguished divine, an honor to the town of his birth, and a shining light in the Church.

AN incident in the youth of Vice-Admiral Farragut is furnished by a correspondent of the *Drawer*:

During the war of 1812 the British man-of-war *Plantagenet*, 74, fell in with our cruiser, the *President*, off Charleston, South Carolina. The *President* being much inferior to the *Plantagenet* both in men and guns, her commander did not think it right to risk a battle with the Englishman, and so he crowded all sail to escape her by running into the harbor. This, of course, encouraged the *Plantagenet* to chase. The wind being fair, both ships were soon rapidly nearing the bar. The commander of the *President* knew that the Englishman drew too much water to get in, and felt confident that his ship could, if the tide served. Just as he had made up his mind to run boldly in the wind died away, leaving both ships nearly becalmed almost within gun-shot of each other. Then while trying to coax enough wind into his sails to carry his ship to the bar, the American determined to send Midshipman Farragut in a boat to sound the channel. The boat was called away, and left the ship with little Farragut, then about fifteen years old, seated grimly in the stern, with his hand on his sword and his eye on the bar.

Imagine the little fellow's consternation when, looking back, he saw his ship making all sail toward the *Plantagenet* with a freshening breeze, while he

could distinctly hear the call to quarters. The wind had shifted and grown quite fresh, cutting the *President* off from all chance of getting into Charleston harbor, and her captain at once determined to attack the Englishman boldly. And thus it happened that the little midshipman Farragut stood stamping his tiny feet in a rage of disappointment, while the *President* sailed away from him to fight the *Plantagenet*. "I'll be on board to fight the *Plantagenet* yet!" quoth Farragut—"I will, I will! Set the sails, men! Be alive—be alive! Don't stand with your mouths open!" "Please, Sir," said the cockswain, "this boat is very crank, Sir, and the breeze is fresh, Sir. I know she'll go over if we do." "Set the sail!" cried Farragut; "I'll be on board before that ship takes the *Plantagenet*, or drown you all!" The sail was set, and the little boat began to plow through the water. Said Farragut, "Wet the sail, men, and don't lose an inch! What fine fat hams and pet pigs those Englishmen have; a good time we'll have to-morrow in our mess! We'll take this fellow before night!"—and he handled his sword. Just then a squall struck the boat, and into the water went Midshipman Farragut with his boat's-crew. "Oh! what will the Captain say to me for upsetting the boat and losing the oars and tackle; and I've lost the fight too!" cried Farragut, as his head came up out of the water. He began to sneeze the salt-water out of his eyes and nose, as he looked round at the men's heads popping up, one by one, out of the waves. "It's bad enough to lose the tackle; and now you've not only lost the fight for me, but you want to drown yourselves too. I'll kill the first man that dares to drown!" and little Farragut sputtered and scolded away at the men to keep afloat, until they all got on the bottom of his boat, where he bewailed his sad fate in missing the action.

The result, however, was different from what every one expected. When the captain of the *Plantagenet* saw that the *President* intended to fight him he suddenly changed his course, and absolutely ran away, much to the satisfaction of all, particularly Farragut, who was picked off of the bottom of his boat in a short time, wet and disconsolate. The Englishman, it was afterward discovered, had declined to fight because his men were in a state of mutiny; and upon his arrival at home a Court of Inquiry justified him.

In the year 1720 a sect arose in New London, Connecticut, called, from their leader, "Rogerenes." Many anecdotes are related concerning them, one of which is the following: Among other violations of law and order by the "Rogerenes," they took to themselves wives without complying with the requirements of law and decency. One day, as Governor Saltonstall was sitting in his room smoking his pipe, a man by the name of Gorton came in with a woman, and, addressing the Governor, said:

"Sir, I have married this woman, and that, too, without the authority of your magistrates and ministers."

The Governor turned round, took the pipe from his mouth, and in a stern voice said, "Gorton, have you taken this woman for your wife?"

Gorton replied, "Yes, I have."

The Governor turned to the woman, and inquired, "Madam, have you taken this man for your husband?"

She replied, "Indeed, Sir, I have."

"Well, then," said the Governor, "by authority



of, and according to the laws of Connecticut, I pronounce you lawfully wedded, husband and wife!"

Gorton was astonished, and, after a pause, replied, "Thou art a cunning creature!"

On a monument in the ancient burying-ground on the banks of the Connecticut River, at Middletown, laid out in 1650, is the following inscription:

"Here is interred the mortal remains of Dr. John Osborn.—Ask nothing further, traveler; nothing better can be said, nor nothing shorter. Ob. 31st May, Æt. 40.—Life how short; Eternity how long."

In England the death of John Anvil, blacksmith, occasioned the following epitaph:

My sledge and hammer lie reclin'd;  
My bellows too have lost their wind;  
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd;  
My vice is in the dust all laid;  
My coal is spent, my iron gone,  
My nails are drove, my work is done.

I GIVE you a reminiscence of our first assault upon Vicksburg:

Early in the engagement, when the rebels had just fairly opened upon the Second Division, and Battery B, Second Illinois Light Artillery, had begun to answer shell for shell, General D. Stuart, who is very short-sighted, rode up to the forge of "B," which was standing some distance in the rear of our thundering guns, and called out, "Why don't you get this piece into position and answer the rebels? They'll shell us out directly!"

The Dutch smith, standing near, replied, "Well, Sheneral, me has noting to schute mit te blacksmitt shop but hos-schoes!"

The infantry support roared, and the "Sheneral's" duties called him to another part of the field very suddenly.

#### A BURLESQUE.

IN IMITATION OF "ENCHANTED PASTORAL."

'Twas morning, and Mary arose,  
Her stockings and garters put on;  
Instinctively follow'd her nose,  
And walk'd with her back to the sun.

She smil'd and the woods were illum'd,  
She sigh'd and the vales were depress'd;  
She breath'd and the air was perfum'd,  
She frown'd and saw nature distress'd.

She nodded—the trees nodded too,  
She murmur'd, and so did the rill;  
She wept, and the evening dew  
Fell in tears on the neighboring hill.

She stopt and fair flow'rs sprang up,  
She blush'd and the rose look'd more red;  
She was hungry—she went home and suppd,  
She was tir'd—and so went to bed.

THE mistakes of our colored brethren are sometimes rather ridiculous. Lieutenant —, of the Fifth United States Artillery, has a servant called George. George is a round-shouldered, well-shaped plump little darkey, and since the blessing of education has been extended to his race has become a profound adept in the formation of polysyllables.

Among other goods and chattels possessed by the Lieutenant is a pair of boots, which, alas! like many other articles now seen in camp, are somewhat the worse for wear. One day it was deemed advisable that the boots should receive a slight rubbing previous to guard mount, and George was accordingly sent for.

"George," said the Lieutenant, "I want these boots of mine ornamented."

"Yah, Sir," was the reply.

"Do you know, George, what the word 'ornamented' means?"

"Yah, Sir—I knows."

"What does it mean, then?" was the next inquiry.

"Why it means, of course, that you wants the boots half-soled."

The fact was obvious enough to every one present, and all joined in a hearty laugh at the avowal.

GEORGE's predecessor in office was named Henry, and was in the main a pretty intelligent darkey also. Last summer he paid a visit to the city of Philadelphia, and on his return to the army he was in the habit of giving a daily account of the wonders he had seen in that place. One morning his master happened to ask him if he had been to the theatre during his absence.

"Oh yes, Sah," was the reply; "I's been to the theatre a good many times. Still I don't like the theatre half as well as the opera." This was said with a sentimental air which reflected infinite credit on the speaker.

"Do you admire the opera very much?" said the Lieutenant.

"Very much indeed," answered Henry. "I goes every night when I possibly can."

"Which sort of pieces do you like, the German or Italian?" was the next inquiry.

"Don't know, Sah," was the answer; "but I always likes that kind of pieces where the young lady jumps through the hoops."

It was evident from this that Henry had confounded the opera with the circus.

THE following literal copy of a *bona fide* application received by a government officer in this city is rather funny, as a specimen of King's English with a Bohemian idiom. It is plainly written, and the author is evidently an educated man, and has studied English from the books:

*Mrs. President of the Hall for furnishing military clothings:*

MADAME!—I beg your pardon in intervening for misery: The Bearer, a bohemian woman, is namely a very poor mother from four children, and a misfortunate wife of a permanent sick husband.

In witnessing it I implore your mercy for this family, assuring that Madam performs a devote work in giving that woman occupation.

Please to accept the thanksgiving in advance, when regarding mine prayers, the thanksgiving of

Madame,

Very respectfully,

Dr. B—.

We see nothing "funny" in this letter. It is a tender and touching letter, creditable to the heart and head of the foreigner who wrote as well as he could in a strange language. We like his spirit and his argument, and hope his appeal was successful.

AN Iowa patriot writes to the Drawer: Your story of the Minnesota sheriff is a good one, but is "no whar" when compared with one we used to have in this State. It was at the first term of Judge M'F—'s Court, held in B— County, that the following "good un" was really perpetrated:

A new sheriff had just been elected, and the Judge, wishing to have every thing done in order,



called the newly-elected official into his room to instruct him as to his duties, and finding said official decidedly verdant as to the proper manner of opening court, wrote out the entire proclamation and gave him all necessary instructions in relation thereto. Now it so happened that F—, of P— County, a fun-loving attorney, was sitting by at the time, and seeing a chance for fun ahead, prepared another proclamation, and by a little legerdemain succeeded in substituting it in the sheriff's hat for the one given him by the Judge. Eleven o'clock came, and so did the order from Judge M'F—: "Sheriff, open court." Drawing his instructions deliberately from his hat he commenced, in a stentorian voice: "Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! The Honorable District Court of the County of B— is wound up and all ready to grind. All having grists may pitch in, and their grists shall be ground!" The laugh that came in can only be appreciated by Western men.

A BILL for the adjustment of the foreign debt of the State of — was before the House, and was eliciting considerable feeling and discussion, when a member from one of the northern counties tied up all debate by submitting the following:

*Resolved*, That it is imperative that the old bonds of indebtedness be taken up.

*Resolved*, That, in order to take up the aforesaid old bonds, new bonds be issued.

*Resolved*, That the new bonds do not be issued until the old bonds are surrendered.

IN one of the eastern counties of Ohio lives a popular doctor, who has a little son who always takes a great interest in the fine-blooded sheep upon his grandfather's farm. When about five years old, and a few weeks before the customary yearly shearing, little "Bob" had one evening a slight attack of croup. The next night, saying his usual evening prayer, when he came to the line—

"If I should die before I wake,"

a thought of his previous ailing crossed his mind, and he vehemently added, as an after-thought: "But please let me live till after grandpa shears sheep;" and then proceeded as calmly as though nothing out of the ordinary course of things had happened.

HERE is a specimen of literalism with a witness:

In the year A.D. 1855 one James Orchard, who had obtained from the United States a land warrant for his services as a soldier in the Mexican war, came to Lucas County, Iowa, for the purpose of locating the same; and after traveling over the county found a tract which exactly suited him. Getting off his horse he took from his pocket his land warrant for 160 acres, opened and laid it upon the ground, at the same time saying, "In the name of the United States I *lay* my land warrant upon this tract." He got on his horse and rode off, leaving his warrant spread upon the ground, fully of the opinion that he had *laid* his warrant as the law intended he should.

ONE of the Michiganders uses the goose-quill to some purpose in the three that follow:

A local preacher was "churched" for trapping on Sunday. He plead in excuse that one of his traps was set immediately by the path that led to his morning's appointment, and seeing a fox caught by the leg in it, he thought it better to put the thing

out of its misery than to let it suffer till next day. This was received as satisfactory, till one of his examiners asked whether he had not set the trap again? "Well," said he, with a most expressive gesture with his thumb and forefinger, "I *barely* set it!"

A LADY once remarked of a certain D.D. "that she had done him injustice in thinking he had but two sermons, when in fact he had *three*."

It is not unfrequent in the West, when a preacher has closed a controversial discourse, to invite any one present to reply. On a certain occasion a Campbellite said that before finishing his sermon he had a few horses that he wished to "curry down." So he led out the black horse and the bay and the gray (Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Methodist), and gave them a thorough scoring upon their peculiarities. He then invited any one who was inclined to make some remarks to take the stand. A very quiet working man arose, and said that "his Brother had proved himself a very good hostler, but he had left for him the most disagreeable job—that of currying the Jack!"

IN the course of my parochial visits—writes a pastor—I called one day on a worthy lady of my parish, who had in her younger days been a school-teacher with good success; but, as Daniel Webster used to say of his Latin that he was "afraid to quote without brushing up his memory," so the lady referred to evidently needed to brush up her English. I found her quite unwell, and her physician had but just left the house. On inquiring what was the difficulty, with half-impatient sadness she exclaimed, "Oh! I don't know. The doctor says I've got the sore *eucus embrane*!" She was suffering with sore throat and inflammation of the mucus membrane. She was evidently cousin to Mrs. Partington, and sister to the lady who was troubled with a "spine in her back."

SOME few years ago there was a notary public in Washington, an old and highly-respected gentleman, who had held his office through all the political twistings and turnings of our capital for nearly twenty years. A young friend was in his office one day, and while sitting by the table picked up a small, old, leather-covered book which, upon being opened, proved to be "Thaddeus of Warsaw." He casually remarked to Mr. Smith, the notary:

"I see you have a copy of Thaddeus of Warsaw here."

"Thaddeus of Warsaw!" was the reply. "What do you mean?"

"Why, this is a copy of it."

"Thaddeus of Warsaw!" exclaimed the old gentleman. He snatched the book, gave one glance at it, and then cried out, "For twenty years I have been swearing people on that book, thinking it was a Bible! All those oaths ain't worth the paper they are written on!"

That very day he patronized the Bible Society Agency, and got a finely-bound copy, which could by no possibility be mistaken for a novel.

SOME time in September, 1863, the Twelfth United States Colored Infantry was camped at Estell Springs, Tennessee. An officer went home on leave of absence. He wore private's trowsers, and his badges of rank were covered by a cavalry great-coat. Both his hair and beard were exceedingly



black. On the cars he got into conversation with a rustic gentleman, who finally inquired to what regiment he belonged. "The Twelfth United States Colored Infantry," was the reply. "Why!" said the astonished inquirer, gazing intently, "I thought you was a white man!"

WE had two men in our employ, twin-brothers, so much alike, that they were frequently mistaken the one for the other, even by those who were well acquainted with both. This similarity has led to many laughable mistakes, a couple of which I send you as an offset for the frequent chuckles I have had over the Drawer.

I had bought a quantity of grain from a retired captain near me, and agreed to send men to sack it, the captain driving the grain down to the warehouse where it was to be stored. The one brother was sacking the grain in the captain's barn; the other was receiving it at the warehouse and emptying it. The captain made two or three trips, and it was evident something was puzzling him most woefully. At last he burst out—"How did you get here before me? I left you filling above; I've driven fast and watched, and here you are before me again!" On the matter being explained, the captain declared he had sailed the world over and never been so completely taken in before.

My friend's husband, an officer in the United States Navy, has been on service for the past year or so, and is a stranger, in consequence, to the many encroachments of our sex upon masculine attire. Having stolen your caps, cravats, coats, and waistcoats, we now at your "continuations" "look and long, but dare not."

My friend lately sent to her lord a "*carte de visite*" of her charming self, taken in full out-of-door costume. In reply, that benighted individual sends the following:



"Which is Mr. W., and which is Mrs. W.?"

"Just which you please, my little man; you pays your money and takes your choice."

THIS is from little Delaware:

Down in our shop the men often try to get ahead of each other in the way of hard yarns, but it's hard to beat Alick. One of the men the other day, who had been on the Ohio, was speaking of the light draught of some of the steamers out there, when Old Uncle Bill spun a long yarn about a steamer he

saw down country that could go over any meadow with a light dew on it. When he had finished Alick came in with—"Oh! that's nothing. When I was working at Sam Harlan's, last spring, he launched a steamer for Morgan that didn't touch the water by an inch and three quarters!"

THE following touching poem comes to us from Minnesota:

DEAR SIR—the enclosed verses are the first I ever wrote if they suit your magazine, you may have them for your own price as I never wrote for any magazine or paper before I do not know what it is worth I have some more that I will send you if you will accept this one I remain yours truly,

S. B.

*my Father Land.*

When on yon plain, I languid stand,  
The flowers around me springing;  
It is then that I think, on my Father Land;  
On my dear; Dear Father Land.

On my Father Land, so long ago,  
In Childhood where I spent;  
My playful hours, in Laurel bowers,  
Where shadows came, and went.

And then as I stand, where the waters rush,  
In ripples at my feet;  
I think on mine own sweet land again,  
Away across the deep.

And again as I sit, in the leafy Woods;  
The wild Flowers, scattered around me;  
I think on my Father Land once more,  
To which my Heart, has bound me.

ONE of our Baltimore constituents tells this good story:

A rather pretentious-appearing person entered a store, and laying a small port-folio on the counter stated to the merchant that he was giving instructions in the art of detecting counterfeit money by an original and practical method of his own. He had instructed several tellers in leading banks, all of whom testified to the superiority of his method. "Well," said Mr. B——, the proprietor, "what is your peculiar method?" Said the stranger, "I show you good money and bad money together; show and explain the difference in the engraving; show you the difference in the lathe-work and fine lines of the vignette"—remarking that he was a practical engraver himself, and that he could in forty minutes' time instruct any person of the least observation in rules that would be infallible in detecting the finest executed counterfeit ever issued.

"Well, what are your terms?" said Mr. B——, looking intently at the man, as though somewhat incredulous as to the profundity of his wisdom on the subject.

"My terms are five dollars for full instructions," he replied.

"I can't give it," responded B——; "I would probably forget it all in a week."

"Well," replied the instructor, with an eye to business, "I have spent some time talking with you, and if you are anxious to learn, I will charge you but three dollars."

"Well, I will go three dollars on it," said B——, "and run the risk of all the good it will do me."

So they proceeded to business at once. The stranger opened the port-folio, produced a quantity of bank-notes, good and bad; the fine lines and lathe-work were duly compared, expatiated upon, and explained. He found a ready scholar in B——, who in half an hour's time was an adept in picking out the good from the bad ones.



The lesson ended, B—— expressed himself well satisfied, and stepping around to his cash-drawer fumbled over some bills for a moment, with which to pay for his tuition, remarking to the stranger that he had nothing less than a ten, and asking him if he could give him seven dollars, which the stranger promptly did, B—— giving him in return a well-executed counterfeit ten-dollar note, with which he had been “stuck” some weeks previous, and which had since been lying in his drawer.

The stranger pocketed the bogus “ten,” expressed his thanks, and left—leaving B—— his tuition and seven dollars in good money.

A FRIEND of ours, who is a clerk in a New York mercantile establishment, relates a colloquy from which a sprightly youth in the same store came out second best. A poor boy came along with his machine, inquiring,

“Any knives or scissors to grind?”

“Don’t think we have,” replied the young gentleman, facetiously; “but can’t you sharpen wits?”

“Yes, if you’ve got any!” was the prompt retort, leaving the interrogator rather at a loss to produce the article.

THIS comes from an officer of the army in Virginia:

During the last few weeks we have had much cold weather for this climate, and at one time the Chesapeake Bay was so heavily frozen as to delay the boat from Baltimore to Norfolk for several days. During this time many passengers had collected in Baltimore, and from frequent visits to the boat to see what were the prospects for starting, we became quite well acquainted. In this way I became acquainted with a Mr. George, a Norfolk lawyer, whom I found to be a whole-souled fellow, with a good deal of dry humor. By the time the boat started we had become very good friends. As we went down to the boat together for the last time, we saw such a crowd of people of both sexes ahead of us that I despaired of getting a state-room, and communicated my feelings to Mr. George. (From some cause or other Mr. George had quite a scratch upon his face.) He replied that he supposed it was customary to reserve some of the best rooms for the ladies, and he would try and get one of them for our use, and asked me to await his return while he crowded to the ticket-window and procured tickets for both. In an incredibly short time he was at the window, when, with a confident voice, I heard him ask for a state-room for a man and wife. This, it appeared, was no new dodge; and my hopes sank as I heard the clerk put the positive question to him, “Have you a wife?” This did not disconcert our young lawyer, for he promptly replied, “How do you suppose I got these scratches on my face if I have no wife?” He got the state-room, and, snugly tucked in our berths, we sympathized deeply with our fellow-passengers who had to sit in their chairs all night.

PAT CASEY, as the name indicates, was a native of the land whence its patron saint banished the ophidians, etc., and, like the majority of his countrymen, was not well provided with the wealth nor luxuries of this world, and therefore deemed it best to make a pilgrimage to the newly-discovered mines of Colorado, which he did, in search of gold. When Fortune made her grand drawing, a lucky number fell to Pat; that is, in his researches among the peaks of Clear Creek he was fortunate enough to

“strike a lead,” which proved to be one of the richest in that region of remarkably rich quartz deposits. A happy man was Pat! And in due course he pocketed the “Peters” to the tune of several hundred thousand dollars. Of course he was soon largely impressed with a sense of the importance of wealth in general and of himself in particular. One day, after he had become aware that he was one of the solid men of the country, and had proved the fact by setting up a sort of bank and discounting-shop in one of the mountain towns, one of his old chums and fellow-miners met Pat in the street.

“How are ye, Pat?” was the salutation, in the old familiar way.

Pat was rich now, and “couldn’t see it,” as the slang phrase goes, and this was his reply:

“Bedad, Sir, yer mighty fray, Sir! ‘Pat’ is it now? ‘I’ll be afther lettin’ ye know, Sir, that me name is P. D. Casey, Sir, and if ye’ve ony business, Sir, it’s mysel as has an office in Central, Sir, and me office hours are from P.M. in the forenoon till A.M. in the afternoon, Sir. Ye can call on me clarks, Sir. D’ye mind that?” And Pat concluded with a move of the head that would have done honor to a patrician.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Drawer in Iowa says:

While comparing a deed in the Recording Office in this county, we came across the following piece of original composition. It was an ordinary warranty deed, which, after describing the land intended to be conveyed, closed with the following language: “Witness our hands this the 8th day of November A.D. 1864; and the *grave-yard*, as now fenced, is reserved.”

SOME time ago a stranger remained for six consecutive weeks on board a steamer going up and down the Rhine—from Rotterdam to Mentz, and from Mentz to Rotterdam. Nobody on board knew any thing of him, except that he was an Englishman—which, of course, it required no great discerning power to find out. He never cared for and seldom spoke to any one; nevertheless, contrary to many of his country people, he was not fastidious, and did not make it a rule to find fault with every thing only because it is not English. His natural wants regulated all his actions; his stomach was the only time-piece he ever consulted, and he therefore ate, drank, and did every thing without any regard to the hour or place. His meat was generally mutton-chops, his drink mostly beer and rum. He read the *Times* and *Punch*, smoked cigars, and every now and then enjoyed a nap to the highest credit of his conscience: he snored like an engine.

On a fine morning he was enjoying his cigar on deck, apparently looking with delight and admiration at every thing around him. The scenery was fully calculated to excite such feelings; it was one of the most remarkable that the Rhine can offer. The master of the steamer, who had long been at a loss to account for the motives that could induce a man to remain so long on board with no apparent object, availed himself of this opportunity to speak to that mysterious, or at least curious, individual. “We see, Sir,” said he, “that you are an admirer of the beauties of nature; you are, as I perceive, contemplating the magnificent scenery about us.” “No, no,” answered the Englishman. “I was not thinking of that just now; but I must tell you, captain, you have got a first-rate cook! Upon my word, his mutton-chops are the best I ever ate in all my life!”







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